

On looking over the journal which I kept during my trip South, and which I thought had been destroyed or lost, I have come to the conclusion to make use of it in filling up the hiatus between the time of leaving home and the commencement of my Hebdomad. It gives an account of some experiences which should not be lost and though no manner of care was given to the writing of it, yet it is interesting occasionally to look over it.

It is very common to hear College Students speak of the dullness of student life and to long for the "active scenes of life", "to pass on to the stage of action" etc. I had often too looked forward to this future with considerable interest, even whilst being quietly amused at those pet school boy expressions which seemed to me only less dim, shadowy and undefined than were the ideas to which they were intended to give expression. It may therefore be interesting, by way of contrast, to record this account of my entrance upon the active duties of life and mark how nearly the reality agrees with the ideal of a school-boy's imagination. But to the Journal.

1852

Norfolk, Nov. 5th, 1852.

Nov. 5.

Our ride to Baltimore was very tedious, it being nearly twelve on our arrival. Though I had never travelled over the road, yet the scenery after leaving the Susquehanna is so little interesting, that I soon turned from it, to indulge such feelings as naturally forced themselves upon one leaving home, for the first time to sojourn for so long a time, a stranger in a strange land.

We took dinner at Barnums for which we were Barnumed at the rate of seventy-five cents apiece, where we met quite a number of our Princeton acquaintances. We visited the Monument and hastily prospected parts of the city. With a bird's eye view from the Monument and the little else I saw, I was pleased. At four o'clock I saw James off for Washington, and after buying myself an overcoat for thirteen dollars, I boarded the Herald bound for this place. At seven she left the pier and steamed down the Bay. Owing to the lateness of the hour, of course but little of

the scenery could be seen. Still as it was a pleasant night, I staid on deck long after the rest of the passengers had gone below, gazing out into the darkness and watching the faint and glimmering lights as they rose and fell on board the boats slowly coming up the bay. There is a pleasure in the loneliness of a night watch on deck. I have never found a better time for meditation. However much both thought and feeling may have been engrossed by the every day pursuits and petty cares of life, they are sure to be drawn away by the influences of such an hour and engaged in the contemplation of the inner life. One's whole being seems (if the expression be allowable) sublimated - freed from the grosser part of itself and absorbed by thoughts and feelings so tender and delicate that their influence is usually unfelt and unnoticed in the hurry of the bustling world. The companionship of a friend is then a luxury, if he is loved as David loved Jonathan "as his own soul" - but to be compelled to endure the society of one whose temper and tastes are not congenial, is "an endurance hard to be endured". About ten o'clock I "turnrd in" - and slept so long and soundly that I barely awaked in time to see the glorious sun rising. The morning was not perfectly clear nor the land entirely out of sight and therefore I suppose this could not give me a full idea of the splendor of a sunrise at sea. Still it was a beautiful sight. The water and clouds were so beautifully tinged and the colors blended so well that it was difficult to tell where the separating line ran. But for a full description, I refer you elsewhere - You know there is no poetry in me.

About half-past seven, we passed Old Point Comfort. In an hour after, we reached Norfolk. This city has a population of 16,000 - a pretty large city as I soon found to my cost. I have always thought agencies in general humbugs and agents mean sorts of fellows and no better than they ought to be, and I feel now strongly impressed with this additional idea, that without strenuous exertion my particular agency will be a particular humbug. and as for meanness, I hope that feeling will not continue to grow on me at the rate and ratio of this day's growth. I console myself with

the thought that my present feelings are only the natural result of that operation called "breaking in" and that it will be nothing when I get used to it. After a deal of trouble, I discovered where Rev. George W. Armstrong, the Presbyterian Minister, lived, got his recommendation and subscription to the Magazine and had a pleasant chat with him. I presented several bills, collected one and had the promise of several more payments to-morrow. But this is not all. Seeing that it was like shooting bats in a dark room with a pop-gun, to go a-hunting Presbyterians in a population of 16,000 souls, I got Mr. Armstrong to give the names of the heads of Presbyterian families to me, and by this means and the aid of the Directory, I have mapped out the city and to-morrow I will take it by storm. Yes Sir: I have laid such a train as will either insure success or blow me and my agency sky high. One thing I have determined on, to push ahead until a trace breaks.

1852

Norfolk, Nov. 6th, 1852.

Nov. 6.

I found my map of the city of great service to me, in fact I could not have got along without it. I had little strips of paper, labelled with the names of the different streets and on each, the names and numbers of the residences of each head of a Presbyterian family living in that street, so that by this means I could make clean work of each street at a sweep. The great difficulty is that men of business are from home and the ladies dare not subscribe. I found also that Gildersleeve's paper is generally taken and it therefore to a great extent supplies the demand. For these reasons I only got two subscriptions to the Presbyterian and one to the Magazine, and collected twenty-nine dollars and fifty cents. This is not much it is true but it will pay for a little salt. So much for the agency, now for other matters.

This was market day as I at once discovered on getting up, by the carts along the pavement. The great majority of the market people are negroes and they all come in one horse carts. The horse is unharnessed, and then tied to the hinder part of the cart so as to allow him to eat out of it and the shafts are allowed to rest upon the pavement. Across these a board or two are laid, and upon them, their

goods are exposed for sale. I am this particular in my description, because when I have described one, you have an idea of all, and can form for yourselves a correct impression of market day in the Old Dominion. And it is the more worth while to be at this trouble, for in all probability they have marketed in this fashion from time immemorial and will continue to do so as long as niggers, scrubby horses and carts are to be found in Ole Virginny. Almost all the collars for the horses are made of corn husks - shuck-collars - home made, I suppose, and an easy rather than a substantial one. There were a good many possums in market, a rare delicacy among the negroes. The usual price twenty-five cents. Game such as wild ducks, squirrels, etc. was abundant. Seeing one singular looking bird, cleaned and for sale, which had a wonderful development of the legs, I inquired its name "a hawk, Massa" - rather a tough morsel for most stomachs. On the whole I am pleased with Norfolk and Portsmouth. Of the latter I do not know much, but I do flatter myself on having some little acquaintance with Norfolk. The only thing I can discover to be wanting to its growth into a large city, is enterprise. It has many facilities for carrying on a large trade - an excellent harbor and means of communication inland. It is too, a beautiful place of residence and contains a great many fine private houses. Most of its inhabitants live well and enjoy both the comforts and luxuries of life but lack the ad-energy to improve their natural advantages. With an infusion of Yankee energy and industry, the oyster trade alone would make Norfolk wealthy. Natural beds of them in the harbor yield an inexhaustible supply and vessels from the North are constantly loading with them to supply the Northern trade. At our hotel, they are a standing dish and I have almost had a surfeit of them.

Nov. 8.

Petersburg, Monday, Nov. 8th.

Here I am in Petersburg, snugly ensconced in No. 14 Bolingbroke House. The ride up James River was splendid, owing to the delightful weather. The scenery is good but neither varied nor striking. For the most of the distance to City Point the river is very broad, - the banks low, swampy and thickly covered with pine timber (it scarcely deserves the name) which obscures the inland country

from view. There are but view dwelling houses on the river, a fact that takes the attention of a Northerner throughout the country. The proprietors of the land are usually wealthy men who own large tracts, such as in Pennsylvania would be thought enormous. But you must bear in mind this difference that one hundred acres of Lancaster County land are intrinsically worth and would sell for more than five or six hundred acres of Virginia land. There is little land even on the river which would not be dear at twenty-five dollars an acre.

About ten o'clock we passed Jamestown. The second settlement in point of time made in the United States. As I gazed on that spot where the Colonists first landed and pictured in my mind the wildness and strangeness of the prospect before them, I tried to imagine and appreciate the feelings with which they first set foot on that lonely shore, and wondered the wildest fancy ever dreamed of such a future as we lived to see. The only token left to tell the tale of that settlement is a part of the wall of the church which is still standing. It was built of bricks said to have been brought from Italy. I would much liked to have landed and taken a closer look at that interesting spot but no opportunity was afforded. About two we reached City Point, an insignificant little place, and at three o'clock Petersburg. This place contains I am told sixteen thousand souls, all told, white and black, and really it seems to me a great proportion of them are black. It bears no comparison in point of beauty with Norfolk. It is a city of magnificent distances, is built in spots and therefore covers a great area.

Nov. 9.

Petersburg, Nov. 9th.

I soon found by calling on the agents of the Magazine and Presbyterian, that there was no chance of circulating either of them here, but as I had to wait on James, I am here still. He arrived to-night, and gives a most graphic and laughable account of his adventures in Richmond and Petersburg. He is as foolish as ever but I think a little wiser. Our bills for Wilmington and Charleston have not come, but we can't wait. We will make arrangements to

have them forwarded.

To-morrow I start for Raleigh, where I am told there is a good chance of doing something, and James for Wilmington. Going on an agency is a great business, and as John and I did on our ~~1st~~ White Mountain trip, I am feign in the midst of my tribulations, to console myself with this reflection, "Haec olim meminisse juvabit." - So mote it be.

Nov. 10.

Raleigh, Wednesday [Nov. 10th]

All this live long day, I have been banged about in the railroad car, much to my discomfort and annoyance. We left Petersburg at 9 A.M. and I did not reach Raleigh until after 8 P.M. James parted from me at Hicksford.

The country which I passed was very uninteresting. It is a level pine barren for the most part. This tree seems to spring up spontaneously in North Carolina, in the fields, in the woods, in swamps and on the hilly places. Houses along the road, are few and far between, and these of a poor description. There were a good many fields of corn, some of tobacco and some of cotton, These last have a fine appearance, but it not grown extensively in this region. I am waiting in the sitting room of the hotel not having as yet been able to get a room. This crowd and unusual excitement in the Rip Van Winkle State is owing to two causes - The Legislature is in session and the stockholders of the Gaston and Raleigh Railroad Co. have a meeting to-morrow. I fear I will have to take a bed on the parlor floor but it can't be helped ~~off~~ it is too late to look further to-night.

Nov. 11.

Raleigh, Thursday, Nov. 11th.

To-day I have prospected Raleigh pretty thoroughly. It is not much of a place, only contains about five thousand souls of all colors and sizes. The State House is a rather fine building of stone, presenting a better outside appearance than the one in Harrisburg, but by no means so well furnished or adapted to legislative purposes. Both chambers are carpetless and the desks are light flimsy things, more like a school boy's desk. In consequence of the want of carpets, there is great noise and confusion and it is with difficulty a speaker can be heard. The Legislature is a respectable looking body of men, and would compare favorably with the uncouth

crowd that yearly assemble in Harrisburg and call themselves Representatives of the Sovereign People of Pennsylvania. The proceedings not being of an interesting nature, I gave them but little attention.

I have been to-night in one of the brownest studies I was ever in, in my life. I called this morning on Rev. Mr Lacy and speaking of schools, He advised me to speak to three members of his acquaintance and perhaps they could give me some information. I did so and the first one I spoke to, a Mr. Gilman Senator from Greensboro, he advised me at once to go to Greensboro if I intended to make teaching my profession, and said he had no doubt but that a good school could be built up there in a short time. At last after a most perplexing study, I have come to this conclusion, which I will adhere to (if I don't change my intention to-morrow morning) that taking in view the uncertainty as to finding the situation vacant and as desirable as represented, and the fact that I neither could nor would pretend to regard teaching

as a profession I have chosen for life, I could not afford to go so far out of my proposed route for the prospect of obtaining the situation. I speak from some little experience when I say that few things are more perplexing or difficult, than, when two or three courses of action are before you and the motives to pursue each about squarely balanced, to be compelled to sit down solitary and alone, and deliberately discriminate and make choice. Were nothing staked on the issue a toss of a penny might decide.

To-morrow I expect to be shook, jolted, jammed and rammed from ten o'clock to ten perhaps in the Fayetteville coach, and as a preparation for that process I must try and get some rest.

Nov. 13.

Fayetteville, Nov. 13.

Last night I omitted writing for the first time but that was not to be wondered at after a ride of fifty-six miles in a stage coach. The ride was not so tiresome however, as I anticipated, as the roads though sandy and heavy, are level, and our company was entertaining and intelligent. It consisted of five persons including, myself. Two young men clerks from New York, a young lawyer of Fayetteville, a Texan, the two last graduates of Chapel Hill,

and myself. They were very agreeable companions and the time flew by pleasantly. We talked politics, we cracked jokes, we sang songs and in short neglected none of the well-known expedients for having a merry time.

I have now travelled nearly through North Carolina and if I have any right to hazard an opinion it will be that there is not to be found any more dull, dreary and out of the world region than this I have passed through. I am speaking now of the country though the towns are bad enough. North Carolina is rightly named the Rip Van Winkle state. As I heard a lady remark, one who lives here, they are just one century behind hand. But they are beginning to rub their eyes and see that railroads are really an advantage and that plank roads render travelling both speedy and easy, particularly where the sand is a foot deep. The population is very sparse. To travel two or three miles without passing a dwelling house is not uncommon and these scarcely deserve the name, merely log cabins. They cultivate, as far as I could observe, only potatoes, corn and cotton, the latter not to any great extent. They depend almost entirely on the trade in pitch, tar, turpentine and resin to raise the wind to purchase their little stock of necessities. These articles the pines yield in abundance. The modus operandi, so far as I got an insight into it, is this - the pines are notched in such a way as to leave a cavity which contains a quart or two of sap which slowly cozes out, this they go round, ladle out and collect; distilling, they obtain the turpentine and the residuum is resin. Tar is obtained from the wood by a cooking process. We passed through tracts of pine timber and many of them in several places.

I visited today the U. S. arsenal in this place. It is quite an extensive affair. From the top of the building I got a fine prospect and I was glad of it for it was the first opportunity afforded me of taking a view of North Carolina scenery from an elevated standpoint. The prospect opening on every side is described briefly in one short word - pines. The houses are so few and diminutive in size, and the country so overgrown with pines that when you look in the distance they are completely lost in the unbroken pine forest which seems to stretch away of you to the very horizon. ✓

Nov. 14.

Fayetteville, Sunday, Nov. 14.

The church is pretty large and in a prosperous condition. Mr. Gilchrist is well acquainted with Uncle William. He is a graduate of Dickinson and married his wife in Carlisle. By invitation I took tea with him last evening and enjoyed very much the society of his family. In company with his daughter and a young lady from the North on a visit to her attended the sitting of the Methodist Conference.

Monday, Nov. 15th.

The stage for Cheraw is just about starting, I have not time to finish this as I intended, will write again from Columbia.

Columbia, Nov. 19th.

My journal has been sadly neglected of late but I will try now and bring it up. My last hurried entry left me about leaving Fayetteville. The explanation of my hurry on that occasion and neglect of writing is candidly this. I found the society of the young ladies at Mr. Gilchrist's more attractive than my lonely room at the hotel, and on my return from thence, the stage was on the eve of starting.

We had been to hear a lady ! or rather married woman preach on that evening, something new to me. You will have to confess that though the North does the principal ^{part} of the talk on "woman's rights" the South is ahead in practice. The sermon was very badly delivered but in matter tolerable. Her coolness and self possession were admirable. She rose dressed in a drab shawl and cap, spectacled and gloved, announced the text - "God forbid that I should glory, etc." removed her spectacles from her eyes and laid them with great dignity and deliberation alongside the Bible, poured out a glass of water and took a sip and after wiping her mouth neatly with her handkerchief, spread it out, and finally after taking a quiet survey of the crowded audience and exhibiting for the full space of half a minute the most consummate self possession, she commenced a long history of Paul and sundry other individuals. From this you may infer that "it flew about a good deal". She is a member of the Protestant Methodist, an offshoot from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and differing from the latter in giving the laity a finger in the pie of church government.

At eleven o'clock at night the stage left Columbia for Cheraw where it arrived at four P. M. of the next day, just imagine it - all the live long night and day too, and it was most bitter cold, at least to a stage rider. The thermometer was below the freezing point and there was ice along the road. The "sunny South" with a vengeance thought I as I sat shivering in that old coach. The country was nothing different than from that I had already passed through, perhaps the pines were not quite so abundant and the cotton fields more so. The Rich bottom land along the Pedee is very productive in cotton.

I had not been long in Cheraw before ~~in-the~~ I met in the street John T. Coil, an old Princeton acquaintance. He was delighted to see me and insisted on my making his house my home. His father is the Presbyterian minister of Cheraw, president of the bank, director of a Plank Road Company, and withal a rabid secessionist, having printed one or two secession pamphlets. I was invited out both to dinner and tea and treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality. Dr. Mallory and others made a strong effort to induce me to locate in Cheraw as an assistant in the Academy now in the charge of Mr. Currie. The offer made me was a salary of \$400 and all expenses for board, washing and incidentals for the first year. In case ~~I should~~ I should accept, I would take the highest classes in the languages and thus have an opportunity to improve myself in my studies. I left the matter in this situation - that I would hold his proposition under consideration until to-morrow week. Meanwhile I will visit Prof. Rion of Winnsboro, to whom Mr. Weir has given me a letter, and consult with him. ✓

Cheraw is a right pretty place, in fact in summer it must be a beautiful place if the trees would only allow a view of it. I think it would be a pleasant place to live and there are some inducements to close in with Currie's offer and not the least among them, is to put an end to this agency business. But this agency will pay at least in one particular, it will in after times afford an unfailing source of amusement. At present I can't say it is so very amusing for it goes somewhat against the grain of my composition to go from house to house seeking subscriptions "and finding none". The field I have been over is certainly an

uninviting one, though I have no doubt Macaulay might have made it pay. I suppose I might have done better but it seems to me that I did all that could be done without making larger drafts upon my self respect than I thought it could long continue to answer. In Cheraw I did not appear in the character of an agent as I saw that I might by possibility locate there.

I left Cheraw at 4 P. M. and after a stage ride of forty miles, struck the Wilmington and Manchester R. R. and found the train waiting for us in the woods. Not a house was near, it was a strange place to find a train of cars, in the dense pine woods, at midnight and when our driver told us "to get out" and "there were the cars" I felt inclined to think he was poking fun at us, but the faint glimmer of the light from the engine and its full, deep breathing, reassured me. Getting out, I made towards the lights and sound, and after scrambling over some fallen pines and falling at full length over an embankment thrown up alongside the road, I once more to my great joy, found myself in a railroad car. My fellow passengers numbered all told six or seven but we kept picking up more as we progressed until we had a moderate car load. Whenever a passenger wishes to be taken up, all he has to do, is to place himself on the track with a flaming pine knot in his hand. The train stops and in he comes. This system is found to work admirably and to obviate the necessity of having stations, but is open to one objection - mischievous boys some times build a fire just for sport and when the train stops, it has its labor for its pains. At 8 A.M. reached Camden Junction, where I waited until 2 P.M. for the train from Charleston for Columbia.

Winsboro, Nov. 20th, 1852.

Winsboro is a decent looking place of a thousand souls. The surrounding country is dreary enough. It is mostly impoverished and lying barren, here and there a corn or cotton field which would yield a bale to a ten acre field. This is the natural result of their way of farming. They make a clearing and then plant crop after crop upon it until the soil is completely exhausted and then they buy and clear another patch and so on ad infinitum. They find it cheaper to buy new land than to bring the old into order. Now as grass does not grow here, these vacant fields have a very dreary look.

Their hay comes from New York and Pennsylvania and sells from one dollar to a dollar and a half per hundred pounds. Corn fodder is the principal food of their cattle. Rion says they raise some wheat but I can see no traces of it. When I speak of the poverty stricken appearance of the country and their meagre crops, ~~each one tells~~ [Rion says, I ought] not to form an opinion from this particular section as it is not a fair sample of the Southern country. This was the story at Raleigh, at Fayetteville, at Cheraw and now here. I have tried to suspend my judgment, But I have been seeking the El Dorado so long that I begin to fear it has no real existence. I am told that the best cotton and rice lands are in the low marshy lands along the sea-board, where it is unhealthy for the White man but the negroes have their paradise.

My first impressions of the South are by no means favorable. I had much rather live upon the barren hills of New England than in the country through which I have ~~just~~ passed. The towns are all small, few numbering more than two thousand inhabitants, but I think the society in many of them is good. There is a great[^] of intelligence ✓ among the better class and ~~the~~ a liberal-mindedness which I like to see. One thing they will ride for a hobby and let them "go it" until they ride it to death. I mean Slavery. You can't talk to a Southerner, if he knows you are from the North, for ten minutes, before the subject is either flatly introduced or hinted at, and in a manner showing that you are suspected of being a rank Abolitionist. By many it is considered a sine qua non that a teacher be a Southerner by birth and Rion in a letter of introduction to Dr. ^{the} Tornwell of Columbia College, gave as my crowning recommendation that I was sound on the Slavery question !!! Absurd and ridiculous in the extreme ! The fact is, they see that Slavery is doomed, that they have pinned their faith to a dead cause, and therefore are very sore on the subject. They all are free to confess that had it not been for the agitation at the North, Slavery in Virginia, Delaware and Kentucky would be among the events of the past. Every where I hear the annexation of Cuba talked of and in South Carolina it is a pet project. Many wish "to extend the area of freedom" and others wish for it because they think it will bring about a dissolution of the Union, which they hate with a

perfect hatred. The Secessionists are charged with being abstractionists. If so, they at least love their abstractions and are willing to die for them. Those who think that their peculiar doctrines are mere theories and do not enter into their practical beliefs, are very much mistaken. But although I do give them credit for honesty and sincerity I cannot endure with patience to hear men talk as they do.

Atlanta, Thursday, Nov. 25th.

I left Winsboro on Monday morning after some tedious delays reached Columbia. I found the town so crowded with strangers that I could not find lodgings at the hotels but was successful in getting into a very pleasant private boarding house. After dinner I hunted out Dr. Palmer and broached my business as an agent. He was gentlemanly and gave me all the information that I asked for. I called also on Dr. Thurnwell to whom I presented Mr. Rion's letter of introduction. I was much pleased with his manners and conversation. He said that formerly that Northern teachers were preferred to those educated at home, but that Sectarian feeling was now running so high that it was more difficult for those who were graduates of Northern colleges to obtain good situations. That applications were often made to him for teachers from Columbia College, but that at present he knew of none such as would suit me. He also said that formerly female education had been neglected in the South and all the facilities afforded for education had been exclusively enjoyed by boys, but that a great change had taken place and female education was the rage and cry to the great neglect of boys. As to Cheraw, he thought likely a good school might be established but it was beyond doubt an unhealthy place.*

Rose on Tuesday, dressed and breakfasted like a gentleman and then sallied out as an agent. Collected one or two bills but met with no success in obtaining subscribers. It is evident that many are shy of any paper edited North of Mason and Dixon's line, even though it be such a noted "old fogey" and conservative one as the Presbyterian. Truly they must be sensitive, even morbidly so, who can't stomach the doctrines it holds forth. In utter disgust, I

* 1855. These statements I found correct.

washed my hands of the whole business and you will hereafter hear no more from me in that character.

I visited the State Capitol. The building presents a creditable appearance and the grounds are laid and cared for with great taste. The Legislature was in session. I was very favorably impressed by the appearance and conduct of the members. The Senate had before them a bill making the carrying of concealed weapons a penal offence. Had I had a vote, it should have been "aye" to such a provision. I have formed a better opinion of Columbia than of any of

the Southern cities through which I have passed. It is situated on the Congaree River though its beauty is in a very small degree owing to this circumstance. The scenery in which the Southern rivers figure is very tame and uninteresting. In general their course is through a low marsh covered with thick undergrowth or else through forests of pine growing in deserts of sand. This in a few words is

the best description I can give of much of the country I have passed through. Rocks, mountains and grassy banks, the main features of striking river scenery, you look for in vain. Its population is said to be eight or nine thousand, though I would have supposed it to be much greater. I find myself continually making this mistake. I forget that there is little business and manufacturing done here and therefore the working class, who are usually poor and found crowded together in the alleys and lanes of cities, are not numerous.

In respect to the beauty of its streets, yards and buildings, few cities can surpass Columbia. In several of the streets there were three rows of beautiful shade trees. A ride or drive is delightful at any time of day for the arching branches from the trees along the sidewalks meeting those from the center row afford a cooling shade. The gardens are however the secret of the charm that there is about Columbia. They are all that gardens can be made in a land of flowers by those who are devoted and enthusiastic in their passion for them, who spare no expense in gratifying this passion, and above all are guided by the most exquisite in the manner of its gratification. Almost every house except on a few business streets, is provided with its rose bushes, vines and evergreens of every shape and variety. Mrs. Hampton's is most celebrated but I have not the talent for a description.

There is not one feature which so soon catches my eye and conveys to my mind a favorable impression of the moral and social condition of a city as its public grounds and private yards, cared for in such a manner as evidences a real and general love for all that is beautiful in nature. The merchant and trader may have eyes and ears open for other sights and sounds, but he who lives principally in the moral and aesthetical will look for shrubs and flowers. It would be safe to infer from this that I think Columbia would be a pleasant[^] to reside. I have so little doubt of it that if duty led me that way I would be willing to risk it. ✓

Wednesday morning at six I bade farewell to Columbia, en route for Augusta, where I arrived at 5 P.M.-a dull and interesting ride. My first[^] on reaching Augusta was to look up the P.O. in order to learn James' movements and whereabouts. From letters there, I judged that I would most probably find him at Decatur or somewhere along the road. Therefore leaving him to learn of and attend to any situation at intermediate points, I next morning bought a ticket for Decatur. ✓

Augusta is quite a considerable Southern city and deals largely in cotton. The streets are of an unusual width. This has the effect of making the houses seem low and squat. As I looked up and down its broad streets filled with cotton wagons drawn along by at a snail's pace by oxen, horses and mules respectively and promiscuously, and heard the shouts of the negroes as they urged on the lazy animals with their long whips, I began to realize from the strangeness of the scene that I was not at home.

But I am off for Decatur. The country has the same general characteristics I have already spoken of. I am told that the road runs along a ridge about four miles broad and that on either side there is a rich level extent of country. The cars stopped for breakfast but thinking to save fifty cents and improve my appetite I did not break my fast until I dined at two thirty. The place was Social Circle and the dinner a poor one, a hungry man being judge. After a ride of five or six miles further, happening to glance my eye over the passengers, I caught a glimpse of James' red whiskers - which by-the-way, have flourished^{wonderfully} on his agency. This meeting was equally pleasant, unexpected and fortunate. Had it not occurred here, our seeing each other again would at least have been problematical.

Before reaching Decatur, I became acquainted with a gentleman from Cartersville, who informed us that there was a good opening for a school there. I gave my name and address at Atlanta, and requested him immediately on reaching him to obtain more definite information in regard to the situation and let me hear from him. ✓

Passed the night at Decatur, an unimportant place, and reached this place by this morning's train. I found a letter awaiting me from Cartersville urging me to come on at once and offering flattering inducements. I have conversed with several gentlemen in regard to the location and they all speak well of it. Cass is said to be one of the richest counties in the state and to contain an intelligent population. We have also heard of other openings and will I am persuaded be able to locate ourselves without much difficulty. James has gone to Lawrenceville to see in regard to a situation said to be vacant there.

My impressions of Georgia are favorable. I like both the country and people better than any I have yet become acquainted with. Here too, for the first time since leaving home (Norfolk excepted) have I seen any pretty girls - a great desideratum with me; for I consider any country which cannot afford pretty women in a truly deplorable condition. It might be "fair to look upon" but for a dwelling place it would be no better than howling wilderness. Our host's daughter in Decatur was a very handsome girl, and this morning amongst quite a crowd of school girls going home to spend their vacation there were some beauties. This was a refreshing sight for a poor wretch like me, who had been so long bemoaning the sad want of female charms which prevailed ^{through} the whole land. ✓

Starkville, Mississippi, Jan. 1st., 1853.

My last entry was made Thursday the 25th of November on the eve of my departure for Cartersville, represented to be a most flourishing place of one thousand inhabitants - I found it to consist of a few frame houses spread along both sides of the rail road, with numerous log houses skirting these. I soon voted it one of the meanest, dirtiest little places I had ever been in. I called on one or two of the men said to be interested in the school and took a bird's eye view of the Academy. A Northern eye, from its situation and general appearance, might naturally enough mistake it for a hog-pen, but doubtless a closer inspection and view of its inside ar-

rangement, would remove this impression. I soon found there were no trustees nor fixed salary, and that an old clergyman and his wife were talking of removing thither to open a school. Thinks I - let them, for I won't.

Being compelled to wait a few hours for the next train back to Atlanta I called on Mr. Cotrel, the former teacher. I found him living in a log house of two. rooms. He is an educated man and has a family. The eldest member of which is a pretty and interesting daughter. I was no little surprised at her entrance into the room for I was not expecting to find in such a place such graces both of person and manners. Mr Cotrel informed me that this section of country purchased from the Cherokee Indians, had been principally settled by a refuse population, and that the country was slowly being purged of these and that a better class was taking their places; that children were in abundance but tuition was low, and the standard of scholarship was "mighty" low. I concluded that Cartersville was a great humbug and the same day returned to Atlanta in no very good humor. Saturday, Sunday and Monday were spent here, awaiting James' return from Lawrenceville. Here my patience had a severe trial besides my purse was suffering a constant drain, already completely relieved of its plethoric fulness by my wild goose chase through North and South Carolina. On Monday night a caucus was held, the offer made to James at Lawrenceville debated and declined, and a plan of operations agreed on. We decided to go on in the morning to Griffin to look after two or three situations in that quarter, and if disappointed in these to cross over into Alabama.

Arrived at Griffin and soon found that we would not be willing to locate here. We took a walk into the woods and sat down on a log. The following entry was made in my note-book at the time :
The state of Jim's finances at the counsel on the log, Griffin, Ga. - four \$5.00 gold pieces, three quarters, two dimes, two ~~xx~~ half dimes, five three cent postage stamps, and four one cent stamps.

State of my finances.- One \$20.00 gold piece, \$10.00 ditto, \$4.00 Bank of S. C., \$2.00 Bank of N.Y., \$2.00 silver coin, and a few stamps. Total nearly \$60.00 - let's heave for Alabama.

We therefor decided to start for LaGrange, and if our money ran short and the worst came to the worst we could stump it.

✓ James several suggested "The Agency" but I would not hear of that under any circumstances. The stage fare being high, we made a ~~st~~ stroke of policy by leaving our carpet-bags at the office with directions to be forwarded next morning, with the intention of at once starting on the way ourselves, and stopping when the night came on with some planter. We walked thirteen miles and put up at "The old man Jackson's". In description of him I quote from Jim. "Jackson and wife are a childless and comfortless looking couple. He is a boor and she ignorant and unrefined. The old fellow chewed tobacco constantly, and kept stating anecdotes and pointless jokes until the juice ran down from the corners of his ~~mouth~~ mouth in furrows." After this infliction with a commendable degree of patience for the space of two or three hours, we were shown to a good bed. Our sleep was profound until a little after sunrise, when we were both roused suddenly by our door being flung wide open. The old man was going his usual morning round, and like the keeper of a managerie, throwing wide the doors to air the animals. No choice being left us, we accordingly shook ourselves to see if we were wide awake and arose. After breakfast got a horse from Jackson (if horse that may be called which is no horse) and rode six miles to see the Trustees of the Planters' Academy who were advertising for a teacher. We found they had employed one and were glad of it; for they could not have given me any inducement strong enough to remain there. I was sore for two or three days from this ride. I had as lief been wheeled in a wheel barrow there and back as suffer what I did at the hands of that ill fed and ill favored scrub. Meanwhile James saw in regard to another situation - the pay would have been pretty good but he would not think of accepting.

At eleven o'clock the stage came along, we got in and were off for LaGrange. Passed two negro traders with a lot of negroes intended for the Western market, where they are now in great demand. Their manner of travelling is in covered wagons drawn by mules. They were encamped for the night and had washed and hung out their duds to dry, every rag was spread. I would like to have had an opportunity to take a nearer view of this marked feature of slavery. Viewing it from a distance the scene was not one calculated to inspire with one with a love for the peculiar institution of the South. Whether a closer inspection would remove this impression I

cannot say . It is to one unaccustomed to it a revolting sight to see your fellow man and woman hauled like fat hogs to market, dressed out in unusual finery in order that they may sell to advantage. In the stage formed the acquaintance of a young man formerly from Yankee land, who gave us quite an amusing account of the history of his doings in the South. He has now a situation in a female college in LaGrange, where he invited me to call on him the next morning. I did so and was escorted through the college. I was very much astonished to find such an institution in so small a village. It is in respect to buildings and general arrangements, the finest female seminary I had ever seen. Besides the building in which the young ladies room there is a splendid structure in the Gothic style with two spires, of which the main body is fitted in great taste for a chapel and the basement divided into recitation and music rooms. There are three other school edifices of considerable beauty in this village and about four hundred students of both sexes in yearly attendance. I have never seen so much interest as is here manifested in education.

I was introduced to Professor Chase who has a wide reputation as a teacher, he was very agreeable. He said he thought Mississippi now afforded the best opening for teachers and his advice would be to go there. Georgia he thought pretty well supplied for the present year at least. Finding that in consequence of opposition the staging was unusually cheap, therefore after some consideration, nothing daunted we mounted the top of a West Point stage and bade adieu to Georgia. Before leaving LaGrange James had an offer of a situation in one of its schools but he decided to take his chance of going further and faring worse.

This was about the furthestest point South we had reached. The country was very rich. It wears however a rather dreary appearance, owing to a singular species of moss growing on the trees and often hanging down from every limb and branch to the distance of a yard. It is so tenacious of life, that if torn down and flung upon a log, or other piece of wood, it will take root and grow. We took a good hurried dinner at West Point, and after an unpleasant car ride of seven hours arrived at Montgomery at 10 P.M. on Thursday, Dec. 2nd, 1852. On enquiry learned that the Aberdeen stage would start at mid night and as time in our case was money we decided to go directly on. By a skillful management of the agents of the two lines I man- ✓

aged to get tickets for Aberdeen at \$6.00, ~~the~~ distance of two hundred and ten miles. After riding all night and until the going down of the morrow's sun, reached Marion. Here we were intending to get a night's rest and call on Prof. Jewett to whom Prof. Chase had recommended me.

The country between Montgomery and Marion is for the most part very rich and produces cotton in great perfection. The soil is a black loam and of such depth as to produce heavy crops year after year without discovering any signs of exhaustion. Here at least I found my high expectations of the South realized. As we approached

Marion, the unsightly rail fences gave place to hedges of a vine called the Cherokee rose, which in summer puts a beautiful purple bloom, filling the air with its rich fragrance. ✓

We called on Prof. Jewett and were very kindly received. He said he had had a number of applications for teachers and some of such a character as would have suited us, but now at the present, that very many situations were already filled for the next year, but no

doubt there was still a want of teachers. The Baptist conference was in session at this time and unknown to us he caused to be read before them a notice that we were in town and calling for any information in regard to schools which it might be in the power of any member to give. We happened to be present, ~~the~~ result was - ✓

nothing. We decided to prosecute our journey and accordingly the next morning again mounted the stage. The following extract from my note book may give some insight into our condition at this time

" Hæc olim juvabit." In Marion with only \$20.00 and no situation in prospect. Hope still high and heart brave. In fact have become somewhat accustomed to a state of uncertainty and rest comparatively easy under it. One thing at least I am gaining - experience, at what cost, time will tell." Then again on paying our bill on leaving Marion " What a peculiar feeling has come over me on seeing my \$20.00 broken, Oh! my \$20.00, my \$20.00 \$!! I had hoped, aye fondly hoped, to have saved thee such an unkindly fate."

Reached Edgewood a very pretty village about 3 A.M. on Sunday the 5th of December. I went at once to bed, with direction to our host to let us choose our own time of rising, We overslept ourselves and rose at twelve noon. In the afternoon went to the Presbyterian Sunday school for negroes, made acquaintance with nearly all the teachers and were delighted with their kind and cordial man-

ners. We were invited to meet with them in the evening to have a sing, we went and enjoyed ourselves very much. Our reception here by those who were perfect strangers to us will give you some idea of Southern hospitality. We continued our journey on Monday, and stopped for an hour or two in Clinton. An effort was here made to induce one of us to remain and take a school, but we were bent on seeing Mississippi. We reached Columbus on Monday night and on~~a~~ making enquiries in regard to schools, were advised of a situation or two in the prairie and were directed to "the old man Mayor" who was himself a teacher and would probably know about them. Here I find another note, it speaks for itself.

"Dec. 7th, We are ~~now~~ just launching out on the prairie in search of situations with our overcoats on our arms and twelve dollars in our pockets plus bread." Then after getting out on the prairie "Mississippi life in earnest, seven or eight wagons drawn by oxen, horses and mules are wallowing about in the mud. One has upset. The roads are awful."

We found little satisfaction from our conference with Mayor and view of prairie life. We returned to Columbus, and next day took stage to Aberdeen. We were now at the end of the stage route, without means to go further. But my note book tells it all.

"Dec. 9th. The crisis is at hand. We must either borrow, pawn our watches, or steal. There are the three ways open and we'll try them in order." And again - "A ray of hope illuminates our dark horizon. We have two or three situations in view: Starkville, Kosciusko, &c."

There were several situations spoken of to the North of Aberdeen in the country, but our experience of country situations had been such that we did not care to look after them. The fact is we could not beat it into our heads that we were out of Pennsylvania and out of "The North." We could not conceive that in such a thinly settled country, and in a log house standing in the woods, any large school, much less a classical school, could be got which would yield a fair salary. This is a mistake. Often Homer and Virgil are found in mere log huts, in copies whose well-worn covers show marks of diligent use. It is very common for boys to ride daily five or six miles to attend a school, and in general in travelling through Miss., whenever you see a detached log house in the woods or near the roadside,

with horses fastened around it, you may safely set it down for "an Academy." By getting scholars from this distance and taking all grades from A, B, C, Deians to Homerians, a good school may be collected in what seemed at first a very unpromising place.

In Aberdeen we became acquainted with a Mr Gamble, formerly of Susquehanna County, Pa., and now a merchant in Aberdeen. Before leaving for Starkville, I borrowed from him on a short credit fifty dollars. It would have taken about three weeks to receive an answer from home and wait we could not. I make another extract :

"Dec. 10th. We are now seated on a log five miles from Aberdeen on the road to Starkville, grubbing on two pies. We borrowed this morning fifty dollars of R.K. Gamble. This will keep us afloat for some time to come. We are out on the prairie and buzzards are flocking around us as tame as turkeys. We are walking over a beautiful rolling prairie, and often for miles nothing meets the eye but fields of corn and cotton stretching away to the horizon. The cotton grows to the height of six feet and stands often over a hundred acre ~~file~~ field, as level as a die. "

We had left Aberdeen at 11 A.M. intending to walk that day twenty-two miles to the house of Mr. Morrow to whom Dr. Harrison had given us an introduction. This required "right smart" walking. About two miles from Mr. Morrow's there runs a small creek from which Oktibeha County takes its name, called by contraction Tibby. It is crossed at a ferry in charge of an old negro, Dick. We reached this about six o'clock after blundering about in the swamp for some time for darkness comes on prematurely in the depths of a Miss. swamp. But alas! Dick was gone home to his hut, which is about a mile distant from the opposite bank. This was a predicament as perplexing as it was unexpected. Go back we would not, for it was about four miles to a house through a swamp dark as pitch, and to remain where we were all night had also unpleasant features about it. We built a fire, called loudly with united voice "Dick, Dick, Dick", but the hollow echoes of that dismal swamp were only heard in answer as they mocked us with: "Dick, Dick, Dick." What was to be done. We had despaired of making ourselves heard. There was the flat-boat, which by the light of our fire did not seem more than twenty-five yards distant. But "there is no difficulty to him who wills" says Kossuth. Acting on this bold idea, Jim jerks off his clothes and within the time it took me to make an item of this adventure by

the blaze of our fire, he was on the raft and poling it across. After picking our slow course through another mile of swamp, we were soon at Mr. Morrow's, stiff as cart horses. Jim's bath only seemed to revive him for I believe I felt more fatigued than he, though this was owing in a great measure to my wearing his tight boots, which pained me so much as to make me limp the last few miles.

We were very kindly received by Mr. Morrow and his wife, who were considerably interested in the Tibby performance. It was evident they considered it something of a feat. A good night's rest completely recruited us, and next day we reached Starkville after a walk of a few hours. There my roving for the present have ceased.

Starkville, Miss., July 28th, 1853

I have now been in Mississippi more than seven months, and from home nearly nine months. It does not seem so long a time. Providence has cast my lot among kind friends and interesting companions, and my time and attention are completely occupied by my duties as a teacher. Some of the happiest days of my life have been spent here - days which I will love to recall and dwell upon with ever fresh delight. Though my home and friends were left far behind, when I came first a stranger to a strange land, yet I at once was greeted with the tomes of friendship and the grasp of cordial welcome. In finding a home I have been very fortunate, for although I might have met with as much kindness elsewhere, it is very improbable that it would have been associated with such a perfect congeniality of thought and feeling. This it is which makes mutual intercourse delightful. Without it, kindness though fully appreciated, cannot render him who shows it, an agreeable companion. My school too has been a pleasant one and given me no difficulty. When I first entered the school house on the fourth day of January, 1853, and saw seated around the fire-place eight or nine urchins with their books "in manibus", I looked forward and ran over prospectively the many long days and hours which I would drag out in the dull routine of a Pedagogue's life, and really, like the foolish pendulum, began to grow tired at the very thought. But day after day has passed until a whole session has gone, and a month of the second session, and yet I have not only survived but have taken fresh courage to go forward. Though there are many attending circumstances

which have made the profession of teaching an unpopular one, yet it has some few things to recommend it. It is a useful and honorable profession and when there is a disposition to learn, a pleasant one, and in my case it is not very laborious and confining. My practice is to teach in the morning from eight to twelve and in the afternoon from two until five thirty. Except during these hours I am ^{as} free as the air I breathe. This is an important matter. It is a far different task from that which falls to the lot of a teacher in a boarding school who is subject to the continual annoyances of the boys.

Saturday, August 6th., 1853.

It is melting hot and my energy is almost evaporated, but as it would never do to fail at so early a day I am seated at the old candle ^stand, where I can catch what air is stirring, to write up the past week.

My school is dismissed for a two weeks' vacation. I told them that when term time again arrived, I would find them all much better boys, I sincerely hoped. In this case hope and expectation do not tally. This week, for the first time, I kept an account of the standing of the pupils in several of the studies. I am pleased with the result of the experiment and will make it my practice. On Friday I inform them who has recited best in each study, a mistake counting a black mark. This stimulates them to excel each other, and the consequence is they recite much better. Besides by this plan I am relieved of the disagreeable necessity of stimulating so much with the birch.

If a ll the peaches, watermelons, apples and figs which I have eaten this week were collected together, it is questionable a bushel basket would contain them. I never saw such an abundance of peaches, some of them are very fine, but most of them in consequence of the late rains, are not very good. I do not like figs, they are too sweet and luscious. Grapes grow in abundance if cultivated.

Starkville is at present with an influx of young ladies from Aberdeen and Columbus. They are now enjoying their vacations and for that purpose wish to attend the camp-meeting to commence on the 11th of August at the Springs. Miss Lipscombe is decidedly a nice girl. Intelligent, interesting and tolerably pretty. And now let me record my utter dislike and repugnance to the habit of many young ladies

and older ones too, of powdering their faces. This is done in such a way as to ^{be}apparent to a blind man, and positively do not like it.

August 13th, 1853.

A week of vacation, a week of jubilee for both teacher and students. It has been emphatically a week of vacation, for with the exception of a deer-hunt, some visits to the young ladies, and the reading of a volume of Headley's Miscellanies, my mind has had a vacation in earnest. The weather has been so excessively hot that to keep cool is at any time sufficient of itself without any other tax upon one's energies.

This was my first deer hunt in Mississippi. The party consisted of Joe Bardwell and Cecil & General Owens and Dan'l Dean. Soon after I had taken a "stand" a fawn came split - right between me and Dan'l. I drew a bead and pulled on him, snap went the cap, pulled again, and snapped again. Dan'l, seeing this, raised his old flint-lock and snapped twice, by which time the fawn was completely out of danger. The party threatened to bump Dan'l and me up against a "haw-bush"; the usual penalty in case of a failure to kill the deer when a fair chance is offered, but at our request they consented to wait until the end of the hunt, and by this time most of the party were in the same predicament. The General in particular had miserable luck, shooting seven or eight times and killing but one fawn. This little innocent he found sleeping, to wake it up he first blew his nose furiously but with no effect. He then shot, it merely raised its head to, see what was the matter, when he fired again and killed it. I had an indifferent chance at a doe as she disappeared in a thick clump of bushes, but I do not think I did much serious damage. Trim Lane swamp is a wild looking place and a right proper place for deer to inhabit. Miss-Wi Miss Witherspoon of Columbus makes fine music upon the guitar and I spent a delightful evening to its sweet strains. The folks are crowding to the camp-meeting. This evening I go too, in order to take some notes of a Mississippi camp-meeting. ✓

August 20th, 1853.

This was camp-meeting week. I went down on Saturday and returned on Monday, spending two nights on the grounds. I found them a sociable people, and ample arrangements to feed all, and the only precaution necessary was not to give offence by refusing the pressing invitations offered me. I find that they put themselves to much more

trouble and expense to entertain those who go to the meeting, than had been done at any other camp-meeting I ever attended. It was well attended, and I met with many pleasant people of both sexes. There was quite a display of pretty girls, all well dressed, many extravagantly. It would not be possible to meet with so much wealth, display and refinement in many country places in Pennsylvania. Intelligence has not been included in this catalogue, in regard to that, no opinion is expressed.

Viewed in the light of a social gathering, "to carry on with the girls, etc." it was delightful, but when its pretensions as a religious meeting are considered and brought into the calculation, I must give it my unqualified condemnation. There were some twenty "mourners" Baptism was offered the mourners. This was something I had never witnessed before. One runaway marriage took place in a tent, a brother, father, and mother being on the ground. Also a sham match took place. On the whole it was high doings. Bishop Payne was the only good preacher I heard.

Sept. 3rd, 1853.

Barry and Wilcox, candidates for a seat in Congress, spoke in the Court House on Tuesday. The former is a fine speaker and a man of some talent, but not sound on the Union question. He holds the doctrine of secession as an abstract right, but when the first occasion offers he will be in favor of secession in the concrete and as a practical matter. But that being unpopular on the account of the emphatic rebuke given by the people of Mississippi at the ballot-box in '51, he seeks to conceal any opinion of this kind which he entertains. Wilcox is a clown and a fool, and though had I vote, under these circumstances it would be cast for him. yet I would do it with great reluctance and only as a choice between two evils. State Rights doctrine is not the popular creed, and notwithstanding the great dust raised by many politicians and demagogues to conceal their own nefarious schemes, the people still a strong attachment to the glorious Union.

Attended a wedding on Thursday night. It was a small but pleasant affair. The supper table was spread in the open air, southern fashion. The gentlemen first conducted the ladies out and waited on them, loading their plates with every thing good for the inner man or women, and whilst they discussed said good things, kept whisper-

ing soft things in their ears from behind. No seats were provided. After the ladies were served and conducted back to the parlor, the gentlemen returned to the table, and - but what followed is better imagined than described.

Sept. 10th, 1853.

I have just been having a talk with Organ, an Irish laborer who has been following the profession of ditching in this country for the last fourteen years. We happened to touch on slavery, and if his description of its horrors was not very highly colored, the case is bad enough. Working as he has done on the large plantations he certainly has had a fine opportunity to see the workings of the system on a large scale. He did not go much into detail, only saying that hundreds of times he had seen four or five hundred blows on the bare back with a broad paddle filled with holes and the gashes thus left afterwards washed with salt water, an operation technically called "salting them"; and women stripped in his own language "bodnaciously naked" and tied up to a black-jack to receive "four hundred well laid on". He was not prejudiced to take this view of the subject from any conscientious or pious scruples as to the sin of slavery, nor did he seem to me to be, as is always charged upon Northerners who presume to speak of the evils of slavery, "morbidly sensitive in regard to imaginary wrongs." As to his truthfulness of character, I know nothing either way; but from his manner and from the fancy he has taken for me because I come from the North where he used to live, I am compelled to believe^e he has seen much oppression, but I am not willing to admit the truth of his assertion "that to abuse and maltreat, is the rule, to treat kindly and provide for is the exception."

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October 9th, 1853.

On Tuesday the 27th of September I dismissed my school for the rest of the week in order to attend Bob Montgomery's wedding which comes off on Thursday evening. Having watched the courtship of the parties and being acquainted with the various phases of their engagement // _ Bob's hopes and fears and perplexities, and Miss Isabella's painful state of uncertainty as to whether her love for Bob or Newton Becket was the stronger, and her irresolution as to which engagement she should keep / I of course felt some interest in witnessing the final consummation. Therefore being invited and urged by Bob to go with him, I concluded to do so and the more willingly as I would meet Jamie there.

[This portion of the Journal belongs between the dates Sept. 10th and Oct. 7th, 1853.]

Sept. 15th, 1853.

As Dr. Caldweel has made me promise Saturday with him, I will take advantage of this quiet evening to make my entry for the week, and as it is in accordance with my plan to select such facts and incidents as will give me the most pleasure to recall, I must not omit a notice of my Mississippi sweetheart. Soon after my arrival here, Mrs. Carothers was unexpectedly summoned to South Carolina to see a dying sister. She told me she was intending to bring with her a most beautiful and accomplished niece and that I might prepare to fall in love with her at once for I could not help myself. In her last letter written home before her return she said that Lizzie could not come, but that another was coming, Miss Cattie G. Nothing was said of her in praise, and I scarcely bestowed a thought on her coming. She came. I soon made her acquaintance though she is naturally reserved. I found her an agreeable companion and two months quickly rolled by in the enjoyment of her society, two short months long to ^{me} be remembered as among the happiest of my life. We were much together during this time and as our acquaintance ripened into intimacy the idea of being soon separated was a painful one. But during the long winter evenings as we sat together around "the old candle stand," all these feelings were completely lost in the enjoyment of the present, and the hours flew quickly on as we talked, read aloud from ~~Sunnyside~~ "Sunny Side", played drafts, or builded castles in the air, until very unexpectedly her father came for her. The evening before her departure we visited for the last time the "grape vine", rambled together over the hills and through the woods where we ^{had} many a happy evening walk or morning ride. Our separation was mentioned, and though no words of love were spoken, each felt that mere friendship could not explain the feeling of mutual affection which bound us to each other. We parted, and though no parting words were spoken by either the warm pressure of the hand as I assisted her into the carriage and the averted ^{look} to hide the unbidden tears, told plainly that indifference was not the cause of this ~~stange silence~~ strange silence. Mrs. Carothers had long suspected the state of our feelings, but Doc. would not agree with her. This parting scene confirmed her suspicions and aroused his. On asking the liberty of adding a postscript to one

of her letters to Franklin, Mrs. C. plainly told me her suspicions and I as plainly confessed to their truth. She then said she had long observed our growing fondness for each other's society, and that when alone she had often spoken to Cattie in regard to me in such a manner as to discourage her regarding me in any other light than as a friend. We parted in May expecting to meet again in August when Mrs. C. went to Holmes Co., but soon a letter from Holmes arrived stating that it would not be best for me to go. Since Mrs. C.'s return this has been all explained. Her father heard the report that we were engaged, took the alarm and immediately came for her. ~~Watched~~ He watched us narrowly, slept with me, and heard me speak of her several times in my sleep - "Remember Miss Cattie what I have told you, etc." and saw the parting too. All these confirmed his suspicions, so that on the way home he would not even believe her positive assurances that he was deceived by a false report. His will is unbending and she must obey. He has too an unconquerable prejudice against the North, being a fierce Secessionist and fire-eater. But were I prepared to marry, I would not despair despite his opposition: for his daughter possesses a large share of his own firmness and decision of character and I know that I might rely on the strength of her attachment. But I am not in a situation to marry and will not be for some time to come, and this I knew full well even when impelled by the ardor of my feelings, I was about to make a declaration of them to her. But this is all past, and though I love her and my judgment tells me that she is fully worthy of my love, yet it also tells me that it is useless for me to indulge a hope that she will ever be to me more than a very dear friend whom I loved with a pure and virtuous affection and who can always claim a warm place in my memory. After her departure I wrote these lines in her album -

"That word I could not speak before, I speak it now,
 Good-bye - May sorrow never fling one shadow o'er thy brow.
 In some bright spot I would thy home might be ,
 Where only loving eyes are turned on thee,
 And hearts are found to cherish thee, breathing alone
 Such pure and holy sentiments as animate your own."

When at the close of day you send fond memory back
 To visit your once cherished friends,
 Give me a place among the favored few,
 Who absent still may claim a tender thought from you.

And then one joy is mine , to know , whate'er my lot may be,
That thus you live and thus remember me." Green.

Mrs. C. says she does not seem so merry and joyous as when here. Though it is pleasant to think I am made the object of such a true and lasting affection by one whom I love, yet I love too truly to wish to be even the occasion of making her unhappy. It would be to me a great pleasure to see her once more, and I do not think I can return to Pennsylvania necer more to return, without seeing her pretty face once more. But it is doubtful whether it will be even advisable to do this , on her account, for she has already suffered much in consequence of her attachment for me. Whatever it might cost her, she would, under all circumstances, defend any charge that might be made against me. She is a noble girl and in all the sterling qualities of mind and heart has few equals, and he who wins her will gain a jewel.

Our party consisted of Bob Montgomery, Joe Bardwell, Henry McCreight and myself, and we were provided with a two horse buggy and carriage. Starting Wednesday afternoon Joe Bardwell and I spent the night with Mr Morrow. Before going to bed Joe had a long argument with him on the subject of servant baptism. After investigating the subject for more than a year he is finally and unalterably of the opinion that it is the duty of every Christian master to present for baptism the infants of his slaves, and to become responsible for their instruction. If he succeeds in persuading those professedly Christian masters found in every Southern state, who scarcely expend a single ~~th~~ thought upon the spiritual welfare of their slaves, both to take these vows upon them and faithfully to fulfill them, he will have wrought a good work. He has had his own baptized and will no doubt discharge his duty to them. He reasons in favor of this view from the patriarchal custom of circumcising all "servants born in the house." If his view is correct, Christian masters will not be able to reconcile their vows in regard to such baptized slaves and their right to sell them.

We reached William McMillan's early in the afternoon of the next day, driving past the bride's house in style. After dining and making a big noise and fuss until about five, we dressed for the wedding and proceeded to old John Mc Millan's, only a half mile distant. Here we found quite a number of Aberdeen gentlemen congregated on the piazza, dressed up as only Aberdeeners can dress. They as much as any class I ever met seem to think that dress makes the gentleman. Hearing that Jamie was present, I immediately sought him out, not among those who were promenading the piazza, but true to his nature, instincts and education, he was snugly insconced in the parlor, entertaining a whole bevy of ladies. We had then a long talk and compared our impressions of the South, and its desirableness as a permanent location. It may perhaps be the result of early training and prejudice to some degree, but I cannot help thinking that throughout the North the tone of public morals is far higher, and that society is in a more healthy state by far. There seems to be some baneful influence in the moral atmosphere which affects every one. There seems to be very little true consistency among professing Christians, though a zeal for some particular church or creed is universal and most extravagant. For an instance of lax morals, on the

evening of the wedding quite a number of the young men were intoxicated and John McMillan, a good old Elder in the Presbyterian church set out the decanter in the passage so that all comers might help themselves, which it is needless to add they did plentifully.

I received today a letter from Mother the first I believe she has ever written to me. It is just such a letter as a Mother's heart can indite and I prize it very much.

October 15th, 1853.

On Monday I heard addresses from Gov. Foote, Dahl Russell and Gen. A.B. Bradford? candidates respectively for the offices of U.S. Senator, Auditor of Public Accounts, and Congressman. Foote is a first rate stump orator and few men are willing to meet him ther. He has a ✓ wonderful talent for heaping ridicule upon his opponent and he made a fine display of it in his criticisms upon Jeff Davis's Hartford speech, showing the influence of \$8,000 per annum in nationalizing a man. The one thing I remarked, all expressed themselves in favor of repudiation. No candidate for public office in Mississippi would dare to run as a bond payer upon that issue, for he would be left as high and dry as a minnow upon a sand bank, and politically so defunct ✓ as to be beyond the possibility of resuscitation. And yet the Supreme Court has decided in favor of their constitutionality. Alas ! for the credit and honor of the state of Mississippi.

October 22nd, 1853.

I have determined not to remain in Starkville any longer. There are kind friends here to whom I am attached, and my patrons will regret my determination and perhaps be displeased at it; but I will not teach for any people who care so little for the success of the school. Starkville never has had a good school for any considerable length of time, and I venture to prophecy it never will until a change comes over the spirit of its dream. To earn a reputation here as a teacher is impossible, and this attempt I consider ridiculous. One fact will confirm this. David Owens is teaching near town with a much larger school than mine. In eight months he took a class of boys from the first principles of Latin grammar, through Cæsar, and ✓ to save his neck from the gallows I do not believe he could construe a single Latin sentence correctly. My course is not fully marked out, but I am thinking of opening a school in a town of some size, perhaps further South in Mississippi.

We had a pleasant social party this evening; with music and merry talk the time passed very agreeably.

November 5th, 1853.

The date entry reminds me that one year has fled since I left home. It has passed quickly away, and yet when I run over the events that have transpired within that period it seems a long time. The change in manner of life, in my occupations and in my associates and friends has been so complete that I have unavoidably gained many new experiences. I think I can safely say that I have learned some things which will be useful in after life; something of men and their manners in general and of Southern men and manners in particular. Most of my experiences are of a pleasant kind and therefore it will give me pleasure to recur to them hereafter.

November 12th, 1853.

Election week in Mississippi. As usual the Whigs are routed hip and thigh, with a great slaughter. The Democratic States Rights party is every where triumphant, electing Barry and a sufficient number of members of the Legislature to defeat Foote. Thus they have struggled to effect with might and main, for they hate Foote with an unmitigated hatred. Politics usually run very high in Mississippi, but at present there is a lull and the voting passed off quietly. States Rights doctrine is popular here and great ado is made about Southern rights. I have had this afternoon a long and warm discussion on this subject with Dr. Calhoun, after returning from our fox hunt and drying ourselves around the fire, at it we went. Dr. Calhoun is second cousin to the great John C. Calhoun and in politics is as arrant a fire-eater.

November 30th, 1853.

In the course of human events the last day of November has arrived, and saving one, the last week of pedagogism in Starkville. I have tonight made out a statement of the financial affairs of the "Starkville Male Academy" to be presented at a meeting² to be held on the morrow of the Board Trustees. I find that there is a deficit of about \$2,500, which the Trustees will be under the necessity of making up from their private and individual purses.

And now as I am about winding up all my interests in the Starkville Academy and bidding my boys adieu, strange to say I feel a sort of reluctance in doing so. Instead of that impatience to banish forever

from my sight the hated schoolroom, scene of a thousand and one petty annoyances from a stupid, vulgar set of boys, I feel as though I were sundering ties of friendship and love. This feeling too has been heightened by the deportment of my boys. They are, I can say without a single exception, attached to me and though glad at the ~~near~~ prospect of a holiday (What else can be expected of Boy nature) yet they are truly sorry to part with me.

December 1st, 1853.

According to notice the Trustees met this afternoon, and after having disposed of the business which I laid before them they professed themselves most strenuously in favor of entering upon a new arrangement with me for the ensuing year. I had looked upon the matter as fully settled, but upon their solicitations have left the matter open for another week, when we meet again to decide finally. It was most gratifying to me to find them so zealous for my stay and so willing to make sacrifices to secure it. Thursday next will throw new light upon the matter. If their representations were correct my stay is still possible.

December 14th, 1853.

The die is cast and I remain in Starkville for the next five months. From indications my school will be much better next session. Already I have been promised several new classical scholars, and if a school in the neighborhood fails, as I think it will, I certainly have enough to give me employment. I am thus saved the necessity of seeking a new situation, an enterprise not very pleasant and of which I have had enough. I find that I have many friends here who are anxious that I should remain and I believe it is my duty to do so.

Jim arrived here on Friday and is spending this week with me. We find it very pleasant rustivating together, in hunting and visiting. Later I return with him to Aberdeen and we will flourish there for some time. We have been talking over our experience since coming ~~to~~ South, and find no lack of incident. It is now just one year since we set foot in Mississippi.

January 2nd, 1854.

My journal has been very much neglected lately owing to my ~~after~~ absence from home, and now at the first opportunity I must fill up the record until the present time with my holiday doings.

On the 19th James and I mounted our gallant nags and turned our heads Aberdeenward. The day was rather too cold for comfort but we

bundled up our overcoats. We rode along beguiling the way by recounting our adventures on that same road one year ago, and laughing heartily at the swimming of the Tibby, our meal upon the two pies, etc. When contrasting our situation at that time with our present condition, we felt quite satisfied at the result of our adventure, and felt no desire whatever to engage again either in seeking a situation or in an agency business. At some half-way place we dismounted and drawing forth some luncheon went to work on it with great gusto. We arrived at Aberdeen just as it was growing dark and we were pretty well chilled by the cold, but the warm fire of Jim's sanctum soon set us to rights.

On Saturday the 24th it snowed very fast and, although much melted, on Sunday there were nearly two inches on the ground. This day had more of a wintry appearance than I had before seen in the South. A snow here is quite an event and every ^{one} turns out to have a snow-balling. I took my spree at Mrs. Wattington's. We had a merry time snow-balling, drinking egg-nogg and eating guber-pea candy. Egg-nogg is indispensable in spending Christmas in the South and as it is manufactured here it is very palatable.

On Monday the 26th I mounted Rockaway and leading the other horse, I started for Starkville. Just such another ride I hope may never fall to my lot again. The roads were awful. Rockaway was lazy and having no gaits but a miserably slow walk and a double shuffle of a pace - a gait which the mud rendered out of the question - we made slow progress and in addition, my leading horse kept constantly pulling back, so that it took me eleven hours constant riding to reach Starkville. Every-where along the road I met niggers enjoying their Christmas holiday. Some in the way of frolicing and others going to town with something to sell. One old man was mounted on a mule, hung over on all sides with mats and collars, made of shucks which he was taking to Aberdeen to sell. These were no doubt the work of months, carried on ^{at} such spare times as he could snatch ~~times-as~~ from his master's business. It is the custom with masters to give their slaves a week at Christmas, not requiring of them labor during that term, and if they choose to labor, paying them wages. Many masters are so kind as to allow their slaves to make use of their wagons and mules to haul wood to town for sale at Christmas time. The arrival of Christmas is therefore an important event to all niggers and is celebrated as a jubilee - a week of freedom.

Arrived at home I took a day to rest my weary limbs and recruit myself, and but a day was allowed me. Mr McRae came to pay me a visit on Wednesday, and on Thursday we mounted our horses and started for Major Watts' to visit Miss Cornelia and Mary Jane Gladden. On reaching the door of the Major's residence, we were met with the unwelcome news that they were not at home. We therefore determined to wait for their return and spend the night, which we accordingly did much to our satisfaction. Cornelia had put away for safe keeping a box of snow and we had a merry time with it. Next day we rode to Mr. Morrow's a distance of thirteen miles, and in the evening attended a party at Mr. Jordan's. Every thing here was managed in fine style as Mr. Jordan is a wealthy man and one fond of having every comfort around him. Upon our arrival we were shown to a room appropriated to our use, where we laid aside our overcoats, arranged our hair, had our boots and coats cleaned etc., and those who felt inclined indulged in some of the various liquors which were set out for our use. After some little time Mr Jordan requested Mr McRae and myself to accompany him to the parlor, the ladies being seated there and awaiting our arrival. On reaching the parlor door, he left McRae and took me in singly, introducing me in order to every young lady in the room (for they were all strangers to me) and then allowed me to occupy a vacant chair near the door. It was, I am bound to say, an awkward performance thus to be led around the room bowing and scraping as each new name was announced, and then to be allowed to squat down by the door. I am conscious of having felt awkwardly and have not the least doubt but that I acted awkwardly, and even the ladies seemed to behave awkwardly as they popped up one after another to acknowledge the introduction. Then came McRae's turn and who can blame me if I enjoyed in some measure his victimization in like manner. But a worse lot than this soon befell him. After having seated himself and commenced a conversation with the lady next him, he became somewhat interested and leaning forward to hear more distinctly, the rocking chair in which he was sitting slipped back from under him and left him sprawling upon the floor. It was a terrible accident, and as much as the company wished to spare his feelings, it was impossible for them to restrain their laughter, which he, making the best of a necessity, joined in with the best grace he could muster on the occasion. Soon after supper was announced, and each one taking a lady on his arm, we marched out in style to the dining room where a profusion of every thing nice met our eyes. Here came my turn to have my equanimity somewhat disturb-

ed, for in taking our places around the table, to my utter astonishment and amazement, and confusion too, Mr Jordan called on me to say grace. This of course I declined to do as soon as I could muster my faculties to frame an excuse. Mr Jordan afterwards apologized by saying that having heard that Mr. Simonton intended ~~to~~ study for the ministry he made the mistake of supposing that I was meant.

I returned on the last day of the year 1853 to Starkville, a ride of ten miles. I was invited to a party that same evening but declined.

Another year is past, a new year is beginning. How rapid is the flight of time since I have reached the age of maturity. A year now seems, as it really is, a short span, a few days soon numbered o'er and it is gone. When a little boy it seemed an almost endless time, too long to look forward to its end, and I verily believe I could now wait ten or twenty years for the fulfillment of a promise or the attainment of an end with more patience than at the age of ten I could have exercised for one short year. I can readily imagine the feelings with which an old man contemplates his past life and understand the meaning of his words as he exclaims "Few and evil are my days." But life is not only short it is uncertain. This New Year finds me here - where will the next find me? Who can tell?

I attended to-day a sale of negroes. The first lot sold consisted of an old man grey-headed and feeble, and ^{an} old woman with two children. They mounted the block and the crier opened the sale. Whatever may be said in justification of the institution of slavery and however men may theorize and argue in regard to it, I feel convinced, that to any man of refined and delicate feelings who possessed a spark of true philanthropy in his breast, after witnessing such a sight as those poor creatures presented, no argument would appear of any force except that of stern necessity. Circumstances may and I believe do render slavery a necessity, but I have no patience with him who can see in it no hard features to condemn and ameliorate, and does not in his heart desire such a change in circumstances as will remove the necessity of its existence. These are my sentiments and I ^{have} ^{ed} express them freely when conversing upon this subject without finding many who dare to take exception to them. Silence is the usual reply to such remarks and the most appropriate too - a prompt assent accepted.

The old people and the children whom I have described sold for \$1050. Next followed two negroes men, one selling for \$1400, and the other for \$1350. I was Relieved to find most of them pleased with their new mas-

ters; one jumped off the block crying, " I'm so glad", I'm just fixed" proving both that he was not possessed of that indifference which I hear so often harped upon, and that he did not regard the possession of a good master as such a matter of course as to feel no uneasiness upon the subject. A Mr. Beal from Madison Co. was present, and was several a times a bidder, asking the men if they were not willing to leave their wives and telling them they could find plenty of "likelier women" in his county. He is a leading man in the Methodist church. The men all declared their unwillingness to leave their wives. Next quite a pretty and modest looking mulatto girl mounted the block. This was the signal for numberless coarse remarks and jests from low-bred fellows among the crowd, who showed that a tithe of that ⁱⁿate modesty and delicacy which that young negro woman evinced. Bids were freely made upon her, and finally she was knocked off at nearly \$1200 to a young man who was no better than ~~she~~ ought to be.

January 7th, 1854.

To-day my vacation ends, and though it has been most delightfully spent in visiting my friends and amusing myself by hunting, I have no regrets to express because it is over. I have returned to-day from my last visits to Gen. Owens and Major Thompson. They are both about to become my patrons and policy bade me call upon them and their daughters. The Major is one of the wealthiest men in this community and the owner of more than one hundred slaves. This is called "being sound on the slavery question". From all I could observe, I'm inclined to think that with all his servants he is but badly served, and that his niggers do pretty much as they please. It was a cold night and the parlor fire was low. but all the commands of their mistresses to the contrary notwithstanding, the fire was not replenished, and we were left shivering in the cold. It is an old adage that "Too many cooks spoil the broth" and in this country where everything is left to the care of servants, it not unfrequently happens, that left to the tender mercies of a worthless pack of them, you suffer in the flesh and spirit. too. The Major is ^{too} lenient towards them, for whilst he is their master it is his duty to have them under control, and it is mistaken kindness to license them to do their pleasure. The truth of this is manifest from the fact that his niggers are notorious for badness over the length and breadth of the land.

January 9th, 1854.

To-day a new session commenced and my second year of pedagog^{ue}ism. The day has been very unfavorable, and in the morning I was somewhat appre-

hensive that I would find an empty school house. I determined at all hazards to be found at my post, and, after having bribed Alec by a quarter to build a good fire in each fire-place, I repaired to the school house. There I found ten pupils in waiting, all new scholars with one exception. Though this is a small beginning, yet it is an encouraging one and I feel no doubt that my hands will soon be full. Last session I had but four classical scholars, now I had eight - of itself an item of \$160.00. The first week of a session is always dreaded by me. New scholars bring new books, new classes must be formed, and the whole machinery of the school put in working order. It is a perplexing business - this mapping out a plan of operations for the campaign and I will be glad when it is over. One of my pupils, Tanner by name, is a brother school teacher and has come to take a review of his studies under me. I intend to fix him off ad unguem. But of him, more anon.

January 14th, 1854.

The first week of my third session has closed. My school numbers sixteen, a pretty fair commencement in view of the weather which has been very cold and unpleasant. Matters too have somewhat arranged themselves and become systematized in that order in which they are daily to revolve for the next three months.

I have several classical scholars who were last year under the tuition of David Owens. One of them has read the whole of Virgil, The Georgics excepted, and the others were reading in the Aeneid of Virgil. As a first lesson I assigned them about fifteen lines in the first book. They came to recite and a useful lesson I made it to them all, for I convinced them to their complete satisfaction that they were ignorant of the first principles of the Latin language, the very A, B, C. The fact is that they in reading Latin paid no regard to the cases of nouns, the arrangement of adjectives, etc., and as to parsing, they said, "That they had not ~~taught~~ been taught to do that." It was positively amusing and those who had studied under me, and had not made half the pretensions, were delighted at the showing up of their ignorance. The very idea of Dave Owens's teaching Latin is, to say the least of it, funny; and to speak the whole truth, an imposition and a humbug.

Four of my students are about to commence Greek, an event I have always desired but was unable to bring about before this present time. I want to brush up my Greek for I fear I am becoming rusty. I think

it more than probable that I will at least find some cobwebs in the Greek corner of my cranium, but I hope the exercise of teaching will sweep them out.

I have also organized a class in algebra - also an advancement which will aid me in self-improvement, one of my ends in teaching.

January 20th, 1854.

To-day I have attained my majority. To-day I became invested with all the rights, privileges and immunities of a freeman, and the law's presumption now is that I am prepared to think and act for myself from this time forward. I wish there was an election to-morrow, in order that I might exercise some of my newly acquired rights. In honor of the occasion Mrs. Carothers had the fatted turkey killed and invited company to dinner. Last night there was a party at Gen. Owens's given, it was said, in honor my majority, and we carried on extensively until about one o'clock in the morning. The game of Snap was quite popularly and I was almost run off my legs. To-night the same scene will be enacted over again at Squire Miller's, with this variation - there will be dancing to-night. I am not given to dancing, nor am I a first rate dancer, but this day comes only once in a life time and I am going for once to do my best in "cutting pigeon wings" for the amusement of the company. ✓

January 28th, 1854.

This week I have spent in the drug store. Albion is a pleasant companion and together we try to keep away the blues by conversation, reading and visiting the ladies. Still I am afraid the annoyance to which we are exposed by having the fellows about town coming in at all times will more than compensate for this. I do not think I will be willing to make this a permanent arrangement. The fact is, there is more wickedness and vulgarity in these little towns than enough, and Starkville though famed for its sobriety and morality is little better is ~~little~~ than the rest of them.

Loaferism abounds here among old and young. Planters come in day after day and sit in the back rooms or in front of the stores, and talk hour after hour in foolish if not improper conversation. I have been astonished at the indolent habits of many men of the highest standing, who leaving their overseers to attend to the "hands", come to town to roll marbles or pitch dollars - not once or twice, but habitually. When such an example is set by parents the character of the boys may be guessed at. This week in school hearing that Davie T--

had cursed Turner, I inquired into the matter and was astonished and mortified at the indecent expression that had been used. Finding that both parties were in fault I dismissed that case without any punishment, but gave the whole school plainly to understand that the next offense would be most severely punished.

February 3rd, 1854.

Sound the trumpet ! Blow the horn and ring the bells ! ! Strike the banjo loud and strong !!! Latest arrival! By express - a man child at Dr. Carothers! This is life incipient - its ends and results who can divine? Time will develop them as it does "the passions which sleep in infancy's breast.

I have just learned that Rev. Mr. Morrow has sold his farm, intending to sell his negroes and remove to Columbus. His reasons are these. Several years ago Mrs. Morrow whipped a negro girl, and because she died immediately after the whipping, the report was circulated that Mrs. Morrow had whipped her to death. Lately another negro girl has died just after a flogging from the overseer - some say by a blow from the loaded whip which the overseer always carries - and again Mrs. Morrow is reported as implicated. These two most unfortunate occurrences, and the reports to which they have given rise, have so distressed them as to lead them to sell out all and never farm again.

There is another gang of negro traders encamped near the Academy. The trade in negroes is wonderfully brisk, for this must be about the twelfth lot which has encamped in that woods since my arrival in Starkville. It is an inhuman traffic and no man having the proper feelings of humanity could engage in it. It is but just to state that very many Southern men abhor negro traders, even though they themselves buy slaves and some times sell them.

February 11th, 1854.

Miss Della Billington has returned from Columbus and of course I have been to see her - once, twice, even three times. She is a pretty girl, an amiable girl and a good girl, and I find her society agreeable. Indeed we have become quite confidential and made each other the repository of divers secrets. She is pretty enough to interest me but not quite smart enough to captivate and conquer. ✓

I have been trying to decide upon my future course in life - whether I should remain longer in the South or go home and commence the study of law. Mother in a late letter to me says, "I would be extremely pleased if you could enter the Seminary with James." Would that I

could gratify this wish, but I fear that I will not. The work of the ministry is the most noble of all and will bring too the surest and highest reward. Besides I do not feel much enthusiasm in regard to law, for though fond of its study, I am afraid that success in its practice and an honest adherence to truth and right are hard to be attained.

February 18th, 1854.

Friday evening I took Miss Della to a storm party at Dr. Montgomery's but I am of the opinion that this ^{last} about the last storm party that will be honored by my presence. The carryings on of that night were just about such as would be in keeping with a negro corn shucking or break down. As there were not a sufficient number of ladies to dance a cotillion, several of the fellows took the floor and entertained us all with a regular negro dance, though amusing enough, was sadly out of place at a party of sensible white folks.

Though there are quite a number of first rate families in this community, yet there are no young people who afford good society. The young ladies might do passably for they are usually amiable and good if not overly educated and refined, but the young men of Starkville, with one or two exceptions, are not fit to associate with. They are dissipated, vulgar and ignorant, and without any idea of good breeding. But this I have found ~~th~~ to be the case wherever I have been - that the badness of society is the fault of young men. Throughout the length and breadth of the land as far as my experience goes, not one young man out of every ten has sufficient morality and refinement to fit him to come into a lady's presence.

The baby has bestowed upon him that most euphonious and expressive cognomen - Green, in honor of me. Taken upon his own merits he is a most promising boy, but when in addition he is invested with the prestige of my name his future eminence is rendered doubly certain. I feel proud of the compliment paid by the doctor, and that my name should be judged worthy of being handed down to posterity.

February 25th, 1854.

This week is not so barren of incidents as is usual for I have become a hero in an adventure which is all the town talk. On Friday I gave two of my boys a sound brushing such as I thought and still think they fully deserved. That evening after school the two boys told their parents, Bunch and May, that I had abused them and they carried home the stump of the switch which I had used. They both came down

town, swearing that they were going to drive me out of Octibeebee County. Bunch is one of the stoutest men in the whole county and bears the reputation of being a bully, having lost a finger or two in a former fight. I happened at this time to be at Dr. Carothers' waiting for my supper, and had not the slightest suspicion of what was going on. As chance would have it, I received an invitation from Miss Della to drink tea and started down town when the excitement was at its height. Meanwhile Dr. Carothers and others of my friends had tried to cool Bunch down by reasoning with him, but he would not listen for a moment, and brandishing his stick swore that he would whip me at first sight, Mr Bell happening to come up and overhearing this, immediately gave him to understand that he had to be whipped before I was touched, and says he, " Bunch, this is something that has never been done yet. " Bunch replied in a most violent manner, "I'll bet a hundred dollars I'll whip him the first time I lay eyes on him." "And I'll bet five hundred you don't" was the prompt reply, at the same time intimating that if he attacked me he would have a ball put into him. May all this time kept urging him on, saying that he intended to see that I was whipped and well whipped.

About this time I was seen coming and every one thought that a fight was inevitable. Several stores were closed and all hurried to the scene of action. Many of my friends loaded their pockets with weights and Mr. Bell snatched up, a good stout hickory cudgel. Meanwhile Bunch and May, one with a knife, the other with a club, hurried to meet me. When I got the tavern I saw Bunch coming up towards me and, on the opposite side, Mr Bell coming on a run and calling to me to be on my guard for they intended to whip me. And sure enough up comes Bunch as furious as a bull brandishing the stump of the switch and demanding in a most violent manner whether that was the sort of a rod to whip a boy with. At first I began to correct him by saying that the rod was not as I had left it but had been broken off; but he again said it was told him that ~~it~~ I had worn that rod out on his son. I gave the lie to this assertion. At this time all were collected around us, Mr. Bell on my side with his stick in striking order and May ready to second Bunch. It was a critical moment and I verily believe that had a single blow been struck, blood would have been spilled - for Mr. Bell had solemnly declared that they would wade through blood before I was injured. Others too,

as I afterwards learned, were quite as ready to see me through and this Bunch saw too clearly to dare to strike, for he fairly backed out from his threats. He suspected too from my conduct and what Mr. Bell had said that I was armed and had come down purposely to meet him. I was of course very much excited but acted with great coolness; for, though I had not the physical strength of Bunch, I had no mind to make one step out of my tracks for him. But I will not soon forget the part Mr. Bell played in that scene. I am bound to confess that had he not in such a noble manner befriended me, I would in all probability have been knocked down before any one could have prevented it.

The next morning, as it was the only thing talked of every where and the boys all had heard of it, I thought best to mention it in school. Just before dismissing them at noon, when they were all before me I remarked to them: "I presume that you have all heard of what occurred last evening. I wish now to have you to distinctly to understand that in governing my school, I will not listen to dictation coming from any quarter. I manage matters according to my own judgment, and that though desiring to please others, I only attempt to do this by pleasing myself. If Mr Bunch, or any other man, expects to swerve me one iota from my course, he has miscalculated - sadly miscalculated. Though I am not the habit of using violent language or making threats, but all who wish to proceed to extreme measures will find me ready."

A meeting of the Trustees was held and after inquiring into the case, they unanimously

"Resolved" that, Whereas exceptions have been taken to the course of Mr A.G. Simonton in his government of the school, having investigated the matter, we cordially approve of his late as well as former conduct, and will sustain him in any manner which circumstances may demand in the discharge of his duty."

March 11th, 1854.

After due deliberation I am pretty firmly fixed in my determination of going home at the end of my session. I have carried out my intentions in coming South - I have become fully acquainted with the manners and customs of the people and learned about all that could be learned by a longer residence. I have reviewed my studies and better impressed them upon my memory; I have gained some exper-

ience in teaching and managing a school which is valuable, but I have no desire to learn any more in this school, for I am of the candid opinion that in future I could not hope to derive any other than a pecuniary benefit; and lastly, I have made a few dimes. With this stock of experience and cash, I will go home and commence the study of a profession.

Again I am tired of the society of Starkville, and I do not think I am under good influence while living in it. Not that I am so easily led astray and influenced by others, but because it is impossible for any one to resist entirely the popular current of the community in which he lives. It is a moral impossibility to remain uninfluenced by the force of example and particularly when that example is almost universal. I do not refuse now so much to outrageous vices (Though these are common in Starkville) but to the general tone of the morality and religion in vogue here - to the standard which the great majority have agreed in setting up. It is, I am convinced, too low.

April 15th, 1854.

My stay in the South seems to be drawing to a close. That which I had looked forward to with so much interest and anticipation is behind me now. I find that my sympathies have gone forth and linked me to this community. It is well that we are so constituted as to be able to form new attachments but often when the time for severing them arrives, we are conscious of a feeling almost of regret that they had ever existed. But no, I love to make friends, and even if separated from them there is a pleasure in thinking of them of the purest sort of which human nature is capable.

April 27th, 1854.

Last night Mrs. Carothers gave a tea party to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bardwell - the newly married couple, and at present in our little town the chief subject of gossip. At the supper table it was remarked upon as rather a remarkable fact that all the gentlemen with the exception of Dr. C. were Princetonians and members of Whig Hall. Another circumstance was also remarked that they were all young married couples - the oldest not dating back three years. It was proposed by way of joke that Miss Louisa and myself pair off and no longer be the exception to the rule, that a more favorable time could not be hoped for, the minister was at hand and all things were ready. I told them that I was a willing soul, besides the example set me by my old college friends and the sight of their evident en-

joyment was more than I was calculated to resist. We all enjoyed ourselves very much.

I received a letter from John in which he speaks of some remarks of mine in regard to the Nebraska bill now pending in Congress. He thinks no doubt that I have become completely Southernized by my stay here for he differs from me toto coelo. It is true that since coming to this land of States Rights I have given more attention to drawing the line between the powers of the general and State governments, and have come to some fixed opinion on this subject; but that I have fallen in love with the peculiar institution of the South is a non sequitur. Still it is my firm conviction, ~~that~~ without having examined minutely the provisions of the bill, that if they fully and clearly carry out the principles contended for by most of its advocates, it should be passed and acquiesced in by all both North and South. Were the question of slavery taken out of Congress and left to either the Supreme Court or to the people of the Territories at the time of adopting their state constitutions it would be well for the country. Nothing has been or is to be gained by continually agitating this subject either in Congress or at anti-slavery conventions. Besides it is a matter of doubt whether it is politic and advisable to hem in slavery into too small dimensions. If what has been accomplished by opposition to the institution of slavery is an earnest of what is still to be expected by a continuance of this opposition, it is certainly profitless business. I most ardently wish for the day when slavery shall be no more, but this day if it come at all, must come by the free will and wish of the Southern people, and to this end the course to be pursued by the North is to adopt the plan spoken of by Calhoun, that of "almost masterly inactivity." In my letter to John I spoke of an unquiet and uneasy feeling on the subject of slavery existing in the South - of many masters feeling deeply the fearful responsibility under which they are placed, and I expressed my belief that if this sentiment were allowed quietly to work out its peaceable fruits a way would be opened for the emancipation of the slaves. He in his reply intimates that this very sentiment is the result of that agitation which I so much deprecate. In this I think he is mistaken for several reasons. First because it is human nature and emphatically the sensitive nature of the Southern people not to listen even to the truth when its self-constituted preachers deal in abuses and threats in case they are not obeyed.

We all share in common with the hog a deal of stubbornness. Second, if any one after being familiar with slavery in the concrete - as it is, has failed to be impressed with its evils, abolition lectures will fail to convince him. Lastly and finally, as the preachers say, experience is on my side. Times have changed since 1787 when Jefferson moved a clause prohibiting slavery in the Northwest Territory and the representatives of the South seconded him; and this change I can attribute to nothing else but "agitation, agitation."

May 26th, 1854.

Another funeral - one after another passes away, but the living live on as before scarcely stopping in the hurry and business of life long enough to assure themselves that they too must die. There is truth in the saying that each man thinks all else mortal but himself, at least this is the language of their lives. There is no disguising the fact that this is a sickly country. Since my coming to Starkville, I have attended more funerals than during many former years. My acquaintance here is not so extensive and the country is much more sparsely settled, and yet out of the number of my acquaintance the number of deaths is alarming. This should be a strong reason for not choosing to remain here, but it is wonderful how little men are influenced by such a consideration, Familiarity with such scenes seems to render their effect upon us weaker and we gradually find ourselves as secure as in the most healthy region.

May 28th, 1854.

Rev. I. W. Shields, the agent for the Bible Society who spent a few days with us last year is again here. He is an exception to most of the agents of similar societies. In general they are men of small calibre who are not fitted to do much good by preaching. ~~Mr-Shields~~ Mr. Shields on the contrary is one of the most interesting men with whom I have ever been acquainted, He is an educated man, has travelled extensively and has been a close observer of human nature in all its phases. In conversation he is both amusing and instructive, for his travels have given him a never failing fund of information.

June 3rd, 1854.

My friends here are very urgent in their efforts to prevail on me to stay. They urge that my school will be still better than it has been before, and that while my mind is not fully and clearly made up

in regard to my future course, I should let well enough alone and wait until new light is thrown upon this question. Several too have made it a matter of concern with them that I should not commence the study of law. Their hope and prayer is that I may be prepared and induced to study Divinity and become a useful minister. Revs. Mr. Emerson and Shields, and Carothers, all have not only expressed their wish to that effect, but their confident believe that in the end this will be brought about, and I am told that they have agreed to make this a subject of prayer. Dr. and Mrs. Carothers strongly dissuade me from the study of law and urge the same arguments. The last message of Mr. Shields left for me on his departure was, "Tell him not to commence the practice of law, for he will never be satisfied with it." I am surprised at this interest widely felt and manifested in me by my friends, but fear the expectations of me will be disappointed. The ministry I do regard in the highest light. It is a profession worthy the best energies of an immortal mind and immeasurably superior to any other. It does not promise wealth or earthly prosperity, but what is far preferable a consciousness of having lived to some useful purpose. How vain and foolish must his life seem to him who has lived only to accumulate wealth or obtain fame ! He is the noblest man who has done most for humanity and the ministry opens the widest field to this end. I was dedicated to this work in childhood by my parents, and in a late letter from Mother she speaks of how much pleasure it would give her to hear that I was prepared and determined to carry out her wishes. Would that I had that preparation of heart that is indispensably necessary, and then I do believe no worldly motives would hinder me. But perhaps I am deceived and do not understand my own heart. My thoughts upon this subject (and they are frequent) are peculiar and accountable, and if I ever do engage in any other profession than that of Divinity, I will feel that I have not fulfilled my duty and the end of my being. There is too as Mr. Shields remarked a great day coming - an era in the world's history - when vast results are to be brought about and great changes wrought, and they will be honored who are the instruments in this work.

June 6th, 1854.

To-day my third session ended. I had concluded to add a month to my session as ^{an} an accomodation to James, but in~~a~~ a late letter from

him I am informed that in consequence of the impatience of the boys for holiday ^{school} has been dismissed. On hearing this I had a meeting of my patrons called and told them that in consequence I was about to close my session - that I had decided to pay a visit home, my return was uncertain, but if they wished me to come back and were willing to wait so long, I would give them a definite answer by the 1st of August. They all with one accord expressed themselves as being anxious for my return and said that they would willingly wait until that time in order to secure my return and accomodate me. Others who are expecting to become patrons of mine joined in urging me to return. The prospect is flattering and I have little doubt but that were I to return and teach ~~ten~~ months I could clear a thousand dollars. Thus then the matter is left. I have until the 1st of August to make up my mind, and if I return the school will commence about the 1st of September.

Now therefore, as soon as I can square my affairs I am for home. The winding up of school was rich in the extreme. I had \$2.50 worth of good Porter prepared at the drug store and shortly before dismissing them I sent two boys over for it. On their return I ordered books aside, set out the bottles on my table in the centre of the room, and such a popping of corks and drinking of glorious Porter was seldom witnessed. Spirits were high and the best feelings prevailed among all, and when finally I filled my glass and wished them a glorious holiday and then dismissed them, they all expressed a desire for my return. It was a fine winding up and pleased the boys to the notch.

Yesterday the meeting was held to make arrangements to celebrate the Fourth Of July. I would have been chosen orator had not Dr. Carothers at my request stated that I could not be present.

June 13th, 1854.

This week is being devoted to making visits and collections of money. In doing the former I find no difficulty for I have many friends to call upon and I am by all kindly received. But not so in respect to the latter, for here though usually I find a willing spirit yet funds are scarce. Still I am doing better than others have done and will be able to raise enough to supply present necessities. As there is some probability of my return, it is not politic for me to be too stringent.

Harrisburg, July 12th, 1854.

At home again after an absence of nearly two years. How delightful it is after so long a separation to greet friends and relatives again and to sit down quietly in the bosom of one's own family. Old scenes are recalled and lived over again and the new experiences of each are related and enjoyed by all. There is no lack of incident for many things have happened since the separation which are worthy of notice.

We reached home on Saturday at noon on the 8th of July, having been ten days on the way. We left Aberdeen on Thursday the 29th of June in the Eastport stage, having been crowded out of the Tuscumbia stage on Wednesday. There were two passengers in addition to ourselves, Estes and Hawthorne. The former a cotton broker and the latter one of my cloth. After becoming acquainted with one another, Estes remarked that he himself was not an educated man but that his friend Hawthorne was, being a "graduate." But it required a very short space of time to prove that in spite of his disadvantages he, Estes, was far the superior of the other. Indeed on account of his intimate knowledge of men and things he proved to be a very interesting companion. Hawthorne on the contrary was a shallow, pedantic, vulgar fellow, and when he attempted to join in the conversation to make a display, it was only to afford amusement by his ridiculous use of pompous and high sounding words entirely out of their proper sense. On getting in the stage I found him supplied with two novels, one by Eugene Sue, the other by Paul de Kock. This was enough. The weather was awfully warm and it was Friday before at ten 10 A.M. before we reached Cripple Deer. This time we employed in telling anecdotes and listening to a long account of "Lizzie", a former sweetheart of Estes.

Arrived at Cripple Deer we took dinner and awaited with great interest the arrival of the Holly Springs and Tuscumbia stage. The great fear was lest the stage might be crowded and we compelled to wait another day. This would have been awful, but to our great joy we were spared such a fate. Soon the stage came, and hurrying out I found in it quite a number of passengers but still a little more room left. In we climbed, three on each seat and one or two on top. The weather was oppressively hot, the thermometer standing about one hundred in the shade, and to make our case complete, the roads were so dusty as almost to produce suffocation. Being companions in mis-

ery and jammed up so closely together, in self defense and to while away the slow hours, we soon struck up an intimate acquaintance with each other. And now a short account of our new travelling acquaintances is in order. First of all was a Mr. Hull and his niece, Miss Mollie Thomas of Holly Springs, en route for Clarksville, Tenn. Hull was a whole-souled, impulsive fellow and Miss Mollie a sociable, jolly soul, sensible and tolerably pretty, and about eighteen or twenty.

Next in order Mr. Pegues, a South Carolina planter who had been visiting a plantation of his in Mississippi. Mr. Pegues was a fine specimen of a Carolina gentleman, educated, refined and possessed of a fine person and manners. On first getting in I was struck with his appearance and soon felt as though I had known him for a long time. Besides these were two other gentlemen from Mississippi, one a young man, the other verging on bachelorhood.

Hot as it was the conversation was not allowed to flag. I soon hinted at the love scrape which Estes had told to us before and so excited their curiosity, and especially Miss Mollie's, that he was forced as a matter of politeness to gratify them. From this very naturally the subject changed to marriage and courtship in general and each one of the company was called on for his or her views. We had some glorious fun on this head for all reserve was laid aside and all expressed themselves with the most perfect freedom. Miss Mollie took her full share in the discussion, and here fortune seemed to favor me, for finding her seat in the hindmost part of the coach uncomfortable, she was transferred to the middle seat by my very side. This was most fortunate, and when the subject of matrimony was up I managed to bring her out and at the same time to worm myself into her good graces. After this I paid her some attention, I very kindly helping her up some hills we were compelled to climb, fetching water for her, etc., and all the time managing to whisper sundry soft speeches into her willing ears. In fact I began to establish somewhat of a claim which all seemed disposed to allow save Hawthorne. All the while he seemed to be eyeing my advances with uneasiness and to be meditation^{ing} a counter attack, but poor fellow his hopes were completely dispelled by a joke which Estes perpetrated upon him. The joke was causing the whole company to believe ^{he was} home to be married on the Fourth of July. This of course ruined him with Miss Mollie and left me in possession of the inside track. Hawthorne afterwards much to

our amusement charged Estes and myself with having conspired against him.

The ride from Cripple Deer to Tuscumbia, a distance of thirty miles consumed nearly twelve hours. The weather was hot and the roads dusty and take it all in all it was the most disagreeable ride I ever took. We cracked jokes and managed to while most of the time away, and when there was a lull in this, four of us played whist. Finally as evening came on Jim and I got out our flutes and played some duets. At length late at night we reached Tuscumbia and a more dirty respectable party I never saw. After taking a bath in a splendid lime stone spring which like Derry comes gushing out of a hill-side, we went to bed and slept most soundly.

Next morning after dressing in clean clothes, a luxury we had not enjoyed for some time, and paying a visit to this spring, we took cars for Decatur and arrived there at 1 P.M. We boarded the Fannie Malone bound for Bridgeville. Here for the first time travelling was a pleasure. The scenery on the river was constantly improving as we approached the mountains, and as our little group sat out on deck and talked and laughed, the time passed swiftly away. Music and cards were also brought into requisition and contributed to the general enjoyment. Late at night, when Miss Mollie and some of the rest of the passengers had retired, an incident occurred which afforded us amusement for the rest of the trip. Whilst Hull, Estes, Hawthorne and myself were playing the saloon, the boat was felt to strike something and the hands below set up a cry. We rushed out to discover the cause and Hull, impulsive as he is, rushed to Miss Mollie's berth and came flying with her through the saloon in her night dishabille. Hearing that we had only run ashore and that there was no danger, she returned to the ladies' cabin. Whilst efforts were being made to get the boat off, Estes, thinking that he heard Mollie crying in the cabin, rushed in therein great haste and began in a very excited manner : "Ladies, don't be alarmed, there is no danger, the boat is only ashore." They assured him that they were not in the least alarmed, and it turned out that he had mistaken the noise of the engine for the crying of a lady. At breakfast the jokes ran high. Miss Mollie could scarcely contain herself whenever the night's adventure was alluded to, and from that time forth the shipwreck of Estes in the ladies' cabin was a standard matter of amusement. In the morning we reached Bridgeville we parted company with Hull and Miss Mollie.

Hence a two Hours' ride brought us to Chattanooga. Here we attended church. On Monday we took our seats in the cars for Atlanta. Just as the cars started Jim recollected that he had forgotten his overcoat and umbrella, but it was too late. Finding an agent of Adams & Co. on the cars, we directed that they should be sent to Harrisburg by express. Soon afterwards, whilst overcome by sleep and fatigue, Jim was nodding at a window, out popped his beaver and he was hatless. At the next station he bought another.

We arrived at Atlanta at about 3 P.M., and after an hour's delay we were hurried off to Augusta. Most of this distance was passed over during the night and by making use of two seats, I managed to spend part of the time in slumbering. We reached Augusta at five on the morning of the glorious Fourth of July, amid the booming of cannon, the beating of drums, the screaming of fifes, and all the usual evidences of an overbrimming patriotism. At all the stations from this similar displays were seen on a scale of grandeur graduated according to the size and importance of the several places. In fact, if one is allowed to judge of the patriotism of a people from the perfect abandon with which they throw themselves into an anniversary fête, the South Carolinians have been most grossly slandered by being charged with having any lack of it. This too was the more remarkable under the state of the weather, the thermometer nearly one hundred in the shade.

At Branchville we parted with our party of fellow travellers and with much regret on all hands. I really felt sorry to part with Estes and Pegues; the latter in particular. We had been so much together as to feel as though we had been long intimately acquainted. He gave us a pressing invitation to visit him at Cheraw, and if ever within gun shot, I will call on him most assuredly.

We arrived at Charleston, and the first thing after reaching the Charleston Hotel was to bathe and dress, and if ever bath was taken for a purpose it was then; for four hundred miles of travel in the dust and cinders had left its impression upon us.

We prospected the city. The bells were ringing incessantly and the streets were crowded with darkies dressed up in the very height of fashion in many cases. The black element decidedly predominated over the white. Out of curiosity James began to count and the result was thirty negroes to one little white boy. We strolled down to the Battery, and there seated on the piazza overlooking the harbor, we

took in ice-cream and enjoyed the delicious sea breeze. No wonder the place is frequented, for notwithstanding the intense heat of the day it was comfortable here. Immediately upon finding this streak of good luck, a cool place and a good prospect, James began^t Wish for some one to help enjoy it. I fell in with his humor and ~~who~~^{we} then and there wished for I daresen't tell.

In the evening we witnessed a fine display of fireworks at the Battery. Rockets, chasers, spit-devils, whirligigs and thingumbobs of every imaginable shape and device were touched off and behaved beautifully. The only thing in the way of the display was the brightness of the evening. Here the crowd congregated was a most motley one. On the morrow after visiting the banks for the purpose of getting gold, we got on the ferry boat that plies between Charleston and Sullivan's Island. On reaching the island, after visiting Fort Moultrie, we took up quarters at the Moultrie House, a splendid Hotel situated right on the beach. This is a place of great resort for the city folks and with reason, for on a warm day such as the 5th of July, 1854, the sea breeze was most delicious and invigorating. We intended taking dinner here, but finding them so ultra fashionable as to dine at four o'clock, we were fain to go at three o'clock in time to get aboard the cars for Wilmington. This route we selected in preference to going to New York by the steamer "Southerner" not without some deliberation. I was very anxiousⁱ to go by sea, but the expense would have been ten dollars more and the time a day or two more, so that we could not have reached home the same week. At five o'clock~~g~~ the cars for Wilmington left the depot, and we arrived at the latter place at three the next day. We had no time to prospect the town. Its trade is of some importance and quite an amount of shipping is seen in the harbor. Pitch, tar, turpentine and lumber are the staples of this region. The railroad for almost the whole length and breadth of the state runs through a barren pine country as uninteresting as any I had ever seen.

Goldsboro was reached about seven o'clock where James decided to spend the night. He was then to come on by the Bay route and meet me in Baltimore. I had already travelled this route and besides had some desire to see Washington, which I would have an opportunity to do by going directly on. My plans were however all disconcerted by the cars running off the track not far from Petersburg. This delayed us about an hour, and on reaching Petersburg and hurrying full drive

to the next depot, we found the cars just vanishing in the dim distance. Nothing was left but to spend the day here and wait for the next train. This would leave me no time in Washington for I was bound to be at home on Saturday. At 6 P.M. I was again on my journey and passing through Richmond, a very pleasant place to all appearances and taking a look at the Capitol I reached Washington early in the morning. Having an hour to spare I spent it in taking a view of the public grounds and buildings, but at such an early hour the halls were not open to inspection. The Capitol when completed will be a splendid edifice, but in its unfinished state and with so much rubbish strewn around, it does not appear to advantage. I was however so much hurried for time as to have no satisfaction in prospecting. At Baltimore in the cars for Harrisburg I met James. He had enjoyed his ride up the Bay very much and had had a young lady under his care which of course added materially to his enjoyment.

We now began to realize that we were indeed going home. The ~~eo~~ country too was changed in its appearance reminding us of home. Fields of hay and grain took the place of cotton and tobacco and clover pastures once more greeted the sight on every hand. The change was a pleasant one. The cotton fields have been poetized upon again and again, but to my eye a prospect over fields of waving grain and ^{do}colver and meadow pastures is more agreeable by far. At only two seasons in the year is there much beauty in a cotton field. The first is when it is in bloom or flower, and again when the bolls are fully matured and the whole field is clothed in white.

At noon we reached Harrisburg and after giving our baggage in charge to the porter, we posted up home. On knocking at the door Lille appeared, and after gazing an instant or two, the fact slowly dawned upon her that it was indeed "us". After our greetings were over, all with one accord joined in the laugh at our appearance and particularly at mine. My long hair and whiskers and eyebrows all covered with dust gave me as they thought a rather savage appearance.

Harrisburg seemed very much changed from the staid old fogey state in which I left it. Many new houses have gone up and a spirit of improvement seems to have taken hold upon the people. Manufacturing of every kind is being undertaken and all departments of business showed signs of more life. Strange faces too are so numerous on the street as to make ^{me}feel as though I were in a changed land and not at home.

Many too who had known me intimately scarcely recognized me owing to the great change in my appearance caused principally by a pair of whiskers which I had cultivated during my absence. Rev. Mr Shields, Mrs. Carothers and others in conversation with me upon my expected return home had all agreed in the opinion that it would not afford me the pleasure I anticipated. That friends would not seem so cordial in their friendship, that many changes would have taken place both upon myself and them that would make home an altered place from what I had left it two years ago. They were right as to the natural effect of a long absence from home, but my stay had been ^{so}two short fairly to test the matter. Friends seemed glad to see me and in return I was glad to greet them, but in some measure the pleasure I once took in their society is diminished. The truth is this day that I have more friends in Mississippi than in Pennsylvania, and my own family excepted, I could leave the latter state with as little regret as I experienced in leaving the former. This may seem strange but it is no less strange than true, and it is right to express it even if it proves what Southerners claim, that there is more hospitality, cordiality, and warmth of feeling to be found in the South than in the North. ✓

Once thoroughly domesticated, the first question in course was to make a decision in regard to my future course. To return to the South or not, that was the question; whether it were nobler to go back to Starkville to play the pedagogue a twelvemonths longer to the infinite terror of whimpering school boys, or else to seize Blackstone and plunge at once into a boundless sea of law difficulties and law disquisitions. The question was a doubtful one and doubtful would have been the issue had not Mother shown it to be her decided wish that I should remain. When the motives to go or stay were so nearly balanced it seemed right that this should tip the balances and so I decided. I hope this decision is for the best and that I may never have reason to regret it.

The choice of a profession is an important matter and one that requires deliberation. I have been in no haste in deciding this matter, in fact I have postponed the decision as long as possible and now that it is made, I trust the motives which influenced my decision have been of a proper kind. It is made, it is true, under protest from my Mississippi friends who with singular unanimity had set their hearts upon my becoming at some future time a minister, but I am call- ✓

ed upon now to make the decision and this of course is out of the case.

In making choice of the profession of law I do not have the anticipations with which most young men begin its study. The study of law will suit my bent for it is a hoble study and gives the mind a wide play, but I do anticipate difficulties in its practice. There are many temptations to leave the path of strict rectitude and to use talent intended for a higher purpose to defeating the ends of justice. It has seemed to me that many lawyers, upright men and honorable out of their profession, in it have a code of morality of their own making. They seem to have persuaded themselves that it is right and proper for them to take any cause offered them without inquiring whether it is grounded in justice or no. They say that it is their duty to set forth in its best light the claims of their client, knowing the opposite side will do the same, and that thus justice will be secured to all. Doubtful reasoning which establishes such a conclusion; but, even if it be true, true, it seems to me that a lawyer having high notions of right would make a lame and spiritless defence of a bad cause, that the complexion of his case would be marked in his very countenance. Self interest will however blind men and fortify their consciences. Still I do not think there is any necessity for this evil. By pursuing a just course it may be more difficult for a young man to make a start in his profession, but I think that this disadvantage will be mote than overbalanced by the advantage which his known character for honesty will give him. The profession of the law ought to be a noble one.

July 28th, 1854.

I met very unexpectedly with Professor Hope this evening. He was very cordial in his greeting and went home with me. He remained about an hour and gave a glowing description of Princeton and its future prospects. The Faculty is revised and corrected until I think it will compare with any in the country. The endowment scheme of \$120.000 will, in his opinion, succeed. More than half is already promised without having recourse to an agency for that purpose. I am glad to see that at last Princeton is moving; that the spirit of young America is diffusing itself among the old fogies who have so long presided over her welfare, and I think that this progress is in the right direction. I have an affection for my Alma Mater and wish her prosperity. This cer-

tainly awaits her if "Hope's flattering tale" is to be believed.

July 31st, 1854.

My Blackstone is at my elbow. On this last day of July anno domini 1854, I have commenced its perusal. "Law in its most general ~~action~~ sense is a rule of action, etc." Thus it runs. From my limited ⁿknowledge and experience I cannot now indulge in any profound remarks upon the importance and dignity of the study of law. I might indeed give my first impressions and they would be worth what first impressions usually are worth - just nothing. No, this was not my object in making this entry but only to hand down to posterity the very year, day ~~and~~ precise date of my study of law. I have imagined at some future day this might become the subject of grave disputes which by my trouble ~~at~~ this present will be avoided. As the amount read the first day may be a matter of interest, out of allowance to the laudable or at least ~~e~~^xcusable curiosity of after times, I will make this too a matter of ~~r~~^ecord. Fifty pages is the extent of to-day's reading in Blackstone, but it would be an error to suppose that these alone constituted the mental labors of the day. It is only fair to myself to state that in addition I read part of the play of King John and quite an extensive account of the chase of a wild stallion in Australia continued in the New York Daily Tribune.

August 14th, 1854.

I read about twenty pages a day, thus completing one volume in two weeks. It is interesting as a history and exposition of the laws and customs of England. The common law in particular interests me, those customs and maxims which have been in force "time to which the memory of man runneth not contrary." That they should be so universally observed and should have ^{suffered} so little change without having been expressly ~~a~~ⁿacted, is curious to me. The English must have been a people of strong law and order instincts. A precedent with them carried with it a weight of authority they could not resist. As far back as history affords us light to trace the origin of their laws, we find that, although many changes and improvements were made, which a change of times demanded, yet no revolution of the laws was effected. They are now substantially such as they were when Alfred reigned. Though the edifice has been improved and adorned, yet it is grounded upon the same foundation which it occupied centuries ago. We owe much to England ~~for~~ the blessing of good laws and maxims for administering them.

September 2nd, 1854.

This week we have had a complete family meeting. All the members were present save one. This has not happened for a considerable time before and will not again probably for as long a time. We have now all made choice of our professions and will soon separate more widely than heretofore. I can remember the time when our family circle was complete. In the long winter evenings in the country all were gathered around the large dining table, engaged in reading, talking or sewing. In the old arm chair sat Father with the Tri-weekly National Intelligencer in his hand, from which, with a word to us youngsters enjoining silence, he would occasionally read aloud an amusing or instructive extract. Near by Mother was seated on a low old-fashioned and green painted rocking chair plying the scissors and needles, making additions to or revisions and corrections of the general wardrobe. Around the sides of the table and, in the case of the youngest of us, sometimes on top of it, were distributed the other members of the family. Those were pleasant and profitable evenings, and young as I then was, the memory of them is distinct. Death I had even then become acquainted with but only in other families. That it could invade our family circle I never once imagined possible. Now three are gone and their places left vacant, Father, Martha and Annie. "Oh that we may all so live that we may will meet again in Heaven, a complete family, not one lost."

September 13th, 1854.

Last week the cry of "pigeons, pigeons" began to be heard and a few scattering flocks were seen flying near town. Gunners were to be seen starting out in every direction into the country and returning at night with strings of birds. I caught the mania and communicating it to some friends we procured a horse and wagon and started for the country early on Monday morning. Bucephalus did nobly, and we reached Uncle Sturgeon's about ten o'clock. Thence we went to Beaver Creek and after scouring the woods in vain and taking a snack of dinner, we started for the mountain. There we found some game, so directing Peter Fox to give our horse a feed, we took our basket of provisions and gridiron mountainwards. Pigeons were tolerably plenty and hunters in proportion. Guns were popping in every direction. Scarcely had the poor pigeons escaped one murderous fire and settled down quietly in some neighboring tree top, when again a hail storm of shot came rattling through the leaves carrying death and destruction in its course. After

bagging nearly thirty, we began to feel the need of our supper and to make preparations therefore. All hands were set to work, some were dispatched to a farm house for some water and milk, and the others picked, cleaned and prepared the pigeons or prepared a good bed of coals to be put under the gridiron. A keen appetite expedited matters and in an incredible space of time the birds were toasting in style. A bed of moss served as a table and here our crackers and cheese and other knick-knacks were spread. For knives and forks we used fingers and for plates, our moss bed. This Jones called "recurring to first principles." The exercise of running over the mountains and the pure country air had wonderfully whetted our appetites, and in a marvellously short space of time the gridiron was dis"burd"ened of its load. Supper over, to get a lodging place for the night was next in order. This we found in Fox's barn among the hay. Here we soon were snugly and comfortably fixed, and finding that we were all lawyers in prospecto and the time of night scarcely eight o'clock, we organized a moot court for our amusement.

September 23rd, 1854.

In a letter from Will lately received came the official announcement that he at last is tired of the solitary life of a bachelor and is about to take to himself a wife. He will I am satisfied be a happier man in this new relation than he is at present. To have a home of his own, a place that deserves the name of home, must be gratifying to one who has for a long time been travelling about and boarding in the families of others. He then for the first time feels settled and satisfied. When young and full of life we crave excitement and imagine that pleasure consists in strong excitement and in the play of strong feelings and passions, but with our age comes the discovery that such pleasure is short lived and unsatisfying. What we then long for is peace, quiet and contentment, and these if found at all, are found at home, around the fire-side with the loved ones. In business and active life misfortunes must be met and bitter disappointments must ^{be} felt and then the heart, weary with the cares and toils of life, longs for some secure and quiet retreat where kindness rules and where doubt deception and deceit are entirely excluded. Whether my life be humble or known to fame my only hopes of true happiness look to the domestic circle and the ~~play~~ pleasure to be derived from the play and exercise of the social and domestic part of my nature.

October 12th, 1854.

I have been absent during the past two weeks on a pleasure trip in company with Thomas. We left home on Sept. 27th at 11/P.M. and arrived at Philadelphia at four thirty in the morning. It being the time of holding the great State Fair the city was crowded with visitors, nevertheless we were fortunate enough to find a bed at the Franklin House to take a snooze on until breakfast was ready. We then started for the Fair, the point toward which the whole city was tending. We found all the omnibusses so crowded as not to be able to take a single additional passenger, consequently we walked the whole distance under the burning sun. We arrived at the grounds and before entering we stood on an eminence near the Schuylkill bridge to take a bird's eye view of the route below us. There in the direction of the entrance was a living, moving mass of human beings, horses and vehicles of every description jostling along as fast as the crowded way would permit. On each side of this way, and lining it to the distance of a hundred yards from the entrance, were ranged tents of various signs and containing all sorts of shows. Monstrosities abounded. Men without legs and men without arms, Rocky Mountain bears with only two legs and walking bolt upright. At the entrance to each one of these stood some fellow selected for the strength of his lungs bawling out so as to be heard above the noise and confusion: "This way gentlemen, only a shilling to see the greatest wonder of the age." Joining the crowd I soon found myself inside the inclosure and at liberty to examine any and all of the many thousand of curiosities there collected. I was more interested in taking observations on human nature and watching the crowds of people thronging every part of the grounds. I examined Floral Hall but was much disappointed. The hot house flowers of Philadelphia will not compare with Southern flowers. An hour or two of standing and gazing satisfied my curiosity and we returned to the hotel.

We arrived in Princeton about seven o'clock and found James in his room. He was glad to see us and we him. On Saturday we heard Dr. Alexander lecture in the Seminary and Professor Henry in the College and spent the rest of the day with my friends of whom I found a goodly number left. On Sabbath day we heard Professor Green preach in

the morning, Drs. Hodge and McGill speak at conference in the afternoon and McDonald preach in the evening. On Monday morning we left for New York much gratified by our visit to Princeton. It was not only to visit so many friends again but to revisit the very spot where three of the most pleasant years of my life were spent.

We arrived in New York and after taking a meal at French's we took the cars for the New Haven depot. We reached New Haven at about six o'clock and took the Fair Haven omnibus which was in waiting. Our visit to this place was ostensibly to see an old chum of Tom's, Stevens, but really to see the Misses Thompson with whom Tom had been so taken one year ago. The village of Fair Haven is not more than three thousand souls; it has three churches any one of which would compare with the best in Harrisburg, and two would far outdo. The dwelling houses are built with more taste and neatness; there is more variety displayed in their construction and in the material employed. Instead of dull and unsightly brick piles ranged along the street, the eye rests upon yards fenced with lattice work and back among the shrubbery stands the tasteful building painted a pure white with its Venetian window shutters.

We took tea according to invitation at Thompson's. We had a merry time, and afterwards Tom got his flute and helped Julia to make some very good music whilst Sue and I amused ourselves by talking.

The next morning we went over to New Haven and took a walk through the College grounds and Public Square. New Haven is certainly one of the most pleasant cities in the Union and its Public Square excels beauty any thing I have ever seen elsewhere.

At two o'clock we left for New York and put up at Florence's Hotel. After supper we visited the Crystal Palace; it was illuminated with thousands of gas burners, and as we stood at the entrance and took a bird's eye view of the scene, the effect was very fine. The statues and paintings engaged my attention more than any thing else. Some of the marble statues were exquisitely wrought. "The Sewing Girl," "The Minstrel's Curse" and many others were very well executed. I was surprised to see so few visitors at a time when the city was crowded with strangers. Theatres were crowded but the Crystal Palace was empty. No wonder its stock is quoted in today's paper at 3. The fact is that such an exhibition is not appreciated in America.

Soon after reaching home I went up to the polls but Owen McCabe,

an Irish Catholic who was Judge, decided that my vote was illegal on the grounds that I was a citizen of Mississippi. It was almost enough to make a "Know Nothing" ^{out} of me, but one consolation, there were enough without me. Pollock is elected by some 30,000 majority. Good for that. Though I am no "Know Nothing" yet I wish them success in their endeavors to teach foreigners and Catholics a lesson.

October 16th, 1854.

To-day I took my position as clerk in the office of the Protho.notary. ~~at~~ I am somewhat awkward at present, but practice will improve me. I do not write a good record hand and must try and improve it. The acquaintance which I will obtain of the management of business in the courts will be very useful to me. Pollock is elected by some 30,000 majority and Prohibition in all probability is lost. Were it not for this bitter drop this election would give me an unmixed satisfaction. The "Know Nothings" have proved themselves to be a large and efficient party and to them much of the honor of the contest is due. I sympathize with them and honor their motives but I am still doubtful as to the propriety of such a secret organization. The foreign and especially the Catholic part need a lesson for their course in politics in the past, and perhaps this is the best way. But en~~emy~~mity which is thus ~~spring~~ing up and being fomented between the foreign and native populations is a bad feature of the times and much to be regretted.

October 21st, 1854.

The elections in the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois are over and from them we can judge of what will ^{be} the result in the other Northern states. Nebraska meets with no favor in the North, nor need politicians hope to change the current of popular feeling which has set in so strong against it. Never before have the North and South been more completely divided in sentiment and feeling on any political question and I look with some anxiety for the result of this agitation. The South may possibly recede somewhat but I doubt it. It is unfortunately the policy of petty politicians to inflame the feelings of the different sections against each other. By means of popular harangues of this sort they expect to obtain office and distinction. I have listened to them North and South and with about the same feelings of disgust for their miserable ranting. The course of things is changing and the policy and practice of our government is so

changing, that we may expect new developments in the future. I hope however that should a crisis come there may be found enough good sense and ~~prati~~ patriotism among the ^amsses to avert all danger.

October 27th, 1854.

I have concluded an arrangment to spend one half my time in a Prothonotary's office. The compensation is not much some thing over \$4.00 per week, but that together with the advantage I will have in fitting myself for my profession will in the end pay.

I am trying to get into regular habits of study in order to accomplish some thing more than I have ever been able to do heretofore. Thomas and I now rise at six o'clock and study without any interruption until half past seven when breakfast is usually ready. The forenoon is then devoted to reading law and the afternoon to writing in the office. For recreation and amusement the evening is free. This new order of things commenced with the week, but we are both so well pleased with its workings that we are minded to persevere in it. The only difficulty is with sleep.

October 31st, 1854.

My time is now fully occupied and I flatter myself that I am making some progress in my studies. I rise at six and read law until seven thirty when breakfast is ready. After breakfast a walk is in order and then I read law again until noon. The afternnon is then spent in the Prothonotary's office. The evenings are spent as follows: Monday, at the Musical Union - which affords some recreation and profit. Tuesday, at the German reading - this is both pleasant and profitable. William Tell has just been finished and Undine is begun. All take an interest in its study and the evening passes away quickly and pleasantly. Wednesday is Lecture evening and, now since the arrival of Mr. Robinson, our new minister, I am minded to attend. Thursday and Friday are thus left for visiting and remaining at home. Saturday evening the choir meets and I may go or not as suits my humor.

November 4th, 1854.

Two years ago James and I were setting our faces Southernward. When I look back over the occurrences of that time the time seems long. It has made its changes on me, greater changes than in all probability the next two years will make. On the whole it has not been unprof-

itably spent though much more might have been accomplished with more diligence. I am just completing the fourth book of Blackstone. I will commence it again studying it thoroughly and reciting to John. The principles of law are not very difficult but they require patient and persevering study. Some of its details are tiresome but every profession has its drudge work which must be patiently gone through with.

November 10th, 1854.

Wednesday night *Infair* of John Rutherford came off at "The Captain's". It was a very large party made up of County and Town folks and strangers from Lancaster. It went off in the best style and to the satisfaction of all who take any pleasure in such large parties. Forms were laid aside and all showed a disposition to please and be pleased. The ladies looked well (there are some fine girls in Paxton Valley), were tastefully dressed. The refreshments were excellent and at the late hour of twelve o'clock the party separated to meet again the next night at Samuel Rutherford's. According to agreement on last evening we again got in our carriage and drove the same identical party, one or two changes excepted, again assembled. The ladies were dressed differently but wore the same smiling faces and were as charming as if the loss of a night's rest was a matter of indifference to them. There was quite as great a flow of spirits and the hour of breaking up was even later than before. Two nights in succession spent in this manner is too much of a good thing. No wonder Blacky is dull. I have bought me a watch for \$75.00.

November 18th, 1854.

Last evening a pleasant little party met at Thomas's office to sew and ~~aly~~ lay down his carpet. The ladies began the work about six o'clock and had it finished at eight, shortly before which time, the gentlemen happened in. Then an oyster supper was served up in Charley's best style which seemed to be well relished on all hands. Secrets, almonds and apples, together with other knick-knacks, followed, and as usual mottoes were read and passed amidst general fun and frolic. Then after laying down the carpet, first however carrying the hot stove out into the entry, and enjoying themselves until ten, the party adjourned to their prospective homes.

Thomas is seated beside me reading an account of an Irish in Wil-

liamsburg, N.Y. The Irish are very much enraged at the "bloody Know Nothings" as they term them. It is wonderful how this party has sprung into being and power. The Native American party had proved a failure and both parties were cringing as much as ever to secure the foreign vote, when suddenly and secretly a new party has been organized. This party deranges all the calculations of the old and regular politicians and threatens to run them entirely. The brogue is no more sweet music but has become a "Shib^bboleth" dreaded and hated by many office holders. I wait further developments, though already feeling pretty firmly persuaded that the present organization can not last long. It is powerful while it lasts and possibly may carry the next Presidential election, but it is soon doomed to be dissolved. As to whether the influence of the party is for good or evil I am of the opinion that entries are being made both to its debit and credit but the balance sheet I am not able to strike.

November 23, 1854.

This is Thanksgiving Day. It has been very generally observed by all classes in so far as suspending business goes. Even the Jews' quarter was closed. Mr Robinson preached an excellent sermon in the morning which is receiving unbounded praise on all hands. The streets to-day presented a gay appearance. The day being pleasant many of the ladies were on promenade and dressed too in their winter rigging. Those who were not so fortunate as to have a new hat or coat stayed at home not wishing to make a contrast with their more fortunate associates.. Some of the gentlemen were to be seen tripping along with their shawls hanging gracefully from their shoulders or dangling from their arms. Some of our nice young men seem to be itching as much to get into petticoats as our strong minded women to don male attire and forswear petticoats as a badge of inferiority and weakness.

December 1st, 1854.

Court adjourned this morning after a session of nearly two weeks. During this time I was in almost constant attendance in the Prothonotary's office, and got a better insight than ever before into the mysteries of Law and the practice of courts in general and in partic-

ular. I am fully satisfied with the wisdom of my course in accepting this situation and that what I learn now in this practical way will one day stand me in good stead when I commence the practice of my profession. Our morning studies have been somewhat irregular during the past two weeks whilst court was in session, but they must be begun again with new ardor next week. This habit is too good a one to be given up without a desperate struggle. I am going to make an honest effort to acquire the habit of rising in decent time in which I have heard so much in praise. I will make it my custom in hopes of its becoming a habit with^{me} and a matter of pleasure as well as duty.

December 15th, 1854.

I have just finished reading a detailed account of the Battle of Inkerman. Never before have I been so impressed by the horrors of war. Devils incarnate could not have fought more desperately than did the English, French and Russians in that battle. The English in particular showed such courage as seems marvellous and in the face of five or six times their numbers maintained their position at the point of the bayonet for nearly four hours. In the desperate character of the fight and in the extent of the carnage Alma is forgotten in Inkerman. Such a scene as this battle field presented by moonlight on the 5th of November is awful at any time, but in this nineteenth century, when we are so little accustomed to the horrid details of war, the picture is unusually frightful. God help the man, or men, or nation upon whose head rests the responsibility of that day's work. That blood stained field covered in many places three deep with the dead and dying, and the thousands widowed and orphaned in the horrid drama which that day witnessed, cry to heaven for vengeance somewhere. How can any one doubt but that there is a day of retribution coming.

December 23rd, 1854.

Winter is here in earnest bringing with his snows and cold balsts pleasure to the rich but distress upon the poor. "I do wish it would snow" said a lady yesterday as she sat in the sleigh wrapped up in her furs. I did not find fault with the wish for she did not mean any harm; it only showed that in the midst of our pleasures we are too apt to forget the poor. ✓

From indications there is a strong probability that there will be more suffering among the poorer classes than there has been for many years. Thousands of workmen have already been thrown out of employment in the cities and manufacturing towns; rents and food are high, flour has been selling here at ten dollars a barrel and potatoes at a dollar and a half or two dollars a bushel, and besides coal is selling at an unusually high figure. If in addition the winter is severely cold, as cold as December has been, there can not help but be great suffering. The ladies of our congregation have organized themselves in order to meet these wants. They have districted the town and appointed certain ones to hunt up the poor in each ward and clothe them. They are to meet once a week to sew for the poor and, after sewing two or three hours, the gentlemen are at liberty to come in and make themselves agreeable.

The young men have organized themselves into an association on the plan of what are called in the cities Young Men's Christian Associations. This has been brought about through Mr Robinson's influence. Its end is the welfare particularly of young men by means of lectures, a reading room, etc. Two meetings have already been held, the one to adopt a constitution and the last to sign it and elect officers. How it will succeed is altogether uncertain but I hope it may do all that is expected of it.

December 26th, 1854.

Christmas is over. It opened with a glorious sunrising and clear sky overhead and glassy pavement under foot. According to engagement Thomas and I went to early Mass with Mary McKinley and Emma Boas. For this purpose we rose at five thirty^t o'clock, found our ladies waiting for us and had just taken our seats in church as the organ commenced. The church was filled with an Irish looking set of people who sat with candles or lamps in their hands and with open prayer books waiting for Mass to begin. Soon the priest entered dressed in a most extravagant manner and attended by two or three little boys dressed in white. He was said to be a priest direct from Italy and I can readily believe it, for he is my very ideal of an Italian monk.

While looking on at this show of blind devotion I fell to reflecting upon the cause and meaning of all this. ~~One thing seemed~~

One thing seemed clear to me, that man is a religious animal. That he is conscious of his own weakness and wants and feels as naturally his dependence upon the care and control of some superior power, as does a child upon that of its father. In addition to this common feeling of mankind there is a sense of personal ill-desert. There is a monitor in every man's breast warning him that he has offended this Being on whom he is dependent and of the necessity of a propitiation. Now the Catholic religion makes or attempts to make provision for both these feelings and I can readily understand its power when once fully believed. I can perceive why to minds of a certain mould it seems far preferable to the Protestant faith. One reason is this : Unlike the latter it does not bring the soul conscious of its guilt directly into the presence of an angry God and leave it there weighed down with a sense of its individual and personal accountability to him. Between God and man, and in the wide gulf that separates them stands their priesthood, and obedience to them is the price of God's favor. They assume the responsibility, they mediate again between man and his true Mediator. What a power such a religion must have when once firmly believed; which in return for blind obedience relieves man of his fearful responsibility to his God.

January 1st, 1855.

I have just returned from the Methodist church where they are watching the dying of the Old Year. This seems to be a superstitious custom and in the highest degree foolish.

January 6th, 1855.

I have confined myself to the house for the last two days in order to get clear of my severe cold. The leisure thus forced upon me has been employed in writing letters, in reading Hudibras and a volume by N. P. Willis called "Pencillings By the Way." The latter I have read hurriedly though and found it both entertaining and instructive. Hudibras is very amusing and full of odd conceits and witty sayings. It must have been suggested by Don quixote for I can trace a near resemblance between the Don and his squire and Hudibras and Ralpho. The two books had the same object in view, the one to ridicule knight errantry and the latter to ridicule later pseudo-reformers. Hudibras is a standard book of its kind and proves its

author to have been a man both of great wit and learning. Were he now living what a field Samuel Butler would find for his talents, now when reforming has become a trade as much as building and equally profitable.

January 20th, 1855.

This is my birthday, to-day I am twenty^{two} years of age. I was so busy during the day as not to have time to think of the fact that another mile stone had been reached, and now though it is literally the eleventh hour I am seated to have a talk with my Journal about it. I am beginning to have an affection for my Journal, and in certain moods I naturally turn to it as to an old friend. But my birthday, moralizings are in order now. Well, certainly if the truth were listened to it should give me concern that my twenty-second year is reached and I have lived to so little purpose.

January 27th, 1855.

The merry sleigh bells are again jingling in the streets as load after load of red nosed pleasure seekers are sweeping by. To a calm looker-on it seems like the pursuit of pleasure under difficulties. But perhaps this is not the view which shows it in its true light. Some one has said (Franklin according to some) that to get an idea of sleighing one has only to take a seat in an alley with his feet in a tub of cold and crack a whip in the teeth of the wind which comes howling along. This is all a mistake. Sleighing must not be exhibited in such a bald and naked view. There are other very important elements which enter into my idea of a sleigh ride and are necessary to constitute it which Franklin entirely forgot.

Court is over and now I will again have some leisure for study. Blackstone has not been opened for three weeks at least and it is high time I was again making his acquaintance.

"Truth is stranger than fiction", there is truth in this saying. There are some times even around us instances of as high moral courage, self-devotion and heroism as the greatest imaginations can conceive of. One such has come under my notice lately and from it I have learned the lesson to be more charitable in my opinions of others and not to put too much confidence in my judgment of character. I was priding myself on having some penetration and skill in reading character, per-

haps more than I really possess. I will try and be more careful for fear I may suspect the motives of some who are actuated in those very actions with which I find fault by such high and noble motives as I have scarcely thought possible and which I could not, perhaps, be affected by.

February 21st, 1855.

Being not in the humor nor condition to digest solid reading, I employed to-day on "Swallow Barn" by Kennedy. It has no plot, it is all episode, but interesting for its delineation of character. It purports to be an accurate account of a three months' visit to the "Old Dominion" some where about 1825. He gives one a well drawn picture of true Virginia hospitality in the good old times of yon when the stately forms and ceremonies of the past century were still insisted on.

After finishing this book, I stretched myself out on the lounge and indulged my thoughts, giving them a free rein to roam where they would, whether into the illimitable future or into the suggestive past. Once they would have without a doubt have preferred the future, for it has a charm for the young and imaginative who have not had their high and ambitious hopes and aspirations tempered by the experience which sooner or later they gain by intercourse with the world. Old men on the contrary have little faith in the future; they love to talk of and live in the past and when the present or future is mentioned it is with many an ominous shake of the head at the degeneracy of the times and forebodings for the future. I have however not reached this stage, though John does call me an old fogey, a stickler for old and time-worn doctrines that are in imminent danger of becoming antiquated. There is much truth in the charge. I do not hold that change is progress or revolution, reformation. Besides reforming has become a trade and many quacks finding it a profitable one are dabbling in it. Dr. Riddle, who lectured and preached for us lately, preached this doctrine strongly as does also Cumming in his Apocalyptic sketches. They think that the animus of many of these boasted reforms, particularly of the social and moral conditions of man, is entirely wrong; that they are anti-religious, assuming that Christianity has failed to accomplish the regeneration of mankind and that it must give place

to some more powerful agency. I had intended some account of my revery on the past but it is crowded out by this digression.

March 3rd, 1855.

I am trying to make faster progress in my law studies than I have made for the past six months. I now have the better opportunity for doing so inasmuch as I have nothing else to engage my attention. Miller, the old prothonotary, has resigned and the Governor has appointed Jacob Shope in his stead.

I am now in the second book of Blackstone and have so far written out a synopsis in order to fix it the better in my memory as well^{as} to compel me to reduce my ideas to some order and system. To discover how little or how much one knows of a subject, let him write out it. "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" I find that this second book is more difficult, dealing in Estates tail male, Estates tail female specilla, and estates of every imaginable description and gender. I am however more interested as I advance in my studies and speaking with all the experience and knowledge which a six months' study can give, I pronounce the study of the principles of law a profitable and interesting study.

March 10th, 1855.

During the past two months an unusual interest has been manifested in the several churches of the town in the subject of religion. This is particularly true of the Methodist and Lutheran churches where meetings have been held uninterruptedly for two or three weeks and numbers have professed to feel great concern for their condition as sinners in the sight of God. In our church several have connected themselves with its communion on the two last occasions and meetings have been held nightly during the present week. On the evening before last those who were interested and wished to have an opportunity to converse on the subject of their soul's salvation were invited to remain and a number did so. Again last evening an invitation was given and considering it my duty to accept it I remained, together with nearly twenty others. This is an important step and I trust a step in the right direction. Religion is an all important subject, infinitely more important than others which engage our attention. I have always believed and known this and have very often felt it too. I have lived long enough

and reflected closely enough to assure myself not only that the affairs of eternity are of as much greater moment than the affairs of time as eternity is longer than time, but that even in this life to be a Christian is the highest wisdom; that to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul with any of the honors or riches of the world is supreme folly. And often as these reflections occupied my mind I have wished that I was a Christian. And at times I have feebly resolved and attempted to become what I felt I should be. I commenced secret prayer and the reading of the Bible and continued this practice for a long time. During the Princeton revival I felt to some degree interested and made some effort to get an interest in the Saviour's love. But soon that feeling passed away and I was left as before or worse than before. And now as these meetings commenced and I saw others seeking to save their immortal souls I have determined, in reliance on the promises of God's word, to make one honest effort, and if it fails I am undone. I have no unusual degree of feeling and my strongest proof that the spirit of God is at work within me is that I have been^{led} to make this resolution. My object in remaining was principally to make a public declaration of my intention to place myself on the Lord's side and mortify that stubborn pride which struggled hard to prevent me. This I have done and now in reliance on the promises of God I will pray for strength to go forward and do my duty. I have sat still long enough to wait to be converted, now I am resolved in God's promised strength to go forward and endeavor to serve Him whether a bright light shines around my path or not; to confess before men my desire and resolution to forsake^a the world and seek and interest in the atoning blood of the Saviour. Others are weeping over their sins but I cannot, though I am assured that my guilt is of as deep a dye. Though I have a clear and firm intellectual knowledge of my condition my heart is unmoved. Certainly this is in the expressive language of Scripture the having a heart of stone. But as no particular degree of feeling is required to fit a sinner to be saved and as the promise is that "Those who do my will shall learn of me" I am resolved to persevere until light breaks around my path.

March 13th, 1855.

The meetings in the lecture room are still continued and others have been added to the number of inquirers after the truth. Among

these it is gratifying to see so many of my friends and acquaintances who have regularly remained after the rest of the congregation was dismissed for instruction and conversation in regard to the truths of religion. It is to be remarked that of about thirty who profess to feel interested only two are young men, J. W. Wilson and myself.

In my own state I can perceive little change. There is nothing encouraging in my case but what can ^{be} deduced from the fact that I have been enabled, in the clear, rational view of my condition as a sinner justly exposed to condemnation, and in view of my own utter impotence to better my condition, and the many promises I find in Scripture of assistance to such as make an honest effort to obey, to determine to trust these promises and to walk carefully in the light I have looking to His promised Spirit for more. That I have been brought to this resolution is surely evidence that the Holy Spirit is at work, and what He has begun will He not perfect? The change, whatever it may be, seems to me not to be in my views of truth nor yet in my feelings, but only in a willingness to act decidedly on my former views and feelings. I believe that for the past ~~three~~ three years it has been the uniform desire of my heart to become a Christian. I saw the reasonableness of serving God and that in serving Him is great gain both in this life and that which is to come. My most intimate and cherished friends have been and are members of the Church. I read much in religious books and reflected often and seriously on such things; and often in my lonely walks, as I sat overlooking some lovely landscape smiling under a cloudless sky, I have felt that to be able to say and feel that the Creator of so much beauty is my friend and cares for me, would be a far higher joy than earth can give. At night, when only the quiet stars have looked down upon me, thoughts of the loved dead and of the bliss of meeting them in Heaven and spending an Eternity in loving and learning to comprehend truths dimly shadowed forth here, there clear as the noon-day, have crowded into the mind and raised it so high that the world and its concerns shrank into insignificance by very contrast. But alas! such impressions though frequent were productive only of a few weak efforts, then I again relapsed into my former passive state.

March 24th, 1855.

There will be no meeting in the lecture room to-night, the first omission for three weeks. Whether they will be resumed again next week is not yet announced. In my own state I can discover no change. I feel no relentings of heart nor do I see any new discoveries of truth. I am seeking after Christ but I have not been able to find Him though His word declares that "He is near at hand to help," but He seems to me a "God afar off" who neither knows nor cares for my condition. This is unbelief and such unbelief as only His Spirit can overcome. But though I am able to exercise neither faith nor repentance I am still encouraged to hope for mercy, for "Jesus is the author and finisher of faith" and "Exalted to give repentance" to those who seek it. My only hope is in that salvation is entirely of grace, that no conditions are required, but all is a free gift.

April 7th, 1855.

I have been reading some of Forster's Essays lately. His essay on Decision of Character has pleased me more than anything I have read for some time both in its style and matter. It is remarkable for the clear and methodical treatment of his subject and for the accurate and extensive knowledge of human nature and the laws of mind which it displays.

The first and most prominent characteristic of a decided character is complete confidence in the correctness of its own judgments, and this not a theoretical belief but a practical conviction which does not vary with moods of feeling, is not shaken by opposition and does not distrust itself when the responsibility is devolved upon the man. This he regards as a very uncommon endowment, though by most men thought to be common enough, and I believe he is right. There are not many opportunities to make a fair trial of the confidence we repose in our own judgments. Many of those very men who are noted for stubbornnessⁿ in maintaining their opinions in disputes, if placed in a situation where they were compelled to act promptly and responsibly, eagerly look around and inquire how have others acted under such circumstances and would be "perfectly willing to forego the credit of establishing a precedent for the assurance of safety in following one."

But Thomas is at hand and proposes a walk with some ladies this pleasant afternoon into the country.

April 14th, 1855.

On Tuesday I attended the Inquiry Meeting which has been ^{held} weekly since the series of meetings ended. There were thirty or forty in attendance. After some remarks from Mr. Robinson, he together with others, conversed with those who were present. It is usual with them to commence the conversation by asking the question "How do you feel?" This is a very difficult question to answer and the more reflection I give it the less do I seem prepared to be positive in regard to the real state of my feelings. I have not that distress of mind which many have experienced in view of their danger, nor strong feelings of remorse in view of my sinfulness, nor lively emotions of gratitude to the Saviour for His mercies and goodness displayed in the plan of salvation, nor the assurance that He will be my Saviour. But still I am not indifferent and without a feeling of deep interest in these matters. I know that I am a great sinner justly exposed to the wrath of God. I feel that I can do nothing to save myself from this wrath. I renounce all hope in any other name or way save in the name and blood of Jesus Christ, and if I know my own heart, I am sincere in my desire to devote myself to His service. And yet, though not without hope in His mercy, I do not feel as though I had such evidence as will warrant me in the belief that my hope is a good one. I have been looking for some new or clearer views of truth or ~~my~~ more lively feelings in view of former truths than any which I have experienced, and therefor in the absence of what I consider the evidences of the Spirit's work, I have not the assurance of faith. ✓

One thing however I can do and daily attempt to do, in all this doubt and perplexity, to look away from myself to the promises of God and the freeness of the Gospel offer, and ask in prayer the promised assistance of the Holy Spirit to lead me into all truth.

April 20th, 1855.

This is a model April day, as fickle and changeable as a coy maiden all smiles and tears. Showers and sunshine follow each other alternately and some times both at once bathe the budding earth, starting vegetation at once into full life. It is weather to make the heart glad in the prospect that what has escaped being destroyed by the severity of the winter will be brought to full maturity and thus lower the present starvation prices. Wheat is selling at \$2.25, potatoes \$1.75 and other necessaries of life in proportion.

I received a letter from Will yesterday inviting us to his wedding to take place about the middle of the merry month of May. This will be quite an era in the history of our family. The marriage of the eldest of the "Quinque Fratres!" What does that bode? Our heretofore unbroken line already has shown signs of wavering, but here is open desertion. Well if resistance has in it little less of virtue, let us yield and try the merit of submission.

May 3rd, 1855.

This afternoon I have come down to the office after an absence of nearly two weeks. This time has been busily employed in the court and Prothonotary's office. Though court is still in session my duties there are over and I can now resume my usual course of life.

On Tuesday evening the session of the church met with those who desired to connect themselves with her, and after examination admitted twenty-one candidates. It was a very solemn meeting and one eventful either for good or evil.. Each one was conversed with separately for a few minutes and then the session retired into Mr. Robinson's study.

I was of this number and I trust of right. It is a most solemn and important step and I have reflected seriously and prayerfully before taking it. One thing has troubled me much. It is to know whether I have exercised a true faith in Christ and repentance for sins. The promises of the Gospel I see and am assured are open to all and I am conscious too of a desire to make them mine and a fixed purpose to plead them before God until I obtain them, but are they mine? Have I now put my trust in Christ? I have not that comfort in believing which I want, that clear and conclusive evidence of the gracious work of the Spirit which I expected as one of its fruits. And the more I analysed and looked into my feelings and exercises of mind the more have I been perplexed and involved in doubt, and it is only when I turn from myself to the plain, clear and full promises of the Gospel that I find any stable footing. I have therefor after earnest prayer to God for direction decided to give over these efforts to obtain comfort or clearer evidence of my acceptance by Christ by looking into my own frames and feelings, and putting my trust in the plain word of the Scriptures, and to endeavor in the promised assistance of the Holy Spirit to do my duty. If I have a

warrant to believe, as I believe I have, I will bless God for it and wait on Him, by serving Him, for the "assurance of hope" which is His gift and is often withheld from the best Christians, I am therefore resolved to connect with the church and to endeavor to have my weak faith strengthened and confirmed in the discharge of every known duty. "Then shall you know the Lord, if ye follow on to know Him." "If ye do my will, then shall ye know of the doctrine. These texts have often occurred to me and given me much comfort.

On my examination Mr. Weir asked me if I had decided on my profession and whether I would be willing to preach if it should seem to be my duty. My feelings in this respect have been remarkable. I was in baptism consecrated to this work and through my whole life the conviction has rested upon me that I was answerable for those vows assumed for me by my parents and secretly, in my own heart (for I never would have confessed such a feeling to others) I have looked forward to the day when I would fulfill those vows. And what is stranger still, and some thing I never could account for, I have felt a strong desire to be fitted and called to preach the Gospel. Yes, I would call it one of the strongest wishes of the past three or four years of my life were I to judge of myself in this respect with the same confidence that I do in others. Another thing that has deepened this feeling is the interest that has every where been expressed in me and the confident hopes that finally I would study for the ministry - at home, among friends, and even among strangers. And now if it seems to be my duty and privilege to fulfill these expectations, I will joyfully consent and bless God that He has put such honor on me. I am perfectly willing to make every sacrifice which I will incur in a worldly point of view by this course if only I can see my way clear.

Sabbath Evening, May 6th, 1855.

On this day in connection with twenty-two others I have publicly covenanted with God to be His for time and eternity in a covenant never to be broken. It was with many doubts and misgivings that I came to this step but they are now for the most part disappeared. I think I begin to see and feel that it is my great privilege to sit at His table and call to remembrance His great love wherewith He has loved even me. ✓

And now before this day has closed, this day which I trust I shall never cease to bless God for, I wish to put on paper, so that I can refer to it again, the dedication which I have this day voluntarily made unto God :

I have professed a repentance for my past life and have engaged to renounce every known^{sin}, secret or open.

I have engaged in the fear of God to discharge every duty inculcated in His Holy Word and to study that Word with sincere prayer for guidance in fully comprehending it.

I have renounced all other hopes of safety and declared my reliance on the free unmerited grace of God revealed in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, my obligation to Him for the first faint risings of desire after Him and my dependence on Him each single new step in the divine life.

I have assumed the vows taken for me by my parents in my infancy " to be the Lord's", to make His service my supreme aim in life. That whatever path in life may be marked out for me by His word and providence, I will suffer nothing to deter me from walking therein, particularly, if His will be clearly that I devote myself to the work of the ministry, I will do it with joy and zeal and, in order to discover His will, I will pray and wait upon Him with a sincere heart. But if by His providence the road should seem hedged up I will acquiesce and remember that in every station in life His glory must be my supreme end " for we are bought with a price even the precious blood of Jesus"

This is my covenant : -

God on His part has covenanted " to be my God," "never to leave nor forsake me", " to be a present help in every time of trouble", with the gift of His Son freely to give me all things, to enable me through the promised gift of His Spirit to fulfill this covenant by serving Him on earth and finally in the hour of death to give me the victory over sin and the grave, and to receive me to His presence that I may see Him as He is.

May 16th, 1855.

James and our cousins from Bucks County arrived on last Friday according to appointment. Since then little has been done except by way of entertaining them and will not for a week to come. I am willing to take some recreation and exercise for I feel the need of it.

On Monday we visited Old Hanover Church. Every thing is in ruins there; the pews are falling, lying and leaning, the windows without glass and the pulpit stripped of all its hangings, with its huge sounding board overhead, is now a rookery for birds. The graveyard is not quite in so bad a plight. The wall is still in good condition and the thyme which grows so well in that soil is as luxuriant as of old. But weeds and briars are in many places springing up, over the neglected graves and clambering around the time worn tomb stones giving that air of neglect which the graveyard of a deserted country church alone can wear.

It will be nine years to-morrow since Father died. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," to the eye of faith this single line of promise is enough to drive away the terrors of the grave. It tells of the love of one who sticketh closer than a brother and that one, all powerful.

July 2nd of the same year Grandfather died after preaching in that church for fifty-eight years and two months. About his last effort to go out was to attend Father's funeral. At the grave he attempted to speak but soon was so overcome by his feelings and weakness, as to be forced to leave off. A few weeks after and the same little company of mourners were gathered around his open grave. "May we also be ready."

May 20th, 1855.

A week of frolicing is nearly closed. It would not be well to pass many of the fifty-two to no more profit, but there is a time to be merry and as our cousins are with us by unanimous consent that time is now. Thursday was spent in the woods by a small party of us and enjoyed by me more than any of the other gatherings. Rain had fallen the night before and the day dawned with a cloudless sky and an atmosphere, the which to breathe was downright luxury. Nature too looked refreshing with her clean-washed face and rich green dress. Games of all kinds, music, instrumental and vocal, strolls and every fancy of the hour filled up brimful ten hours with pleasure when the coming twilight warned us that the day was spent.

I took my first lesson in Hebrew to-day. I intend to devote an hour or two each day to its study whilst James is at home. It is

thought important by the Princeton professors to have some acquaintance with the language on entering the Seminary and this I am pretty firmly convinced is my duty to do. I will go on and attend Commencement and then make arrangements in regard to room, etc.

May 24th, 1855.

Yesterday Will was married to Anna Grier of Danville. This is a great event in our family as much for what it bodes as in itself, it is only the beginning of the end. John and Mother were present. In a week or more they will visit us when we will make the acquaintance of our new sister. At supper table last evening we had a family discussion on the best manner of receiving Anna, whether we boys should kiss her or no. After full discussion, the women taking the affirmative and the men the negative, and it was unanimously decided in the negative, the women being of their own opinion still.

June 29th, 1855.

On Monday at nine o'clock I left for Princeton and passing directly through Philadelphia I arrived at seven in the evening. I took up my quarters in the Seminary. On Tuesday I found that quite a number of my class mates were in town and had cordial greetings from them all. After listening to the annual oration by James W. Alexander we held a preliminary meeting in the "Soph recitation room" to make arrangements for the usual meeting on Commencement Day. About sixteen were present. On going into the room each one naturally and of course took his old seat that he had occupied five years ago. As I took my seat and turned to take a survey of the room the memories of the past came rushing like a full tide in upon my soul and bore me at once back into the very midst of all old college associations. The interval of five years was for the moment forgotten in the distinctness and power of the impression made upon me by that well known spot and the familiar faces of my class mates.

After the alumni dinner which was well gotten up and heartily discussed by a large class of graduates the class of '52 again met. Maggie was elected chairman and MacDonald secretary. The roll was then called and each member, as his name was called, arose and gave an account of his doings since leaving college and of his future prospects. If he was not present, and there was a letter from him in the hands

of the Secretary, it was read, or in case he was not heard from directly, whoever could give any information of him was expected to do so. It took up nearly two hours in calling over the roll and intelligence was had either directly or indirectly from almost every member. It was a most delightful experience meeting and of itself well worth the trip to Princeton. Some were married, others about to be, and others again evaded the questions put them on this head. Some were fathers and in all eight or ten additions were credited to the class. Two had died since we separated - Niven in the Arctic and Rankin in Italy. Appropriate resolutions were passed in respect to these. Another meeting was resolved upon to be held in 1865. A permanent secretary was appointed and directed to notify members of this meeting, and request from each one a written account of his course since graduation to be published in pamphlet form for the members. I only hope this plan will be faithfully carried out. Such an autobiography of our class for thirteen years will be a very interesting document. After directing the secretary to publish an account of these meetings and collecting sufficient funds for this purpose, we adjourned and in a body paid our respects to Dr. Carnahan. He threw open his parlor to receive us; our chairman introduced us in a few words to which the old doctor replied in a very cordial manner. We then shook him by the hand and retired. He was evidently pleased at this mark of affection from his former pupils. We then parted, some to meet again - many, never, but all with many pleasant memories of this meeting.

It was my intention to have secured rooms in the Seminary but I found, in consequence of the new regulation, the rooms are to be drawn for at the beginning of the session and in the meantime will be furnished at the expense of some of the churches. ✓

August 13th, 1855.

The even current of a student's life flows on so quietly and rapidly that the events worth recording in my Hebdomad bear no proportion to the number of days which have intervened since my last entry. According to John Forster however it is not incident which is wanted in a private memoir of one's self but rather a faithful history of the development of one's character and of the causes, influences and accidents which have attended each step in this development and deter-

mined its direction and results. In this view events take their importance from their results only and that time of life which has transpired in quiet and seems to furnish few materials for such a task may in reality be most eventful. And Forster is right in his premises. But as I have not engaged in this, to give quite so faithful a daguerreotype of my inner life as he intends, I am in a measure dependent on incident. Moreover I will say that however instructive such an account might prove, it would ~~early~~ require such a rare assemblage of virtues and talents that not one in a hundred could write even a tolerable one.

August 24th, 1855.

Travelling on horseback has become antedated. It is a relic of the past when the world moved at a more sober pace. It has however its advantages over most other methods of travelling when health is the end proposed. Feeling languid and lazy under the heat of the weather I determined to kindle the few remaining sparks of energy latent in my sluggish body and mind. A horseback trip through Cumberland was agreed on and Thomas engaged to keep me company.

We packed a few necessary articles in a valise which I strapped to my saddle and Monday morning at nine o'clock we took ~~the~~ bridge. We paid a visit at Sterritt's near Carlisle and then passing through the town we went our way for Belle Ker's, stopping however long enough to buy some crackers and a hunk of cheese. On these we dined in a piece of woods six miles from Ker's on the trunk of a fallen oak. We spent the night at Mr. Ker's and enjoyed a very pleasant visit. Miss Belle seems to please Tom's ^{3rd} fancy wonderfully. He has already booked her. Next day we reached Doubling in the evening. On the morrow we crossed the mountains and put up at Perry Warm Springs. At both of these places we found a company of from twenty-five to thirty trying to amuse themselves by all the well known expedients in fashion for that purpose. At Perry a little party tried to have a dance but there were too few to give it any life. There was a great lack of gentlemen and I was therefore strongly urged to go on the floor to make out the set. I declined, though considerably tempted to comply, in fear of the effect of example on some ~~of~~ who might hear of it. So too there were several games of cards in which I was invited to join. In one case I did make up a set.

It is a little hard to know how to act in such cases. We are too apt to set up arbitrary rules of right and wrong and magnify things indifferent into sins per se. This is too much done in the case of dancing and games of cards. On the ~~one~~ hand to give way to such notions seems to be ministering to a prejudice and on the other, as long as such notions are held by even a respectable portion, your example may offend. It is perhaps on the whole best to, forbear and yet opinions should be set right on such questions. We arrived home on Thursday after a very pleasant trip.

September 4th, 1855.

On last Sabbath the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in our church. This is the third time since my becoming a communicant and very naturally my thoughts were directed to a review of my Christian life and to an examination into the progress, if any, which I have made in the divine life. Though this has revealed much that is humbling, yet I am encouraged to persevere and be more diligent in God's service. It was in much fear and doubt that I made a profession of my faith in Christ and I have great cause to thank Him for the measure of comfort and support I have already experienced. His goodness to me has been far beyond my deserts and has given me strong grounds to trust Him for the future. But when I compare my heart with the requirements of the word of God I feel how much I lack these graces ¹⁰ which are the result of the work of the Holy Spirit - humility, meekness, purity and holiness of heart and sincere love for Christ. The great truths of revelation and the study of the more difficult doctrines of the Bible have engaged my attention and interested me deeply, but I have neglected too much the culture of the heart and of personal and vital piety.

And now as I am on the eve of entering upon the study of Theology it would be well to look forward to the temptations which will most likely meet me and to endeavor to escape their power. There are duties which it will be well for me to pay a special regard to, and in order that I may be constantly reminded of them and that I may examine myself hereafter in regard to their performance, I will insert them. Besides good often results from clearly and fully defining what is to be done and formally entering upon its performance.

They are these :

A regular attendance on the devotional exercises of the Seminary and on every means of grace calculated to advance me in vital piety. And among these I must not forget daily and fervent secret prayer for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

An unceasing watch over my heart and against its besetting sins. If I know myself these such as flow from pride and a stubborn opposition of heart to the humbling doctrines of the Gospel.

The study of the devotional parts of the Bible and the reading of works on experimental religion and memoirs of Christians distinguished for sincere and heartfelt piety.

Constant and close communion with God in order to reach high attainments in the divine life. This is the first great qualification for the work of the ministry, for how can any one tell to others that of which he has himself had no experience.

The cultivation of the "gift of prayer". Though this is a gift means are to be used to the obtaining of it, for in this as in all things else "the hand of the diligent maketh rich", and "to him who hath shall be given and he shall have more abundantly".

In the prosecution of my studies I must not neglect health for to preserve this is of the highest importance. Besides taking exercise in the open air daily I must regulate my diet more carefully than in former times when studying and, though my appetite may not be weakened in consequence of my sedentary habits, I must diminish its gratification.

In regard to external behavior I must be more guarded than I have been. I feel persuaded that by many this subject is looked at in a false light and mere buoyancy of spirits is often mistaken for levity of character if not for some thing even worse, but since a minister's influence depends so essentially on the confidence which he inspires it will not do for him to disregard even these popular prejudices. It will often be necessary for me to restrain the expression of feelings in themselves innocent and harmless for fear of being misjudged in the eyes of others.

Princeton, September 8th, 1855.

"And they were dwellers in tents" - so am I for the present. The experience has so little pleasure in it that I am drawn to my journal to get rid of it. The contrast between the comforts and endearments

of home and the four gloomy walls of a damp, dingy, empty room is sufficiently striking to throw a shade of melancholy over the sunniest mind. This will soon however be dispelled as we get our comforts gathered about us and become interested in our studies. I have not yet been matriculated nor even met my class. There is a prospect of its being an unusually large one. I am glad of this for there is usually more life and interest in a large class. It will number one colored man as shading to the picture. It would be well if more of his brethren would follow his example and first learn before they pretend to teach.

September 26th, 1855.

The regular exercises of the Seminary are fully commenced. I find it very easy again to put on the gown and enter upon the regular routine of student life. It is far easier to study at such an institution where you are in a class and recite daily, than when you have nothing to stimulate but your own love of knowledge and when all your incentives are drawn from yourself. The advantage gained by associating so many young men together in the pursuit of the same studies and for the same end, is even in an individual case hard to estimate.

October 14th, 1855.

I have listened to-day to a very interesting sermon from Dr. Hodge on the duty of the church as a teacher. He spoke of the absolutely necessity of instructing the heathen before success in the spread of the Gospel could be expected, and showed that any hopes of their conversion based upon the extraordinary agency of the Holy Spirit directly communicating truth were unscriptural. This sermon has had the effect of leading me to think seriously of the foreign missionary field. The little success apparently attending missionary operations had tended to dissuade me from thinking of going. But I see I have been wrong. That the heathen are to be converted to God is clearly revealed in the Scriptures and I am convinced that day is coming rapidly. Those who are now laboring are preparing the way and God will not suffer their labor to be in vain. He who lays the foundation will receive an equal reward with those who perfect the build-

ing. I had never before seriously considered the question as to my duty to go abroad, always taking for granted that my sphere of labor would be somewhere in our great and rapidly growing country. It is however, I feel convinced, a matter to be taken into deep consideration whether since most prefer to remain it is not my duty to go.

October 28th, 1855.

I have just returned from a missionary prayer meeting held weekly to which all are invited who are interested in foreign missions and anxious to know their duty in respect to them.. I have attended twice and have found the meetings so pleasant and profitable that I will do so in future. In regard to making a decision as to my future course I do not think this advisable at present. I can only throw myself on the Lord's will, endeavoring to make an entire consecration of myself to His service and trust Him in the proper time to direct my steps aright. I thank God that I find comfort in doing so almost daily and that I am so little concerned for the future.

January 4th, 1856.

Having finished my morning meal of Hebrew I am seated to take a review of the past week or two. I have been so busy within the past month as to have had no time for my journal, so that between my studies and pleasures it has been neglected.

Our vacation began on Monday the 24th of December, but getting leave of absence I started for home on the preceding Friday. Will arrived on Thursday having been delayed a day or two by a surprise donation visit on Christmas. We numbered just eleven, the original number in our family. Three are gone and three little ones have taken their places. When I think of these who have died there is very little of regret mingled with my thoughts. The assurance which they gave of being the heirs of a heavenly inheritance seems to me to only leave room for thanks to God who has given them the victory and taken them to Himself. If any family more than another has reason to thank God for His distinguishing goodness surely it is ours. Those who have died have died in the Lord, of those who are still living all profess to be His children. What joyful anticipations may we not cherish of the delight which we shall experience in meeting each other in heaven where there shall be no more curse, neither sorrow nor pain nor dying. The prayer of Annie seems to have been

" that we may all meet around the throne of God, not one lost."

In my own experience I trust I shall ever find occasion to thank God for His mercy to me in the year 1855. If it indeed be the year from which I can date a Christian life, it has been to me as eventful as the year of my birth. It is a year of birth for it is only when the soul becomes united by faith to Christ that it has begun to carry out the purposes of life.

January 20th, 1856.

Though our divisions of time are conventional rather than rational still they have an important use. It is well to have epochs, or, more properly, standpoints in time when we will naturally stop and take account of the progress we have made or journey we have still to make, to ask ourselves what we have done, what we are doing, and what we intend to do. This is my birthday, my first birthday since making a profession a faith in Christ. It was in doubt that I made this profession. My faith was weak and my impressions so inadequate that I could not help feeling at times undecided as to my true condition. And now as I review my life and the progress I have made in the divine life, though I can remember much that I have enjoyed, yet much is forced upon me proving the feebleness of the principle of faith - if indeed I may say of a surety that I do possess that saving faith which the Gospel demands. By yielding to certain temptations it has been shown how powerful are my inclinations to sin and how little at times I can be influenced by either the fear of God or love for Christ. When I ask myself, What distinguishes me now from my former self when making no profession of love to God ? I find it hard to make a satisfactory answer. The enjoyment which I experience in the study of the Scriptures and in the public and private worship of God may be in part explained by the circumstances of my case. I am engaged in the study of the Bible and even as an intellectual exercise it would interest, but besides I am appropriating its promises to myself and regarding its judgments as to be averted from me. Not only can this be explained to a great degree on the assumption that I am self deceived but I find it hard to draw a contrast between my present state of mind and feeling and former experiences. I have for years been thoughtful in regard to religion, have taken pleasure in reading religious books, en-

joyed often the public services of worship and have been much warmed by earnest prayer, have for a long time observed secret prayer. In all these things too if any consciousness may be relied on, I was influenced quite as much by the prospect of the rewards of a Christian life as by the fear of punishment. And yet I can not think that I was a Christian for I openly and wilfully continued in things that I knew were wrong. May not these experiences which I now have, be merely such as I formerly had, modified by the trust which I now put in them as proofs of my safety? And yet I think I would give up any thing rather than my hope in the mediation of Christ, and I am ready to give up the world with its riches and honors and go wherever He may send me for His service.

In this doubt the only surety I can find is in the plain word of promise. I am resolved to take it in its simple meaning and trust it as God's word. As to my experience all is yet uncertainty. I have to-day therefore taken anew the vows of the Lord upon me and endeavored to make the consecration of myself to Him entire. I have prayed for an increase of faith so that my life may daily feel its reality and power. I need that my convictions of truth and duty should be realized in my life and practise. And how much speculative truth I hold which does not exert any controlling influence upon my principles and motives!

Twenty-three years of my life are fled. They have been full of mercies. I often think that I can see the ordering of Providence through every important change which I have met with. First, the manner in which I was brought up in the country until my principles were firmly established; then my removal to Harrisburg where there were opportunities for education. Had this happened earlier the bad company I was there thrown among me would have completely led me astray. My college life, the restraints there thrown around me, and the strength given me to avoid being led into those grosser sins so prevalent there. My going to the South rather than commencing the study of a profession; the restraints and influences around me there. Finally that so soon after I had decided on the profession of law I was led to see that it was both my duty and privilege to devote myself to the service of God in the work of the ministry.

February 4th, 1856.

At our monthly concert this evening a deeply interesting sketch was given of the progress of the missionary work in New Zealand. For ten years a few devoted men and women labored on amid cannibals where they baptized and old and dying chief as their first convert. Others in time were brought in until in a few years their hopeful converts numbered thousands. Now the whole island is supplied with churches and by the testimony of men in high station who have visited that land, they who were once (only about thirty years ago) savage cannibals are a civilized and Christian nation. What a glorious work to be accomplished by such feeble instrumentality ! How infinitely better to have contributed to its success than to have any conceivable earthly honor.

When I reflect what has already been done in missionary fields and how everywhere the success has far exceeded the expectations of the church, and upon the clear and oft reiterated promises of God that the knowledge of Him shall be universal, I feel drawn towards the missionary work. That God's promises will be fulfilled, I know, that this will take place speedily, I believe. But even if I should go and labor and die without being permitted to see this promised time, I may have a part in it. I may be made instrumental in preparing the way. The history of missions shows that there is a preparatory process employed. In New Zealand ten years, in the Sandwich Islands nearly twenty, and in Siam our missionaries are still after nine years; but God in every case has crowned the event. They who do this work will share in the reward of those who enter into the results of their labors.

The question of selecting a field I hope God will give me grace to leave to His decision. If I can only submit to His will and if I shall then inquire after it honestly, He will direct my steps. At present the missionary work presents, it seems to me, the most urgent demands, not only because of the greater comparative destitution of the means of grace, but because so few are willing to go thither, If the field is the world, all lands and countries must be occupied, and the refusal of some to go to discouraging stations only renders the duty more imperative on others. To leave one's home, friends and country any seem hard, and will be without doubt, but who knows that by consulting his own comfort even ^{for} this life,

that he can secure it. He that will save his life shall lose it. The only safety is in implicit submission to the purposes of God. Under His guidance the place of danger is the place of safety and without His presence we can be safe nowhere.

March 17th, 1856.

Surely prayer has received a signal encouragement from the Hearer of prayer. Even whilst the church was standing before God the answer has come. From all parts of the land the most cheering tidings are coming of revivals and awakenings, and here, both in the college and seminary, there are clear indications of the presence of the Spirit. The marks of this were first seen in the college but it has extended hither and shows in the increased interest taken in the meetings for prayer and even in the external deportment. It might seem a strange use of words to speak of a revival of religion in a theological seminary, but it is not. Nowhere is it more needed or should be more earnestly sought for. Though our familiarity with sacred things does certainly afford great advantages for spiritual improvement yet it is a great mistake to suppose that they can be improved without great watchfulness. Temptations to sin are not so open, and therefore, not so easily met. When great privileges are afforded the Christian, Satan usually contents himself with causing them to be neglected, for it is true of spiritual as well as of temporal gifts that the greater they are, the more fatal will be their neglect or prostitution.

May 3rd, 1856.

This week past has been a busy one in the seminary in preparation for and the passing of examinations. With me three are past and two are to come. As Uncle William is one of the examining committee I feel a peculiar reluctance to disgrace myself - this involves study. I find that reviewing is not so easy under such circumstances as I had expected. Having Cousin Lizzie here I find it more pleasant to drop in and have a chat with her than to pore over Hebrew and Introduction. Besides the excitement of one examination can not be carried into the preparation for the next, on the contrary, it acts by unfitting the mind for application.

This session has passed very rapidly. It seemed long in prospect but is short in retrospect. It has been a very pleasant one and I

shall look back with much pleasure to many of its incidents.

May 6th, 1856.

This morning I closed the studies of the present session by a recitation on Introduction in which I gave a short account of Jerome's labors in the matter of making a revision of the Scriptures. The usual closing services took place in the church to-night. The sermon was by Dr. Philipps and the address to the graduating class by Dr. Jacob J. Janeway. The good old man wandered off into a talk on prophecy and the signs of the times which brought a smile on nearly every face. He said the sixth vial was now being poured out and with the pouring out of the seventh would be the final victory of the church, the gathering of the Jews and the Battle of Armageddon in Palestine. In the course of this desultory harangue he touched on the Czar, Turkey and the Crimea by way of a running commentary. It is very unfortunate to have the solemnity of a graduation spoiled in this way and I prophesy it will not occur often again.

Harrisburg, May 21st, 1856.

Thomas and I have applied to the Board of Publication for agencies or rather commissions as colporteurs for Iowa for the next three months. Our applications were to be acted on yesterday and we are therefore expecting by each mail our commission. This will be a difficult work and will demand all our energies at least of a physical kind.

The country now is beautiful. The season though late is very promising. The grain and grass fields are refreshingly green and give every promise of an abundant harvest. Last evening I walked over the bridge and climbing the hill between the bridges I enjoyed a most beautiful view from its summit. It is seldom the eye has such a treat. There was every thing requisite. Mountains, hills, dales, islands and river and nothing to mar the complete satisfaction with which one gazed from one to another or again took in at one comprehensive glance the whole extent. This evening promises to be equally pleasant and I may repeat the walk if agreeable company can be found. / I must beware of imitating the exclusiveness of Tom and John in their attentions to the ladies.

Xenia, Ohio, May 27th, 1856.

Twenty-five hours of hard riding have brought us to this point. This would be remarkable were it not so common. Those who would have ridiculed and been the last to believe possible the fact of travelling five hundred miles in twenty-five hours as a matter of prediction are the first to lose all astonishment at it as a realized result.

Perhaps nothing more taxes the powers of endurance than waiting at a railroad depot. Tired, sleepy and hungry and without a remedy for any of these wants, all that can be done is by way of patience. We arrived here at half-past four o'clock this morning and expected to get off at 8.30 for Springfield. Stretched on an old sofa and covering my face with a newspaper I fell into a most profound slumber such as only the tired can feel. When Thomas roused me for breakfast, after getting my eyes open, I followed him down into the basement of a dingy looking little eating house where we breakfasted in company with some engineers and brakemen on decidedly second class fare. This besides a walk through the town has nearly filled the weary hours.

En route, June 3rd, 1856.

It is nearly eleven o'clock on board the "Jacob Strader" and my fellow boarders are nearly all gone to bed. But as my journal has been neglected for some time I am seated in the long and splendid saloon to bring it up.

After leaving Xenia a few hours' ride brought us to Springfield where we had some old Hanover friends to visit. Most of them had gone West when I was a boy and my recollections of them were so indistinct that I did not anticipate much pleasure in making them a visit. In this however I found myself mistaken, I enjoyed very much to sit and recall with McCormicks, Porters and Todds old times and friends. Old Mr Porter seemed very glad to see us for we carried him back in memory to the time when he still lived in old Hanover a younger and less care-worn man.

The country around Springfield is very pretty and rich. I took a ride to Pretty Prairie as fair a farming land as I have ever seen. Aberdeen prairie may equal or excel it in the richness of its soil but not in its beauty. Notwithstanding all that has been done to throw an air of poetry over the broad fields of cotton in the South,

their snowy whiteness will not compare in beauty with the rich fields green of Northern fields of grass and grain.

On Board "Telegraph", June 4th, 1856.

Drowsiness interrupted my last night's attempt to write and I therefore resume where I left off although the shaking of the boat renders writing about as awkward as walking on stilts.

On stopping at Springfield it was our intention to remain just two days and then after spending Sabbath in Cincinnati to start for St. Louis. But having the promise of the company of Jane McCormick in case we waited until Monday we did so. Starting early on Monday we reached Cincinnati soon after eleven. The city being crowded we found it impossible to get lodgings at any of the hotels. After some search I find a very pleasant private house where we were promised beds on the parlor floors. We spent the night very pleasantly and then sallied out in the morning to take passage for St. Louis.

I never was in a city so crowded with men as Cincinnati during our stay. Democrats from all sections are there and the whole city is wild with political excitement. I suppose never in the history of our country has more anxiety been felt in regard to the condition of political affairs than at this moment. All other parties have shown themselves too weak in cohesive power to oppose the Democracy, and they seemed hopelessly pledged to the policy of extending slavery into our new territories. No sacrifice is too great to prove their nationality, and nationality as now understood means the widest possible extension of slavery. Recent outrages in Kansas and in Washington have filled the public mind with anxiety. Moderate men who have always been full of hope are looking with intense and painful solicitude to the issue of this political canvass. It seems plain to me that the only real issue that can be presented is that afforded by the Kansas bill and the policy of the administration in its execution. This the Democratic party fully endorsed, the question now is whether men of all parties who love the right will not unite to defeat them. It will require union, for the Democracy are powerful in their organization and in their claims to be the only national and constitution-loving party and above all in their present ascendancy. They nevertheless may be opposed if some moderate and firm opponent of the further ex-

tension of slavery is chosen by the Republicans. The danger is that they too in their opposition may select a man no less fanatical and dangerous than the Democrats.

I visited the Burnet House on Tuesday. Every nook and corner of that immense building was seething with red-hot Democrats. At least a thousand politicians were crowded there. As one walked along the halls the headquarters of the different states could be distinguished by flaming letters pasted over the doors. Here was Maine, there California, all crowded with sweltering politicians hard at work for their favorite candidates but pledged to support the nominee, let him be who he may, so long as he is a good Pierce and Douglas sort of a man. Admission to Smith and Nixon's Hall is utterly out of the question. Not a fraction of the multitude that swarm in that city could be packed in that building if every square foot was occupied.

June 12th, 1856, On Board the "I. McKee",
between Burlington and Davenport.

I had thought on leaving home that I would have plenty of time and opportunity for writing letters and journalizing whilst on the river, but I was mistaken in my calculations. I have had but little disposition to apply my mind to any thing and besides on account of the shaking of the boat writing has been nearly an impossibility. This boat having a smoother motion I am making the attempt.

On Friday at a little past twelve we left Louisville in the "Alvin Adams". This steamer is a good one and was heavily loaded with freight and had a comfortable number of passengers. We had already formed quite an intimate acquaintance with a party of four of the name of Rogers who had come with us from Cincinnati. To this little nucleus of a party we soon added the most interesting of the newcomers - Miss Phoebe Crawford, Mary Marsh, Emma Reinhard, etc. There were besides on board three ministers - Jenkins, an English Independent, Wylie, a Covenanter, and Lyons, a New School Presbyterian, with their wives. This constitutes a very agreeable party such an one as is seldom to be found on a boat acting together to make the time pass agreeably.

On Saturday morning at six whilst I was dressing, the boat grounded on a sand bar and her stern swung around with the current. This was my first experience of what I had often heard of, striking on a bar on the Ohio. Curious to see how they managed to get off I went on

the hurricane deck. All hands were ordered on deck by the mate and the order given to unbrace the spars. The boat was provided with two of these which are fastened when in motion to upright supports on each side of the ship. The object was to push the head of the boat so as to point with the current and then by a press of steam to get off. By means of a compound pulley worked by the capstan a tremendous pressure was put on the spar which tended to lift the boat and push it around. Spar after spar was thus used until finally at five in the evening the boat swung off. Meanwhile the boat had been lightened by unloading about three hundred barrels of salt into a flat boat. The first bar we lay on was about nine miles above Newburg. After going some eight miles further we came to anchor at shore and unloaded and left our salt.

On getting up on Sunday morning I found we were still lying in the same place waiting for daylight to try and cross another bar. Our little boat was out taking soundings to find a channel and the Captain himself was up in the pilot house waiting for his men in the boat to signal him to come on. Soon he started the boat with the men in front taking soundings, and as we began to move slowly they began their monotonous and yet exciting cry "eight and a half large", "eight and a half scant", "seven feet", "six feet large", "five and a half large" ! "five feet" !! And now you could feel that she was ploughing deeper and deeper into the sand until she stood stone still. While we lay there two or three steamers of lighter draft passed. One more compassionate than the rest threw us a strong rope which our men made fast to the stern of the boat, but as the other steamer got up steam and floated off, the rope snapped as though it was a tow string such as a boy might use to fly his kite. We got off at three in the afternoon and in an hour or two reached Evansville.

Such another Sabbath I hope I may not soon spend again. A steamboat is no place to spend this day and when besides is added the noise, labor and excitement of getting off a bar, the case is made worse. It was impossible to read or think to any profit and though there were three ministers on board we had no service of any kind. We had within sight the village of Newburg and could hear its church bell ring and if we had only had a boat to take us to shore we could easily have walked to church.

I waked on Monday morning and found the boat again lying at shore.

I went on deck and saw precisely the same performance again gone through with, and with the same success. It was wonderful with what patience and good humor most of the passengers endured the delays. Some few of course complained but most were inclined to look on the bright side of things and enjoy themselves. This time however our detention was not so long for at 11 A.M. we were again afloat with the assurance from Captain Lamb that there was now no more danger. As a celebration of the event of being over the sand bars we all collected in the cabin and joined in boyish plays. First came the old and time worn game of blind man's buff, an English game well known and used since the time of William the Conqueror. Then followed a more modern invention - "the stage coach", followed by the game of "Consequences". The affair closed by a menagerie and circus performance when the signal was given that we were near Cairo. This took us all on deck for many of us were about to gaze on the great Mississippi. The boat lay however so long at Cairo taking in coal and I was so heated by my romp in the cabin, that I decided to put off the gratification of my curiosity until the morning.

I rose early on Tuesday and going on deck tried to realize that I was indeed on the "Father of Waters". The current was much swifter than on the Ohio, the width of the river in general greater and the scenery much more varied by bluffs, islands and prairies stretching inland. After sitting patiently on deck for a short time, and allowing full force to the deepening sense of beauty and grandeur produced by the whole scene, ~~for~~ I had to confess that it was all a river could well be.

Most of this day was spent in the pilot house and its interest was divided between the scenery and each other, some more absorbed by the one, and others by the other. My attentions were divided in the hope of combining both sources of pleasure. And it was really delightful to sit aloft in the pilot house, commanding a fine view both up and down the river for miles and watch the changing scenery. Some times we would skirt along at the base of a bluff rising perpendicularly to the height of two hundred feet, and again shooting through islands covered with dense foliage to the very waters' edge, with bayous reaching far into their quiet depths and almost everywhere a virgin forest. Here and there a hut was to be seen and usually near by was a flat moored loaded with wood and waiting for a purchaser.

Coming in sight of such a spot our captain orders a boat to near the shore and calls out "What sort of wood you got?" "Good ash". "Push off" shouts the captain, and immediately the fellows who were before lounging lazily on the flat, jump into life and activity. One loosens the rope that moors her to the shore whilst the rest are busy with their poles to launch her head out towards the boat. As soon as the distance will permit a rope is thrown out from the steamboat and being made fast to the flat, she is drawn along side and the unloading goes on rapidly. All this time there is no slackness of speed or loss of time except for the flat boat men who, as soon as their load was transferred to ours, are thrown off and left to float down to their old moorings at their leisure.

Steamboating on these Western rivers is a wonderful business. The quiet stager, the traveller by the rail car and even one ~~has~~ often been on the boats running in the Sound or in the Eastern rivers, may see much that he has never before seen in a trip from Cincinnati to St. Louis. The scale on which every thing is done, the hurry and bustle of the landings, the desperate wickedness of almost all classes of rivermen are new to one who has not before "been on the river." These great steamers contribute greatly to the material prosperity of our country, but it seems to me they breed a moral pestilence which must scatter itself far and wide. Humanity here puts on some phases seldom seen elsewhere so distinctly marked and plainly legible.

We arrived in St. Louis at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening and by permission of the captain we all remained on board expecting another evening of enjoyment before leaving our old quarters on the "Alvin Adams". I do not know that we were disappointed in this, only our pleasure was of a quieter kind than was anticipated. The Rogers family took a drive through the city; Jane McCormick after a severe struggle with her feelings, went to her state room to indulge them, and the rest of us had a quiet time in the moonlight, first on the hurricane deck and then in the wheel house. On returning to the cabin I found the Rogers returned and Jane perhaps in a little less blue stage of "the dolefuls" as she herself has since named them. I could not imagine what could have so completely prostrated her spirits for the past half day and defied all her efforts to rally them.

I knew that she had been somewhat provoked by some of old Mrs. Rogers' insinuations as to our intimacy with each other but this did not seem to call for such a fit of double concentrated blues. Anxious to know the cause lest it should be some misunderstanding and yet knowing it would be folly to ask now, I decided to wait for an explanation until she recovered. After some little discussion on several rather nice points we all gave way to the blues and sleepiness and went to bed.

Wednesday June 11th after breakfast we parted with Emma Reinhard and then shipped ourselves bag and baggage to the "Jennie Deans" for Quincy. Then we took an hour or two to prospect the city. Although containing some fine houses both public and private it is in my opinion rather tame and uninteresting. Its levee is the only great thing about it. Here for two or three miles steamboats are loading and unloading, coming and going in all possible directions, and produce of every description is piled up on every side and the foot passenger must thread his way through them as best he can.

At twelve punctually we got under way. As we approached the mouth of the Missouri it was curious to see how slow its muddy waters were to mix with the clearer Mississippi. And now as Quincy would be reached early in the morning, we began to think of parting with Emily Marsh and Phoebe Crawford. Jane made an agreement to correspond with Phoebe and Emily and I came to some thing of the same sort. It was on this wise. On Sunday evening as we were sitting on the guards, and she, in her usual thoughtless and giddy style was talking with her companions, I turned to her after being quiet for some time and told her I wanted to talk with her. It seemed from all I had seen of her exceedingly dubious whether she could be sobered so as to endure serious conversation but I attempted it. She listened quietly as I spoke of her thoughtless conduct and ridicule of serious matters and confessed that often her manner was not a true index of her real state of feeling. This conversation seemed to have touched a chord of true feeling and disposed her to feel and think kindly towards me. Looking on her as ^{an} enthusiastic, warm-hearted but spoiled girl, without proper home influences, brought up to believe the Universalist faith, I felt quite interested in her. I spoke of the pleasure I would feel in hearing from her again and proposed an exchange of letters at some future time. With her consent next day was fixed

upon when I am to write to her at Galesburg, Ill. As soon as mine is received she is to send me a full account of herself since we parted and to this I am to reply. I want this opportunity to give her some advice which she needs but I would find it hard to give by word of mouth. I will do this on her promise that she will take kindly any thing that I may say.

We reached Quincy early on Thursday and then stepped across into "Sam Gaty" for Keokuk, as Emily and Phoebe climbed a steep hill on which Quincy is located.

At Keokuk the rest of our party deserted us and taking a hack we rode around the rapids to Montrose, a distance of twelve miles. As we neared the river at the latter point we got a fine view out on the prairie and of Nauvoo with its Mormon Temple.

Here we took passage on the "I. McKee". After supper we sat on deck until late having quite a sober and improving talk on divers in natural philosophy. It was very different from most of the discussions we had had on the river though enjoyed by all quite as much. The blues seemed now to have given way to better feelings and livelier spirits. It was a pleasant change.

At 9 A.M. on Friday morning we reached Davenport and put up at the La Claire House.

Princeton, Sept. 8th, 1857.

Four months have quickly flown away and term time is again begun. My student life is drawing to a close and anticipations of what is to take its place are already thrusting themselves on me. These thoughts of the future are always sober and often sad. I enjoy my studies here, the society of my fellow students, the quiet and freedom from care and responsibility. Never, I suppose, can I reasonably expect that my lot will combine ^{more} of the conditions of substantial happiness than I enjoy here. It is not strange then that as the inevitable time steals on I feel a growing reluctance to leaving these quiet retreats.

October 10th, 1857.

I have for more than a year had the subjects of Missions as a personal work before my mind. When it first came up I resolved to give it a serious and prayerful consideration but to postpone a decision until near the end of my course. As this nears the question more than ever weighs upon me, and if it were possible, I would wish it were decided. Dr. Wilson¹ (of the Foreign Board) was in my room to-day and in conference on Missions I gave him strong grounds to expect that I would soon make a formal offer of my services to the Board. ... My feelings in view of the work are not so disquieting as when I was further from a decision. As far as I am concerned I am ready to go, and I feel more than ever that it is the path of duty.

October 19th, 1857.

Mother writes me "It is hard to part with those whom perhaps we may never see on earth again. But when I think of the value of the souls ~~that~~ immortal beings that are perishing for lack of the true gospel - the knowledge of the Blessed Saviour - I esteem it a privilege to have one who is willing to sacrifice so much and devote his all to his Master's service. I commend you with prayers and tears to God, who doeth all things well."

January 1st, 1858.

I do feel now as I enter upon the year that its allotments for me are altogether unknown ... O Lord, for this year keep me and bless

me, make Thy face to shine upon me and be gracious unto me, lift up upon me the light of Thy countenance and give me peace.

February 8th, 1858.

Our recitation to-day was in Arabic, and I felt that on the supposition that I was ever to become a tolerable Arab I must be about it. After a loss of two months on opening my book and attempting to read I discovered that my hold on Arabic was about as precarious as that of a boy on the last half inch of an eel's tail. I could not decipher the crow tracks or even name all the barbarous alphabet. But it is also wonderful with what facility Hebrew, Arabic and cognate languages can both be gotten and forgotten.

On Tuesday evening, by my invitation and Brother James' expense, Hughes, Woods and Yoemans came to my room to have a sociable time and eat some oysters. After some conversation about college times and our present rank, being the oldest graduates in Princeton, Charlie, whom I call my black raven, appeared with his oysters and coffee. Seated at my round table we discussed these and also another supper, which was given nearly eight years ago in East College, and at which three of this same party were chief actors. The chief subject was a monster possum stuffed and roasted whole. We had fairly caught and felt bound to eat him in spite of any secret qualms aroused by any or all the five senses. We are to this day proud of the victory but would rather boast of it than win another such.

November 27th, 1858.

At last the decisive step has been taken. My formal application to the Board of Missions for a commission was dispatched on the 25th. In it I make mention of Brazil as the field in which I feel most deeply interested, but I leave to the Board the decision finally of my destination. And I go alone. Thus is the uncertainty which has oppressed me for now a full year at last removed. The hand of Providence is evidently to be seen in it. Unto Thee, Oh God, do I commit my ways in the confidence that Thou wilt direct my steps aright.

Georgetown, D.C., Dec. 13th, 1858.

Having on Wednesday last received a reply from the Board informing me of my appointment as a missionary, I am carrying out a plan

devised months ago of spending a few weeks in Virginia, preaching and recruiting preparatory to setting out for a foreign field of labor. To-morrow I start for Romney Virginia, to remain three or four weeks.

Ship Banshee off Bermuda, June 28th, 1859. ✓

At 9.30 A.M. on the 18th of June Pilot Sanners from the quarter-deck of the Banshee ordered to slip the cables fastening her to the shore. Slowly we fell away as if drifting down the Bay with ^{the} tide, but really pulled along by a little sooty monster of a tug, anchored to our side and now puffing out great whiffs of black smoke as if panting for breath in an atmosphere of coal dust and cinders. And now while sailors clamber up the rigging to unfurl the sails, friends on shore and friends on deck stand and enjoy the melancholy satisfaction of watching ~~th~~ gradually the distance widen between them; and how soon loved and well-known features fade into blank space. Now even the outline of their forms becomes indistinct and the most painful stretch of vision can only detect the dark wharf covered with a confused mass of persons, but friend or foe they are equally beyond sight or reach. Now I feel that the many scenes of painful separation through which I have passed are ended. I am alone. Now I taste for the first time the reality of which I have had many fearful anticipations.

But diverting my thoughts from the channel in which they were disposed to run I occupied my mind with what was going on about me, watching the active sailors and listening to the rapid commands from the pilot by which the ship was brought into sailing trim. At ten o'clock the wind being fresh and in our favor the tug was cast loose and were left to our own resources. On we went at a cheerful rate and with a fair promise of being out to sea in fourteen or fifteen hours. But hope often tells a flattering tale. All things human are uncertain most of all the wind. Shortly after we had passed Annapolis, a place for which Capt. Kean expressed the most wholesale contempt, the wind subsided and we anchored for the night about forty miles from Baltimore.

Sunday the 19th was spent in beating against a head wind leaving us at night some thirty miles further down the Bay at anchor. On

Saturday evening I asked Capt. Kean with regard to services on board and was informed that he did not think it proper since his men had all manner of religious belief and they ought not to be interfered with. I did not then know that he was nominally a Catholic himself or I should have been better prepared for his reply. The day passed pleasantly enough under the circumstances. +

Monday and Tuesday were spent for the most part at anchor either in consequence of calms or head winds. On Wednesday the 22nd an East wind gave us an opportunity to raise our anchor and approach Cape Henry at a good round rate. But when we would put to sea it would be directly ahead. Would the Captain venture? All were anxious to know his mind but he did not yet know it himself. It was his first voyage as master of a ship. He was exceedingly anxious to please his owners, to put to sea and make a speedy passage, but equally anxious to be prudent. On he went until Cape Henry with its lighthouse and shore of white sands was over our side, when the word was passed to the man at the wheel "to port the helm" and in a moment Cape Henry was over ^{our} stern and we were pointing the Hampton Roads.

Our pilot anchored us $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile South off of Old Point Comfort. Taking an early supper the Captain, Sampson and I were rowed to the shore by four of the sailors. We took a stroll through the town and Fort Monroe. It was really pleasant to tread terra firma after being cramped up on the ship for five days. I can imagine how I will feel when I set foot on Brazilian soil after a forty days' sojourn on shipboard.

Thursday the 23rd we lay all day at anchor, the East wind blowing in all its strength. I went on shore again to pay Fort Monroe and the Hygeia hotel a longer visit.

I had this evening an interesting conversation with Sanners and Kean upon religion. Sanners was orthodox in his beliefs and acknowledged his sins in practice but said his manner of life would not permit him to do better. The Captain said he was a "Hickory Catholic" and made mere sham of defense for his faith. The state of the case is that he gives himself no concern about religion and finds for his purpose that the Catholic faith is as good if not better than any other. He is open and frank in the expression of his opinions and of the slender effect they have upon his practice.

Friday the 24th.

Before I was out of my bunker I heard the noise of the Captain raising the anchor, and the pilot from the quarter-deck giving his orders preparatory to getting under way for sea at last. The breeze was light but sufficient to bring us to the Cape at eight o'clock where we bade the pilot a good-bye and gave him our latest dispatches for home. Now the Captain mounting the deck took the command and ordered out the "stay sails" which under the pilot had been a reserve corps. But the wind soon subsided, and our immense spread of canvas flapped lazily against the masts of the vessel, scarcely giving us propulsion enough to steer with. The pilot boat hung near us and the Captain at last, fearing that it would be necessary to turn and let go anchor again, signaled for the return of the pilot. He boarded us again, but kept the ship on her track towards the open sea until nearly one o'clock when the breeze having freshened he took his final leave eighteen or ten miles from Cape Henry. An hour or two and the last vestige of land had disappeared and we were alone upon the ocean. There was a good swell upon the ocean, and I thought it prudent to stay as long upon deck as possible, and on going below to make no useless delays in getting to bed. I slept soundly until about six o'clock on Saturday the 25th. This day I passed with the Rubicon. We were crossing the Gulf Stream which is usually rougher than the sea on ~~eth~~ either side of it. The prevalence for two days of a strong East wind had greatly aggravated this roughness and developed high and swelling waves. Breakfast was a solemn performance. Few words were spoken and no one smiled except Capt. Kean and the black steward who waits on us at the table. The occasion of this gleam of humor was nothing more than the Capt.'s polite request of Mr. Sampson "to have some pork." But we discharged this duty like soldiers and then staggered to the upper deck. We were dashing along at a rapid speed rising and falling with the long swells of the sea and rolling gently from side to side. Every motion was easy and graceful and according to Hogarth. It should have been agreeable and yet it was not. I would just then have sooner far been astride of the roughest trotting horse I ever bestrode than on the Banshee with all her easy undulating movements and lines of beauty.

I longed to stand, lie or sit on something stable. This everlasting heaving and pitching and rolling of all things and in all directions was distressingly monotonous. I looked anxiously and nervously around to fix my gaze upon something fixed, upon some square inch of something that did not move in arcs and circles. My eyes wandered in vain over ship, sea and heavens, all heaving and tossing up and down and from side to side. I thought of six weeks of such incessant motion. This horrible imagination of the future filled to overflowing the cup of my present disgust.

The dinner bell sounded and the fat pork was in its place. We both declined. It was quite enough to see the first mate right opposite worrying down large slices of it set around with cabbage. We preferred to dine more delicately.

Sunday the 26th was a beautiful day and the seas were considerably smoother and I enjoyed myself greatly reading upon deck and gazing out over the blue waters. There was quiet on board, the wind was fair and no shifting of sails was necessary. The sailors were at rest except when the regular routine of the ship called them out. I went among them distributing tracts which they received very gladly and busied themselves in reading. Two of them read German for whom I had a couple of books. To one, a Norwegian, I had nothing to give. They were open to conversation and free to confess the wickedness of their lives.

Monday the 27th was another delightful day on deck and our progress was at the rate of about eight miles an hour in a Southeasterly direction. This day I saw for the first time what had excited my boyish wonder in reading Moffat's Southern Africa years ago in the country - flying fish. Several of them started up out of the ship's track and flew over the waves to a distance of fifty yards or more and then dropped into the water again. It is a novel sight for a landsman.

On Tuesday the 28th I was called up by Kean to see the sunrise. In a moment I was on deck in my slippers and shirt sleeves and just in time. A small and heavy black cloud received the glowing orb whose powerful light gave it a fringe of gold and set it forth in clear relief against the Eastern sky. A moment more and it emerged from behind this cloud and spread a flood of light over the stretch of water from the ship to the horizon. A sail was seen directly under

the sun rising standing upon a course parallel with ours. After enjoying for some time the glory of this novel sight and breathing the delightful morning air, I went below and ordering the steward to fetch me a supply of salt water I performed my ablution at length and treated myself to fresh linen. I had occasion too to get out my needle box and sew up a couple of rents made on quarter deck in some evolutions I had with the Captain. If my work were put on inspection before the sewing society it would afford some merriment.

I noticed this day for the first the shining animalculae in the water. They were blood red, just likes sparks of fire floating in the water. The sun-set was most beautiful and I remained upon deck until nearly nine o'clock enjoying it and the twilight and the starlight succeeding it. There were a few black clumps of cloud floating in a sea of gold at the point of setting and the rest of the heavens presented every imaginable shade of color.

This day Wednesday the 29th has been another day of enjoyment upon deck, in reading, writing, talking and gazing out over the calm blue sea through which we were moving at the pleasant rate of five or six knots an hour.

The Captain, who improves with acquaintance and treats me with great kindness and attention, waxed communicative and told me of the lady-love he left in Baltimore and whom he intends to marry shortly, and he showed me her daguerreotype. The mate a week ago showed me the likeness of his newly married wife and said he was "so sorry at being parted from her that he did not know what to do." The Captain's courtship has been one of nearly ten years' standing. She is quite handsome. He too is sighing at the thought of a four months' absence. Poor fellow !

This day, Thursday June the 20th, is marked with a white stone. Every face on board the Banshee has been smiling. We have clear skies and a strong breeze from a choice quarter. Every available sail has been set, all the reserve corps of staysails and stunsail are out and full, and the Banshee is covered with canvas from deck to topmast, 105 feet, and her side wings extend out over the water with a breadth of forty feet. A ship under full sail is a gallant and beautiful sight. A view of it, however, cannot be had with advantage by any one on board as one sail hides another. I have enjoyed greatly the exhilaration of our rapid motion over the vast ex-

panse of waters.

I was compelled to overhaul a piece of sewing of which I have written. The rent was only made worse, and it being fundamental to my comfort and respectability that it be closed I set to work with the full purpose to accomplish this end. The garment in question is my old black pants, the only pair I have which suits my habits of sitting and lying upon deck. I had darned them before now I was resolved to patch them. Having no black cloth for patching I had to shift. I thought of taking part of the lining of one of the legs. But this would be a dirty white and look too unworkmanlike. I might have got one of the sailors to tar me a piece of sail canvas but that would have been nasty. I then thought of the trick of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Getting a small piece from each pocket and sewing them together I had a patch of the right size and clapped it on. It was the most artistic job of sewing I have ever done. I suppose this is part of bachelor missionary labor. It is little to my notion.

July 1st : Another day of clear skies, fair winds and smiling faces, and an extraordinary sunset. The cook and steward have come to me with the ambrotypes of their wives. We are an uxurious crew. It ought to comfort me under the loneliness of my lot to know that I escape the painful feelings which affect them as husbands and lovers at being separated from those they love. I have tried the extract of this reflection; it is a weak tonic upon an empty stomach.

July 4th, Monday. I was asked at dinner to-day whether in case I had a choice I knew where I would wish to be to-day. It needed little self-questioning to give an answer to so easy a question. It would be little wonder if I were willing to exchange the Banshee, now rolling lazily under an almost vertical sun and on a sea as smooth as a mirror, save only a restless heaving and swaying of its mass, and all her crew and company for the green woods, the good cheer and the loving smiles and greetings of the dear friends I have left behind.

Yesterday was a delightful day and the only complaint which by any possibility could be laid against would be on the score of its wind being too light and from the East. The only drawback to the

pleasure of our Sabbath is the refusal of the Captain to have a service on board. I made an attempt to change his mind, telling him that I had one objection, and only one, to the discipline of his ship, that God who made us and protects us was neither recognized nor worshipped, He could not but acknowledge the force of this but it did not alter his purpose. I greatly regret it, for I have reason to know that the men would enjoy the opportunity of attending. They receive and read thankfully the tracts that I distribute. I am making arrangements to get them together on Sabbath afternoon that we may have a sort of Sunday school. Any thing of this sort I shall undertake without any consulting with the Captain.

July 5th. I think I can now appreciate a sailor's dread of a calm. The heavy and slow undulations of the glassy surface in the vicinity of the ship are if possible more wearisome and monotonous than the level and illimitable plain which seems to lie beyond. The restless motion of the ship answering to these lifeless undulations of the sea, the sails hanging from the yards or with every puff of wind flapping lazily against the masts, an almost vertical sun peering into every corner and crevice of the vessel, these are the chief points of a calm. The sum of these influences upon a mind already fretful and impatient under the thought that no progress is being made in the voyage will give as their resultant my experience of the short calm we had on the Fourth of July. In the evening a fine breeze sprung from the East and all was changed in an instant. The sea at once became a dark blue, its long and heavy swells were broken up into separate waves which rose, crested and fell to give place to others; the sails filled out in forms of graceful curvature and again was heard the quiet flight of the rudder through the water and the louder dashing of the spray from the ship's bows. Now there was beauty for the eye, music for the ear and the luxury of motion. Upon such a night I never tire of walking on deck, or leaning over the bulwarks, or sitting in the shrouds and gazing out over the waters.

Monday, July 11th. This morning we have entered the torrid zone. I am not yet conscious of it. I have not found any increase of temperature since leaving Baltimore.

On ~~Cap~~ Saturday evening Captain Kean and I had a controversy up-

on the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. We began on quarter-deck about eight o'clock, we adjourned to the cabin and kept it up until after midnight. I think our discussion was not wholly in vain. He has no earnestness upon religious questions, is careless about eternal things, and leading confessedly an ungodly life, and yet I can easily see that he thinks he will eventually reach Heaven and that, not as do impenitent Protestants, by undergoing a conversion of soul and leading a life of faith, but through his connection with the Church and by being purged of sin after death.

Yesterday afternoon according to agreement I got the sailors together into a Bible class. As I had said nothing to the Captain or any of the mates about my intentions I tried to have as little form about it as possible. I therefore went forward to the sailors' quarters and took my seat, Bible in hand, on a soft board. All the men came and seated themselves in all imaginable ways and positions around me. All were present except the man at the wheel and the cook who was grinding coffee for supper. It was a full congress of nations. There was represented England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Norway, Africa and America. There were all ages, from the boy of fourteen with his piping voice to the weather-beaten old tar of more than sixty. It was a novel Sunday - school and an interesting one. I was greatly pleased to see them all come of their own accord for I had long been trying to devise some way of doing them good. They were quite attentive but not forward to say much or to ask questions which I ~~had~~ invited them to do. We have agreed to study in the same way John 3rd chapter for next Sabbath.

I have just been on quarter-deck and saw there what I had never in my life seen before. I saw the sun to the North and my own shadow stretching Southward. Though it was a small affair, so short that I could set my foot a foot beyond its head, yet it was funny to see it in that direction. It was entirely contrary to all my ideas of the proper place for a shadow.

On the evening of the 4th a wind sprung up from the East. The Captain said that it was probably the beginning of "The Trades." Sure enough they ^{have} ^{to be} proved the Trades by their steady continuance ever since. For the last eight days we have pursued a steady course, never needing to brace a yard or alter a sail, except on the occa-

sion of a little squall of wind and rain, when our royals are furled because being our highest sails they give our masts the heaviest strain. These winds are relied on to carry us to about 10 N. Lat. - and after crossing the equator, the "The South East Trades" are expected to bear us into the harbor of Rio. It is royal sailing to-day. The wind blows strong and as the ship is kept up as closely to it as possible the seas roll in and strike her athwart her bows. Every jump she makes into one of these heavy seas dashes spray in every direction to a height and distance of twenty feet and occasionally she makes a mad plunge which sends a shock through her whole length. I have certainly gained some experience as a fair waather sailor. With all the pitching and rolling of the ship I can walk a crack on quarter-deck or eat fat pork and baked beans with any of my mess. And withal, which is perhaps the greatest wonder of all, I am getting fat. My appetite is keen and both regular and irregular for I am always ready to eat my regular meals as well as the sundry snacks to which the Captain invites me between times. The Captain has a large jar of strawberries, a cannister of sweet cakes and a sack of pecans. On holid~~ays~~ays such as the 4th of July, the crossing of a Tropic or the Equator I complement his strawberries with Sallie's fruit cake and we have a feast of fat things. I have promised him a treat of lemonade and fruit cake in case he gets to the Equator on the 20th. We have pleasant times and he has every thing done which can add to my comfort. In the way of personal comfort I am far better off than I expected to be.

July 17th. It is wonderful what a ~~change~~ change has been produced by the cessation of the Trades. The whole cast of things has altered for the worse as far as sailing is concerned but for the better in other respects. We again have cheerful skies, breezes soft and pleasant and brilliant sun sets. On Saturday the 16th I saw for the first time the Southern Cross directly to the South and having about the same altitude as the North star has in the opposite quarter. It is composed of four brilliant stars forming quite a perfect cross. The one in the foot is of unusual brightness. You may imagine with what delight I expected it and with what interest I followed it through its short orbit, and until it disappeared behind the bank of heavy clouds which in this latitude always hangs about the horizon. It is the symbol of my mission. May it prove to

be a pledge of its success.

Sunday the 17th was the noisiest Sabbath we have yet had. The wind was light and variable, and the Captain in his great anxiety to get out of the region and within the sweep of the Southern Trades, was on deck and issuing his orders to brace yards and ship sail with every variation. Our Bible class was held at 4 P.M. in the bow of the ship. The lesson was John 3. There was evidently an increase of interest. The sailors felt more freedom to give their opinions and to ask and answer questions. One old weather-beaten tar who doesn't know how old he is and has not a single relative in the world, sat by and listened during our first lesson. Now he read his verse with the rest and inquired into the meaning of what he could not understand. He said it was the first time he ever had any one to explain to him the meaning of the Bible and he said he would come to me for a Bible when we get to Rio. Another said the same, about never having had any one to speak to him about his soul, and that he was glad that he had come on this ship for that reason. All listened with great attention. I was greatly pleased to have had so good an opportunity of showing these poor neglected sailors the way of life. It seems to me now that the refusal of the Captain to permit a public religious service in the cabin may turn out for the best after all. They would have attended such a service as a matter of course and I might perhaps have made no further efforts to instruct. I believe that a Bible class held in their own quarters, upon which their attendance is voluntary and where they are free to express themselves, is better than a more formal service.

Sabbath night was so beautiful that I remained on deck until nearly eleven o'clock.. It was unusually clear and the heavens were brilliantly lit up with stars, from the North star to the Southern Cross. I clambered up the shrouds to a height of twenty-five feet, a favorite resort when I wish to be alone to meditate and to commune with God. On every Sabbath evening since I came on board I have experienced great pleasure in withdrawing myself and my thoughts from all on board and remembering you all individually and specially in prayer.

Monday the 18th - a full month since the Banshee left her wharf at Baltimore. It has passed more rapidly and pleasantly than I an-

anticipated. The great attraction yesterday was at sunset. It was in many features different from any sunset I had ever seen. In the first place it was all over the heavens for a long time, the South disputed with the West for the palm of splendor. It might have been thought that two suns were ~~the~~ behind the banks of clouds in each of these quarters. Divergent rays shot up from the West further and further until they bathed themselves in the Eastern ocean. The central ray at the zenith had a breadth of fully thirty degrees, then it narrowed towards the East and came again to a point. The Eastern sky was an exact facsimile of the West and nearly as bright. On each side of this broad band of purple light there was a succession of arcs to the North and South. After a time the central band separated into distinct bands of different colors. Running my eye over the heavens I counted more than twenty-five bands of light. Their true number was far greater. Over all this splendor there was thrown the indescribable haze of the tropics. It was beyond all comparison the most beautiful sunset I have ever seen. When darkness had come on, the stars and phosphorescent lights in the water were the attractions. Then the Captain and I took a shower bath after our approved style, a couple of sailors drawing and handing buckets of water to the mate who from the upper deck dashed them upon us standing below. Each dash of water would have in it numbers of animalculae sparkling like fire-flies.

Saturday the 23rd. We have had "calms and baffling winds", a phrase often in a sailor's mouth. We have been pointing to every quarter of the compass during these days, East, West, North and South. Often not a breath of wind was stirring when our poor ship rolled about as idly as a log. Such weather is trying of all on ship board. There is much cloudy weather and rain squalls are frequent.

July 25th. Now for Rio ! Our sails are filled by what, unless our confidence deceives us, are the South East Trades. We expect that the wind will gradually veer to the Eastward and allow us to make more of a South course. I hope we may now be able to keep on without tacking as we have done repeatedly during the past week. Some times we point for Congo or the Cape of Good Hope and the next minute for the Caribbean Sea.

Our Bible class met again yesterday afternoon. As the weather was unsafe it was held for the first time in the forecastle, the men's quarters. It is a room about twelve feet square, around three sides three tiers of bunkers run and upon the floor, making three sides of a narrower square, are placed the rough sea chests which contain clothes, personal effects, and leather cups of the owners. Whoever enjoys a home feeling there must not be too dainty. A cloth was laid over one of the chest for my seat. I did not need such provision but thinking it best to receive this as meant to show their regard for me, I seated myself upon it. The men seated themselves upon the chests or bare floor as they preferred. Before we got half through a squall came on and to the order from the second mate of "stand to the royal halyards", Norway, Scotland, France and America responded by dropping their Bibles and rushing out at both doors. It was their watch on deck. The rest remained and we finished the lesson. It was deeply interesting to observe the fixed attention which a couple of these men give to my explanation of the meaning of Scripture. Old George of whom I have written before is most remarkable. Long service, hard toil and all weathers have left deep and rough lines upon the sunburnt face. He was left by his parents too early to learn from them his age and has been a sailor for about forty years. He is very ignorant as to religious truths but has a good mind and is quick to understand. No one has ever taught him but he is eager to know the way of life.

July 28th.

I have formally taken my leave of the Northern hemisphere, on Tuesday evening I got my last view of the Polar star. I stood before retiring for the night and gazed upon it sunk nearly to the horizon. Was it a weakness in me to feel as I turned to go below that I had parted from a friend?

I wish I could bring my old pants to that equilibrium which was peculiar to the "Deacon's One Hoss Shay." I have had another job of sewing, the steward on this occasion giving me a piece of black cloth. When I had finished I surveyed my work and was forcibly reminded of Shakespere's "patches set upon a little breach Discredit more in hiding of the fault Than did the fault before it was so patch'd."

Saturday, July 30th.

I was wakened this morning before sunrise out of a profound sleep and hurried to the deck to see the most novel sight that has greeted my eyes for weeks - land ! I did act so preposterously as to lose full two hours sleep from the morning to stand and gaze for nearly an hour upon a poor barren little island. If you had seen me with unkempt hair and dress in pure disorder staring out of countenance a mile of bold and jagged rocks at such an unseemly hour of the morning you might have thought my wits were clouded. It is thirty-six days since I have had anything within my prospect but the heavens with sun, moon, stars and clouds in them, together with a few gulls, petrels, a booby or two, the ocean traversed by a few ships and alive with fish and living things unmentionable. It was therefore truly a curious sight to see this morning at a distance of four miles to the West a bold front of bald rocks projecting to a height of two hundred feet above the water and dashing the waves from their base as they have done for thousands of years. It was the island Fernando de Noronha in Long. 32.25. It is where the Brazilians send their convicts, a desolate enough looking place for any purpose. If our wind does not intermit ten days at the furthest should land me in Rio. I have had a pretty full experience of the sea and my present company and yet I am not impatient. All my books that are readable are read. I have gone through fully one half of Shakespeare's works.

August 2nd.

We have fared very well so far as our table is concerned. Our potatoes proved bad and only lasted a couple of weeks. That was a sore loss. Of course our meats are all salt. I am well salted internally and externally by fish, flesh, air and water. We always have three courses, soup, either of chicken or canned beef, the substantials and dessert. We have all the variety can well afford, salmon, herring, cod and mackerel, pork and beef thrice a day in various styles, ham and eggs, different sorts of bread and crackers, etc. We have coffee in the morning of a deep lye color, with which I take cream and sugar. At dinner water is our only drink. This is dipped up from the barrels which are lashed on deck. It is

surprising to me how good the water keeps under such circumstances. It is ⁱⁿ the open air, and the bungs are usually open, and yet it is perfectly, clean, pure and sweet, though of course warm.

Ever since the 31st we have been beating against a strong South wind and a heavy head sea. We have had two courses, South West and South East, first on and then off the coast. We have twice been within twenty miles of shore and are now again boldly pushing on towards Cape St. Augustine. It is very unusual weather for this region and makes assurance doubly sure~~x~~ that we are to have a long passage.

August 4th.

Yesterday an incident occurred which will not be forgotten by any of the crew of passengers of the Banshee upon this voyage. The day had been very rainy and the atmosphere was thick. Sampson and I were engaged in conversing, the Captain was on deck giving orders to take in sail on account of the squall then blowing, when we heard our lookout make such a cry as no one can help but hear and always imports sudden and fearful danger. Snatching our hats we rushed to the deck. Another cry from the lookout "a vessel right under our bows," and the quick order "down with the helm," at once showed us what we had to fear. An instant more and out of the darkness shot forth a large ship with all sails set bearing down upon us at a fearful rate. On she came with her sharp beak pointing directly for the after part of the ship where I was standing. An instant and it seemed that we must be destroyed, another and she dashed across our wake not more than fifty feet astern. So rapid was her approach out of the darkness that had she been a couple of seconds earlier our hull would have been ploughed up within a yard of where I was standing. We must have been cut nearly in two had she struck where it was threatened. Upon such a night it might have been our lot to go without leaving any of our number to tell the tale. It was a fearful moment of suspense and yet I was perfectly composed. I did not, perhaps, fully realize our peril until it was all past. I have however from the first committed my ways to God and entreated Him to direct my going and in so doing I have enjoyed a consciousness of security which has not for an instant forsaken me. The God who hears and answers prayer snatched me out of the path of danger and probable destruction - and I went

below, first to return thanks for this providence and to commit myself anew to Him, and then to enjoy a quiet and sound sleep until morning. I have heard old sailors say to-day that they never were in greater peril.

Tuesday, August 9th.

On Sunday our Bible class had its last session in the fore-castle. The interest taken by the sailors has greatly exceeded my expectations. They have attended of their ^w~~on~~ accord regularly, ✓ have listened with great attention and have evidently been impressed ~~with~~ by what they have heard. Two or three have told me that they intend to lead different lives in the future but I fear this only means self-reformation. They think they must knock off the sea before they can lead a proper life. I have talked with most of them and learned their private history. It is one story, either of being left without relatives or friends or of longing to see the world and sow their wild oats, of shipping before the mast, of hard work and usage at sea and reckless and mad extravagance and sin in port, and now repentings and a desire to get some other means of livelihood. Three are working to lay by a little money that they may go home to their friends and work on shore, and four others are determined that this shall be their last voyage. But all Jack's promises are not to be taken at the value they bear on their face. He repents at sea and sins on shore.

There are indications to-day of nearing port. The sailors are busied getting the boats in readiness for use and making other preparations for landing. If our wind continues to-morrow will bring us around Cape Frio and up to the harbor of Rio. I am anxious to get out of the ship, not that I am tired of the sea but to change my society and to find employment for mind and body. The Southern Cross has risen high in the heavens and together with the two brilliant stars in the fore feet of the Centaur looks strikingly beautiful, while the Dipper has sunk in the West until only the two uppermost of its five bright stars are visible on the horizon. When I get to Rio probably only one will be visible out of the five.

Thursday, August 11th, 9 A.M.

The bold promontory of Cape Frio is distinctly in view at a distance of about seven miles. On a clear day it may be seen thirty miles at sea. It is to the Rio voyager what the Neversink Hills are to the New York harbor, a point of departure and return.

Thursday 9 P.M.

We are now becalmed near the mouth of the harbor of Rio. The famous Sugar Loaf mountain and Corcovado are distinctly in sight by the light of the full moon at a distance of ten or twelve ~~of~~ miles, and the heavy sound of the surf rolling in upon the rocky shore fills the quiet atmosphere of night. I climbed to the yard, just as the sun was setting over the Corcovado and watched the fading twilight for nearly an hour. I would find it hard to describe with what emotions I greeted these lofty peaks of which I have heard and read so often and which tell me that I have reached my journey's end, my new home and the field of my labors. My emotions were so conflicting and mingled that it was not possible to transcribe them truthfully. The strongest feelings were joy at the happy termination of a long voyage and a shrinking from the great responsibility and difficulties of the work awaiting me here. My reasons for joy are well defined but the unknown future will loom up so solemnly and fearfully as to sober and restrain its expression.

Friday, August 12th, 9.30 A.M.

I have been up since four o'clock ~~of~~ watching the operation of beating into the harbor against wind and tide. It is a beautiful spot, the most novel and striking I have ever gazed upon. Such a harbor for beauty, sublimity, safety from winds and waves and capable of defense against attacks by sea or land I could hardly have conceived of. It has an outward basin guarded by many curiously shaped islands of high and solid rock. Some look like eggs floating on the water with one end up and some with the other. Upon the tops of some of these churches or pleasure houses are perched. One house looks just like a bird house on the top of the church steeple. It is eleven hundred feet high nearly. The entrance to the harbor itself is only about half a mile in width, on the one side is the

a bold promontory with the Fort Santa Cruz or Holy Cross perched up on it with its heavy guns covering its walls, on the other towers the Sugar Loaf to a height of 1200 feet. We are still in this neck of the harbor tacking every few minutes, standing now towards the fort and now running up to within a stone's throw of Sugar Loaf. The water is everywhere such a depth that the only care of the seaman is to avoid breaking his bowsprit against one or the other. The city lies nearly two miles from us over a large extent of hill and valley and glistening in the sunlight with its white walls of stucco work. For a back ground of this wonderful picture there is a range of high hills or mountains.

I have cast off my sea suit and handed it to the steward in consideration of his services to me during the voyage. I am all ready to go on shore.

2115 P.M.

I am seated at the desk of Robert C. Wright to whom I had letters of introduction. I landed with Kean at the boat wharf and all that I had read of Spain, Portugal and the ports of the Mediterranean came to memory. I think I can imagine what it is to land among the Lazzaroni of Naples or at Algiers or Cairo. There is here about the same mixture of the white and black races. I obtained a guide to the business house of Maxwell, Wright & Co. and presented my letters to Mr. Wright. He has invited me to dine with him and promises me company at table of the Consul, Robert S. Scott and of Miss Roberts. I have not seen a white woman's face for seven weeks - since leaving Old Point and will scarcely know how that sort of a creature is to be treated. I have consented however. One of the partners of this house will try and procure me rooms so that I can occupy them with my baggage.

5 P.M.

I have dined. I sat beside Mrs. Scott, the Consul's wife, and met Miss Roberts who was remaining in Botafogo until her house is ready up in the mountains. She greeted me with great cordiality. Our dinner was excellent: First course soup, second fish, third whatever you liked, fourth pie of I think a sort of sweet potatoe and very good, fifth oranges such as you have never tasted. They are very large, heavy and solid and have a most delicious flavor.

There is all the difference between these oranges and the best in the United States that there is between a withered and wrinkled apple and one at the point of mellow and juicy perfection. Wine was on the table and toothpicks. This is a peculiarity of Brazil. These are always on the table and used by both ladies and gentlemen. Cigars were last of all served to the gentlemen and the servant presented to each a waiter holding a brass brazier containing coals to light these cigars. We sat at table nearly two hours and a good deal of pleasantries was indulged in.

Rio de Janeiro, August 31st, 1859.

On Sabbath I held my first service on board the John Adams. Captain Mason sent his boat for me and after a brisk row of about five miles we mounted her side and found every thing prepared for the service. The audience numbered nearly two hundred and were very attentive. The singing was weak under my leading. I was greatly pleased to have an opportunity to open my mouth to so many who were not privileged to hear the Gospel regularly. Kean and several of his men were among the audience. I appointed another service for that day two weeks.

I visited on the 29th the Saude with Mrs. G. and made the acquaintance of several of Christ's humble followers. I have had a conversation with Dr. Kalley. He thinks this mission timely and that American missionaries are the proper persons to prosecute it because their Minister and Consul can give them protection and the English are inefficient. He urges secrecy in my movements and thinks it would be well for societies prosecuting missions in Popish countries to have a secret service fund. He thinks the time has come for preaching in Portuguese and that already there are some ready to suffer for Christ. As to holding a service for the Americans he inclines to think it unadvisable. I cannot in this agree with him. I think besides being useful to them I can thereby get an intrenched position and secure their influence on my side. My presence here and purpose cannot be hid and therefore my hope lies in the protection of God and in the use of all prudent means of defence. The future cannot be foreseen and I therefore strive

to secure the guidance of infinite wisdom and submit myself in all things to His direction.

I feel encouraged by the aspect of things here and hopeful for the future. There are indications that a way is being opened here for the Gospel.

September 8th, 1859.

Yesterday was Independence Day in Brazil. Rua do Ouvidor was arched and garlanded. Flags were flying from the vessels in the harbor, all public buildings and many private ones, and cannon at intervals were fired from the forts and men of war. In one of the squares a liberty column was erected and illumined in broad daylight. All day long troops paraded the streets. I rode into the city and was present at a review of the troops by the Emperor. Such a motley soldiery I never saw at a militia training. They were richly dressed, in some cases well dressed, and here is all they can boast of. Nearly or fully one half are negroes, from a jet black to pale ash. The firing in the Palace Square was funny. The Emperor and Empress stood at a window in full view. The former is a large finely formed man but without much play of feature. At the Hotel d'Europa I passed an hour in the parlor where a party of Americans were congregated. They all showed me kindness and attention but I feel that I cannot mingle much in their society in public. I have called on Dr. Pacheco de Silva and Mr. Graham and received a call today from Dr. Ildepuso. Dr. Pacheco took me through the Collegio, inquired about my studies and offered to assist me in the study of Portuguese. I made him a similar offer with respect to Hebrew. Today I put together my new bed and am about to enjoy the luxury of a first sleep in it.

September 12th, 1859.

I held my second service yesterday on the John Adams. Three captains with their wives were in attendance in addition to my former audience. Text, "Pray without ceasing". The audience was attentive. After service and some delay we got in our boats and boarded the Dolphin, which is about to put to sea, where we lunched. It was nearly half past three before we reached home. It was an unprofitable Sabbath afternoon, very unfavorable for the preservation of that frame of mind which I had urged in my sermon. I must here-

after redeem this time for a better use by getting a boat of my own and returning immediately after service. These men lead a hollow life. I cannot envy them the present, and the future, if ever they regard it must be invested with gloom. Having been often asked to take wine I explained today to the Americans with whom I was dining my reasons for declining. Dr. L. thought here where wine was not used to intoxicate my reasons and example would not be understood.

September 15th, 1859.

My first intelligence from home. When the packet containing letters from Lille, Blackford, John and Thomas was put into my hands by Mr. G. I took a seat in his upper room and enjoyed an hour of feasting for the soul. I felt as if the atmosphere of home was shed around me as I read those letters. They cheered my heart, lightening its load and making it stronger to bear what cannot be removed. Hard as it is to be separated from friends it is harder still not to have Christian friends whose prayers follow the wanderer and cheer his path. It is comforting to me when I so little faith to pray aright for myself to know that others pray for me who are I know God's people. ✓

I am making I hope some little progress with the language, but notwithstanding Mrs. G. 's efforts to introduce speaking in Portuguese little has been accomplished.

September 20th, 1859.

I visited last week Praia Grande in company with Mrs. S. and was introduced to several families of English workmen who are living there without any religious privileges for themselves or families. I spoke of holding a service there and asked them to inquire about a room for that purpose.

I was on board the Lancaster the same day, a beautiful vessel. I had a conversation with Capt. Rudd and Lieutenant Temple on keeping the Sabbath, Temple spoke of the fact that political liberty and social despotism were found together and political despotism and social freedom. He was for social freedom. On Sabbath the 18th I spoke at the Saude, Mr Meade having kindly lent me his horse

to ride there. I spoke without any notes.

September 28th, 1859.

Today I visited the Corcovado. It was a long walk but being shaded for the most of the way and I being provided with a pocket of oranges did very well. I was much interested in watching several troops of ants crossing the road. Some of these were the carrier ants loaded with leaves which they hold in their nippers so that the leaf is upright upon the back of its bearer. One of these ants looks like a ship under an immense sail. They could not carry such a burden in any other way without immense trouble. One of these trains poured across the road and down the mountain at a rapid rate during all the time I spent on the mountain. The view is grand. I never saw one so remarkable in its features. The city with all its suburbs, the harbor, the ocean and the bold hills inland make such a scene as I never before beheld.

I had a conversation with S. which I have regretted. It was an argument upon slavery. He is unreasonably proslavery and I by opposing him only lessen my power and influence with him.

October 3rd, 1859.

I preached yesterday at the Saude. I used notes, a practice I must not indulge in in speaking to such a people. The Sabbath before when I spoke without having made any preparation I gained their attention more perfectly and succeeded ~~then more so~~ in impressing them more powerfully.

I have had new experiences of my own weakness and helplessness and need of divine grace. I am trying to seek for a deeper experience of divine things. I must cultivate my own piety or I can do nothing for others. I am so empty of love for Christ and hatred of sin that I fear it is not right with me and that little shall be done here by me. God is holy and I am unholy. Will He use such an instrument ?

October 10th, 1859.

I preached yesterday on the John Adams using part of the Episcopal service. I was led to do this by the ^{im-}possibility of having any singing, the desire to conciliate and interest all and the belief that thus my service would be most profitable to all. I have re-

ceived permission from Mr. G. to board with him. Thus I secure a permanent home in a most delightful family. I ought to be deeply grateful to God for this favor so much beyond my expectations. I attended with Mr. H. an auction at which he bought two negroes. Again I am in the midst of the horrors of slavery.

October 12th, 1859.

I have just returned from my first trip into the country, in company with Lieut. C. and Dr. L. At 4 P.M. we mounted the Tijuca car, the horn sounded, the long lash descended upon the poor mules and the car with its inside, outside and skyloft passengers bolted out into the street and across the Campo Santana. From the terminus of this road I made the ascent on foot often stopping to breathe and to admire the lovely scene about me. When Boa Vista was reached the view of the distant city and harbor was extremely beautiful. A walk of three miles took me past Mr. B.'s charming plantation to the "Happy Valley" in which Mr. Wright and Mr. L., with his agreeable wife and family, live. I ate a hearty supper of toast, eggs and pork, a sure proof that the air of the mountains was doing me good.

In the morning after breakfasting most heartily we set off for the Cascada Grande. Hearing a dash of waters below us we left the road and descended a narrow and steep path which promised to lead to the cascade. Turning around a rocky projection we found ourselves in the midst of the scene, half of the fall being above the level upon which we stood and the other part below. Reclining in the shade of some huge boulders we could not only see the beauty in our immediate vicinity but below a beautiful plain stretching off to the sea. I have seldom seen so fine a landscape. A very hot walk brought us to Bennett's where we dined royally. Then a walk of about three miles took us to the Cascada Pequeña in itself still more striking than the other though its surroundings were not so charming in my eyes. On the following day passing by Moke's and filling our pockets with his oranges, we crossed the mountain and descended to the Botanical Gardens and whiled away a couple of pleasant hours in looking at the curiosities. I could not find words to express my admiration of the row of palms which stretch away in a long colonnade from the entrance. They were eighty-eight

in number planted thirty feet apart and in a perfect line. I was reminded of the descriptions I had heard of the approaches to some of the famous temples of Egypt. Indeed as many Corinthian columns could scarcely have been so imposingly beautiful as these graceful and majestic palms with their rare capitals of nature's rich workmanship. Hedges of cloves, bread fruit, jack fruit, nutmeg, sago, mango, cocoa, cinnamon, and many other curious trees grow here, with bamboo brakes, water flowers and other varieties too numerous to mention. It is doubtful whether many spots in the world contain finer views than this short trip took me over. I never before saw so much beauty.

October 17th, 1859.

I received yesterday a note from Mrs. Cordeiro requesting me to baptise her child. I thought on my former visit my inability to comply since she rejected one of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. I visited her on my way to the Saude and had another conversation, repeating my reasons for refusing and discussing with her the divinity of Christ. She talks well and is apparently intelligent but her views of religious truth are very superficial. It is with her a trying to get to heaven by imitating Christ that constitutes religion and, since this is the professed aim of all who pretend to be Christians, she thinks it intolerant in me not to recognize a Unitarian as a fellow disciple.

November 8th, 1859.

I have but lately returned from a visit to Macaco where I preached in Major Ellison's parlor to a small gathering of engineers and contractors. My visit lasted nearly a week and was well enough enjoyed. I do not find it for my good to mingle much in a society of the English and Americans who are here. After making their acquaintance, gaining their friendship and confidence, I feel urged both by duty and choice to keep apart from them. The fleas were an intolerable annoyance during my stay. I enjoyed some music with Miss Roberts, and also some baths in a mountain stream. The thermometer stood at 100° on Sunday and 65° during the next two days so that we sat around a fire. I feel almost disposed to regret my strenuous given to Mr. Blackford to delay until April since the

weather has continued to be very agreeable up to this time but I feel that I acted by the lights I had at the time the advice was given.

In speaking at the Saude on Sabbath I stammered very much. I almost despair of every being able to speak extempore with fluency and success. I am now in a strait. The style in which I write is too much above them and my extempore addresses are too meagre and barren. I shall find Mr. B. to be a valuable assistant and able to do this sort of work far better than I can.

November 18th, 1859.

The matter of interest now with me is to get greater facilities for learning the language. I begin to reproach myself with wasting time, for this is my first great duty and until this is done the condition of usefulness here is wanting. I have waited upon Mr. Eubank and offered to teach his children English in order to learn from them Portugese. He speaks of a brother-in-law of his who is anxious to learn English and I am now waiting to have an interview with him. I have this morning written a note to Dr. Pacheco in the hope that he may be able to aid me. If I can succeed in none of these attempts I will advertise in the papers. I shall be truly glad when Blackford and Lille arrive and we have a home.

November 26th, 1859.

My efforts thus far to get some situation favorable for learning the language have not been successful. On Monday I called on Dr. Pecheco to learn the law respecting teaching and was recommended to get a license or dispensation. He appointed Saturday for me to call and get it. Today I called and was informed that a petition was necessary which I am to present on Monday. This is Brazilian formality and dignified delay. Meanwhile I have had two advertisements put in the paper seeking for board in a family and offering to give lessons if desired in all the dead languages and English. No replys as yet. I have also made the acquaintance of Dr. A. who is to introduce me to the proprietor of one of the principal schools of the city in the hope of getting a situation in it as a teacher.

I will use all endeavors trusting in God to give success to some of them.

This evening a letter from Mother was put in my hand. It was the first written since news from me had been received. Mother says the children leaped for joy and her one heart went up in solemn gratitude to God for my safety.

December 2nd, 1859.

Some little progress has at last been made towards a more rapid acquisition of the Portugese. When I called with Mr. G. to see the Secretary of Public Instruction Senhor Leon, he mentioned his desire to learn English and willingness to reciprocate lessons. The next day we commenced and I go now daily to his office at two o'clock. It is a matter of importance to have for my teacher one who has so perfect a knowledge of the language. My advertisements brought no replies. I trust that God will provide in all things. I feel greatly my need of a clearer knowledge of Christ and a realizing sense of His presence and love. To be a missionary without a fervent love for Christ and zeal for souls is a poor business. I would renew my consecration.

December 14th, 1859.

" Is it right to do a thing which is itself wrong because requested to do so by parties who show us kindness ? If not we should ascertain the right and the wrong regarding a thing before doing it. If one man has made a small clearance in a great country which was altogether (with that exception) untilled, would ~~it~~ it be right in a new settler to fix on that little clearance as the scene of his agricultural operation ? Would any one like to be treated in such a way as the supposed first settler ?

Is it right to interfere with any voluntary effort to spread the truth of God in so vast a field as Brazil instead of making a new clearance for one's own self ? "

This document without address or signature was put into Mr. G.'s hands as coming from Dr. Kalley. I am awaiting Dr. Kalley's coming on Saturday to deal plainly with him upon this subject.

December 19th, 1859.

My difference with Dr. Kalley has happily reached a solution and I trust that out of what seemed evil and only evil God is bringing and will bring good. On the 17th when Dr. Kalley came to the ~~Sunday~~ city I was waiting in an upper room of Mr. G.'s. As soon as he entered and we had greeted each other I opened the conference by remarking that ~~he~~ I presumed he already understood why I desired to see him.. As he did not I told him that it was to settle grievances. Drawing out pencil and paper to take notes he wished to hear them seriatim. I gave them as follow : Hearing from others and upon their own showing ^{aggrieved} ~~agreed~~ parties statements to my discredit; Believing them without hearing me or any one else acquainted with the facts; Condemning me before others; Writing me an anonymous note which reaches me at fourth hand/when its contents are known far and wide. As to the matter of the charge in the first place you have nothing to do with it and in the second your statements are incorrect in almost every particular and your reprimand deeply unjust. You have ther^efore done a wrong in itself with every accessory of manner to aggravate it.

I am aggrieved as a gentleman, not simply by a lack of courtesy but by your violation of a first principle of honorable intercourse; as a Christian by your want of charity in believing ill of me; as a minister of Christ, trying as my conscience and God bear me witness in whatever weakness to do my Master's work; by your lending all the weight of your honored name in discrediting me and breaking down my influence here upon the chosen field of my labors. Of these things I complain, of your motives I make no imputation.

He began to explain his reasons for believing as he did entering into the management of the Saude school, but I told him that I had now nothing to say upon that point and would say nothing in private until I received an apology, not for his opinions so much as its expression to third parties and its being public. If this is not done our private conference must now break up. Preferring to deal with me privately he asked time to consider before returning an answer and we separated for a couple of hours.

Meeting again in the same place he confessed his sorrow for what he had done, promised to see all to whom his note had been

shown and to beg them to regard it as having never existed, de-claimed all intention of writing to the Board and fully exonerated me from blame in the whole matter. He thought I should have had Mr. Pitt's express consent before preaching, but under the circumstances the blame of this did not rest upon me. Then at his request we knelt hand in hand in prayer, again brothers in Christ. It was a beautiful triumph of grace.

We then spoke freely of our plans and views respecting our work here. I explained to him my view of the course before me and he approved it. He is anxious to see a public service begun but thinks he had best not attempt it for fear of failing and setting a bad precedent. He thinks I will be far better supported in such an attempt, both because I am not personally obnoxious and will enjoy the protection of my government. He informed me that he had the decision of some of the best lawyers here in favor of the lawfulness of such an attempt. I believe good will result from all that has happened.

December 24th, 1859.

How different this from all former Christmas Eves ! I will absolutely lose this Christmas from the sheer impossibility of realizing that it has come. A tropical Christmas is no Christmas at all. It is a downright contradiction of all the associations of that day and in such matters associations are every thing.

I have long both labored and prayed for greater facilities to learn the Portugese language. Every attempt ended in disappointment when in His goodness God has provided. Mr. G. spoke to me of a Mr. Patterson living near and at my wish called upon him on my behalf. Yesterday evening I visited him by appointment and at once concluded to board with him at a hundred milreis a month. I am grateful for so pleasant a home in a family speaking Portugese.

December 27th, 1859.

Christmas was a Sabbath day. I went to the English chapel with Mr. and Mrs. G. It was their Communion day and I enjoyed for the first time since leaving home the privilege of obeying the command of Christ to rem^{em}ber Him in this ordinance and show forth His death as the source of my life.

At the wish of the Garrett's I have postponed my removal to my new home until January 2nd. It is wonderful how much more they indulge my republican and American notions.

December 31st, 1859.

The review of 1859, whose last sands are running out while I write, fills me with grateful feelings. I feel rebuked for the fear and trembling with which I contemplated its approach, for its trials then even painfully anticipated, have been lighter in the reality than I could have hoped and God has enabled me to bear them with readiness. I have enjoyed more peace, more quietness of mind and assurance of being in the path of duty, and therefore more true happiness than during 1858 when hesitating and debating over my call to go abroad as a missionary. I thank God for all the way by which He has led me and I would be just where I am rather than anywhere else, for it is I believe my field of labor.

I am glad I came here and that alone. It is I am persuaded for the best, even though my lot has been more lonely than it would have been had my wishes prevailed. Now just one year ago I revolved the question of marriage, hoping but doubting, wishing but fearing. It is all past. My hopes and fears have all been resolved by a decision brought about by Providence and I feel it is good. My judgment even then leaned towards it, now in the clearer light of what I want ^{and} ~~in~~ need in a partner in my missionary labor, I see all the goodness and wisdom of God who overruled me for my good.

I feel sometimes lonely and that consequent longing for more perfect sympathy and intimate companionship than I can enjoy in my present circumstances, though in a far less degree than I had expected. My path has been made so easy that I have wondered as I reflected and compared the real event with the future as I sketched it beforehand. Friends have not been wanting when wanted and a most pleasant home has received me into its bosom so that every want has been supplied. God has been good to me during 1859. I feel content to leave the future to Him believing that He will provide all I really need in His own and therefore the best time. A true wife, a companion and a helpmeet in every good work would be

the deepest source of human joy, it is I feel a want of my soul but it is denied for wise reasons and I am content, far more than I expected to be. Some times I question the grounds of my freedom from all anxiety for the future and from present longings and unquietness, charging it rather to insensibility than to a Christian submission and faith in God's goodness and faithfulness. I would that I could so realize the grace of Christ in all things, in the little as well as the great, as to be able to do every thing with a conscious reference to His glory. I view duty too coldly and obey its calls too much because it is absolutely right, proper, and noble to do so and not sufficiently because duty is the will of Christ and He is pleased when I perform it. I cannot with a full consciousness of its truth say "for me to live is Christ". I would forget principles in my devotion to a person. I do not realize as I ought and as I believe many Christians do, the love of Christ for me, nor feel the weight of obligations to Him which I know rests upon me. I feel and love far, far too little, far less even than I think and obey. My religion is too dead, my prayers fall to the ground lacking rush of glad and lively feeling. For this I will beseech God. I will seek a renewal of my vocation and a consciousness of love to Him whose word I speak. Lord speak to me as Thou didst to Peter, convicting me of want of love and begetting within at Thy powerful bidding this heavenly grace that I may be fitted to feed Thy lambs and sheep.

New Quarters, January 3rd, 1866.

Many efforts and prayers have at last been crowned with success and I am in a situation to hear and to speak the Portugese. Yesterday with the help of four blacks I had some chairs and a table, washing stand and apparatus brought from the city, and my goods at Mr. Garrett's together with my new purchases put in my room at Mr. Patterson's. I am very comfortable, far more so than I expected to be in a Portugese speaking family. I feel that it is high time I was speaking the language. I have learned at Mr. Garrett's much of Rio, much which it is important to be known at once. While I have not progressed so rapidly with the language as others in other circumstances would have done, I have gained an insight into the condition of things among the English, Americans and Brazilians.

January 21st, 1860.

I have undertaken to give for an hour or two daily lessons to Eubank's children, their religious education as well as intellectual, and I find them ready to learn. I had a long and interesting conversation with Mr. Eubank upon the condition of Brazil. The plan of having a Protestant school here of a high grade for English and such Brazilians as would patronize it, has occupied my thoughts a good deal of late. Mr. E. says it would be practicable and that many Brazilians would support it.

Yesterday was my birthday. I had several days ago mentioned at table that on the 20th of January I would be twenty-seven years of age and thought no more of it until on opening my door in answer to a rap yesterday morning, I found Marriquinhus, Amalia and Burao waiting with a wreath of flowers to crown me and a basket of flower leaves to cast over me, with their wishes for a long and happy life for me. After this pretty and childish ceremony they left me with a couple of simple presents. They are much attached to me.

February 24th, 1860.

Attempts to study this morning are rendered vain by a most oppressive heaviness and drowsiness which I find it impossible to drive off. The hot weather is the chief cause of this torpor of body and mind. The yellow-fever is rapidly becoming epidemic in its character. About ten days ago it began to spread and its progress has been at an alarming rate. On the 21st I conducted the funeral services of Captain Luce of the Ocean Eagle. It was a sad funeral, that of a man who made no provision for his soul's well-being.

To recruit and escape the heat for a day or two I went to Tijuca with Mr. Scott and remained until yesterday enjoying horseback rides, baths and a cooler atmosphere. I had a long conversation with Mr. S. and Mr. W. on religious liberty in Brazil which was interesting as an exhibition of the views and feelings of business men upon any attempt to preach the Gospel. The missionary need not count upon much sympathy or support from this class of men. Mr. S. took a far higher stand and declared his purpose to protect every American citizen in the exercise of his religious liberty.

April 11th, 1860.

Yesterday I took up my quarters in the house of Mr. Grunting which I have rented until October 1st. This step was taken upon the supposition that Mr. and Mrs. Blackford would join me about the first of May, from which date payment begins. Late letters render it probable that they will not arrive before June 1st. This is my fourth home since landing in Rio. I have great reason for gratitude in that my way has been so pleasant and plain. I see far more difficulties and trials about me than it has fallen to my lot to experience. I often think of Dr. Hodges's saying that "Whom God intends to be greatly useful in this life peculiarly honored in that to come He visits with affliction." Is this what is wanting in my experience? Always the blessings in my cup are greater than any slight causes of sorrow. Ever since leaving home and coming hither my way has been easy. I have found homes and friends and health uninterrupted has been given me in the midst of sickness. The heat of the climate and absence from home and my dearest friends are indeed the most considerable calamities which I can trace certainly to my coming hither. But when I look in, to see what progress I have made heavenward, in the cultivation of spiritual graces, in the mortification of sin and in fitness for the work of a missionary, I have deep cause for shame and self-questionings. I know what I ought to be, what the grace of God is sufficient to help me to be, but beyond some desires, resolutions and prayers, little seems to be accomplished. Deeply I feel the need of faith. I see its true place in the system of the Gospel. If I could have faith in God, only believe, it would not be so with me.

I spent two weeks in Petropolis, going March 21st and returning April 3rd, greatly benefitted by the change of air. I took plenty of exercise daily and prospected the country well. On both Sabbaths I preached to a little congregation of English who collected in the parlor of the hotel. The first appointment was made on Saturday evening. I was alarmed in view of former efforts to speak extempore in such small assemblies, but for trusting for grace at least to preach the truth plainly to some who were not much accustomed to hear it I made a hurried preparation. I enjoyed a facility in speaking far beyond my expectations. In the afternoon of each day I at-

tended Dr. Kalley's service in his own house. It was a precious privilege to hear and join in such a simple and evangelical a service as he conducted. He seems to me a man of faith more than any thing else. I was impressed by his seeming realization of the presence of the great and holy God and the actuality of communing with Him. In his discourses there was a setting forth of truth plainly and fully but not evidence of unusual^{depth} or breadth of mind.

Together we looked over the replies he had received from three of the ablest lawyers of Rio to questions he had put to them on religious liberty. They do clearly recognize liberty of worship, of conscience and toleration of proselytism under restrictions. The meetings must not be public, by being in some place open to all, nor by being proclaimed by invitation to all to come. Dr. K. thought that teaching English might be find the best entering wedge. He agrees with all I have written respecting the location of missions in Brazil and without speaking positively inclines to believe that the English and Portugese services should be kept distinct. Both he and Mrs. K. treated me with kindness and invited me to stay with them for the latter part of my visit.

April 28th, 1860.

Last Sabbath, the 22nd, I held a Sabbath school in my own house. It was my first Portugese service. Eubanks children were all present and Amalia and Marroquinas Knaack. The Bible, a catechism of sacred history and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress were our text books.

Letters from home to my satisfaction promise the arrival of Lille and Blackford at an earlier date than was first announced. Now that all is ready for their reception I long to see them. The yellow-fever is still prevalent. The deaths reported are still twelve or fifteen a day.

May 1st, 1860.

Yesterday I went into the city to lay in the necessities for housekeeping. It was a new experience, probably the first of a series of trials and vexations. I have seen and weighed in the future the annoyances inseparable from housekeeping in Rio under the best of circumstances and which may become alarming if funds are

kept at what elsewhere would be called a reasonable figure. I find it well to anticipate difficulties. Then it is well to leave them to the ordering of Him who bids us cast our burden on Him. The difficulties of living in Rio are just so much of the burden incidental to missionary life here and which is to be borne by the grace of God.

To-day I drew up to my own table to take my solitary meal. It was good, well-cooked, cleanly served and I had an excellent appetite, a cause of gratitude. I felt that a new one will be added when in the good providence of God I am permitted to welcome a sister and a brother both in law and the Gospel. Now that all is ready I anticipate with lively pleasure their arrival.

On Sunday I held a second Sabbath school with the same attendance and interest. Amalia and Marroquinas think it hard to understand John Bunyan. They have no substratum for his lessons, it is something different from all they have heard, seen or felt, so that they cannot get right hold of it. Poor girls, I am deeply interested for them.

May 19th, 1860.

Letters from James show that my suggestions that he open a school in Rio have been entertained favorably. I have already taken steps to discover whether sufficient support can be guaranteed him to warrant his coming. I have made a rough draft of a prospectus and consulted with Eubank over the whole plan. He is sanguine and we only wait for clearer information upon some details to make this scheme public. The cool weather has set in but the yellow-fever yet lingers.

May 26th, 1860.

Another week of quiet study. I am only preparing. I feel some times restless at my uselessness and almost envious of those ministers at home who Sabbath after Sabbath find a crowd waiting to hear him. I wish to be prudent but when ^{does} prudence become ~~scared~~ cowardice and unfaithfulness?

June 6th, 1860.

I have received letters promising that Lille and Blackford will come in the Banshee to leave on the 20th, or the Monticello

of the 25th, the latter I presume.

July 8th, 1860.

My heart is sick with hope deferred. The Monticello sailed from Baltimore on the 25th of April and on this 8th day of July I am without any tidings of her. I only know that three days after her sailing a furious storm swept over her course which she must have encountered. As the time for the arrival of the packet approached my anxious expectations turned to her. Never was she so tardy. It was only the 6th ~~tant~~ I received her news. Nothing is known of her in the United States up to May 23rd and in England to May 9th. And nothing now is left but to wait in the hope that she will yet make her entrance to this port. I pray for patience, for faith, for submission and preparation for the worst. God is too wise to err and too good to be unkind. Christ is with those who obey His will in going upon the seas to carry His Gospel to those who are without it. Thank God for the assurance that all is well with them even though the sea has engulfed them. This is hope, it is victory, but what a reversal of my glad anticipations ! What a desolating storm for me ! Thy will be done Thou wonder-working God.

July 21st, 1860.

Hope has nearly abandoned me of the safety of Lille and Mr. Blackford. I am settling down in the persuasion that in the dark providence of God they have found an ocean burial and probably within five days after losing sight of their native land. It is a dark day for me, a bitter contrast to my anticipations. For their arrival I have planned every thing. The hope of it has always cheered me and made present trials trifles. And with Blackford, my chosen colleague I did hope to lay the foundations of a work to the glory of our Master. With his cooperation in missionary work and Lille to give us the comforts of a home I expected to be happy and useful. All my hopes are drowned in that desolating storm. I am calm, not entirely cast down or in despair, by the mercy of God. I feel that I must cling closer to Him now that earthly hopes are swept away. I do endeavor wholly to commit my way to Him as my God, my Savior and my Comforter.

August 13th, 1860.

God has proved better to us than our fears were leading us to suppose. The Monticello dropped her anchor in harbor at 6 o'clock of the evening of July 24th, ninety full days after her departure from Baltimore. The news reached after by the kindness of friends who knew my deep anxiety. It was a joyful moment, when on opening and reading Major Noah's note, I first felt the sober certainty that all fears were baseless and that my sister and brother were safe and that on the morrow I should see them. Gratitude only remains to God who preserved them in all their great perils and brought them safely to their journey's end. They were in extreme danger during the storm they encountered. They put into the Barbadoes for men and water and after a long and trying voyage reached Rio. I went on board July 25th and took them to our own house to rest. Since then much time has been occupied in getting their goods through the custom house and in searching for a permanent home. Mr. B. and myself agree in preferring Santa Theresa Hill.

Yesterday was the anniversary of my landing in Brazil. I have been just one year a missionary. This way mark reminds me to halt and look back to see what I have accomplished. I see nothing to please a disposition to think well of self. I have only been preparing and that slowly. Thought the chief employment of my time has been upon the language I am ashamed of my progress. My comprehension of it is pretty good but my use of it limited. I feel now that I must bring myself in speedy and close contact with those who speak the language and complete my mastery of it. But a deeper cause for shame is the little progress ~~in~~ I have made in the knowledge of Christ my Master. In the perfection of this knowledge I see plainly the condition of great success in my labor. It is the hardest and most important of a missionary's acquirement to keep his own soul tuned and ~~toned~~ to His work. I feel that I have come far short and that I should be deeply humbled before God for before this my sin.

And here I would enter upon a second year with this aim perfectly in view - to be my careful of my inward life, to seek after holiness and entireness of consecration to Christ. Every sin, every sinful indulgence is not only a direct blow at the life

of my own soul but it tends immediately to destroy my usefulness and success. I record this for a warning and solemn reminder to be kept ever in view during the second year of my missionary labors.

October 22nd, 1860.

We are keeping house on our own responsibilities. The labor of settling down and buying what was necessary being over and our present servant showing some little capacity we are hoping to live comfortably.

I began teaching on the 15th with three pupils. They show a desire to learn and yet great difficulty in pronunciation. We are getting a license preparatory to announcing our Bible Repository in a public way. I hope by that these means and steps our way will begin to be worked out for us. ✓

Hotel do Italia, Sao Paulo, December 30th, 1860.

I have returned from preaching at Robert Sharp's, this being my third sermon to the English since my arrival at San Paulo. It is pleasant to preach to any who will listen and I find these opportunities have been a refreshment to my own soul. But the crowds of ignorant natives, to them I am sent and until I declare to them my message I find no rest. I am bearing the heavy burden of a sense of unprofitableness. I look back with shame over the many months passed since my arrival and I am ashamed of the little I have done. I cannot convict myself of an unwillingness to labor yet my labor has seemed very fruitless.

Since my arrival here I have been cheered by the prospect of finding a field for preaching the Gospel in this city. If the Government do not interfere, and I hope there are influences here that would restrain them from so doing, it seems to me important to open a service at once as soon as I return from the country. I have made all the inquiries I can and while the weight of opinion is in favor of the project

applicability of the attempt certainly can only be got by a trial. The presence of so many English and German Protestants and the feeling in favor of colonization in which this province is deeply interested would operate in

if on prayer for direction my mind remains as at present I must make the effort. The climate is most delightful and the expense of living much less. If we could occupy two points I would feel no hesitation in fixing upon this as one, as by this means a change of climate could be enjoyed. If contrary to all hopes it should be found the time has not come for preaching to the natives in Portuguese I should look to the Germans as the means of opening the way.

Sorocaba, January 20th, 1861.

In consequence of the non-arrival of Bibles for which I am waiting from Santos, I find myself on this my 28th birthday in the city of Sorocaba and under the roof of Dr. Josè Remard, an eccentric countryman. The day is past, a Sunday spent in quiet but without the opportunity of preaching except on a visit to a German family.

This is the first full year I have passed in Brazil. As I review it with a sense of having accomplished little in carrying out my mission. When I recall the day I entered Mrs. Knack's family, January 2nd, and how I then spoke and wrote the language, I can certainly see that in this respect my time has not been lost. Instead of dwelling with satisfaction upon my advancement I am disposed to bewail my remaining deficiencies. In direct missionary work I have done little. I hope the impressions and lessons given in my little Sunday school have not been lost. This and some Bibles and tracts put in circulation is the amount of my work among the natives. My own countrymen have received more of my time. Of those who heard from me the Gospel some are to be found in all quarters of the earth. It is bread cast upon the waters but I feel with too little faith and prayer for success.

In my own progress there is certainly little that is marked. I fear that my living without the privileges for growth and grace enjoyed in Christian lands is observable in my lack of spiritual-mindedness, in coldness and formality in prayer and in the little delight I receive from the reading of the Scriptures. More than all things else combined I need the baptism of the Holy Ghost. If now while I am waiting, just about to begin actively the work

of preaching the Gospel of Christ, I should receive the gift of the Spirit to fit me for my work how glad I should be. I long to preach Christ more experimentally, to be able to speak of that I do know because Christ has shown it unto me. I can conceive no more exalted and joyful calling than that of him who full of Christ by daily and intimate communion with Him labors daily to bring a nation to enjoy the same felicity.

Itu, 12th of February, 1861.

I set out for Itapetanninga in company with Dr. Reinhard January 22nd. I passed a couple of nights in the house of Major Paulino Iris, and "exaltaded Liberal" who blames the Government with the vices and shortcomings of the whole nation, yet has not much faith in the railroad now under construction. In his house I encountered two priests, with the younger and more intelligent of whom, Padre Francisco, I had a controversy on the propriety of putting the Bible in the hands of the people. This led to other points in dispute between Catholics and Protestants. It was pleasant and, as my opponent said, profitable. At his request I sent him a Bible.

On the Sitio of Joao Carlos Nogueiro I passed the greater part of my time. The family I find exceedingly hospitable and warm hearted. The cheer of a hearty welcome was enjoyed here and the table was good though served with little ceremony. But the house was so forlorn, so dirty with its lack of floors and windows and doors, with the entrance of pigs, chickens, dogs, cows, horses and mules, with the crawling about on the earthen floors of black and white babies that it was hard to appreciate their hospitality. I never saw so excellent a family with such means at their command living so wretchedly. Servants about so as to be in the way of each other and boards are lying idle at a saw-mill a hundred yards off, and yet it seems unaccountable such indifference and negligence. Day by day I looked on and marvelled at the way in which that establishment is conducted. When I saw Joao Carlos, one of the best of the Brazilians in heart and in other respects of excellent sense, live so my faith in Brazil and the Brazilians fell. I was an object of curiosity and received

all the honors of a Padre. Many inquiries were made as to the difference between Catholics and Protestants. They evidently thought I was very good though puzzled by my nonobservance of their forms. I overheard Tr. R. insinuate to them that I was a "Santo". I discussed with Senhors Q. and D. the propriety of using ploughs instead of spades.

Omit -(Domingos Lionel Ferreira, a man frank and honest and a good Catholic.)

On the 6th of February I reached Sorocaba and found one box of Bibles awaiting me. I arranged with Senhor Abren to send him a supply of Bibles for Fair times. My other agent Marciano do Silva through the bigario had sent to the Bishop to see whether these books might be sold. He seemed astonished at my disregard of bishops, popes and such like, thinking himself bound as a Catholic to obey them. The bigario professed himself ready to aid in distributing the Bibles if the Bishop would permit. v/

I am now hospitably lodged with the Baron of Perececaba, whom I find a most excellent man. Yesterday I had a most interesting conversation with him on religious topics and found him liberal and well-informed. He is an enemy of all despotism and shows that he has penetrated into the spirit of the Gospel. With his wife and married daughter, now a widow, I had a long and interesting conversation. They seem to me more like Christians in truth than any Brazilians I have talked with. I was glad to see with what excellent good Christian taste the daughter selected the prayers for her own use out of her Mass book.

Itu, 14th of February, 1861.

From the mail brought by the English packet I learned last night that the long impending catastrophe has taken place, one at least of the states has separated from the Union. South Carolina in convention on the 19th of December voted unanimously her separation from the Federal union and made a declaration to the world to this effect. Who can now foresee what is to be the march of events in the States now no longer "united"? Perhaps God in some unimagined way is opening a way to throw off the incubus of slavery, though to the view of man the opposite seems the certain result. I feel a strong conviction that there are purposes for good concealed

in some form under these dark providences.

I am about setting off for Campinas. I made two deposits of Bibles here. No objection was made by those to whom I applied to receive the books but their manners showed some distrust. Yesterday was the last day of the carnival observed by a number of mounted and foot masqueraders traversing the streets, and today Lent commences. There was no meat on the Baron's table saving eggs.

I have had most interesting conversations with the Baron, wife and daughter. They are liberal Catholics. They to a greater extent than any whom I have ever met, choose the good and quietly pass by much of the evil in the teachings of their church.

Campinas, March 3rd, 1861.

I feel more than ever before profoundly convinced of the truth that there is enmity between the human heart and Christ and His Gospel. In Catholicism the very truths which are saving and which direct the soul to Christ are those which are rejected and displaced by those which are an open affront to His honor, and what more than all effects me, all the foreigners, who live here and are nominal Protestants, reject and disbelieve the Gospel. "God exists and His moral law is to be obeyed as well as we can", but Christ's divinity, atonement and salvation are universally denied. There is no help for Brazil with the foreigners who are now mingled among her inhabitants. A shallow, unthinking, unreasoning unbelief has inflicted all of them.

Another truth I understand better - the prominence of faith in the scheme of salvation. It is the foundation of all true religion. The world appeals to all in us that is sensual, the enmity of our hearts inclines us to reject the humbling doctrines of the Cross. Mere beliefs and convictions cannot live and flourish in this atmosphere. To live it is necessary to rise to another, to draw all power from that unknown to sight, from the unseen world and from Jesus the unseen Savior.

Rio, ~~April~~ 17th of June, 1861.
(Santa Theresa)

Much time has passed without a note. Some dates and transactions I need to recall.

About the time of my last entry the question pending as to the definite location of our mission was decided. Mr. B. was in favor of our removal to San Paulo. His plan contemplated my opening a service there and his spending a considerable portion of his time in travelling as a colporteur. Rio was to be abandoned until such time as it too could be occupied. I believed this an exaggeration of the relative importance of Sao Paulo and I could not believe it our duty to leave so wide a field for one so limited. As the labor for some time to come must in a great measure devolve on me I took the responsibility of our continuing here until we had express intimation that such was the will of the Board.

Having about the 1st of May rented a room No. 31 Rua Nova do Ouvidor, I began to give lessons twice a week in English and Portuguese as a means of getting access to the natives and bringing them to attend a Bible class on Sunday. This Bible class was first held May 19th at ~~the~~ 3 P. M. It was with some tremor that I awaited the hour. Two were present and seemed interested. I began with Gospel of Matthew. The next Sabbath three were present, the third more and on the fourth I was surprised to see the room fill up with men and women. It was a most glad-some sight to see so many natives willing to receive religious instruction. On last Thursday in consequence of the desire for instruction I commenced a week day evening service at which seven persons were present. It is with great delight and gratitude that I find the way opening for my preaching the Gospel.

Meanwhile saddening news is coming from the United States. Fort Sumter was attacked by the So. Carolinians April 12th and instantly the country was in a blaze. Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers and proclaimed a blockade of the South. Virginia seceded and the Navy yard at Norfolk and the arsenal at Harper's Ferry were burned to prevent them from falling into Federal hands. All is excitement and the multitude on both sides clam-

orous for war. The funds of the Board are dwindling away and we know not where the disaster will end.

Tomorrow James is expected in the Bearn, possibly he may arrive today. It will be the second anniversary of my sailing from Baltimore in the Banshee and a little more than three years since we separated in Chestnut St., Philadelphia. How far we were then from anticipating such a reunion.

July 19th, 1861.

The arrival of James and its consequences, the preparation of my Portuguese Bible lessons and a trip to Vassouras, have made a busy month.

At 4.30 on June 17th the Bearn came to anchor. I was under the gangway in an instant and the second of the fleet of little boats to mount the side. From a distance I descried James by the reflection of the sun from his fiery whiskers. After personal greetings my first enquiry was for the news from home. ~~The~~ few months which have transpired since Lincoln's election have given an absorbing interest to news from home. Since the revolution which gave existence to our national government until the present rebellion, which aims at its overthrow, there has been no such crisis in our national affairs. I doubted for a time the policy and duty of war, never the constitutional right. Now I am convinced that all agreements (if any are advisable) must be made with arms in the hands of the Government. Another hope does not seem too great to indulge, that is the beginning of the end of slavery. If but this blot can be removed, this incubus lifted from the body of the nation, even if the day be far distant when this end is perfectly attained, it will be a great achievement. It is a day of trial, a day for humbling of national pride, confession of sin and supplication for help from God.

November 25th, 1861.

My regular services on Thursday and Sunday evenings continue though the attendance does not increase. The number varies from three to twenty being usually from six to ten. Three of the regular attendants are entirely dependent upon me for in-

struction. Cordoso gives me great hopes, amounting almost to assurance, that he is a converted man. His understanding and appreciation of Scripture, his tenderness of conscience and reformation of life give evidence of the operation of a divine power changing his heart. Carvalho, the "Ferreiro" is attentive and of apparently a simple mind. How deep may be the impression made upon his mind I cannot tell. His wife has promised to attend when she gets her clothes fit. The other young man who has lately begun attendance is apparently earnest and persuaded of the truth and importance of a spiritual religion.

The last advices from the Mission House announce the appointment of Brother Schneider to labor among the German colonists whose claims I presented.

Early in September Mr. Blackford visited Sau Paulo to make arrangements for our speedy removal thither as had been decided upon. Not finding any house vacant of any sort he returned and proposed that he take the responsibility of deciding to remain in Rio for the present, leaving Sau Paulo for future occupation. I had during his absence written a long letter to the Board urging our separation and the occupation of both points. I meanwhile visiting the United States and putting to press a Commentary on Matthew and other tracts and books as far as expenses can be met. We have therefore united in proposing this course to the Board and in a month we may hear how they have regarded our advice.

I shall never forget with what dismay I read on Monday morning from the Journal do Commercio the news of the defeat and flight of Bull Run. As a finish to the grand chorus in which American newspapers have been so long shouting "Grand Army of the Potomac! On to Richmond!" It was deeply humiliating. And now the hot strife rages from Kansas to Washington and from Baltimore to New Orleans. We are in the hands of the God of Battles.

Rio (Santa Theresa) Dec. 31st, 1861.

The duties of another year badly or well discharged are passed. I have returned from my lesson at Senhor Mello's and

have washed off in a bath the reeking perspiration of this hot night, I am seated in my study to take this note of time.

I have nothing but goodness to record when I think on God's dealings with me during this year. All that concerns me personally may be summed up under mercies received from God and wretched failures in duty on my part. Beyond my expectations I have been permitted to labor directly in preaching the Gospel to the natives. The Providence of God **has** led in the right path, making rough places smooth and giving shape to what was untried and therefore vague. Once year ago and less and I scarcely knew how to take a step towards preaching, now I not only steadily instruct an increasing circle of persons but I am cheered by the persuasion that first fruits have already ripened. I did not in my feebleness of faith expect that my feeble teachings would be so soon honored. Cordoso and Manuel among the natives and Mr. Milford of my own country indulge the hope that they have been born again by the word of the truth ministered by me. This is honor beyond not only my deserts, for I feel I have none, but beyond my faith in God's aid. I am glad and grateful, and here I would raise my Ebenezer, my memorial to the goodness and faithfulness of God and my savior. To Him be all the glory for His it is of right. In Him I would renew my confidence for in Him is strength and abundant support.

I have prayed more for my country during the last year than in my whole former life. If all needed the lesson of dependence upon God as much as I, God's judgments are not in vain. I have seen and do see as I never before did, that God is the savior of nations as well as of individuals and that he can bring the haughty low.

As if more was needed to impress this lesson the steamer just come in announces a war with England as imminent on account of the taking of Slidell and Mason from the English mail steamer near Havana. Never before have I been so distressed at any national calamity. I can scarcely direct my mind sufficiently from the terrible consequences of such an event to sleep at night. Yet God reigns. Whatever may seem to threaten I know that He will not forsake those who do not forsake Him.

January 14th, 1862.

The week of prayer is past. I trust that God's people everywhere lifted up fervent supplications for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that the Kingdom of Christ may be established in the earth in these troublous times. I explained to the Portuguese who attend my service the recommendation to observe this week and the impression produced upon them seemed to be very good.

On Sabbath the 12th we celebrated the Lord's Supper, receiving by the profession of their faith Henry E. Milford, and Cordoso Camillo do Jesus. This is our organization into a church of Jesus Christ in Brazil. It was an occasion for joy and gladness. Far sooner than my weak faith had been expecting God has given us to see the first fruits of our mission gathered in. I felt grateful in some measure though not to the extent which is becoming. The Communion services were conducted by Mr. Schneider and myself in English and Portuguese. Senhor Cordoso at his own request and in accordance with the course judged best by ourselves after much thought and some hesitation, was baptised. His examination was most satisfactory to Mr. S. and myself and left no doubt upon our minds with respect to the reality of his conversion.

God be thanked that our feeble faith has been confirmed by seeing that it is not in vain that we preach the Gospel.

January 20th, 1862.

This morning James left us for Vassouras. I visited the city, [&] Praia Grande, dining with the American club. The steamer's news has been devoured, and though little light is thrown upon the question of war I feel more hopeful. Two more weeks of suspense and the truth will be known. I am twenty-nine years old this day.

Bark Henrietta, March 31st, 1862.

Again I am a voyager on the sea and by so sudden a resolution that I seem scarcely to realize it. On the 7th instant the English mail brought two letters from St. Paul, one bearing the date of December and the other of January, describing

mother's health as declining and advising that I make no unnecessary delay in visiting home. My plans had been to visit the United States near the end of the year when my colleague should have a ready use of the language and be prepared to take my place in conducting all the services I had begun.

This news led me to consider the propriety of setting out for home at once. Looking to the future of our mission and taking in view the plan of occupying both Rio and Sau Paulo, it appeared to me that by going at an earlier date our aims would be accomplished by so much sooner. Upon consultation with Mr. B. and finding him willing to undertake the labor, I decided to take passage by the first opportunity for home.

The thought of seeing friends and native land was delightful, yet even this was checked by the reflection that perhaps the one dearest to me might not be spared to welcome her son. Then too my work left behind and to which my life is devoted, filled my thoughts to such an extent that I could realize the gladness with which missionaries after a visit home return to their mission home well content to live and die there.

Two full weeks have passed since the Sugar Loaf receded from view. James came on board with me at ten o'clock and at eleven we got under way. For a couple of days I was miserable with the rocking of the vessel, and since my recovery patience is tried by our slow progress and by the coarseness and profanity of our Captain. Head winds prevailed for the first ten days succeeded by calms and now we have head winds again. I try to possess my soul in patience. The conversation of the cabin is such that I can take little part and my greatest enjoyment is in seeking a quiet part of the ship to read and meditate. On both the Sundays I have had a Bible class among the sailors and a similar offer was made to the cabin passengers but declined.

Saint Paul, U. S., July 8th, 1862.

The omnibus which takes William to the boat has just left the door. Our family which for the last month has been assembled here, is beginning to disperse and it is not improbable

that so a large reunion may never be enjoyed on earth. Next week John returns to Harrisburg and soon the time for my departure will arrive.

Last night until a late hour we talked of the past and the departed. Each one contributed from the larger or smaller treasures of his memory and so many incidents and recollections were revived and the connection between the present and the past seemed to be complete. It was truly a family meeting for even the departed seemed to be with us. And as William led in family worship, beseeching God to remember His covenant made with us of old and to hear and answer all the prayers offered in our behalf and in behalf of those who should come after us, it was felt by all that the memory of our pious ancestry was blessed. "God is not the God of the dead but of the living". He was and is their God and with Christ in Him their life is hid.

It was proposed that a historian for the family be appointed, and by common consent William was named. The design is to put in a permanent form for our own gratification a historical sketch of our family and family connections, and to save from oblivion interesting facts which in the natural course of things will soon be forgotten.

It was 4 A.M. before I fell asleep or could dismiss the delightful thoughts excited by our conference. The thought of God as reigning and as the refuge of His people was very precious. Whether it be life or death all is cheerful when the soul feels itself resting on the promises of God in Christ. Here is rest for the soul and in vain is it sought elsewhere. It is a blessed thing in such a world as this to have a hope so cheering and so sure an anchorage, so firm and immovable.

84 West Monument St., Dec. 24th, 1862.

The last week of the old year is begun, a time favorable for retrospection. In my quarters at Mrs. Smith's I sit down to review the time that has past since I made my last entry in this now slighted journal. Then I was in St. Paul, Minn.

When my visit in that quarter was drawing to a close I received an invitation from Dr. Backus to supply his pulpit dur-

ing the vacation he proposed taking. I considered it best to consent and set out accordingly on the 17th of July. As I bade good-bye to Jane and the children to go to the boat, I began again to taste the experience of leave-taking, and now the probabilities were increased of our never meeting again. It was and is still a source of deep regret to me that I could spend so short a time in my Minnesota home. The trip was somewhat tedious though relieved by interesting conversations with a young priest of St. Paul and a lawyer of Dubuque. We were too late for the evening train at Dan-leith, a detention in which I recognized a kind providence when I found that train next morning lying at the foot of an embankment, the track having been washed away by a flood.

On Monday I went on to Jacksonville, Ill., and in the evening addressed an audience of about three hundred persons in the largest Portuguese church of Jacksonville. I never saw^a people more delighted and surprised than they were to hear an American speak their own language. I urged upon them as strongly as I could that it was their duty to remember their countrymen who are destitute of the Gospel and that they should give their sons and daughters to go and teach them the true way of life.

At Harrisburg I spent a day reaching Baltimore on Saturday and putting up with W. D. Canfield until I got admittance to my present quarters in the family of Mrs. Smith.

Until the end of August I was a fixture in Baltimore pleasantly employed supplying the pulpit of the First church. The weather was extremely oppressive and I suffered as much from the heat as I have ever done in Brazil.

After being relieved by the return of Dr. Backus I visited Washington, and as it chanced, I was within hearing of the battles of Pope before Washington. One day was given to a pilgrimage to Mt. Vernon. On Friday, the day of one of Pope's engagements, Mrs. Casey and myself crossed the Potomac, rode to Alexandria along the line of forts and out as far as Fairfax Seminary. There for the first time in my life I saw some thing of war. All was movement and there was great confusion. Army wagons and squads of straggling soldiers filled the roads and regiments of new troops were marching into the forts to put them in a posture of defense in case

Pope should be defeated. From the top of the Seminary clouds of dust were seen rising for miles to the westward showing the forward march of the reinforcements and supply trains of the army. Before me lay the great conflict that had so long filled my thoughts. I had revolved its issues six thousand miles away in the land of the cocoa and the palm, had speculated about it as I was tossing for nearly two months upon the ocean and cut off from all possibility of hearing news of it, and now every sight and sound told me that I was near the theatre of action at one of its critical turns. The impulse was strongly upon me to push on and throw the weight of my arm into the scales in which my country was even then being weighed.

On Saturday afternoon a request was made for volunteer nurses to go out to the field of battle and as then represented, the field of victory. Judge Casey with whom I staid went, and I only remained because of an engagement to preach on Sunday evening for Dr. Gurley. It was a great disappointment to me but the event proved that it was as well I did not go. The train returned after learning that the engagement of Saturday had left the field in the enemy's hands. It was a time long to be remembered. The reports of cannonading were repeatedly heard in Washington and the city was full of excitement and rumors of the most painful character. And then the hospitals full of the wounded, with strings of ambulances discharging their mangled freight ! Even the Capitol was put in readiness to receive a thousand patients.

Returning to Baltimore I spent a few days in the midst of an excitement as intense though less demonstrative than that of Washington. The Rebel army was now in Maryland and reported as marching on Baltimore or else bound for Harrisburg. Dr. Dickson, fearful of an outbreak in Baltimore, required his daughters to keep their trunks packed in readiness to go North at an hour's notice, and he was anxious that I should stay to be their escort.

Meanwhile the militia of Pennsylvania had been ordered but and on going on to Harrisburg, I was just in time to see the first regiment form and set out for Chambersburg. In one of the companies John was a high private ! For ten days all was commotion in Harrisburg. Every half hour by day or night companies of mil-

itia from all parts of the state came flocking in, camping on the Capitol grounds and remaining long enough to get their arms and equipments, then hurrying off down the Cumberland Valley. Soon came the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, followed by the retreat of Lee's army across the Potomac.

By agreement with Thomas I went from Harrisburg to Williamsport and thence to Elmira to meet him on his way East to pay a visit to his friends. Together we visited Goshen, New York, Morristown, Harrisburg and Baltimore, enjoying to the full the rare opportunity thus given us for recreation and social enjoyment. The hour of parting came at last; just as had been the case nearly four years before, Thomas rose in the night and bidding me farewell, took his departure for his Western home and left me with my face turned towards the South. These few weeks of fraternal intercourse shall not soon be forgotten.

After the departure of Thomas I returned to my old quarters at Mrs. Smith's where I now write. Christmas was spent most happily at the Murdoch's.

Williamsport, January 3rd, 1863.

A New Year is begun. 1862 is now passed into the province of history. After a warning of one hundred days the President issued on January 1st, Thursday, a Proclamation giving freedom to all slaves in the rebellious states, excepting all the border states. It is probable that this act is offensive to the majority of voters even in the loyal states. All the Democrats are full of forebodings ^{of evil} from it. Many who were warm supporters of the administration now denounce it bitterly. As for myself, I confess that the problem of our political destiny is too complex for me to solve. I can plainly see and could picture strongly the peril of either interfering with slavery or of letting it alone, I do not anticipate peace and quiet so long as our present slave system is continued. It is a system crying to heaven for judgments, and sooner or later these judgments will come. I have not doubted from the first that the controversy which God has with us as a nation has respect to slavery. There must be some way found for its abolition. Now the President as a measure

of war guarantees freedom to all slaves within the limits of those states. Who can say that this measure is not destined to precipitate the great consummation so devoutly to be wished ?

Yet the consequences of this act cannot be calculated. If the proclamation goes into practical effect a stupendous revolution is upon us. We are called upon to face difficulties which cast portentous shadows across the path of our national progress. The peace and quiet of the past is broken up, the appalling question is upon us, what shall be done with the negro race ? Besides the inherent difficulties of the question there is to be encountered the opposition of the border states and of the democratic party every where.

I do not look for extensive risings of the slaves as a result of the Proclamation unless the armies of the Union penetrate the interior of the cotton states. If the number of those who get their freedom becomes very great some system of colonization or apprenticeship will be forced upon the government. Perhaps the regions beyond the Mississippi may be chosen for this purpose.

God reigns and into His hands I commit the issues of 1863. He is evidently dealing with this nation, and man's extremity is the time He chooses for the execution of His grand purposes. That temporary calamities are in prospect seem clear. My hope is that these are the appointed means of our national regeneration.

84 West Monument St., Baltimore, Feb. 23rd, 1863.

I am still engaged supplying the church of Ellicott's Mills and awaiting an event of the profoundest personal interest. On January 28th, after many questionings of her fitness, Helen Furdock consented to an engagement of marriage with me and March 19th has been named for our wedding day. We have sought for divine guidance and are both cheerful in the assurance that God's covenant is with us. To myself my future home in Brazil presents itself in bright colors. I have longed for an atmosphere of love, of sympathy and of ^a healthy moral and intellectual tone such as in Brazil is alone found in the domestic circle where a true wife reigns. To God I give my gratitude that He has grace, courage and

love for me in the heart of her to whom I have given my affections so that she is ready to forsake friends, home and native land to share my life and labors.

Bark Cricket, June 10th, 1863.

Time is slipping by unnoted though events of interest are not wanting. Now that there is ample leisure for such a task, let me at least leave on these pages some trace of the last four months.

Thursday March 19th came on apace. William arrived in Baltimore on Monday evening and on Wednesday, John and Uncle William. The evening was pleasantly spent by all at Mr. Murdoch's. Uncle William by invitation took up quarters there. William was accommodated with me and John staid at the Eutaw House. On Thursday at twelve Will, John and I drove out, John and I spending the hour intervening our arrival and the ceremony in making our toilets. We had a merry time with his bantering and my efforts to be perfectly composed. At last a tap on the door announced that we were wanted and going out we met Helen in the midst of her sisters. Preceded by some and followed by others we descended to the parlor and made our way to the presence of Dr. Backus. The ceremony was beautiful and impressive. Then an hour was consumed in receiving the congratulations of friends who to the number of about ninety were collected to see us married. Every thing passed off in such a manner as to bring from all quarters expressions of praise.

After a collation for which **only** the families remained, Mr. Murdoch, Annie, John, Helen and I drove to the Philadelphia depot, and by the 5 P. M. train we, in company with John, went to Philadelphia putting up at the St. Lawrence Hotel. Here we remained until Monday visiting objects of interest in the city, receiving and paying calls. On Monday afternoon by invitation we went over to Camden and staid with Rev. L. C. Backus until Wednesday morning.

At an early hour on Wednesday we went on to Princeton to spend a day. Here Helen was delighted with every thing, the grave-

yard, the college, the seminary and the friends she made. We took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Cameron finding there to meet us Professor Guyot. On Thursday we dined with Professor Green and immediately after took the cars for New York, putting up at the Brandreth House. On Saturday in a snow storm we reached Goshen, finding Uncle William waiting for us at the depot. On Sabbath morning I preached and in the evening listened to Uncle William who has lost none of his pulpit talent, preaching by his own testimony as well at sixty-six years of age as he has ever done. The next two days were passed almost wholly within doors owing to the fury of a snow storm. On Wednesday with Aunt S. who does not lose any of her peculiarities with age we went to New York, going to Astoria and the house of J. C. Lowrie.

Here we were domiciled for a week whose incidents were sight-seeing until Helen took a bad cold. We arrived at Harrisburg on Monday and remained until Thursday, receiving numerous calls from friends and acquaintances. We reached Baltimore after an absence of four weeks. Here we remained making abortive efforts to get from Rio merchants support for an English chapel in Rio, until the entrance of the Cricket. Here we are tossing lazily upon the bosom of the ocean in the "Horse Latitudes". Our departure was preceded by a week's visiting in Williamsport and Harrisburg and the bustle of buying and packing personal and household stuffs for life and housekeeping in our new home.

We sailed on Saturday May 23rd, being accompanied to the ship by Mr. Murdoch, Mr. and Mrs. Lind, Dr. Backus, Tillie, Dr. Dickson. Five days were spent in efforts to get to sea and at last on Friday the 29th we got free of the Capes and discharged our pilot. For the first six days our progress was rapid, the motion of the ship giving to Helen occasional uneasiness and keeping me for two days so nauseated as to be unfit for any enjoyment or employment. When this wind abated light breezes and delightful days succeeded, days easily filled up with walking, talking or reading on deck. Lane, Helen and I have finished together Mitchell's Bible Astronomy which treats of a great subject in a popular style.

The last two Sundays have been pleasant days, and with the consent of Capt. Wingate, I have held a service in the cabin. About one half of the sailors attend. They are quiet, orderly and respectable men, and under the kind but efficient discipline of the Captain and mates, everything moves on smoothly. The Cricket is in this respect a vast improvement upon either of the former vessels in which I have sailed.

Off Cape St. Augustine, July 7th, 1863.

On the 13th of June I was called on deck by Mr. Lane to see the Lapwing which we had left tied to Brown's wharf under orders to follow us in a week. Strange to say she overhauled us one thousand miles at sea, coming so near that we sent our boat to her for the news. Helen had already retired, but on the return of the first mate, Dill, with letters, I got a candle, and together we discussed our budget containing letters from Mr. and Mrs Murdoch, Annie and Eliza. The circumstances under which we received these letters were novel and gave no little zest to them.

For four or five days the two vessels kept company and then separated, each anxious to be the first to reach Rio. These were days of slow sailing and delicious weather, flying rapidly and pleasantly, spent by us on deck. The Line was crossed early on the morning of July 4th. The day was beautiful and the only honors we could do it being for Helen to put on her best sea frock and for us both to broach a bottle of good sherry provided by Mr. Murdoch for this patriotic purpose. On the afternoon of Sunday July 5th the rocky island of Fernando de Noronha came in view and received the usual amount of staring given by sea voyagers to the first land that comes in sight. Helen and I had a Bible class on the forecastle

deck which was attended by several of the sailors.

And now as the Cricket hops merrily over the waters we are promising ourselves a sight of Cape Frio early next week and soon after a reunion with our friends. Never have I been so comfortable at sea, every thing is well regulated and ordered.

Santa Teresa, Rio, July 27th, 1863.

After coming in sight of Sugar Loaf on the 14th a blow from the South West began beating us off and not allowing us to drop anchor in the harbor until 7.30 P. M. of the 16th. It was with a glad and thankful heart that we heard the order given "let go your anchor."

Helen and I after visiting the market walked up to Santa Teresa, encountering Mr. Schneider by the way. Lille was the first to greet us on entering the house and such was the rush and tumult of her feelings that she could scarcely command herself.

On Sabbath the 19th I preached in English in the morning and in the evening I followed Mr Blackford's sermon with a brief address. The room was crowded and the attention fixed. It was a sight cheering to the soul and I felt rejoiced to be back and at work.

Silva Manuel 30 A, Rio, Sept. 12th, 1863.

We are now fairly installed in our own house and have formally begun housekeeping. On the 8th we rented a house and on the 9th began to move. Helen and I passing the night in our new quarters, Mr. and Mrs. Blackford and Schneider remaining up on Santa Teresa. Next day the moving continued and by five o'clock the whole family sat down to their first meal under our new roof. It had been prepared under difficulties by Helen but was relished by all.

We now are fairly settled in life, Lille and Mr. B. for the remainder of their stay living with us as we before did with them. It is with gratitude for past kindnesses and in implicit reliance for future direction and protection that we assume the responsible position that now falls to us. We have asked God to direct us and to order all things which concern us in such a way

as to promote His glory and our welfare. In Him do we put our trust.

From the first I have been impressed with the importance of living nearer the work to be done so as to be accessible to any who wish to call upon me. The present location accomplishes this desire in a good measure and yet does not threaten a sacrifice of health. Another advantage secured is the possibility of dispensing with a horse and of Helen's going to the service even in the heat of the season. The house is larger and the rent higher than is desirable but while the size of the house is a great advantage by way of comfort and coolness, the rent will scarcely exceed the former rent augmented by the expense of keeping a horse.

The Portuguese services are most interesting. On the 9th of August our Communion was held. Five were received on profession, of whom four were Brazilians, and three on certificate from other churches. It was a joyful occasion, particularly so to me for I recalled my first landing and the feeble beginnings of the work. The increase in our audience made necessary the hiring of a new room. An agreement was made by which it was understood that the Americans pay for its renting and fit it up in better style in consideration of the continuance of the English service. After all had been arranged I received a note written by Mr. Davis of such a character as showed conclusively that it would not do for us to occupy a room hired and fitted up by them as a place for an American service. Our former understanding was therefore annulled and I rented a room Rua do Cano Nr. 72, which is capable of holding a hundred and fifty persons.

Last Sabbath the 6th the Sunday School was begun with seven children present, three English, two Germans, and two Brazilians. We hope that it may be blessed and prove a blessing.

Oct. 6th, 1863.

This day Mr. B. and my sister left us to occupy Sao Paulo as a new station in connection with our Mission. It is an important date in the history of our Mission, coming as it does to multiply our responsibilities.

Upon Mr. Schneider and myself now devolves the responsibilities of the work in Rio. God grant us grace to do it well. Mr. B. undertakes a work of responsibility, to begin to teach Christ under the walls of the University of Sau Paulo.

In coming to this decision he and I, so far as I know, have been governed by the same considerations, have put the same interpretation upon the leadings of God's providence in this matter.

Upon my arrival in Rio on the 17th of July I found Mr. Schneider awaiting my coming. The facts which he gave and which we could gather from other sources, convinced us that his return to his former field gave no promise of good results. This necessity of providing for him some situation where he would not be thrown too much on his own resources made it evident that Mr. B. should occupy Sau Paulo. We see the finger of Providence pointing him in that direction and indicating to us that here is our work. If God should see fit to order a change in the disposition of our forces may^{no} _^cherished views on our part hide from us the purpose of God.

I cannot help feeling some concern and ^xanxiety about my fitness for what is before me. At present the responsibility is almost wholly upon me as Mr. Schneider is disposed too much to lean upon me in most things. I am sometimes perplexed at my relations with him. To God I would commit all uncertainties.

Sabbath the 4th of October I celebrated the Lord's Supper. Four were baptised and publicly received.

January 1st, 1864.

For the first time I have written 1864, the New Year upon which we are entering. In the United States war continues to rage. Alternate victories and defeats are the lot of the contending parties, yet the results of the year are quite favorable to the Government. The opening of the Mississippi, the repulsion of Lee, the restoration of confidence in the Administration and the prominent Generals, and the issues of the elections are favorable to a successful termination of the war. Yet if such an event is near at hand it must come as the result of the exhaustion of the South. They have not been conquered in the field.

I am again at my post, now a married man, and if hopes do not flatter, destined soon to know what it is to be a father. I do feel that I have ever reason to be full of gratitude to God for His goodness to me is most marked. I am as happy as I can hope to be in this world. To Him be thanks given from the depths of a heart full of the experience of His bounty.

The building of a Chapel or Church, the removal of Mr. Schneider to the province of Sau Paulo and the supplying of his place are now the events at hand.

March 19th, 1864.

It is the first anniversary of our marriage, a day of pleasant recollections and grateful feelings. A year of blessing almost unmixed has past, calling for warm gratitude to God and penitent confessions of unworthiness and unfaithfulness.

James arrived yesterday from Vassouras to spend his Easter vacation and this morning we all visited our new house on Castle Hill. We are delighted at the prospect of living so comfortably and economically in so healthy a locality and so near our work. I welcome this as another good gift of Providence.

Castle Hill, Sunday 19th of June, 1864.

Our first child is just born at eleven o'clock and it is now twenty-five minutes past. God be praised for His goodness. He heard and answered our prayers and I will praise Him for His goodness. The remembrance of Helen's sufferings is yet too vivid to permit me to think of the child.

Tuesday, June 28th, 1864.

God be merciful to me now for the deep waters have now come in upon me. Helen lies in her coffin in the little parlor. God has taken her so suddenly that I walk as in a dream.

July 1st, 1864.

I have just returned from a short walk with Chamberlain. How changed is all around me and within me. Yet the Lord has afflicted me and I must be still. I do feel that He has also upheld me so that I have not been utterly overcome. Unless I do bow

submissively under this blow I feel that it must harden me. My God and Savior keep me and my little Helen. Poor little thing. I am not yet conscious of more than caring for her.

Though so sudden I am rejoiced to know that death found my dear wife ready. She was diffident and distrustful of self, slow to express assurance of her being in Christ, yet in the hour of trial she was calm and peaceful. When at 3 A. M. I returned from the doctor she asked "How am I?" Conceal nothing from me." I told her my fears. She said "Pray for me" but added quickly "no, I will pray for myself." Quietly and calmly she prayed in language nearly this: "Lord Jesus I come to Thee, not that I have any worthiness, I feel I have none. Have mercy upon me and receive me, Lord Jesus." I then prayed as I could. Soon after she said "I believe I want to go." During my absence she said to Louisa, who was crying "Louisa, Don't be concerned I am ready." I bless God that the suddenness of this blow has not bereft me of precious words of consolation and of this testimony that her Savior was with her in the dark valley. "God is not the God of the dead but of the living," is a scripture that is very precious to me now more than ever. The union of all saints to Christ, and through Him with the Father, and their communion with one another, are facts full of consolation.

July 5th, 1864.

One week of loneliness is past. I live in the memories of my wife who is taken from me and in the care of the dear baby she has left. May He who has afflicted me help me to bear the burden now laid upon me. Often in dwelling upon passages of Scripture treating of the description of suffering I have wondered at my exemption. I have said to Helen that my lot seemed to be exceptional and now it has come. Just when my cup of earthly happiness was full, the source of the greater part of the purest of my joys is taken from me. Every waking moment tells me of my loss. I feel a void which nothing can fill save God alone. Thanks be to His name that I can pray to Him in the assurance that He is my Father and cares for me. How precious are His promises and the hopes of immortal pleasures at His right hand.

July 31st, 1864.

This evening my little one was baptised at Rua do Regente 42 A. It was the occasion of the celebration of the Lord's Supper in Portuguese. Only one burden rested upon me, a burden I must bear without murmuring for God who is so good, whose love is the source of all joy, whose promise of eternal life alone gives me strength to live, has laid it upon me. How we had talked of the baptism of our little one when Mr. Blackford came, of her name, Mary Cole. How different is all. Helen Murdoch is only left to me in this babe. Yet as I spoke at the Communion table of the participation of the saints above my loss did not seem total. Thanks be to God for a hope that is not dumb and hopeless in the presence of death. Yes, thanks to Him who died and rose again for the firm belief that these natural feelings so wholly rebellious against what has happened do not tell the whole truth; that ~~there~~ there is balm even for such wounds as these. Heaven is the home of the believer, it is my home. All that is dearest to me is there : Father, Mother, Sister and Wife - Jesus is there.

August 13th, 1864.

On the eleventh Mr. Blackford sailed returning to his post of labor. Yesterday was the anniversary of my landing in Rio for the first time. Five years have fled bringing with them a wonderful mixture of joys and bitter sorrows and leaving me not as they found me, but with a profounder experience of the emptiness of the earth, and I hope, more of the discipline requisite for a life in the service of God above. Grace to be faithful and earnest in the work of life is my present prayer and rest above my only certain anticipation. I sometimes in this spirit come very near to God and feel the burden lifted. I have found refuge in time of trouble.

October 6th, 1864.

The Santo Maria is at anchor and we are awaiting the entrance of Mr. Blackford and the Padre who has been so much in our thoughts and conversation for months past. He has decided to leave Rome and obey the Gospel. Our hopes are high that God has chosen him for a great work in Brazil. May he have the teaching of the spirit

and soundness in the faith.

Letters have arrived from Baltimore, written after the news had been received of little Helen's birth, full of joy and satisfaction. And now today I shall no doubt receive others in answer to those telling of our bereavement. I am thankful that I shall hear from them in the future knowing all. The next arrival will doubtless bring a reply to the proposal made that some one be sent to take charge of the baby.

This last month I have been feeling so unwell and disturbed that application became almost impossible. I spent a week in the country, visiting and preaching at Brandon and spending a day in Vassouras with James. I am now much better and can apply myself with ease and success to my duties. I suppose much of this is mental. As a natural effect of being for many weeks taxed by painful experiences, my mind was untuned. Oh ! how I have questioned myself day and night as to whether I had done all that might have been done for my dear wife's safety during confinement. I did all that seemed to be best. If we acted unwisely God is yet merciful and knows that it was through ignorance. I can only cast myself upon Him beseeching Him to give me peace of mind, resignation to His will, devotion to His cause and grace to be faithful.

We had Communion last Sabbath, admitted Joao Marques de Mendenca, a black.

October 26th, 1864.

I received on the 6th a large packet of letters full of the warmest and tenderest expressions of sympathy for me in my great affliction. Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch, Alice, Annie and Eliza, all wrote me a few lines bearing a most precious testimony to the support given to them and to their affection for me. They seem in a measure to forget themselves in thinking of me. Never have any letters so moved me as these. I have also received delightful letters from William, John, Dr. Lowrie and Dr. Dickson and Jennie Beaver.

Mr. Blackford and Padre José came the same day and since we have had busy times. Last Sabbath he made a public profession of

his faith and was baptised by Mr. Blackford. It was a solemn sight. After the ceremony was over I made a few remarks and then he in most appropriate and forcible language explained the step he had taken.

Yesterday morning Santos Neves de Quintano came up to our house to receive the original for the first number of the Imprensa Evangelica, a weekly paper we have resolved to undertake. I feel more the responsibility that attaches to this step than any thing else that has yet been undertaken. We first knelt in prayer and committed our enterprise and ourselves to divine control and direction. The way seems to be prepared and we can only go forward boldly.

Morro do Castello, Nov. 26th, 1864.

It is stormy without and I am entirely alone within having chosen to spend this night in my own house as it is the preparation for the Sabbath and I wanted to be alone. The week has been spent among my friends so that I feel that I am suffering for lack of quiet and privacy.

On Monday the 21st I parted with my baby on the Santa Maria which sailed for Santos. I left her asleep on a blanket spread on the floor of the cabin. Today the vessel returned bringing me a letter from my sister telling of their arrival in Sau Paulo. The baby is well.

My thoughts this week have been deeply concerned with providing some means for my living here. All is yet uncertain, yet I do not feel great concern, the Lord will provide. Captain Baldwin who appears another man since his wife's death proposes our keeping house together.

A letter from Padre José today who is so depressed by his nervous sufferings that death would be a welcome relief from suffering. I can only commit him to God who can heal.

The Imprensa Evangelica has given me great anxiety. It was begun by the Padre, myself and Mr. Blackford; assuming the editorship of it leaving to Neves de Quintano the management of the business part of it. It was designed to issue it as a weekly. A

very few days sufficed to show the folly of such a course and the certainty of our becoming involved in a heavy loss unless we got the whole management of it. Pressed with the difficulties of housekeeping and the necessity of making provision for the baby, and the concern felt about the Imprensa, I felt in a good measure overdone and broken down. Two numbers have been issued. I have recovered my health and tone of mind and am more trustful and hopeful. The Lord will provide and direct is now my song and my trust.

Nr. 2 Praia do Botafogo, Dec. 13th, 1864.

I am most comfortably fixed in my home and enjoy more of what is desirable in a home than I expected to find by any arrangement. My removal took place on the 1st, Cardoso assisting. One cartload of furniture was brought with me, many articles of furniture and all table ware remained with Mrs. Clark who has taken the old house, and the remaining articles are stored in one of George Davis's rooms. I felt sick at heart at breaking up, depressed to an unusual degree, perhaps in a measure owing to not being well. The same evening James arrived from Vassouras to spend his vacation and we now take sea baths regularly together. With the greater quiet and leisure I have enjoyed since coming here, together with sea bathing, I have nearly regained my former health.

On Sabbath the 4th I gave notice of the discontinuance of the English service on account of other duties and urged all present to attend at the English chapel. The announcement took some by surprise and seemed by most to be sincerely regretted.

January 11th, 1865.

While Captain Baldwin and Mr. Price are carrying on a very profitless discussion of Union and Disunion in front of my window, I sit down to take a note of the past year.

Looking over the face of the world 1864 cannot be called very eventful. In the United States the contest has been more furious than ever and unless it be the exhaustion of the South the advantages gained by the general Government have not been de-

cisive. Grant has spent the whole campaign between the Rapidan and Richmond and it yet a problem whether he can take it.

The principal success as usual has been in the West where Sherman has taken Atlanta after a most remarkable campaign, and soon after he started with the main part of his army for the East, no one knowing his destination. All eyes are upon him and it is expected that the next steamer will bring stirring news from him. The greatest event of the war is the re-election of Lincoln.

In my own interior life the changes wrought by this year are indescribable. One year ago I had a home in Silva Manuel and scarcely a wish of an earthly kind ungratified. In my work and the loving companionship of dear Helen I had all that my fondest dreams had pictured of quiet deep contentment. We had together talked of home, of friends there, and said to each other that with none could we choose to exchange.

Now all is changed. God has mysteriously taken away my chief stay. I still ask myself why, without being able to reply. I pray for grace.

May 2nd, 1865, in Sau Paulo.

In company with James I came on to Sau Paulo arriving late in the night of the 22nd of February. Soon the household was in a stir and baby in my arms. Only a glance was requisite to assure me of her physical welfare and favorable development. Her full ruddy face and plump body and limbs showed that she had enjoyed vigorous health and lacked for nothing. Her shyness soon gave way to my attempts to please her and she soon became so fond of me as to come to me from even the nurse's or my sister's arms.

Until the 9th of March we enjoyed a family reunion, all the more in view of the fact that James was about to leave us in a few days for France. Lille and I bade him good-bye on the morning of the 9th.

On March 28th Mr Chamberlain and I set off upon a missionary tour in the interior of this province, stopping for a few days at Cachoeira where I married a German party. In Campinas I visited an old friend, Dr. Reinhart, who has conceived at last an aversion to life as it is and must be in the interior of Brazil.

Were it not that he is anchored by marriage to a woman who weighs two hundred and fifty pounds and has around him a large family, he would return to the United States. I formerly quoted him as about the only American naturalized in Brazil !

One of my principal aims in taking this journey was to confer with Brother Schneider concerning his work and to form some opinion as to his usefulness in his field.

Ten days was spent in Brotos and much good as I trust accomplished. A Capuchin friar had just finished a protracted meeting and the friends of the Gospel were somewhat intimidated. I held my first meetings on the plantation of Antonio Gouvea at which a number of the neighbors were present. Then meetings were held in the house of Antonio in the village. The attendance was better than we expected and the effect of the expositions of Scripture was manifest. Nearly all who came, and among them were some of the principal men of the village were gained over as friends. I never so realised the excellence of the Gospel and its perfect suitableness to convince and save those who are earnest in the wish to know the truth. The interest of these days in explaining truth, answering objections, etc. was most absorbing. I found more of heart and religious earnestness in this community and conceived greater hopes of the rapid propagation of the Gospel in Brazil.

Were there a pastor in this community by God's blessing a church could readily be gathered.

I reached home on the night of the 25th of April. I found baby with two new teeth and able to walk. I have truly great reason to be grateful for the goodness of God to me in respect to my child.

News from home fill us with anticipations and hopes that the war is near its end. God grant it.

Sau Paulo, December 31st, 1866.

My long neglected book of private record is again opened before me and the old year is running its last sands. My little Helen after playing with her "dinner set" and holding "church"

after her baby fashion, is in bed. Mr. Blackford and my sister have retired and I have just arranged with Sr. Conceicao that he shall prepare for publication a defense of his course in abandoning the Romish church. Outside the rain falls in torrents and around all is favorable for a quiet review of the past.

Looking to the opposite page I see that it was written here upon the eve of my return to my post in Rio. I found on my arrival that Capt. Baldwin's establishment had broken up and that Mr. Blackford had rented for me a house upon the hill to which the Rua Princeza Imperial leads. Here I found Blackford, Baldwin and Sr. Conceicao in the midst of my furniture (which had been left stored in the upper rooms of G. M. Davis.) All was confusion. I had pretty nigh resolved with myself not to attempt housekeeping and here it was thrust upon me. With little heart and knowing that some change would soon be necessary I set to work with Quitano, the black Mr. Blackford had hired, to order the house.

Soon came the news of the close of the war; first the surrender of Lee's army, then of the death of President Lincoln. This I heard first from Mr. Ledgewood at the corner of Direita and Ouvidor as a rumor. Together we hurried to the Exchange and thence to the American Consulate. None wished to believe what yet seemed to be true. When it was no longer possible to doubt I was requested to preach a sermon to the Americans upon the occasion. I consented and with only one day for preparation wrote a sermon which was delivered to the largest meeting of Americans I have seen in Rio, and it was afterwards published.

With Sr. Conceicao at times so disturbed as not to know what he was doing, with the editing of the Imprensa Evangelica and preaching, I had plenty to do under the difficulties of lack of quiet and home comforts. Finding it impossible to keep house in this style I made arrangements with Madame Ebert to take charge and rented No. 12 S. Christina and once more moved. I lived here with more comfort and quiet, paying at the close of the year my usual visit to Sao Paulo.

Little Helen was again shy but some presents I had with me soon attracted her and before one day had passed she was nowhere so happy as with me.

During this visit, when Mr. Schneider arrived, Presbytery was organized and Sr. Conceicao ordained.

In June, Lille and my little Helen arrived in Rio and with their advent a new change took place in my household. Mrs. Ebert's housekeeping was not approved of and she therefore left me, renting a house of her own. During her stay my sister was at the head of the house. At the end of the month Mr. Blackford, Sr. Conceicao and Mr Chamberlain arrived and the second meeting of the Presbytery of Rio de Janeiro was held. Mr. Chamberlain was examined and ordained. This meeting was very pleasant and profitable to all who attended. Also were elected and ordained as elders of the Rio church Mr. Esher and Sr. Perestrello.

The meeting of Presbytery past my sister, Helen and Mr. Blackford returned to Sao Paulo. A few days after, anticipating the arrival of the Schneiders as agreed upon, I rented another house in the city, 56 Rua dos Invalidos. Here first with Maria for housekeeper, then Cecilia, a slave from the same house, and lastly Manuel, a raw Portuguese, I got along as best I could until September 21st when Mr. and Mrs. Schneider arrived.

1866 has gone, the year so long named by students of Prophecy as the date of the probable downfall of the Pope. And indeed it seems as if the Papacy has received a death blow. Austria is humbled to the dust, Italy has incorporated Venice with her other territory, and today possibly the Pope may be virtually a prisoner in Rome without more than a shadow of temporal power. Europe has undergone a more radical and far-reaching revolution than any since the French Revolution. God reigns and His purposes shall be accomplished.

In the retrospect of my own life during the year now closed I feel self-condemned. I can point to some labor performed as best I could but have I progressed heavenwards? Here it is that I feel myself lacking. I cannot get beyond the prayer of the publican: "God be merciful to me a sinner." Shall it be always thus with me? The very press and activity of my outer life has hindered my communion with Him to whom this service is paid. How often have my devotions been formal and hurried, or disturbed by thoughts of plans for the day! And sins often confessed and bewailed have as-

serted their power over me. Oh !. for a baptism of fire to consume my dross; oh, for a heart wholly Christ's !