Men of the Burning Heart

IVEY ❧ DOW ❧ DOUB

BY

Marion Timothy Plyler
Alva Washington Plyler

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MEN OF THE BURNING HEART

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MEN OF THE BURNING HEART

Ivey—Dow—Doub

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By

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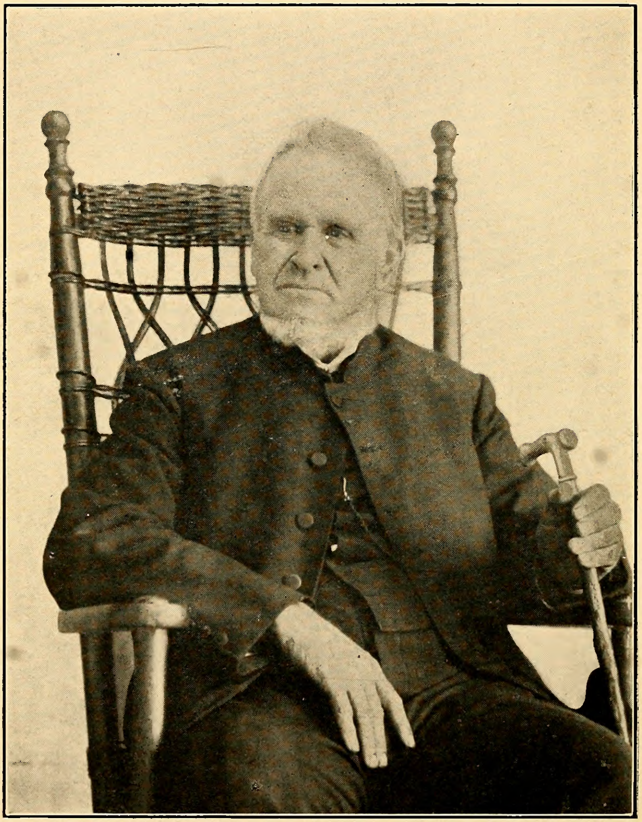
PREFACE

The life-story of Ivey, Dow, and Doub must be of continued interest and value to all who appreciate heroic and unselfish service in men whose hearts burn with a master passion for God and humanity.

Though separated in time and place and strikingly unlike in personal characteristics and temperament, these men responded to one common impulse. Each one is somewhat typical of a class. George Washington Ivey holds a high place among the golden-hearted who have spent their lives in the obscurity of the country circuit; Lorenzo Dow rides well to the front of those gospel messengers whose long journeys carried them to the borders of human habitation; Peter Doub shines as a star of the first magnitude among the sturdy Methodist itinerants in an age that cared little for men in soft raiment. A prophet's message and a preacher's conscience kept each to his distinctive task on the long, unbroken journey. Hearts aflame could not rest.

The study of the Circuit-Rider of Knightly Soul and of the Sturdy Itinerant has been made by Marion Timothy Plyler. The story of the life and wanderings of The Gospel Ranger has been told by Alva Washington Plyler. Although most of the sketch of Peter Doub appeared in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, it is thought worthy of a place with the records of these other men of God who with unflagging zeal served so well their generation.

JUNE, 1918.



George Washington Ivey

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GEORGE WASHINGTON IVEY

CIRCUIT-RIDER OF KNIGHTLY SOUL

GEORGE WASHINGTON IVEY

I

THE IVEY ANCESTRY

For a full half century among the plain yeomanry of Western North Carolina, moved a brave yet gentle circuit rider with body of oak and heart of gold, known to thousands at his death as "Uncle Ivey," but known to us as George Washington Ivey. Without a break and without a stain, that strong body and knightly soul passed through fifty-two years of devoted service filled with heroic deeds and heaven-born aspiration. No road was too rough, no day was too cold, and no congregation was too small to keep back this itinerant Methodist preacher; and he went with a cruse of well beaten oil. But better still, at all times, George Washington Ivey was so genuine and true that men trusted him without reserve and received him again and again as a man sent from God. The common people heard him gladly, and quoted his words long after he had passed on. Even unto this day, in places where he labored, St. Paul is not quoted so often as he.

A body built for strength, nearly six feet in height, slightly stooped and weighing about two hundred pounds; a large, full, square-built face, with high arched forehead and deep-set eyes, a wide mouth, and a ruddy countenance, betokening health and fine vigor, differentiated George Washington Ivey from the crowd. Once he moved and spoke his individuality became the more pronounced. The tones of his voice and the unexpected turn of a phrase caught the ear. Soon the impact of his personality left men feeling that he was in a class all his own. The odd melted away into the unique, and the unique became the effective. Often one sally of his wit would puncture a sham; and one thrust of his rapier would leave an antagonist prostrate by the way.

Calm, unafraid and apart, this strong, resolute and purposeful servant of God, filled with good cheer and fine courage, kept the unbroken rounds of a rough and trying itinerant career. Though often much alone, he was not alone, for the Divine Companion journeyed with him.

Elijah, like Melchizedek "without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life," lived a life of protest against a corrupt civilization. Suddenly, noiselessly, and almost as unexpected as an apparition, he came from "east of the Jordan" and startled the crowd by his uncompromising words of rebuke for both King and people. In no way was Elijah an organic part of the life of the nation or one with the spirit of his times. As much may be said of this modern man of God who often reminded men of Elijah. All appearances tended to set George Washington Ivey apart in unusual isolation. He cared so little for parade of ancestral achievements, shrank so from public acclaim, put such a slight estimate upon position, lived in such intimate fellowship with God, and delivered his message so unafraid of the face of man, that, at times, he seemed free from all forces of the past or influences of the present. Seemingly alone, along the quiet and obscure ways of the world, free from all constraint save from the fires that burned within, our devoted and devout itinerant pressed on with an awful sense of a message from God. A preacher's conscience urged him and a Christian's consecration sustained him as he went. Men would pass him on the highway feeling that they had met a messenger of another world, only to be convinced of the correctness of their surmise, if, perchance, they heard him once when the divine afflatus was upon him. Apart, in marvelous isolation, this knightly souled circuit-rider lived and had his being.

This was true, and yet it was not true, but so it seemed to men who knew not intimately this high-souled Methodist preacher. Few more transparent characters could be found, and none more genuinely human. The average man came to know him in a most intimate way and appreciated the sympathetic concern shown, while the thoughtful discerned the vital relationship sustained by George Washington Ivey to all about him. He owed much to the generations gone and proved to be a strikingly fine product of the people among whom he spent so many devoted years. Forces potential met in him and formative influences shaped and fashioned his career. These will appear as we go along. Oftentimes conclusions will be given in general terms without any attempt to give an exhaustive statement of the facts upon which these are based, and in some instances a positive statement of personal virtues may seem to be an unsupported superlative. But aside from a wealth of tradition and allowing for the color incident to personal esteem, enough facts have been gathered to disclose the unusual type of man with which we have to do.

George Washington Ivey, son of Benjamin Ivey and Mary Shankle, came of a good, substantial stock and grew to manhood among a sturdy, industrious, God-fearing people. Inevitably, both heredity and environment had much to do with the making of the man. These, along with a unique personality, render possible the life-story before us.

The Iveys can trace their ancestral name back to the Norman name, "St. Ivo" in France. They went across to England with William the Conqueror, and afterwards were known as Iveys, Ives, Iversons, etc. The Ivey crest and coat of arms have a place in the books and are in possession of some members of the family.

James Ivey was a member of the first board of aldermen of Norfolk, Virginia, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. From that day the Iveys have been in America, most of them in Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. In the first census (1790) of the fifty-five families of Iveys mentioned, all, save one in Maryland and one in Pennsylvania, were in Virginia and the Carolinas—thirteen in Virginia, twenty-eight in North Carolina, and twelve in South Carolina.

Among the worthies of early American Methodism, the name of Richard Ivey appears in the "Minutes" for the first time in 1778. A native of Sussex County, Virginia, born years before the Revolution, he was evidently a descendant of the Iveys who came with the early settlers to the Colony of Virginia. Richard Ivey spent seventeen or eighteen years in the itinerant work and traveled extensively through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Jesse Lee says he was "a man of quick and solid parts and preached with a good degree of animation." A little before his death, 1795, Richard Ivey returned to his home in Sussex and was making ready "to settle himself" when the call came. The rather frail man who had spent much of his life in the saddle on the wilderness trail, being Elder in the Yadkin Valley in 1785, was not permitted to enjoy the rest sought in the region of childhood's happy hours. Rich in grace and useful in saving souls, the faithful itinerant found his "settled" habitation in the "house not made with hands."

The earliest land grant to an Ivey in North Carolina for which any record remains, is to Thomas Ivey, of Craven County, December 1, 1744; and to Henry Ivey, of Edgecombe, November 27, 1744. But the Iveys were in eastern North Carolina before this. John Ivey was on the jury list of Pasquotank in 1740; and Ludford Ivey witnessed the will of Joseph Alford, of Albemarle, North Carolina, December 8, 1689. Now when we remember that as to settlement in the early days, Albemarle and Eastern Virginia were practically one and the same, the presumption is in favor of one common ancestry for the families spreading out into the new territory of the up-country.

By the time of the American Revolution, the Iveys were playing no mean part in North Carolina. Jacob Ivey, David Ivey, Reuben Ivey, Elisha Ivey, and Henry Ivey served in the North Carolina line. Curtis Ivey was promoted to lieutenant February 1, 1779; later, he filled positions of trust, in 1788 being a member of the Convention at Hillsborough.

Owing to the decided indifference toward anything English and the little care given to the preservation of family records, we have not been able to follow the Ivey line back of the Revolution, though the presumption is in favor of one common ancestry in the settlement about Norfolk.

In the report of the first census (1790), Benjamin Ivey, of Randolph County, North Carolina, had a family of eight. This Benjamin Ivey is buried in an old country burying ground near Farmer's, Randolph County, North Carolina. Of his children we know the names of four: Kinchen; Rebecca, who married Thomas Kerns; Benjamin, who settled in Stanly (Montgomery); and Isaac, who migrated to Louisiana and died there.

An interesting incident tending to afford a glimpse of the conditions then, so far as intercourse between different sections of the country is concerned, comes in the account that remains of the effort to settle the estate of Isaac Ivey who had located in Louisiana and died in possession of considerable money and land. This was along towards the middle of the eighteenth century. Benjamin Ivey, in company with his nephew, Dr. A. J. Shankle, son of Levi Shankle, made the trip on horseback, and were gone six months. We are not told how much time they spent in disposing of the property of Isaac Ivey, who died without issue, but we do know that a trip then from Montgomery County, North Carolina, to Louisiana was looked upon as a journey into a far country. Benjamin Ivey so regarded it when he went to settle his brother's estate.

Benjamin Ivey, of Stanly (Montgomery), born in 1800, married Mary Shankle, daughter of George Shankle, and spent his days in Stanly. Three sons and four daughters filled with joy and a sense of obligation the home of Benjamin Ivey. Elizabeth, the oldest, married Martin Carter, of Mount Pleasant; Sarah joined her future with Rev. L. A. Whitlock, of Stanly, an honored local preacher; Mary listened to the wooing of A. Simpson, of Salisbury, North Carolina, as did her sister, Annie, to Moses Dry, of Cabarrus County, North Carolina. Isaac Tyson, the youngest, died in the Civil War; John Reese left a large family in Stanly to cherish his memory, and George Washington went out to spend and be spent as an itinerant Methodist preacher.

Benjamin Ivey, strong of body, weighing more than two hundred pounds, devoted to his church, being an exhorter in a day when the office counted for something, an esteemed and well-to-do citizen, owner of a few slaves (as was his father before him), closed a useful life in 1858, honored and respected by a large circle.

All that has come down to us about old Zoar Church and the men who were looked upon as leaders three-quarters of a century ago, leads us to the conviction that Benjamin Ivey's devotion to his Lord and his love for the Methodist Church did not belong to the formal or the superficial. The rugged exhorter and staunch citizen left too deep and lasting an impress upon the generations following to have been other than the most genuine. The life lived, the spirit displayed, and the devotion cherished by his son, George Washington, from sun to sun through so many unbroken years, bore the marks of having been born in the blood. Blood will tell, or what is history for; and heroic deeds have their place, or why should we build monuments?

John Reese Ivey, another son of Benjamin Ivey, must have been an ardent Methodist, and therefore a Christian of some service. Henry Capers, Robert Wightman, and William Martin, the names given three of his sons, would indicate a remarkable fondness for naming his children after Methodist celebrities.

Mary Shankle, daughter of George Shankle, and the wife of Benjamin Ivey, belonged to a robust, prosperous family. George Shankle was born in North Carolina in 1754, of German parentage, and served in the War of the Revolution.

The records of the Bureau of Pensions show that George Shankle served as a private eight months in the Revolutionary struggle. This was in the year 1777, under three different Captains, John Randal, Isaac McLendon, and Buckner Kimbal. He also served as a minute man at various times from the beginning to the close of the Revolution. At the time of enlistment he was a resident of Anson County (Montgomery County), North Carolina. The pension was allowed January 7, 1833.

We may be sure that George Shankle gave no half-hearted service to the cause in which he was enlisted. The men in this section of the country put their whole soul into the fight for freedom and national independence. The spirit of Mecklenburg was in the air. A full century after the Revolution the citizens of Piedmont Carolina would point out to their children certain trees regarded as ancient landmarks upon which Tories were hanged. The traditions of his family keep alive the assurance that Buckner Kimbal, one of the captains under whom George Shankle served, was the most notorious Tory fighter in all that region. What must have been the spirit abroad in the heat of the conflict?

Two of the sons of George Shankle, Henry and Levi, spent their years as faithful servants of their day and generation. Levi was an honored local preacher in the Methodist Church, and was often heard at old Zoar. Both of these, esteemed and honored for their lives of probity and influence, lived well into the last century. Counted among the well-to-do, the Shankles made their contribution to the life of Stanly.

So, when Benjamin Ivey and Mary Shankle met and married, two vigorous life currents joined to blend into one stream of influence across the years. Though many of the dates incident to the family happenings have escaped the chronicler, we need not be ignorant of the main currents of events. In the eternal order and certain as the inevitable are the outflow from such a wellspring.

II

THE PIONEERS OF THE FOOTHILLS

The American pioneer, whether of the foothills or of the wide extended plains, is of perennial interest because of the marvelous impress he has left upon the land of his sojourn. A wealth of romance and numerous legends have gathered about the goings of his feet from the days of Sir Walter Raleigh's "Lost Colony of Roanoke" to the later achievement of the hardy pioneers in the search for western gold. Such a spirit of adventure and eager desire to conquer unknown lands must necessarily win the admiration of all who cherish daring enterprise and glory in heroic deeds. They have left a noble heritage and transmitted a potent influence to the generations following. With this in mind all later estimates should be made in any effort to sum up the forces and influences entering into the sum total of life. Oftentimes, we forget our debt to the past and prove unmindful of the legacies left us. Much of the best we know came to us out of the long gone past. Our social, civic and religious institutions are not of recent origin, and many of the finest products known to us as a people are deeply rooted in the past. Both the individual and the group are bound by this law. The strength of the wolf and the strength of the pack today must be estimated in the light of the strength of the wolf and of the pack yesterday. Our yesterdays and our tomorrows are organically related.

How important then in summing up the content of the present that due regard be had for that which has gone before! History is evermore reminding us that God demands the past of us, and that the present should be interpreted only in the light of the past. The more instructive should become this effort to set forth the character of the men who settled these lands which furnish the background for the life and labors of one to the manner born.

No proper estimate can be made of George Washington Ivey without holding well in mind the character of the people among whom he grew to manhood and the sort of folks to whom he ministered for a full half a century. For the best of his life was spent in behalf of a type found in Western North Carolina, scarcely to be duplicated under the shining sun.

Both the character of the country and the qualities of its inhabitants contributed to the making of a noble breed. Not the nobility of crowns and coronets, but the royalty of character and high integrity held sway among this people who believed that an honest man is the noblest work of God.

The first settlements along the Atlantic Seaboard antedated by nearly one hundred years the main influx of settlers to the Piedmont section of North Carolina. The earliest land grant, that from the Chief of the Yeopim Indians to George Durant in Albemarle, bears date 1662. In 1663, Sir William Berkley, Governor of the Colony of Virginia, visited the province and appointed William Drummond Governor of the Colony of Carolina. On the Cape Fear in 1664, the first colonists disembarked, but their efforts met with no permanent success. In the course of time, however, the migrations from Virginia and the inflow from across the water sent the population up the rivers and across the country towards the setting sun. But with the close of the Proprietary government in 1729 the population of North Carolina did not exceed ten thousand souls, most of which were scattered along the coast.

In 1730 the Colonial government passed to the crown. North Carolina then became a Royal Province and population increased, trade extended, and the country continued to develop, but it was not until about 1750 that the Piedmont section began to feel the tide of immigration running full and strong. At that time the real conquest of the foothill country began and the effective forces of historic importance entered the State. So, this region holds more than a passing interest for us since here lies the background of our life's story. More than this, the seeds sown through the years in those fertile lands by a free, industrious and determined people have produced a harvest rich and full. In the early days they felled the forests, built log cabins, plowed the fields, fought for freedom, and defied the world. The ruddy currents which were made rich and strong in the stern struggles necessary to subdue a new country ran full after the passing of pioneer times and revolutionary conflicts, making possible the aftertimes.

The pioneers found in the wide, rolling, well-watered valleys of the Upper Cape Fear, of the Yadkin and of the Catawba, and along their numerous tributaries, a wild, luxuriant, native flora, the habitat of the red man and the wild animals. The heavy growth of pine, oak, hickory, poplar, gum, and numerous other trees, made a clearing in the woods no child's play. Tough muscles, strong backs, and brave hearts were needed to fell the trees, to keep back the Indians and to subdue the wild beasts.

Deer, brown bear, buffalo, wildcats, panthers and beavers roamed the forests and harrassed the scattered pioneers. The early settlers waged a relentless war on wild animals. As late as 1774 in Lincoln County, there was audited in favor of various individuals forty-nine "wolf scalp tickets." The compensation allowed by the county for killing a wolf was a pound, a young wolf, ten shillings, a wildcat, five shillings.

Into this land, from Germany, England, Scotland and Wales, and from Virginia and Pennsylvania, came the people to subdue this promising heath and make it their own. By far the larger portion of those who came were Germans and Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania. Along about 1750, the migration was in full swing from Lancaster, York and adjacent counties. They came in swarms by "hundreds of wagons from the northward."

The cause of this migration of the Scotch-Irish to North Carolina is given by Williamson (Vol. 11, p. 71) to be: "Land could not be obtained in Pennsylvania without much difficulty, for the Proprietors of the Province purchased the soil by small parcels from the natives, and their lands were soon taken up." In those early times no one ventured to cross the Alleghanies for the purpose of settling, so naturally they moved southward where the lands were cheap and the soil inviting.

With all the elements for making permanent settlements they came. The Bible, the school-teacher, and the minister formed an important part of the company. But these were not all by any manner of means. Every available article possible for home or farm was stowed away with utmost care in the capacious wagons before the caravans moved. This movement towards the South was a fit forerunner of the later migrations across the plains towards the setting sun.

With the women and children on bedding in the wagons and every able-bodied person on foot to drive the cattle, sheep and hogs, they moved by easy stages along the roads of the Cumberland and the Shenandoah Valley, crossing the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia as they passed on into the valleys of the Yadkin and the Catawba in North Carolina, there to contribute their full share in building a commonwealth. Along this same route some of their descendants passed on another mission at a later day. Colonel W. L. Saunders (Colonial Records IV, Prefatory Note) pays them this tribute:

> Remembering the route that General Lee took when he went into Pennsylvania on the memorable Gettysburg campaign, it will be seen that very many of his North Carolina boys, both of German and Scotch-Irish descent, in following their great leader, visited the homes of their ancestors, and went thither by the very route by which they came away. To Lancaster and York counties in Pennsylvania, North Carolina owes more of her population than to any other part of the known world, and really there was never a better population than they and their descendants—never better citizens, and certainly never better soldiers.

The Scotch-Irish were stern and virile, noted for their hatred of sham and pretense, the foe of oppression and tyranny, subject to no king but God and conscience. The German settlers were industrious and economical, lovers of home and of rural life, tenacious of custom and slow to change. These were set down side by side, and both were liberty-loving and God-fearing, a people among whom labor was dignified and honorable in a time when hard labor and unresting toil was the lot of life.

These pioneers found the best lands, upon which they built log houses destined later to give place to the more pretentious homes located near the spring below which was the spring-house for keeping cool the abundant supply of milk and butter. Horses, cattle, sheep, chickens and ducks, with plenty of grain and forage for every purpose, could be found among the thrifty Germans and the close calculating Scotch-Irish. Each community of these industrious and economical settlers of simple tastes and few wants possessed all the elements necessary to the life of the people; but national characteristics were manifest and distinct tendencies appeared in the developing life of the colony.

The German pioneer took little interest in politics, having been deprived of political experience under the pure despotisms known to him in the Old World, so he directed his energies along lines industrial. The industry and frugality displayed on the farm soon became manifest in manufacturing enterprises. Before the close of the first year in Wachovia, the Germans had in operation a flour mill, a carpenter's shop, a pottery, a blacksmith's shop, a tannery, and a cooperage. In 1718, Michael Schenck built the first cotton mill in North Carolina. This venture in Lincolnton, by one whose name discloses his nationality, was the forerunner of the marvelous development of the cotton mill industry not yet complete though North Carolina now holds second place among the States of the American Union in the manufacture of cotton.

On the other hand, though diligent in business and careful to conserve material interests, the Scotch-Irish gave themselves to political questions and issues of public concern. Naturally, then, in the political and military movements of the colonial times, they were found filling the civil offices and leading in the political assemblies, while the German pioneers kept the even tenor of their way close to the soil and faithful to the shop. Both, however, gave due attention to the elements essential to life under pioneer conditions. Conservation of natural resources, agitations in the labor market and combinations of capital did not concern them since conditions in the wilderness forced each community to be a minature world in which all the problems of land, labor and capital were confined to narrow circles. Though the ends of

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the earth did not meet in their cross-road market-place, the ends of life's endeavor had to be met by the resources gathered and treasures conserved in each individual center. Even articles of slight value in the world-markets were passed on to the generations following. Furnishings of the home and fixtures of the farm passed by gift and bequest from father to son hedged about with all the security afforded by the sanctity of the law.

The wills of a people not only indicate the personal holdings of the individual, but often prove more illuminating than pages setting forth the social and economic conditions of the times. Individual idiosyncracies also are disclosed.

A few items from the will of Thomas Beatty (1787), whose father, John Beatty, came with the pioneers about 1750 and was the first white man to settle west of the Catawba, will indicate the various holdings of a well-to-do of that day. A glimpse of the times also may be gained from the following bequest: "944 acres of land, ten negroes, seventeen horses, sixty-six cattle, eighteen hogs, thirteen sheep, thirty-four geese, five ducks, lot of poultry, five pewter dishes, one pewter basin, sixteen pewter plates, twenty-four pewter spoons, one pewter tankard, one crank and two pot-hooks, one dutch oven, and griddle and frying pan, one dough trough, one chest, two spinning wheels, and one big wheel, three pairs of cards, cotton, wool, and tow, one check reel, one weaving loom, twenty-three spools, few spooling cotton, five reeds for weaving, nine sickles, one foot adze, one thorn hack, one hackle, two iron wedges, two bleeding lances, one hair sifter, three gimlets, thirteen bushels of flax seed, six bushels buckwheat, one slide, two bells and collars, 750 clap board nails, four pair half-worn horse shoes, one redding comb, one fine-toothed comb, three coats and one great coat, two jackets, one pair buckskin breeches, one pair trousers, three hats and two linen shirts." The foregoing enumeration contains about one-fourth of the articles named in the will.

Derrick Ramsour came into the same section about the same time that John Beatty settled west of the Catawba and took it into his head in 1774 to convey to his two surviving sons, Jacob and David, the property of which he was possessed. His will shows forth more than the character of his individual holdings or the social life of the times. The old pioneer takes no chances with family ties. The gossamer threads of filial affection did not count with the man who was accustomed to rely on sterner stuff. Though "impelled by natural love and affection" to convey his property to his beloved sons, he had a care to see that other bonds than "natural love and affection" should provide against the contingencies of the future.

The bond in the sum of one thousand pounds proclamation money provided that the sons named should pay unto him for his support every year during his natural life "fifteen pounds proclamation money, twenty bushels clean, sound wheat, twenty-five bushels Indian corn, fifty-two pounds of good butter, four hundred weight of good wholesome beef, one-sixth of the net profit of the fruit trees, thirty pounds sugar, three pounds Bohea tea, two pounds coffee, twelve gallons of whiskey, four bushels of malt, one bushel of salt."

These two sons, Jacob and David, also agreed under the bond to erect "A commodious and convenient residence for him, the same Derrick Ramsour, in order to live with a sufficient store and store-room, and furnish the same with the necessary furniture sufficient for his accommodation, which building is to be erected on such a part of the premises as he, the said Derrick Ramsour, pitches upon."

It was also stipulated that these sons, held by filial affection and under a bond of one thousand dollars proclamation money, should find for him, the said Derrick Ramsour, "one good feather bed and decent and necessary furniture, and find and provide for him sufficient firewood, ready hauled to his dwelling, to be cut a foot length as often as occasion or necessity shall require; and also to supply him with a gentle riding-horse, saddle and bridle to carry him wheresoever he may require to go, together with a sufficient and necessary stock of wearing apparel, both woolen and linen, warm and decent, and becoming one of his circumstances to wear, together with the proper food and washing during his natural life."

Softness and self-indulgence and a careless round of easy-going expenditures were unknown to these early settlers of the foothills of the Carolinas. Even their amusements gathered about utilitarian considerations. Shuckings, rollings, raisings, quiltings, spinning and all such into which the individuals of both sexes were drawn, on occasion, furnished opportunity for festivities of one sort and another. In the autumn time, the men displayed their skill with the rifle at the shooting-match, when a turkey or a quarter of beef would be the prize for the best shot. So important and well known a custom did this become that "at shooting-match time" became a method of reckoning time.

How much the legends and traditions and presences belonging to the unseen world had to do with the ancestors of these peoples who came out of the north country, and to what extent life was shaped in the hard conditions of the primeval forests, peopled with the nymphs of the woods will never be known; but we do know that the German farmers were close observers of signs and seasons and firm believers in the efficacy of the moon and in the signs of the Zodiac. Certain seeds must be planted on the "increase" of the moon, others on the "decrease." Meat should be killed on the "increase" so as to prevent shrinkage. Potatoes, turnips, and all vegetables which grew in the ground should not be planted at the same time as those which grow above the ground, such as cabbage and beans. Certainly, all did not agree as to which should be planted on the "increase" and on the "decrease," but that did not invalidate the proposition contained in the premises.

Hidden sayings known only to a few who would not disclose the secret, and occasional incantations possessed rare virtue for some. One champion turnip grower was said to use an incantation of virtue in casting the seed, resulting in a fourfold quantity. Each time he threw a a hand he used the following:

Some for the pug,
  Some for the fly;
Some for the debil,
  And in comes I!

From this life lived and the modes of thoughts cherished by these hardy pioneers of the foothills came the later order. In any estimate of the aftertimes, due consideration and special regard must be had for German conservatism and Scotch tenacity, both of which entered into the social and industrial and religious order in which George Washington Ivey spent his youth and the major portion of his later years.

Without an effort to be exhaustive, evidences may be cited of the stirring of a new life in North Carolina during the three decades (1830-1860) prior to the Civil War. The leadership of Calvin H. Wiley ushered in a new day for the public schools and the beginning of Wake Forest and Davidson and Trinity gave the denominational college a place hitherto unknown. The establishment of institutions for the deaf and dumb and for the blind told of a finer humanitarian spirit, and the organization of the Baptist State Convention and of the North Carolina Conference indicated a sense of religious unity and a desire for increased effectiveness in doing the work so urgent. Efforts at manufacturing, increased activity in gold mining and soil surveys, and the organization of a State Agricultural Society gave promise of industrial advance. The development of railroads—the first being chartered in 1833—of plank-roads, of mountain roads, and of navigation companies looked to better transportation facilities. Still, the provisions for ministering to the general life of the people were woefully inadequate. Though by the middle of the year 1848, the South, by its own energies had erected a telegraph line from Baltimore to Montgomery via Petersburg, Raleigh, Charleston and Macon, the telegraph counted for practically nothing, and the railroad amounted to little more than a prophecy in 1850—the year young George Washington Ivey joined the South Carolina Conference.

In the entire first half of the nineteenth century, therefore, North Carolina knew well the hard conditions of life and much of the pioneer spirit. The ancient order held sway and the old conditions fettered the efforts of the more enterprising in life and progressive in thought, especially in the more secluded sections such as Montgomery and Stanly counties where the hills slept and the Yadkin rolled its waters to the sea as in the days when the pioneers awoke the echoes as they set the slughorn to their lips and blew the challenge.

So, in the early days of the subject of this sketch, railroads were not yet, and the shallow streams did not permit of boats. Wagons were the only means of communication with the older sections of the coast towns, such as Norfolk, Fayetteville and Charleston. Life was lived largely independent of the world at large. Utterly impossible, therefore, would it be to estimate properly George Washington Ivey apart from the very warp and woof of this life. To be a citizen of the world at home under any sky, living aloof from the people of his time, little identified with any special spot of earth could not be with one such as he, so genuinely one with the rural life of Western North Carolina. Birth, breeding, temperament and labor made him an organic part of the people among whom he spent his many fruitful years. Every fibre of his being, all the processes of his mind, and the movements of his body accorded well with the motto of the Old North State: *esse quam videri.* A genuineness free from gloss and pretense marked all the goings of his feet, and made effective appeal to those who knew him best.

III

CIRCUIT-RIDERS OF HEROIC MOLD

No just and adequate estimate of the real contribution of the Methodist circuit-rider to American life can ever be made. The efforts of these men were so largely spent in the obscure and the out-of-the-way places, and their record is so wholly unwritten and so absent from the annals of the nation that the world will never know. But enough of their doings have been recognized and the harvest of their sowings is so abundant that we are beginning to build monuments to their memory and to erect statutes in honor of the men on horseback.

The spirit cherished, the example set, and the traditions left by the early circuit-riders have proven to be a rich legacy for all American Methodism. In every nook and corner of the land from the Atlantic Seaboard to the far away Pacific has this heritage been cherished, but nowhere has it proven of more force and done quite so much in giving shape and color to later achievements as in the wide stretch of country covered in the long career of Geoge Washington Ivey, who grew up in the valley of the Yadkin. The traditions of the former days have come down to the present generation, the examples of those early heroes are still used to rebuke the softness and self-complacency of present-day itinerants, and the call comes over and over again for a return to the spirit of the fathers. Young Ivey grew to manhood in a region rich with the spirit and the traditions of the Methodist seed-sowers since the days of Francis Asbury and, in a most effective way, did he reincarnate these and make them live again among a people not unmindful of the brave days of old.

The whole source of the Yadkin and of the Pedee, as it is known in South Carolina, was covered in the early days by the Yadkin, the Salisbury and the Pedee circuits. The Yadkin Circuit, formed in 1780, extended from the Blue Ridge to the South Carolina line. The Salisbury Circuit was severed from the Yadkin in 1783. The Pedee Circuit appears in the minutes for the first time in 1786, and it embraced the lower Yadkin and Pedee valleys, though the preachers of this circuit ranged as far north as Salisbury. So, this Montgomery section of the State knew of the labors of all those early pioneers who were appointed to these early wide-extended circuits in the days when the itinerants knew no limits in their labors save the extent of human habitation.

Jesse Lee and Isaac Smith were on the Salisbury circuit in 1784; Joshua Hartly and Hope Hull in 1785, with Richard Ivey, Elder. In 1786, Jeremiah Maston and Hope Hull were on the Pedee, with Beverly Allen, Elder. Others such as Henry Bingham, Reuben Ellis, and Daniel Asbury, of whom the world was not worthy, could be mentioned; but these are enough to indicate the character of the early Methodist seed-sowers in the valley of the Yadkin, making possible the rich, full harvest of these last times.

Three of the names among the many of the Methodist pioneers who scattered the gospel seeds along the by-ways and in the backwoods of Western Carolina may be considered somewhat typical. These are Beverly Allen, with an inevitably early ending of his career; Jesse Lee, destined to fill a notable place in Methodist history, and Daniel Asbury, who through his descendants, as well as by his labors, made the future his debtor. These differed widely in the life lived and in the work done and in the record left, whereby they became typical, and, certainly, one like Beverly Allen did not set an example to be followed; still men of this mold rebuke with fine scorn and fierce indigation selfish ease and lagging enthusiasm.

With mingled emotions of admiration and pity for the brilliant young preacher of striking appearance and unusual popularity, do we mention the name of Beverly Allen. He could win his way wherever he went and gain a hearing among all. He managed to carry on an extended correspondence with Mr. Wesley, and for a brief time did an excellent work, but like not a few others, he proved apostate and went out into the night. Though energetic, a man of ideals and amazingly popular, his career could have none other than a tragic ending. Being without poise or patience, unduly self-centered and overflowing with egotism, chafing under restraint and neglectful of the work assigned him, the crash came. He broke with church regulations, later discarded ethical demands, and finally lifted his hand in defiance against the officer of the law.

This man organized the first society in Salisbury, the next year laid the foundations of Methodism in the valley of the Cape Fear, then along the Pedee in 1785, and through the later years of that eventful decade preached to the multitudes that flocked about him in South Carolina and Georgia.

A glimpse of Allen in the early days of his meteoric career is given us by a charter member of the Salisbury Society, and it also affords some idea of how little the Methodists were known in 1783.

Soon after my return to Salisbury, at the close of the war, it was announced that there would be preaching in a schoolhouse by a new kind of people, called Methodists. I knew nothing about that people, either good or bad, but rejoiced at the prospect of hearing the gospel. I went early expecting to see a minister resembling the old parsons; but judge of my surprise, when instead of a stout, good looking, finely dressed gentleman with gown and surplice, in silk stockings and silver buckles, in walked a slender, delicate young man, dressed in homespun, cotton jeans. Though plainly attired, I perceived in his countenance unusual solemnity and goodness.

Another type of man and character of different mold meets us in Jesse Lee. "Apostle of Methodism to New England," the first Methodist historian, a bishop in all the essential elements of his being, having barely escaped election to this high office, Jesse Lee lives as one of the great men of his day, and the receding years detract nothing from the reputation he has sustained for more than a century. Of courtly bearing and commanding presence, abounding in wit and richly endowed with a wide range of intellectual gifts, he was accustomed to a cordial welcome in any circle. New England, however, gave him a cold reception. On the Salisbury Circuit, then more extensive than several Presiding Elders' districts of today, Jesse Lee met with fine success and became an inspiration to those who came after him.

Of ready wit and fine at repartee, enjoying this in others as well as in himself, many stories continue the rounds illustrating this characteristic of the versatile Lee who could always take care of himself. He is said to have enjoyed the following at his expense:

He, with some other preachers, came up to a farmhouse about dinner-time. It was the harvest season. The gentleman of the house had some of his neighbors helping him cut wheat that day and, a bountiful dinner had been prepared for the harvest hands. But the hungry preachers were seated at the table first, and did full justice to the dinner prepared for the harvesters. When the men from the wheat-fields got to the table there was a look of disappointment in their faces, but one of them with much gravity asked a blessing—

Oh Lord, look down on us poor sinners,
For the preachers have come and eat up our dinners.

Daniel Asbury differed from Allen and Lee. He was a genuine pioneer of heroic mold with the burning fires in his soul. Few have had a better discipline or a finer spirit for the making of a pioneer circuit-rider than did Daniel Asbury.

Rev. A. W. Plyler in "The Early Circuit-Riders" gives this brief summary of his experiences:

> At the age of sixteen, Daniel Asbury went from his childhood home in Fairfax County, Virginia, to Kentucky, where he was captured by a band of Shawnee Indians and carried to the far west. After five weary years in captivity, subjected to the hardships and deprivations of savage life, he escaped and hastened on the long, dangerous journey to his Virginia home, where even his mother failed to recognize her lost son, whom she mourned as dead.
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> By this time the Methodist pioneers had entered the neighborhood of his father's home. Through their instrumentality Daniel was converted and became a Methodist preacher. In 1786 he joined the itinerant ranks and after a year each on the Amelia and Halifax circuits, was sent as a missionary along the banks of the French Broad River, Daniel Asbury was the first circuit rider to enter the wild solitudes of those beautiful mountains.
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> At that time the white settlers were few. Only two years before in 1786, John Weaver, the father of Jacob and Montreville Weaver, and the first settler on Reims Creek, had reached his new home in that delightful valley. When Daniel Asbury traveled among those mountains, all the men in that section of the type of John Weaver could have

been counted on the fingers of two hands. The majority of the people were as rough and wild as the savage tribes among whom they dwelt. As a consequence, Daniel Asbury suffered innumerable hardships. The chronicler tells us, "He was often forced to subsist solely on cucumbers, or a piece of cold bread, without the luxury of a bowl of milk or a cup of coffee. His ordinary diet was fried bacon and corn bread, his bed clapboards laid on poles supported by rude forks driven into the earthen floor of a log cabin."

By the time Daniel Asbury in 1789 reached his new field west of the Catawba River, his personal experiences with pioneer and savage life had been such that the petty persecutions encountered in the foothills of North Carolina did not disturb him in the least. But the man who had defied the Indian's tomahawk and luckily escaped the scalping knife of the savage, fell an early victim to Cupid's arrows.

The young circuit-rider, as was the custom in those days with those who married, located and made his home in the neighborhood of Rehoboth, the first Methodist Church erected in North Carolina west of the Catawba River. But during these years in the local relation Daniel Asbury was a power for God, in the planting of Methodism in all that foothill country. After nine years he again entered the itinerant ranks and continued actively in the work until age and feebleness necessitated his retirement. At that time, too feeble to attend conference, in his last letter to the Conference at Fayetteville in 1824, he is dreaming of being allowed to do missionary work in the Catawba District.

Men of this stripe lived in example and were cherished in the traditions of Methodism, and these must be weighed and measured in estimating the forces that made the man whom we are considering.

Randalls is probably the earliest preaching place in the Montgomery section. Asbury makes mention of Randalls. So does Jesse Lee, in his journal, mention John Randall's and also C. Ledbetter's. Three miles from this ancient preaching-place near the Yadkin is Zoar, the church of the Iveys and the Shankles. In the early days, a log meeting-house—supplanted twice by buildings of later date—became the gathering place of the Methodists in this section of Stanly.

We may be sure, then, that Zoar in those far-off days was rich with the traditions of the doings of Asbury and Lee, of Allen and Hope Hull, of whom Doctor Coke speaks in admiration, saying, "Mr. Hull is young, but is indeed a flame of fire. He appears always on the stretch for the salvation of souls." Yea, more than the early impress of these distinguished itinerants was left in this region, for in this field labored many men of might following the organization of Episcopal Methodism in Baltimore in 1785.

True, the heroic labors of the early Methodist preachers do not tell the whole story in this region so indelibly marked by the footprints of the circuit-riders who went everywhere preaching and singing and calling sinners to repentance. Before the zealous gospel-rangers on horseback came were the Presbyterians, who established schools and churches, and, also, the Germans with their Bibles and hymn books and catechisms, who held fast to the religion of their fathers. These established themselves at certain centers and did a pioneer work for religion and education. But they did not, however, keep pace with the people who spread abroad wherever land could be had and opportunity offered. Consequently in wide stretches of the country educational facilities were poor, gospel privileges few, and the Bible largely an unknown book.

Almost every man of any means had a whiskey still, all classes drank, and the usual degradation followed. People were ignorant, superstitious and given over to viscous living. Too often they were left to themselves only to sink lower in their ignorance, superstition and crime.

Rev. Brantley York (1805-1891), the blind preacher-teacher, a real circuit-rider in education as he went into the villages and into the backwoods of North Carolina and beyond, in churches and in log cabins, organizing and teaching his grammar classes that youth and age might know the principles of the mother tongue, gives in his *Autobiography* a glimpse of the social and moral and religious conditions known to him in the days of his youth. The communities portrayed become the more interesting because they are typical of the times.

Of Bush Creek neighborhood in Randolph County in which the first twelve years of his life were passed, he records the following:

> There were few or no educated persons in that community, and not only were they ignorant, but exceedingly superstitious. Superstition has frequently been termed the twin sister of ignorance, but I am strongly inclined to think that she is rather the daughter than the sister. There may be ignorant persons not superstitious, but the superstitious are almost invariably ignorant.
>
> The people of this neighborhood believed in witchcraft, ghost-seeing, haunted houses and fortune-telling. They attributed wonderful, if not supernatural powers, to creatures of their imaginations—witches. They believed that a witch could transform herself into any animal she chose, whether beast or bird. They also attributed to a witch the power to creep through a key-hole; by the magic of a certain bridle, called the witch's bridle, she could change any person on whom she could place it, into a horse; and

then what is more remarkable, both could come out through a key-hole, and, being mounted, she could ride this remarkable horse wherever she chose, nor could such an animal assume its identity till the bridle was removed.

From this superstitious belief in witches arose a class of impostors, called witch-doctors. They made the people believe by certain mysterious operations, that they could break the witchcraft and thus relieve the unfortunate ones from the influence of the much dreaded witch; and, in order to be sure of their pay for these machinations, they pretended they could do nothing without being paid a certain amount of silver.

The people also believed that a witch or wizard was proof against leaden balls shot from a rifle, but could not stand before a silver bullet. They believed moreover that these witches could put spells on guns, so that the object aimed at could never be hit while such spells remained unbroken, but for all these evils they had some remedy, for they believed that there were some persons among them who possessed the peculiar art of breaking these spells. When the neighbors came together, the most prominent topic of conversation was relating some remarkable witch tales, ghost stories and conjurations of various kinds; and so interesting were these stories that the conversation often continued to a very late hour at night. Often have I sat and listened to these stories till it seemed to me that each hair upon my head resembled a quill of a porcupine. I was afraid to go out of doors, afraid to go to bed alone, and almost afraid of my own shadow.

There were persons who professed to be fortune tellers, and as people are generally anxious to know their future destiny, they were willing to pay these impostors for unfolding to them the future. They could tell a young man the color of the hair, eyes, skin, and many other minutiæ of the girl who was to be his wife, and describe with much exactness the kind of man each girl would have for a husband. When it was known where one of these fortune tellers would operate, the house would generally be crowded throughout the day—so anxious were the people to know what neither themselves nor the fortunte teller could know. I recollect on one occasion an old, yellow man, by the name of Bass, professing to be a Portuguese, called at my father's. He claimed not only to be a great fortune teller, but he could also unfold the mystery of finding stolen or lost property; besides, he professed the peculiar power of breaking all spells and witchcraft with which persons or animals might be afflicted. The news having spread through the community, the house was filled to its utmost capacity, and the whole day was spent in fortune telling, breaking witchcraft, and removing spells. Late in the evening, when he had disposed of most of the cases, my parents brought me up to have my fortune told. I did all I could to prevent it, but yet I was compelled to submit, and the old man took up his parable, with considerable pomp and gravity, and said, "This is no ordinary boy, he will be a ringleader, but a leader to all kinds of wickedness, such as card-playing, horse-racing, and every species of gambling, and finally," said he, "he will end his ignominous career on the gallows." Poor consolation to my parents and friends to know my destiny. This was a source of vexation to me as long as I remained in my father's family; for whenever I did anything mischievous or wrong, I would hear the stereotyped expression, "There, old Bass's predictions are coming true."

Later, the York family moved to the northern part of Randolph where Trinity College more than a quarter of a century later began its wonderful work. At that time (1820), the conditions were anything but favorable for establishing an educational institution whose motto is *Eruditio et Religio;* but education and religion does its transforming work. This man, who, during seventy busy years preached and lectured more than eight thousand times and had under his tuition more than fifteen thousand pupils, saw a marvelous transformation in his own community. The prospect was by no means pleasing or filled with promise, according to the *Autobiography*:

> I have never known any community or neighborhood more completely demoralized than was this. Very few of the heads of the families made any pretentions to religion or morality and the light of those that did appeared to be under a bushel; for I never heard a blessing asked at the table or a prayer offered in any family, either by night or morning. Preaching was seldom, prayer-meetings never, nor was there any such thing as Sunday School. Sabbaths were desecrated, for the young people would frequently assemble together on Sunday to play at cards or to engage in some game of diversion. Books were circulated among them which were of the most vulgar and demoralizing character, and eagerly read, especially by the young men and large boys. Though a preacher lived in the neighborhood, and also an exhorter, however religious they may have been personally, they, like Eli of old, utterly failed to restrain their children. Few and feeble were the checks to the downward course of the youth of both sexes. The Athenians in the days of Saint Paul were not perhaps more truly devoted to the worship of idols than were the young people of this neighborhood to the worship of the god of pleasure; for they held weekly two dance frolics, on Wednesday and Friday nights, and as all came who chose without regard to character or morality, it may be safely inferred that these frolics were very disorderly and demoralizing. But a change came, and the cause of the change was not a little remarkable. Some minister preached on Sunday previous to the Wednesday night dance, and Miss Ester Morgan, who was an expert in dancing, was convicted. But she concealed her state of mind even from her father, who was a member of the church, and also an exhorter. The Wednesday night dance came on,

when several young men called at Mr. Morgan's to gallant the girls to the frolic. Miss Ester, however, manifested an unwillingness to go, but being importuned and pressed, she consented and went.

The party having assembled and ready to commence, the young men began to select their partners, but Miss Ester refused to dance with any. This doubtless was surprising to all, but when they commenced their exercise and the music began, she dropped upon her knees and began praying aloud. This was to the party as a clap of thunder in a clear sky, and perhaps, if an earthquake had shaken the house, the alarm would not have been greater, for a greater part of them left the house and fled as for life. The fiddler fled for home and some two or three with him, and one that was with him made the following statement to me: "We went over fences and through cornfields, taking the nearest way for home, and as I heard the blades of corn cracking behind me, I felt certain the Devil was right after me, and on reaching the door of the house, we didn't wait for any one to open, but broke down the door and jumped into bed and covered up head and ears without pulling shoes, hat, coat or a rag of clothes off, and were almost afraid to breathe, lest the Devil should hear us in our concealment." Only a few had courage enough to stand their ground. These sent for the young lady's father and some other members of the church and so the dance frolic was turned into a prayer-meeting, and just before day the young lady was converted.

So dance frolics ended and prayer-meetings began. A revival of religion spread over all that community, and nearly all the young people of both sexes professed religion and joined the church.

Religion flourished and schools revived, for they generally go hand in hand. This neighborhood (the neighborhood of Trinity College), has for more than a half century been distinguished for religion, morality and learning.

The religious apathy and social demoralization found in North Carolina following the Revolution resulted from more than a hundred years of religious indifference and neglect. As early as 1672, George Fox, founder of the Quakers, visited the colony in the Albemarle section; in Pasquotank, now Camden, 1727, the first Baptist Church was organized; in 1758, Rev. Alexander Craighead, the first minister in all that beautiful section between the Yadkin and the Catawba, accepted a call to Rocky River Presbyterian Church; and, from the first, missionaries were sent over from England who made spasmodic efforts to evangelize; but all the efforts of the Anglicans, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Quakers, and of the Lutherans among the Germans proved wonderfully inadequate. The masses of the people were wicked and indifferent, and those in high life did little more than patronize religion. Consequently, ignorance, superstition and crime held high carnival while the belief in goblins and ghosts and spooks filled with terror the hypersensitive and the dread of witches made life a burden.

Into these conditions and among this people who, in many communities, were without schools and some of whose children had not seen a preacher or a school-teacher, came the early Methodist circuit-riders preaching present pardon and full salvation for every child of Adam without money and without price. That all may be saved and that when a man is saved he will know it found glad utterance and wickedness, without regard to rank or station, received fiercest denunciation. Criticized by Churchman, Calvinist and Quaker, with their message of free salvation for all, they rode on, and they continue to ride.

Strange, indeed, sounded those earnest, scriptural appeals made to conscience by the Methodist circuit-riders.

The people flocked by the thousand to hear them; some would scoff, others would remain to pray. Private houses, barns, schoolhouses and the groves became the gathering places for the multitudes to hear these men who, in the face of calm indifference and actual opposition, showed such extraordinary faith and heroic undertakings, such untiring labors and dauntless hardihood. The stirring messages in song and sermon, and the shouts and the testimony of the saved caught the ear of many and filled the land with eager expectation. The doings of those days left their impress, and the spirit of the times and the traditions of the early victories have not become a spent force. The advocates of the old-time camp meeting days and the men who glorify the doings of the years gone can yet be found through all Western North Carolina. Truly, the first half of the nineteenth century proved to be through all that country the palmy days for the old-time Methodist preacher and his colaborers, found among the men mighty in prayer and exhortation.

So, it may be said with the assurance of certitude that forces and influences and traditions arising out of heredity and environment and the incidents of the decades lay back of and gave significance to the wonderful career of the young Carolinian of so pure a stock who joined the South Carolina Conference at Wadesboro in 1850.

IV

ON THE UNBROKEN JOURNEY

The effort in the previous chapters to indicate the quality of the Ivey ancestry and the setting out in some detail the character of the foothill pioneers, as well as emphasizing the nature of the religious forces at work, finds justification in the very nature of the situation. The whole is so organically related and so genetically vital a part of the later product that no proper estimate can be made of this itinerant on the unbroken journey apart from these elemental forces.

In the brief survey of the striking character of the country and the notable quality of the people for a hundred years before young Ivey reached his majority, enough has appeared to indicate the shaping quality of such an environment. The life-currents from across the water found channels along which flowed the stream of the later years. In a most real way had the abundant life of this vigorous and resolute Carolinian been touched by the hand of English, German, Scotch and Irish. Quickened by the enthusiasm of the devoted followers of John Wesley and fashioned in the matrix of the most genuine rural life, the unsophisticated young countryman began the unbroken journey.

One more indifferent to the glamor that might gather along a hereditary line and more unconcerned about the honor that arises out of life's relationships could not be found. Mr. Ivey gave no attention to pedigree and cared naught for position. The titles and emoluments of earth did not disturb this child of a King. Moreover, this unconcern so consummate in its neglect of all family records and personal estimates has proven to be a serious handicap in this effort at character portrayal.

The early years of George Washington Ivey have not been marked with carefully set milestones. No detailed account of the boy's conversion is available. With his father an exhorter, sought for as assistant in revivals because he was mighty in prayer, and his uncle, Levi Shankle, a local preacher of influence, we may be sure that early impressions were made and an early surrender secured; and that the boy in youth joined old Zoar. Would we knew how much the early traditions of Jesse Lee and of Hope Hull, and the prayers and exhortations of his sacred kin, had to do with securing that direct and familiar way, George Washington Ivey had of talking with his Heavenly Father.

Following the usual rounds of a country boy in those days, working on the farm in season and attending the country schools a few months in winter, young Ivey grew to manhood. Like unto so many others, regrets were his because of the want of early advantages; though letters written soon after he joined conference show that he wrote well and expressed himself with point and accuracy.

Benjamin Ivey owned slaves, the names of Black Betty, Rufus, Mile, Lloyd, Wyatt, and Ned having come down to us, but this did not relieve his children from the obligation to do full work. The conditions on the small farms were different from that on the big plantations of the South, so we may be sure that George with the other children, made good use of those years at home on the farm. Deprived of High School and College, no little compensation came in the recurrent calls to do his part in the midst of growing plants and maturing grain. Hard work in the open, reinforced by a virile heredity, secured for him a sound mind in a strong body. Added to this was the practical knowledge gained in meeting the varied demands on a farm, to say nothing of the wide range of information gathered by the stocky, red-faced boy among the birds and beasts and reptiles in the woods along the Yadkin. All this did much to fit him for a notable career among the plain people of North Carolina. With fine intuition knew he the thoughts and feelings of the average man, and with consummate skill could this circuit-rider drive home a truth by some apt incident of his own observation.

Any one who once heard "Uncle Ivey" tell of the man so pressed for time that God and religious duties had no place could not forget. A member of his church did not have time to go to meeting. When the "big meeting" was on he continued to plow near the church; when importuned to come out to the meeting, the man insisted that he did not have time to go to preaching. The devoted and faithful pastor pleaded with him and urged that he give God a little time; but to no purpose, for he could not afford it. "What do you think happened," said Uncle Ivey, with a startled look of surprise and unexpected astonishment, "before six months, that man actually took time on a pretty day, the first of the week, in the busiest time of the year, when he was behind with his work, yes, he actually took time, (would you have thought it?) to lie down and die."

From the country home, still standing, six miles southeast of Albemarle, N. C., in which George Washington Ivey first faced the morning of life's day, to the honored grave on the hillside, sloping to the sunrise, at Lenoir, N. C., lie seventy-four notable years. Fifty-two of them, without a break, were spent on circuits. In 1900, he missed one appointment, the first on account of sickness in thirty-four years. Up to the last, that fine business enterprise and fervent evangelistic zeal, so noble, through all the years, knew no abatement, attested by the forty-three added to the church and the hitherto unknown record of the circuit's paying out in full on missions. A Sir Galahad was he among the noble and heroic men on horseback who have borne the burden and heat of the day on the country curcuits of our Methodism. This knightly soul, who allowed nothing to stay his steps or to divert his course, rides well to the front in the ranks of the true successors of Francis Asbury.

To follow, even in skeleton outline, a man for fifty-two years on the road would carry us beyond the limits allowed. Doings by decades can scarcely find a place in this narrative. We would, however, make brief note of the first ten years of George Washington Ivey in the South Carolina Conference (1850-1860), for these seem to be the years in which he was finding himself as an itinerant Methodist preacher, and most unconsciously setting the pace for the after decades.

Our young circuit-rider served as Junior preacher, Union, 1851; Edgefield, 1852; Waterloo, 1853; Pendleton, 1855; as Preacher in Charge, McDowell, 1854; Monroe, 1856-57; Morganton, 1858-59; Marion, S. C., 1860. During this, his first decade, prior to the Civil War, he was ordained Deacon, January 9, 1853, by Bishop Capers; and Elder, November —, 1854, by Bishop Pierce. On November 7, 1855, he married Selina R. Neal of McDowell. These dates indicate the years the young preacher was assigned to labor with his seniors and then allowed to try his apprenticed hand on tasks of his own as he does the work of the Conference Course and starts on the "long walk" with the gracious and helpful companion of all his after years.

A letter, the last before his marriage, written to the bride-elect two weeks before the coming event, is phrased with characteristic reserve but filled with a tender and loving devotion.

Another letter, dated Monroe, North Carolina, December 24, 1855, written to his young wife at Albemarle, North Carolina, tells of his first round on the Monroe Circuit. This missive breathes the tenderest love and intimates the painful sacrifice of separation from his bride of six weeks, as he foregoes the pleasures of the Christmas time and the fellowship with his "home folks" in a loyal effort to do the work assigned him. But these demands, domestic and festive, did not constrain this young circuit-rider to loiter in the path of duty or, for a pretense personal, to neglect a round on his circuit. Strikingly significant becomes this incident in the golden glow of his life's sunset.

One need not overtax the imagination to form some general conception of the hard, exacting labor of the modest, untrained young preacher on these big circuits in a day when all were expected to endure hardness as good soldiers of the cross. Doubtless, his abiding interest in young preachers and his consideration for them continued to reinforce the memory of his own experiences in those trying years.

"My first work," writes Rev. R. M. Hoyle of the Western North Carolina Conference, "after being received on trial was Columbus Mission; Brother Ivey was on the Rutherford Circuit, my nearest neighbor. The District was large and I did not often see my Presiding Elder; but I carried all my problems to "Uncle Ivey," who always had a solution and the right solution for all the problems that presented themselves in the life of a preacher. Two years later, I was on the South Fork Circuit; Brother Ivey was on the Newton Circuit, ten miles away, so again my adviser was near and I used him as before. It was a real pleasure to him to help a boy who needed help."

One more incident out of many may be given illustrative of this helpful trait of "Uncle Ivey." Rev. T. A. Boon, who went to heaven in 1911, bears this testimony: "He touched my life at the threshold of my young manhood with a magic wand of a few words that have largely shaped my course of life. The few words spoken in a tender 'Good-bye' one morning more than fifty years ago, abide with me to this moment."

During the period of the Civil War, George Washington Ivey served Lincolton 1861-62; Shelby, 1863-65. Rev. S. M. Davis of the Western North Carolina Conference, then a boy, remembers the "large, well-fed, itinerant mule" which their preacher drove. He adds: "Brother Ivey was a noble boy with the other boys." Further testimony from the same source is: "He was always a most welcomed visitor in our home and in the Cleveland homes because his visits were of the best pastoral type, giving pleasure and spiritual profit to all the family."

The memory of boyhood days when "Uncle Ivey" was on the Stateville Circuit corroborates the testimony given. Life's sun had then passed its zenith but none of his attractiveness for an eager, alert boy had gone. His deft touch made simple incidents both ludicrous and amusing and all too short the hours for the boys who must needs hie away to bed, though they went with sides aching from excessive laughter. In an evening, when at his best, enough fun would gather about this quick-witted itinerant to make a racy volume could the elusive touches and rare wit have found place on the printed page.

One experience or incident would call for another as the hours ran away. The bare outline of one or two still fresh in memory will illustrate: The road had been long and rough and weary. Between deep gulleys, over hills and across streams, the good, trusty steed jogged on. Yielding to an old habit of crouching down in the seat of his sulky, the weary circuit-rider settled himself for a doze. Semi-conscious, oblivious to all save when a wheel dropped into a rut or tilted over a stone, the somnolent traveler continued his journey. Finally, no one knows how long, life became a blank. "The next thing I knew," with that indescribable tone and air of his, said he, "I was in the bottom of a deep gulley, the sulky on top of me and the horse on his back with feet in the air, unable to get up."

"This experience taught me a lesson," continued "Uncle Ivey" as he illustrated: One hot, sultry afternoon as a big country dinner was taking effect, his eyes grew heavy. Passing a newly built house on the roadside with a work-bench in the yard and shavings knee-deep all around, the thought occurred to him that now is the time and the place. So he turned aside, tied his horse to a tree, crawled under the bench and lay down for a good, quiet nap. Just then the thought struck him, "Some one will see me in this fix and go off and tell it that old man Ivey was asleep in the shavings under a work-bench, sleeping off a drunk." At once every wink of sleep left him and nothing remained but to resume his journey, but he went resolved "never to be caught in suspicious places."

Through the years we have cherished the feeling that the primal motive in the turn given the incident was to teach a needed lesson in a day when grog-shops were at every crossroads and drunken men often down by the roadside.

In season and out of season, this minister of the Gospel and lover of his fellow-men did the work assigned him. He would reprove, rebuke and exhort in the most apostolic fashion and with all the tact at his command try to lead men into a better way. Once in a little group of men he used the chimney of a new dwelling to reprove a member of his church for profane speech. He said to the offending brother: "What would you think, if on passing this house on tomorrow morning, you would see props against the chimney apparently holding it up?" "I would think the job shoddy and that the chimney would fall," replied the man. "I think your conclusion correct," asserted the preacher and pastor. "Now, what would be my conclusion and the conclusion of these brethren if, after you had told us a plain, pleasing story or some unexpected news, you would use ugly words and swear it was *so?"*

Never did the Master by wayside and on mountainside show a devotion to his mission and enjoy a fellowship with his Father other than that displayed by this devoted disciple who in times of peace and in days of war, remained true to the one work of his life. Would that we had fuller details of what he passed through in the days of the Civil War.

Only those who passed through the great Civil War can begin to know the sufferings of the people of the South. Many families had every male member in the army with no other means of support but their labor. The women were left to plow the fields and gather what harvest they could. Along with the direct tax came the tax in kind which bore heaviest upon the people and proved to be the most unpopular. By January, 1864, 3,000,000 pounds of bacon, 75,000 tons of hay and fodder, 770,000 bushels of wheat, to say nothing of other produce valued at $150,000, had been collected from the people of North Carolina.

The lack of transportation facilities often left one section to suffer because supplies could not be transported to places where they were most needed. In many places, the crops were good and food abundant, while in others the people were on the verge of starvation. An equitable distribution of the existing resources would have given no little relief to a suffering people.

The impressment and foraging by detachments of Confederate troops, the bringing in of large numbers of horses which were turned out to rest and fatten, and the exchanging of wornout horses for good ones by the troops as they passed through worked untold hardship, particularly, in the western part of the State. In one of his letters of protest, Governor Vance wrote: "If God Almighty had in store yet another plague for the Egyptians, worse than all others, I am sure it must have been a regiment or so of half-armed, half-disciplined Confederate cavalry."

Wherever the invading armies touched, the country was stripped bare of everything of value that could be carried away and oftentimes, as along the line of Sherman's march, the holdings of the citizens were wantonly destroyed. The fields lay waste with no one to till them and no resources to restore them. A heroic and self-sacrificing people were left to struggle and to suffer.

In *The Last Ninety Days of the War,* Mrs. Spencer testifies, "In North Carolina, families of the highest respectability and refinement lived for months on cornbread, sorghum and peas. Meat was seldom on the table, tea and coffee never; dried apples and peaches were a luxury. Children went barefoot through the winter, and ladies made their own shoes and wove their own homespuns; carpets were cut into blankets, and window curtains and sheets were torn up for hospital use; soldiers' socks were knit day and night, while for home service, clothes were turned twice and patches were patched again."

Of the pitiable social and economic condition of the freedmen, of the prostrate economic condition of the State, when every bank was forced into liquidation after the repudiation of the war debt, and of the fearful nightmare of crime and violence during Reconstruction days, we need not write more than to say that no section escaped and no industry or calling went free. The ministers of the Gospel not only knew the pinch of poverty with the rest, but also had to contend with the bitterness and the hate engendered by Civil War and kept alive by the ruthlessness shown towards the vanquished.

The four years (1866-1869) immediately following the war and in the very heat of Reconstruction times find our itinerant in the vigor of a lusty manhood serving the first of three quadrenniums in and around Lenoir. This, in all probability, was the brightest spot in all of his itinerant journeyings and came nearer being home to the family which knew no settled habitation.

The impressions made on a boy at Blair's schoolhouse, now Cedar Valley Church, by the new preacher, his first year on the Lenoir Circuit, are recalled by Rev. H. M. Blair, Editor of the *North Carolina Christian Advocate:* "The school let out for church service. Soon the new preacher rode up, strong, vigorous, ruddy, in manhood's prime, wearing leggings extending well above the knees, he dismounted and tied his fine horse. After shaking hands with those standing around, with saddle-bags on his arm, he walked in and announced a hymn. The tones of the voice and the manner of the man seemed strange to the boy; but before the service closed the new preacher had won, not only the boy, but the entire congregation. The grip tightened with the years."

Another of the same circuit, who also joined the church under this popular preacher, was Rev. D. H. Tuttle of the North Carolina Conference. Note his striking words: "With him punctuality was proverbial. 'Uncle Ivey' was there when he said he would be there, both in personal and public appointments. He did not 'stand around' before or after preaching. With saddlebags on his arm, he walked from horse to pulpit, speaking courteously and shaking hands with those near and others who came to him. After preaching he mingled more freely with the people, inquiring after the sick and infirm. Soon he was off to dinner with some member of the congregation, sometimes to a well-to-do home, sometimes to a poor one."

Much the same record was made and a like character sustained the thirty-two years following these first two decades mentioned. The average periods of service became longer. 1870-72, Morganton; 1873-76, Lenoir; 1877-80, Rock Springs; 1881, Clinton; 1882, Rutherfordton; 1883-85; Newton; 1886-87, Iredell; 1888-89, Statesville; 1890, Leesburg; 1891-94, Newton; 1895-97, Rutherfordton; 1898-01, Lenoir; 1902, Caldwell, his last. The more than half a century spent on circuits without a break was largely given to the region of the foothills of North Carolina, as becomes evident in this long list of appointments. But these dates do not contain the history of those toilsome days and months and years. That record is nowhere save in the achives on high. The prayers and sermons and exhortations at camp-meetings, in little country churches, and out under the open heavens can never be gathered and given a place in any story, though they live on in lives made better and in the songs of the redeemed around the throne.

Experiences, ludicrous and humorous and, at times, pathetic, live in the traditions all along the meandering journey made by this indefatigable servant of Him who came with the more abundant life. One should not be allowed to perish.

In 1872 or 1873, Bishop Doggett visited Morganton on some connectional business of the church. The good Methodist people of Morganton persuaded him to stay over for a few days longer and preach for them at Mount Pleasant Camp Meeting, four miles from town. This he did to the delight of all, and expectation was keyed to a high pitch. A preacher with the standing of the celebrated Doggett did not come that way often. The message of his coming ran out across the hills far beyond the limits of Burke. The crowd on Sunday was immense and the eagerness to hear widespread. It was a high day at Mount Pleasant.

Tented on the ground was a man by the name of Erwin Coffey, and, in the language of "Uncle Ivey," "he was a great man to shout." Furthermore, in speaking of the man's shouting, "Uncle Ivey" said: "He had the strangest voice you ever heard. It would make the blood curdle in your veins to listen to him, and you would willingly give him a nickel to hush, if he would take it and hush."

On Sunday morning, knowing the character of the day before them with an unusual crowd and the marvelous preacher of the hour, "Uncle Ivey" took the old shouting brother to one side and asked to be allowed to make one request of him, which was readily agreed to. "Brother Coffey," said he, "you know how much you enjoy shouting, and when I preach you can shout just as much as you please, it doesn't affect me in the least; but the Bishop is going to preach today and I thought

I would ask you to restrain your feelings all you can, for you might throw him off his line of thought."

By and by, the Bishop entered the stand, went through the usual preliminaries of the camp-meeting occasions, and then announced for his text, "Ezekiel's Vision of the Dry Bones." Not many minutes had passed that Sunday morning hour at Mount Pleasant before it was plainly evident to all who knew that the good Bishop was at his best and they were destined to be lifted to the mountain top of vision that day. As the Bishop warmed up, with animated form and flashing eye, the crowd was lost in the sweep of the occasion and the marvelous message of the preacher. "I concluded," said "Uncle Ivey," "to cut my eye and see how Brother Coffey was taking it; and when I looked around he was just swelling up like a pair of bellows."

Bishop Doggett continued to grow grander in his descriptions and in the sweep of feeling as the theme developed under the guidance of this master of the hour. Men had never heard it on this wise even from Doggett. Brother Coffey clutched the bench on which he sat with both his hands and held fast as the bellows heaved and the Bishop preached. "I kept my eye on Brother Coffey," continued "Uncle Ivey," "as the sermon reached its climax in a most graphic description; and I saw him when he grabbed his old beaver and shot out from under the arbor, and as he passed through the opening of the line of tents he let her fly (that peculiar voice of his), followed by the dogs of the tent holders mingling their barking with the shouting of the man with the strange voice." Brother Ivey was accustomed to add, "I never saw such a sight in all my life and the funniest part about it was that nobody understood it but myself. One thing I learned, never again to tell a man not to shout."

To pass successfully through the Civil War, to endure the orgies of Reconstruction with all its misgivings and hate, and never to waver in the midst of all the hard times known in the South proved too much for many. These untoward conditions so widespread made exacting demands of a circuit-rider with a big family to rear. Often receiving less than $600 a year, the marvel of so many was how well "Uncle Ivey" got on. Perhaps Brother Tuttle states the secret: " 'Let nothing be lost' was a life motto with him. Money, time, strength, anything of any measure of value was carefully saved and put to use. He was an example of economy. On no other basis could he have laid up enough to educate his sons and daughters."

Economy, industry, skill and good sense aided him in the secular side of life. The same principles that made him a successful preacher, pastor, friend and Christian worker entered into all earthly affairs with George Washington Ivey. He did not partition his life off into compartments. All life was a sacred obligation to him. In all things, he was in copartnership with God and in every way looked for God's blessings upon the efforts of his hands.

This faithful and industrious circuit-rider could do more than preach and pray and exhort, though few could do either of these quite so well as he. His versatility was marked. He could cook, were the family sick; mend shoes, did it become necessary; repair the parsonage, if the occasion demanded; and put the premises in shape, wherever he set his hand to the work. He always had a good garden, counting it needed economy to have a fine horse, a good cow, and the best garden in the community. He loved his garden and corn patch, and usually beat his neighbors to snap beans, roasting ears and tomatoes. He was industrious and a hard worker and never shirked the hardest part of any job in hand.

Naturally, a man so industrious, so genuine, so given to doing the hard and difficult tasks had a contempt for certain people who make a marvelous pretense and promise of performance. In a sermon he said: "The religion of some folks reminds me of a corn-stalk fire. While ablaze it makes you think it will burn the world down, but go to the place ten minutes later and you can't find a spark." This characterization is about as apt as that at another time when he said some members of the church reminded him of a wheelbarrow: "The only way you can get them to go is to get behind them and push them along."

V

INCIDENTS AND ELEMENTS PERSONAL

The two men in North Carolina Methodism most alive in the traditions of the average man are William Closs and George W. Ivey. The one labored more largely in the east and the other in the west. In many respects, most unlike, they had some things in common. Both passed their three score years and ten and each rounded out practically a half century in the itinerant ministry, living in close touch with the average man and giving themselves without reserve to the one work of preaching the gospel. Neither left any writings of his own and not much that had been written by others remains of value in the way of character portrayal. But they have left a marvelous increment of tradition as to their lives and labors, and numerous stories abound illustrating the wise, the witty and the humorous in their careers.

It has been said that owing to his natural diffidence, Dr. Closs seemed to be unsocial and unapproachable and strangers regarded him as stern and austere. Mr. Ivey never left this impression. Though naturally diffident and somewhat reserved, no barrier hedged him about and none ever felt aloof in his presence. All classes came to feel that they knew him so intimately and so thoroughly that nothing lay hidden to isolate the life or to break the bonds of good fellowship. In the crowd, he talked little but all were anxious to get his every observation. So much good sense and fine humor often found expression in a sentence that none cared to let it slip. A group of preachers usually did the talking until "Uncle Ivey" volunteered an opinion; then all lent willing ears. A fresh and unexpected turn to the conversation or an apt sentence big with suggestiveness was expected. Here is one that fits well:

Rev. W. M. Robey of the North Carolina Conference filled a large place in his day and had quite a reputation as a preacher. In his younger days he was highly imaginative and at times indulged in over-wrought figures of speech. One occasion has become notable. It was at Mount Pleasant Camp Ground in Burke along in the seventies in the presence of a great company with a number of preachers in attendance. In the course of the sermon, the preacher with vivid description and telling rhetoric told of the final day when time should be no more. He described, in picturesque phrase, the mighty angel as he stood with his feet on the top of the Rockies with one wing touching the Atlantic and the other dipping in the Pacific as he pronounced the doom of the world.

The service ended, the crowd scattered, and the preachers were chatting in their tent as Brother Ivey sat pensive, looking into the fireplace where one had kindled a small blaze to take away the chillness of the mountain air. After a time, not having spoken or entered into the conversation of the preachers, he raised his head and drew a full breath as he smacked his lips together and observed, "Brethren, wasn't Robey's angel a whopper?"

"Uncle Ivey" came to be a standing denial of the old proverb that "there is nothing new under the sun." As a matter of fact, one of his own incidents cast a doubt in his own mind as to the validity of the ancient proverb. It runs thus: Passing one Monday along a mountain road on his return from his Sunday appointment, he chanced upon a company of people in a little country meeting-house holding a revival. He concluded to stop and see how the meeting was getting on. Up at the front bench, they had half-a-dozen penitents down nearly prostrate on the floor with about a dozen gathered around them singing. One, the leader of the singing, stood reared back, head tilted, beating time vigorously with his right hand while the rest joined in singing the notes do, re, me, fa, so, la, si, do. "Solomon said," "Uncle Ivey" would observe with marked gravity, "that there is nothing new under the sun, but I feel pretty sure Solomon was mistaken. Solomon never saw anything like that."

Such an effort seemed the more ludicrous and incongruous to this wise old circuit-rider who was an expert in a revival meeting and thoroughly at home in a camp-meeting. By no manner of means, an expert measured by the standards of the modern evangelist with his retinue of "workers" and unseemly parade of the spectacular, but an expert in his fellowship with God and in his ability to secure genuine repentance and abiding faith in Jesus Christ. His preaching was in the demonstration of the Spirit and his prayers—well, did any ever forget them?

One of the old preachers writes: "I saw much of him. My first recollection of him reaches back to the old camp-meetings. There I first heard him preach to the great congregations when I was but a boy. It was there I heard him talk to the mourners and pray for them, and whatever may lead others to think there was nothing in all that, I know my own soul is richer and stronger today because of these prayers. I heard him talk with the preachers in their tent and I well remember how interested all were in what he had to say."

Oh! these were the unforgetable days of old! On those camp-meeting occasions, the righteous and the wicked, the rich and the poor met together and there learned that the Lord is the maker of them all; and they also had pressed home upon heart and conscience that ultimately all must stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Awful anguish took hold of the souls of many. One who ever heard that clear, ringing voice of "Uncle Ivey" as it swept out through the trees on a summer night leading the congregation in a prayer overwhelming in its intensity, could never forget; and with difficulty could one escape the conviction of the reality of the spirit world. A message like that which came into the seers of old possessed him and he gave it utterance with flaming soul and enraptured face.

A man with common sense in abundance and with a mind remarkable for its grasp and penetration, having much of the old prophetic fire burning in his bones and a sense of God manifest whenever he opened his mouth in prayer, could not be other than a remarkable preacher. No one ever thought of him for parade when the banners were flying, but when it came to finding one who could bring a message from God that would send men away feeling that they had been in the presence of God, the debate soon ended. Those after the substantials soon found them when Preacher Ivey stood up to preach.

Dr. E. L. Stamey, who was Junior Preacher on the Newton Circuit, delights to bear witness after years of maturing thought.

He was one of the greatest preachers that I ever heard. I thought so then when I was with him on the Newton Circuit, and I have never changed my mind in this regard. I have heard all our great preachers, but none of them have surpassed in real power and effectiveness the subject of this reference. This is saying a great deal, but I believe it is true. His sermons on "Moses," "The Honor of Christian Service," "Self-Examination," and "Quench Not the Spirit," should, in my opinion, rank among the great, the very great sermons it is ever the privilege of one to hear. He was a great preacher, measured by any true standard for a preacher.

He was a great revivalist. He could not only preach great sermons, but he could exhort sinners to repentance, and many will there be to rise up and call him blessed in the other world. There were but few backsliders among his converts, for he preached the true gospel, and insisted on people getting religion in the true way; in other words, he did not count conversions unless there was a distinct work of grace that made the sinner "a new creature." A mere shake of the hand, or a mere confession of Christ, was not enough in his opinion. He wanted to see men and women come to the "mourner's bench," and stay and pray until they received the witness of the Spirit and could so testify to others. I was with him in some glorious revivals, and shall never forget what a power he was in bringing men to Christ.

Many times during great revivals I have heard him say he wanted to cross over at last at the "old ford, where Joshua crossed," when he entered the Promised Land. On one occasion, during one of our meetings and, at a time, when sinners were being converted and saints were rejoicing, he stood up in the audience and said he had never shouted in his life, but that he felt so good that he could "hardly keep from shuffling his feet a little," and at another time, I heard him say he was "going to say glory if it split the skies."

In this portrayal of George Washington Ivey, it must be growing increasingly evident that he did not belong to the common run of mortals, nor did he move on a dead level with the mass of Methodist preachers. He did not belong to the crowd and was not willing to keep company with those lost in the commonplace. Certain incidents in his life set him apart and fill us with a desire for more of his tribe. To think that he should protest with eager haste against having the degree of

Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him and that he should positively refuse to consider a good station offered him passes all understanding. The old saying attributed to Solomon that there is nothing new under the sun went out of date about that time.

Not that he was seeking after notoriety by being odd, or that he was making a show of rejecting all honors—for he did represent his conference in the General Conference at Memphis in May, 1894, fully appreciative of the honor and diligent in the discharge of duty—but from a sense of unworthiness and insufficiency did he positively push aside the crown. In speaking to one of his most intimate personal friends about the degree of D.D. offered him, he said, "It might spoil me; it certainly would cause more to be expected from me—more, perhaps, than I could deliver." So he declined with thanks and would not rest until the authorities assured him that the matter had been dropped. As to the station, we will let his Presiding Elder, Rev. R. M. Hoyle, state the case:

> In 1896, I think it was, his eyes failed, but he went on filling his appointments as before. The roads were rough and his fine horse was full of life. Sister Ivey was uneasy, as were many of us who knew the case, fearing some mishap on the rough roads, but he feared nothing.
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> I talked it over with Aunt Ivey and told her that I thought I could arrange for him. At his fourth Quarterly Conference, just before conference, I laid the matter before him and told him I had a station that would pay him more than he was getting there and that the people had asked for him and would be delighted to have him live with them. I called his attention to the fact Sister Ivey and his friends were anxious that he have a charge where he would not be exposed at least while his sight was so deficient. He heard all I had to say, and his reply was in

these words, near as I recall: "I love those people up there, but don't send me to a station. I never did that kind of work. I might not succeed in that class of work. Just let me finish my work on the circuit where I began!" I, for a little while, tried to change his mind, but his mind was fully made up, so all I could do was to yield.

A perennial fountain of humor and a ready wit made "Uncle Ivey" attractive and at times wonderfully effective. As is too often the case, this characteristic did not mar his character nor render ludicrous his efforts. His rare good sense and genuine Christian instincts saved him from perpetrating untimely jests or of sinking to the level of a buffoon. He was too prudent and considerate in word and deed to be guilty of rash, foolish or ill-advised speech. Due consideration preceded the words of his mouth. Somehow, there was an element of finality about many of his observations—not much remained to be said. His approach to a discussion from a new angle often ended the argument, so far as he was concerned, and, at times, to the satisfaction of all. Some brethren were discussing the right or wrong of women's preaching. After displaying much eloquence and dispensing no little wisdom, without conviction or change of heart, they appealed to "Uncle Ivey" for his opinion. He gave it in a sentence: "Brethren, I don't know, but there is one thing I do *know*—I *know* I was not called to *stop* them."

Dr. Long of Statesville, North Carolina, a leading physician of Iredell, in the closing decades of the nineteenth century and a notable admirer of "Uncle Ivey," enjoyed telling of the trade that failed. Both the humor of the situation and the unique turn of the trade appealed to the shrewd and observant citizen and honored physician who for years enjoyed the study of human nature and delighted in recounting incidents out of the ordinary. This one made special appeal.

"I shall never forget the day," the old doctor would begin, "as I was sitting in front of my office on Broad Street, when an ungainly, crimped-up, tallow-faced, dirt-eating countryman came along leading at the other end of a plow-line a little, runty, scrawny, woods cow. He stopped in the middle of the street and whined out in thin, piping voice, 'Doc, does you want to buy a good milk cow?'

"No, I don't need a cow of any sort just now," replied the doctor as he scrutinized with curious gaze the proffered animal worth on the market certainly not more than ten or twelve dollars.

"Say, kin youse tell me anybody what does?" continued the eager countryman.

"No, I don't believe I can," replied the interested practitioner.

But after a moment or two, on second thought, he added, "Yes, some one told me, the other day, that Rev. Mr. Ivey, the Methodist preacher living over on Depot-hill, wanted to buy a fine milk cow."

Just then as his man was moving to leave, Dr. Long caught sight of Mr. Ivey and exclaimed, "Hold on, there, a moment. There goes Mr. Ivey now across the lot back of Wallace Brothers' store. Be quick and hurry up and you will catch him."

With urgent step and fresh anticipation, the cow-trader started across the lot. The imminent colloquy promised too interesting an episode for this citizen-philosopher to let slip, so he followed along behind to hear the trade.

As the seeker and the sought met, the countryman accosted the minister after this fashion, "I's hearn youse want'n a good cow. I's got a good un to sell."

With a quizzical look in his eye as he glanced at the object of sale and at the vendor, "Uncle Ivey" inquired with mock gravity, "How much milk will she give?"

This query struck a responsive chord, for now was the time to exhibit the quality of his goods. The qualities of the animal on exhibition were set out in surprising detail, couched in the quaint idioms of certain North Carolina English. A remarkable and unexpected degree of animation was displayed by the would-be trader as he recounted how his cow had suffered from neglect. She had not been fed or milked with any regularity—she had run down in appearance, and had failed in her milk until she would not give more than two gallons and a half a day. But if she was fed and milked regularly and looked after as she ought to be, she would give "four gallons a day easy."

"Uncle Ivey" heard the marvelous story and listened to the assurance of "four gallons a day easy" without any show of incredulity or tendency to question veracity. No interrogations followed and no reply was made save that he quietly affirmed with uplifted palm, as he turned aside, "That's all right, that's all right, I don't want her, we can't use more than a gallon and a half a day at our house."

The day never came when Doctor Long would not chuckle as he thought of the incident and the strange and unexpected look of astonishment on the tallow-faced trader, with the runty cow at the end of a plow-line, who overdid the matter in boosting his "good milk cow."

This Methodist preacher who lived up to the reputation sustained by the early circuit-riders as to the knowledge of a good horse also had a fine working knowledge of a cow as well as of folks. His advice to Sister Sheets has become almost a classic in cow-lore. It seems that the good woman, wanting in a knowledge of the care of her milk cow upon which she was so dependent, allowed the poor dumb brute to show every appearance of having the hollow-horn or of having been subjected to the wiles of the witches. In her desperation she sent for the preacher to come and see the cow. Some tell it that she sent for the good man to come and pray that the good Lord who has a special concern for widows would heal her cow. So well grounded is this belief that two preachers in the preacher's tent at a camp meeting fell into an argument as to whether the Lord might not heal a cow as well as a man. Any way, all seem to agree that "Uncle Ivey" made the proper diagnosis and prescribed an excellent remedy. "Well, Sister Sheets, I think she needs a little meal."

This knowledge of cattle and horses extended along many practical lines of life and a like knowledge of human nature proved valuable in dealing with people in a long and varied career. They knew him so well and trusted him so fully that all kinds of questions came up for settlement.

Once a friend of his, a widower, wanted to marry a certain woman, but before doing so he desired to know something about his intended bride. Brother Ivey had been the pastor of both parties, so the man went and inquired of his pastor if he knew ———. "I certainly do," replied the preacher. "What kind of a woman is she?" continued the anxious suitor. "She had one of the best mothers I ever knew," came the response. Thus, the colloquy ended without the pastor bringing an accusation against the "intended" of his friend, but for some reason the banns were never proclaimed.

The more one investigates the record made along the shining track left by the goings of this itinerant Methodist preacher, the more convincing becomes the evidence that he was one of the really great circuit preachers of our Southern Methodism. The testimony of Rev. Joseph Parker, for forty-one years a member of the South Carolina Conference and a close itinerant friend of Mr. Ivey, his conference colleague, said: "George Washington Ivey is one of the strongest preachers of the Conference and a man of more common sense than most of us."

Out in the country away from the pres-reporters and the eminence gained in the busy centers where the multitudes go by, this man spent his days and delivered his messages. Only the favored who gathered in the country churches and schoolhouses really knew the force of this man of God who always came with a message from God. Rev. S. M. Davis tells of driving into Morganton one week-day in the Spring of 1871. Six miles out of town in an oak grove were horses and buggies gathered, indicating a public service of some kind. He turned aside, tied his horse and went into the little schoolhouse where the people were gathered for divine service. He says: "I found Brother Ivey ready to announce his text. To those plain, sensible farmers he preached a great sermon, worthy of any place or any occasion." And, too, this was a special schoolhouse appointment added to the work demanded of the pastor on the then big and heavy work of the Morganton Circuit.

The work done on the Morganton Circuit in the days of Reconstruction was most constructive and remains to this good day. One incident will illustrate the character of the work done and the impression that remains. Rev. M. D. Giles bears witness:

I was converted under his ministry at Obeth Church, in the bounds of the old Morganton Circuit, Burke County,

1869. That night he preached from the following text: How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. 1 Kings 18:21. The sermon preached from this text was the greatest sermon I ever heard because it saved my soul from sin. The Holy Spirit in that blessed sermon took hold of my tottering and wavering religious walk and led me out of the form of godliness to the mercy seat, where I found the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The spirit and weight of that sermon led me to Christ.

The experience enjoyed by the young man of the hills that night in the little country church among the mountains could be duplicated over and over again and the humorous incidents recited add zest along the stretch of the years. Some years before he died, "Uncle Ivey" asked Brother Giles if he remembered what happened the night he was converted." "I told him," says Giles, "I remembered my happiness, my joy, and his text." Then "Uncle Ivey" related the incident: "They had tallow candles. I took hold of the charred wick and threw it as I thought out of danger; but it fell on the back of a man who had recently been married. It burned through his coat and other clothing, and when the fire touched the skin he began jumping, and he jumped and jumped until his friends smothered the fire. The man said all he hated about it was the burning of a hole in his new coat, and I think it was simply a seer-sucker coat."

The ludicrous, the laughable, the oddities of men never escaped the notice of this earnest and devoted servant of the Master even when about his Master's business. That little incident at family prayers has been mutilated so much in the telling that one is not sure of the correct version. If memory can be relied on, his narrative runs thus: "I was visiting a family in my flock, not very religious and certainly not much given to prayer, unless it was done in the closet. Before I left the house I suggested that we have prayer. We were on the piazza. A vicious looking little dog became alarmed somewhat or, at least, was disturbed by the unusual proceedings going on. As I was reading, the little dog came up on the piazza and took his position in front of me and continued his barking, all the while looking me in the face. Once I had finished the reading and had called the family to prayer I kneeled down in front of my chair and began to pray. This seemed to strike new terror to the already disturbed dog and also added new energy to his nervous barks as he jumped up on the bottom of my chair and took a fresh start. I opened my eyes about that time and took good aim at his throat, grabbed him, and cut off his wind. When I got through with the prayer and turned him loose he was glad enough to go and not to be heard from again."

With the jest or shrewd observation often went a pungent saying one did not care to forget. Among the many, Rev. M. D. Giles is authority for one that should not perish. It so well shows up the absurdity of much sermonizing that it should point a moral, if not adorn a tale. Here is the story:

A sister denomination in Lenoir, North Carolina, had invited a young divine to come and preach them a trial sermon. He took for his text: "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." (Isa. 1:3.) The young minister gave an elaborate description of the many uses of the ox. He said: "You can draw great logs with him and carry many burdens upon him, and when he is old and worn out, you can fatten and make beef out of him; and you can make mattresses of his hair, leather of his hide, combs of his horns, glue of his hoofs, and you can lubricate machinery with the tallow taken from his meat, etc." Rev. W. L. Sherrill of the Western North Carolina Conference, was at that time stationed in Lenoir, Brother Ivey on the Circuit, and they both heard the sermon. Next morning Brother Sherrill met up with Brother Ivey, and asked, "Brother Ivey, how did you like the sermon last night?" Brother Ivey answered, "Well, he had a great many good things to tell us about the old ox, but in my humble judgment he left out the best part, he never said a word about the tripe."

A volume is needed to record the numerous incidents and anecdotes, ludicrous, humorous and pathetic, told of "Uncle Ivey." Many of these were recited by himself at his own expense and enjoyed to the full, as when he would tell of the good, simple-minded, illiterate old brother who came up after the sermon and said, "Brother Ivey, I sure did like your sermon today. You made it so *plain* and *thin* I could see through it."

Most of these stories have been repeated so often that one cannot be sure of the original edition free from all revisions and annotations. But they are all based on fact and the many versions attest high admiration and affectionate good will bestowed by a great people upon a noble, true and godly man. What Abraham Lincoln is to the American people and Zebulon Baird Vance is to the State of North Carolina, as the traditional source and the abiding center of striking incident and ancedote, George Washington Ivey is to the Methodist people of Western North Carolina. They will not willingly let his memory perish or the unique character of his personality die.

Why this wonderful hold on all classes of all the people secured by this Methodist circuit-rider and, better still, how did he continue to grip them as with hoops of steel? He did not lift up his voice in the concourse and seemed wholly unconcerned about the plaudits of the crowd. The humble Nazarene never more surely sought to escape popular applause than did this lowly follower of Him who went about doing good.

At least, three notable elements impressed all who came to know and estimate this man of God.

1. A strong, rugged, genuine manhood overshadowed all he did. His candor, his earnestness, his consistency impressed all. His persistent purity of life and prudent piety in all his religious conduct convinced every one that a consistent, conscientious Christian man bore the vessels of the Lord and broke the bread of life to the people. No barrier hedged him from the folks and no ecclesiastical vestments concealed him from public scrutiny. "Uncle Ivey" was willing to be known through and through, so the people came to know him intimately and to trust him without reserve.

2. A wonderfully fine endowment of common sense and real mental strength commanded respect. This vigorous, penetrating mind and sound judgment saved him from the perils of the superficial and the erratic. Who ever heard "Uncle Ivey" make a foolish or rash statement in the pulpit or out of it, unless one should consider rash some striking declaration in the pulpit when shouting happy, as with face illumined, breast heaving and heart swelling with joy, he exclaimed, "Brother Stamey, I would say glory to God if it split the sky." That was the ecstatic fervor of the Hebrew prophet with the burning fire shut up in his bones. If that be rashness, make the most of it.

3. The fine point to his observations and the sound sense underlying his humor, without any pride of opinion or undue parade of self, made effective appeal to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear. Moreover, the good humored way in which he referred to certain well-known limitations, pleased and amused; as in his reference to singing: "I can do about all Christian duties but sing, and if I get to heaven and there is no one there but the Lord and me, and the Lord wants any singing done, He will have to raise the tune."

VI

LIFE'S BEST LEGACY

Though discounted in the general estimate of the world because of his eagerness for the dollar, the average American remains at heart an idealist, and, in his truer and better moments, admits that life's best legacy to the world cannot be estimated in statistical tables. The richest bequests find no mention in the records of the Probate Court and are not measured by the abundance of things which one possesses. Moreover, the delicate and intangible elements of character are not tested by the gross standards of material things. Easier would it be to weigh the perfume of flowers or the transcendant glory at the close of a perfect day than to sum up the ultimate results of a life lived in fine fidelity before God and man.

In the common lot of the world, the days of a man are so few and his richest accumulations are so poor that they apart and of themselves count for naught in the sum of things. Only in the light of life's relations, with due regard for life's contributions, does the individual become a factor able to aid in putting the world forward. Consequently, the final concern in the estimate of a man is not how much "stuff" has he left behind but how well has he filled his place in the realm of eternal realties. For in the long run and in the final estimate, every man must be judged by the permanent legacy left to posterity. Somehow history has never shown a disposition to keep alive the names of the numerous celebrities gone save of those who in some way have rendered a service to humanity and have continued to prove a blessing to the world.

The best contribution made by this itinerant Methodist preacher, whose life has been passed under review, may be stated in the following terms: (1) the example of an upright life; (2) the power of his prayer-life; (3) and the success attained in his family-life.

The sterling qualities of personal character give color and significance to all that emanated in word or deed from this transparent soul through the long years of his earthly pilgrimage, and these must be held to the front in any and all estimates of his life and labors. In this continued emphasis, however, upon the potency of personal integrity and individual character every precaution has been taken to avoid leaving the impression that Mr. Ivey ever minified the preaching of the word or estimated lightly the official acts of the ministry. Indeed, fidelity to his work and devotion to his people were the passion of his life. His well-known habit of meeting every appointment even though sometimes he preached to empty pews would occasion comment. To such comment, he would make some such reply as this: "It is my business to preach and the Lord's business to furnish the congregation."

On a cold, rainy, disagreeable day the old circuit-rider, true to the habits of his life, drove through the mud and slush to fill his appointments. Nobody was there. The preacher soliloquized: "This is my regular appointment; I have prepared my sermon; and I ought to preach." Whereupon, he opened the church door, went in and after prayer, began his sermon. Presently a man with his rifle, passing by and hearing the preaching, went in and remained through the service. Commenting later on the incident, "Uncle Ivey" was accustomed to say, "The congregation was not large, but it was very orderly and attentive, and on the whole we had a pretty good service."

On another occasion, this preacher who was not to be stopped for want of a proper hearing was half way through his discourse before any one came in. In a humorous way he would justify this effort on empty benches by saying, "I had a new sermon on which I wished to practice a little."

These are extreme cases to be sure, yet useful in illustrating the fidelity of this man of God to the one work of his life. One other incident may be allowed because of its approach from another angle and the signficance it bears. Passing over all the details, some of which made this the more aggravating, the main points are these: After many years of economy and wise management, "Uncle Ivey" had laid by $1,200. This was loaned to a man who failed in business and made an assignment involving many creditors and thousand of dollars. He had been trusted and honored, holding positions of influence in civil and religious life, but, in the end, turned out to be a fraud, guilty of embezzlement and the misappropriation of funds. Mr. Ivey coming in from the country where he was engaged in a meeting learned from a friend of the imminent collapse and was advised to look out for his funds. Had he remained at home the next day, he could in all probability have saved his earnings, but instead he went to his meeting and his savings went down in the collapse. Such conduct as this borders on the heroic and tells of a man who could swear to his own hurt and change not.

Naturally, then, in this delineation, stress has been placed more upon the man than upon the minister, for back of the sermon must be a wealth of personality or else the message will be nothing more than sounding brass. Both of these, the man and the message, were present when George Washington Ivey had an appointment to preach. Sometimes, he would go in through the window and preach one of his best sermons to an audience of two or three; then again, the house and the yard would be full, but always a telling message. In the words of one already quoted: "Uncle Ivey" was a geuninely great preacher—not in the style of the 'eloquent orator,' but in unique originality, forceful earnestness, well selected words, doctrinal integrity, and permanent results."

At a session of the Statesville District Conference in Mooresville, North Carolina, on Friday, the 18th day of July, 1902, at 11 o'clock, Rev. G. W. Ivey preached. This was his last sermon before a Conference of his Church or a representative gathering of his brethren. The memory of that hallowed hour and the heavenly radiance is with me still. His physical eye was dim, but his spiritual vision proved to be wonderfully acute. The Life and Labors of St. Paul was the theme. A fine brief summary of the Apostle's career, a more detailed discussion of his teachings, a vivid picture of his trials and triumphs, and a practical application with telling point and force, made this a really great sermon. Not great, perhaps, measured by the standards of pulpit eloquence and the demands of literary canons, but great in gospel truth, personal force and assurance of victory. The tender illuminating touches dealing with his own personal experiences rendered the sermon unforgetable, especially for those acquainted with his more than half-century of loyal, unselfish service, sacrifice and suffering. Personal potency, shot through with gospel fervor backed by heroic doings, spoke that day.

A haunting sense of failure has attended this endeavor to properly delineate the subject before us. The clumsiness of language and the insufficiency of words become apparent in any effort to present a man who had such marked elusive and intangible elements. We miss the tones of his voice and that nameless something about his personality that sets him apart. More than this, the one secret of his power has not been mentioned save by implication. Only those who had the most intimate knowledge knew the abiding secret of this man so at home with the Apostle to the Gentiles that one would have thought that he had been with Paul in the third heaven.

In the prayer life, therefore, of this preacher of righteousness, as of every other man of God who has counted for such, is to be found the real source of power and the abiding inspiration that sent this White Knight of the itinerancy on his many conquests. His son, Thomas Neal, who has many of the noble traits of the father, can best disclose the secret: "Looking back over my father's life, I find myself most powerfully impressed with what might be called the prayer element in that life. The simplicity of his faith in God as a superintending personality and as a loving Father was never marred by any of those complex questions which are sometimes allowed to shadow the spiritual vision. He knew the Bible as few men know it. He believed it to be the Word of God, and he threw himself as trustfully upon its promises as a child throws itself upon its mother's bosom. It was not strange then that prayer became a vital part of his daily life. It was not held in reserve for spectacular occasions when spiritual circumstances became congested in critical experiences, or when the big waves of trouble and sorrow naturally drove the soul to the protecting shores of faith. Prayer with him was not only a daily exercise, but his daily life—as natural as were the duties that belong to daily experiences.

"I would not pull the curtain," continues the son, "and expose to the unsympathetic gaze those daily seasons of communion with God which were held sacred by him, but I must be somewhat definite. No noon passed that had not found him keeping his daily private engagement with his Father. No twilight came that did not find him enfolded somewhere within the shadows and keeping that engagement. Precious to me is the memory of those far off days when after the frugal supper of the parsonage, I saw him absenting himself for a season in a retired room. We children early learned that he had gone aside to talk with God. This was seen by the subdued look on his face as he would call the family to prayer. He would never allow any circumstance, unless it was exceptional and extreme, to prevent this family worship both morning and evening. He was as true and faithful in the exercise of this priestly duty and privilege as any man I ever knew. We children, doubtless, thought at times that he was somewhat rigid in calling us in every time and under all circumstances, but we do not think so now. That faith and devotion explains to us now that they were but the natural factors of a life truly 'hid with Christ in God.' They have served to explain the victory of that life which was a constant struggle and which only those Methodist itinerants with a large family to support in a time when the land was prostrate and the powers of darkness were on every side can fully understand."

After all, a man's finest success and most lasting achievement is with his family. No other failure is comparable to a collapse here. This man who walked before God in all fidelity, sincerity and good conscience secured the lasting gratitude of the future in the contribution passed on from his home. As the goings of Abraham could be traced by the smoke of his altar fires, so the humble parsonage homes of Western Carolina were marked by the long line of altars erected by this servant of God; and his children, steadied by his example and enriched by his prayers, remain to bless the world.

At this time any extended notice or attempt to estimate the family which remains would be wholly out of place, but it will doubtless prove of interest in the years to come to transcribe the record of the family as it appears in the Bible of the dear mother, who went to heaven from Statesville, N. C., July 27, 1914.

William Parsons Ivey was born August 23, 1856. He and Mamie Sherrill were married May 25, 1887, by Rev. G. W. Ivey, and he died in Lenoir, N. C., June 29, 1912.

Clara Marinda Ivey was born August 24, 1858, and died in Leasburg, N. C., May 7, 1890.

Thomas Neal Ivey was born May 22, 1860. He and Nora Dowd were married August 7, 1883, by Dr. O. F. Gregory.

Mary Rebecca Ivey was born April 19, 1862, and died in Shelby, N. C., August 23, 1862.

Joseph Benjamin Ivey was born June 7, 1864. He and Emma M. Gantt were married February 2, 1893, by Rev. D. P. Tate.

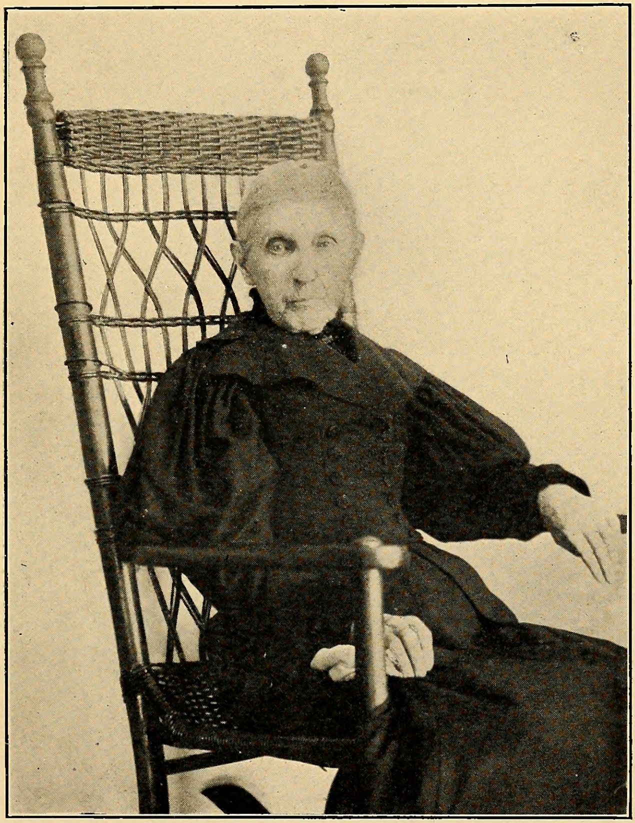
Harriet Moore Ivey was born May 7, 1866. On October 15, 1890, she and James H. White, of Statesville, N. C., were married by Rev. G. W. Ivey.

Emma Lou Ivey was born March 19, 1868. On September 18, 1887, she and George M. Foard, of Olin, N. C., were married by Rev. D. G. Caldwell.

George Franks Ivey was born June 24, 1870. He and Edith Blanche Sherrill were married June 14, 1899, by Rev. G. W. Ivey.

Lizzie Brown Ivey was born September 16, 1872, and died in Lenoir May, 1874.

Eugene Claywell Ivey was born June 28, 1874. He and Annie Vasseur were married October 25, 1911, by Rev. T. N. Ivey.



Selina Neal Ivey

The records show that Mary Rebecca and Lizzie Brown died in childhood. Clara Marinda and William Parsons passed away after reaching maturity, the latter being a prominent physician of Lenoir. Six of the family remain, an honor to the name they bear. Thomas Neal edits the *Christian Advocate* of Nashville, Tennessee. Joseph Benjamin, of Charlotte, a merchant; George Franks, of Hickory, manufacturer of school desks, and Eugene Claywell, of Lenoir, an electrician, are each to the front in their fields of endeavor. Not one whit behind the sons are the two daughters, Harriet Moore White, of Greensboro, and Emma Lou Foard, of Statesville, North Carolina. To the white-souled circuit-rider and his genuine helpmeet these sons and daughters owe a debt they are realizing more and more since the old familiar faces are no more with them, and they are coming to appreciate the demands once they thought exacting. The clearer vision gained by experience and distance discloses to them the value of the rigid rounds of their early days.

Rather than an effort to portray the man in the home and to set forth the impression he made on the young, we will let Dr. Edward Leigh Pell, of Richmond, Virginia, speak out of his experience:

> As I began a moment ago to recall "Uncle Ivey," as he appeared to me in my childhood days, my mind went back to the pictures of Old Testament heroes, which we children used to wonder over in the big Family Bible we had in our home in those wondering days. That was not unnatural. It would have been strange if I had not often gotten him mixed with those Old Testament heroes, for it seems to me he was always behaving like them. He did not do the terrible things they did, but he was always doing hard things and brave things. You could see that he was not afraid

of anybody in the world, but it did look sometimes as if he were afraid of having an easy time. He never seemed to know what an easy chair on the front porch was for. We were living next door and I have searched my memory in vain to find a picture of "Uncle Ivey" lolling about and enjoying himself after a hard week's work. He always had a big circuit and no man worked harder when he was away at his appointments, but when he came back, I may be mistaken, but it seems to me you could always tell when he had just returned home by an unsual burst of sound coming from the direction of the wood-pile. He liked to do hard things. He just lusted for hardship. And he found it. Of no man of his time could it be more truly said that he endured hardship "as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

I said he was always doing brave things. He was as brave as Elijah. A boy would have had a hard time of growing up a coward in sight of "Uncle Ivey's" home. His moral courage filled the atmosphere. He no more shrank from duty than he shrank from labor. He would no more violate his conscience than he would commit murder. He could feel as deeply as any man I ever knew, yet he never hesitated to crucify his feelings for duty's sake. If he had been a surgeon, I am sure he would have operated on his own child, rather than shift the responsibility on any one else, though he knew that the first stroke of his knife would cut his own heart in two. He could do the bravest thing a father ever did; he could come home to his family after a long absence and while his heart was yet full of tenderness towards his children, he could, if duty required, punish every one of them for any serious lapse of conduct while he was away. I don't think that he ever had to punish them all at one time, but he could have done it. And he could have done it as righteously as a prophet of old, without the aid of anger and solely from a sense of responsibility to his God and a sense of obligation to his children.

I suppose a sentimental modernist would have called him a hard father, for he did not spare the rod of his feeling to spoil the child; but I believe it is generally admitted that the sentimental modernist has not thus far scored any conspicuous success in bringing up his children, and if any man in America ever brought up a family more successfully than "Uncle Ivey," I have never heard of it. He had no foolish illusions about children. He believed that God gave him his children to be made into men for the Kingdom of God. If we should ever set up at Washington an honor roll of Americans who have achieved signal success as fathers (and I don't see why we should not do it), the list might not be a very long one, but I am sure "Uncle Ivey's" name would be very near the top.

Of course, the glory of it all does not belong to him alone. Mother was there. But the world has sung the glory of mother so much, it is time we were giving father his share.

In after years, when I came to know him again, I was old enough to see farther into the depths of his heart, and while the image of Elijah was still there it was almost transparent and I could look through it to the image of Him of whom Elijah was the forerunner. And ever afterwards, though his face was still as strong as a giant's, "Uncle Ivey" made me think of Jesus. There was a tenderness in it in spite of its strength, like the tenderness of a little child and when it lighted up—

By the way, did anybody ever see a human countenance light up as "Uncle Ivey's" always did when he began to talk about the Master and tell how he expected to see him one day face to face?

VII

ON THE LAST ROUND

From the cross-country ride of the callow youth to join the South Carolina Conference at Wadesboro to the last round on a mountain circuit at the foot of the Blue Ridge is a long journey. In miles the road is short, but in years—from 1850 to 1902—the way is long and full of change. Changes of world import had crept across the world as distance measured by months shriveled to days and as hermit nations ceased to be. Old things had passed away, and all things were becoming new. America, reunited after a notable civil conflict, had become a world power of first magnitude, and American Christianity had gained a new sense of obligation to the peoples of all lands.

But this new proclamation in a new day was no strange doctrine or unheard of experience for a man who through the years had cherished such clear views of the gospel. The old circuit-rider had lived in too intelligent and intimate fellowship with Paul to need a new gospel in the midst of a changing order. In the old gospel of the burning heart, gloried this untiring itinerant, who, by day and by night, in summer's heat and winter's cold, would press on preaching the gospel that is the power of God to every one that believeth. At a district conference towards the close of the vacation season, he told of his twenty-two years without a holiday, and the success he had enjoyed the past hot summer in which he had held six revival meetings "while some of the brethren were cooling off."

No one knew the art of restoration and the advantage of needed repairs and used them to better advantage than did this practical conservator who in the school of necessity had learned well the lessons of economy in dealing with the limited supply of life's necessities. One familiar hour of a personal nature, his Presiding Elder asked him how long had he owned those various accoutrements incident to his life on the road, to which he replied: "I have owned that buggy twenty-two years, that saddle thirty-six years, and those saddle-bags fifty-three years." Of that sulky, so well known in the traditions and about which hung so many reminiscences of his later years, a romance could be written and a marvelous story told.

Moreover, along with these cherished objects, the intimate personal experiences of many full years held a sacred place and at times were used with telling effect. In a sermon before a crowded house in which were many who had known him through the years in and around Lenoir, N. C., a telling climax was reached as with illumined face and streaming eyes and quivering voice, he assured his former parishoners that the same fire still burned in the old man's bones. In less time than one can tell it that congregation went into tears; his voice broke and he sat down. For them, more than a volume was pressed into a sentence as the marvelous record of the years flashed before them.

To the very last that fresh and unexpected turn or unlooked for word in the midst of a situation out of the ordinary remained with this notable preacher. His good common sense, fine spirit and ready wit would save the day. Rev. J. E. Thompson, his last Presiding Elder, was with him behind a fine, spirited horse on a mountain road. Though weakened in body and suffering from impaired eyesight, "Uncle Ivey," with the sensitiveness indicative of the unconscious approach of age, insisted on driving—in fact would listen to nothing else—and clung to the reins. The horse startled, gave a jump, the buggy tilted and he was gone. Presently, the driver was in a ditch, with his companion on top of him. The younger and more active man picked himself up and inquired after the under man. Not much satisfaction could be gained and serious apprehensions of internal injuries arose, leading to the fear that the old circuit-rider had ended his journey beside a mountain road. When once raised up and the dirt was brushed off, "Uncle Ivey" asked for some water. Taking a quarterly conference blank, the Presiding Elder hurried to a near-by stream, improvised a cup and returned with the water. Just then all serious apprehensions vanished as the normal man was disclosed through this characteristic observation: "Well, the Psalmist tells us, 'An horse is a vain thing for safety.' "

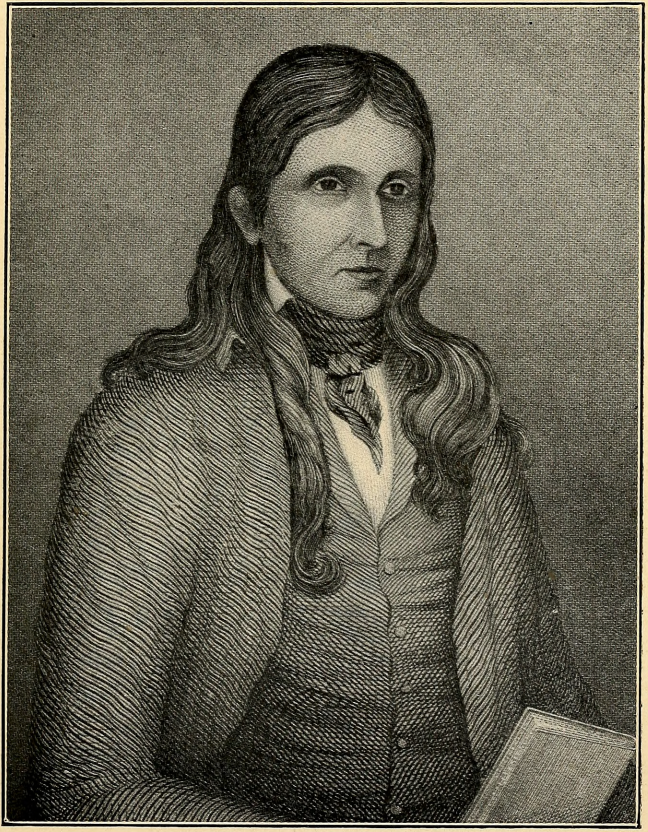
The finest things of the spirit remained with him to the last. In like manner, the same care and diligence in looking after tiresome detail followed "Uncle Ivey" to the close of life's busy day. In many of the little straggling country churches only the careful handling of the small contributor would bring up the collections. Any one who happened to be present at one of these most difficult points on a last Sunday of the year could not forget. To hear him call the names of all who had subscribed and note how he urged each to bring the dime or the quarter or the fifty cents (rarely the dollar) and put it on the table before he called the next name gave assurance that no one would be allowed to escape. This task finished, he would hurry on to the next church to carry on the work. Dealing in the small things, among the plain yeomanry in a time of dire poverty, he spent much of his life; but otherwise did it prove when he broke the bread of life to a hungry people, for his sermons were on great themes and his prayers in high fellowship with the eternal world. Faithful in the few things, he was able to deal with the "many things" in a fashion that caused men to wonder and still the wonder grows. His life and influence is being multiplied in the lives of many made better.

But the journey had been long and rough and the hardships many these fifty-two years of journeying up and down the land. Through winter's cold and summer's heat, with scarcely a holiday, the devoted man of God with the burning heart kept pressing on, unwilling to take a rest, though friends insisted that he should put off the harness and tarry beside the road. They felt that he ought to remain with them and shed the heavenly radiance among them as a benign benediction. But God said, "It is enough." The time had come for the old circuit-rider to turn his face homeward. He attended his fourth Quarterly Conference at Grace Chapel, November 1, 2, in his usual health, having met every appointment for the year. On Sunday at the close of the communion service, he led the congregation in an unusual prayer, even for him. He seemed, says his Presiding Elder, to be within the gates of the city and talking with God, and all were wonderfully lifted by the prayer of such spiritual fervor. After the services, he joined the crowd in the grove for dinner, and then went to Ebenezer to preach a funeral at three o'clock in the afternoon. He had been preaching about twenty minutes from the text, "Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life" (Tim. 6:12), when the call came. With raised hand, he said, "Eternal life is—" but the sentence was never finished. Friends carried him, unconscious, from the pulpit to a house near by, and on the following Tuesday he was removed to the parsonage at Granite Falls. Time intervened sufficient for the family to gather and be with him in his last moments. Friday morning, November 7, 1902, the forty-seventh anniversary of his marriage, he passed up to enjoy that eternal life of which he had spoken with such assurance for so many years. Just as the dawn crept across the hills of Western Carolina, he was gone. Battalions of angels, better than any Bunyan ever dreamed of, must have gathered over the mountains that triumphant morning. The old circuit-rider was going home and there was sunshine everywhere.

Tennyson tells us that as King Arthur passed, Sir Bedevere groaned, "The King is gone"; but when this knightly-souled circuit-rider passed many felt that he had gone to be more than king among the uncrowned followers of Francis Asbury who, unlike the knights of old, that went to redress human wrongs, have ridden forth to spread scriptural holiness over these lands.

With simple rites, conducted by the Presiding Elder and brother ministers, they laid him to rest in the cemetery at Lenoir. Friends by the hundreds who loved him tenderly, gathered to show their devotion and to talk of his virtues. They buried him in the golden afternoon on a hill facing the sunrise. How truly significant! The close of a perfect day; the promise of the day yet to be.

If one could measure the circle of influence exerted by the men whom George Washington Ivey has sent into the ministry, to say nothing of the thousands made better, it would be easy to demonstrate the truth of any suggestion of a larger day and ampler life. Rev. E. W. Fox, a younger member of the Western North Carolina Conference, testifies that he heard more of "Uncle Ivey" on Newton Circuit than of all who had gone before on that work. Men did not forget one so genuine and in such fine fellowship with God. Though gone, he still rides with the men in whom the message is as a fire shut up in their bones. The old circuit-rider is no longer confined to the country places of Western Carolina. His going forth is from the heavens and his circuit extends to the ends of the earth. For George Washington Ivey the grave was but the gateway to victory.



Lorenzo Dow

LORENZO DOW
GOSPEL RANGER

LORENZO DOW

I

A GLANCE AT ENVIRONMENT

There were few people on the American continent in the early decades of the nineteenth century who had not heard of Lorenzo Dow, the long-haired, thin-visaged little man with many oddities in dress and behavior. He in his travels from above the St. Lawrence River in Canada to the swamps of Louisiana beyond the Mississippi River, visited every state in the Union; and hundreds, if not thousands, in almost every town and hamlet had listened to his voice.

With a fanatical devotion to his task and little thought of food or time to sleep, he frequently preached five times and traveled forty or fifty miles in a single day. He never missed an appointment. Though these appointments, made twelve and fifteen months ahead, stretched across the continent, this winged gospel messenger, in spite of storm and flood and physical ailments, on the day and at the hour appointed, either on foot or horseback, dashed into the midst of the assembled and expectant multitude, delivered his message, and without a word of greeting, was gone like some wild bird of flight.

Dow was the first Methodist to preach in Alabama, and the first Protestant to carry the gospel into Louisiana. He introduced camp meetings into the great Southwest. Although without official connection with the Methodist Church, he preached to Annual Conferences, to the General Conference, and was cordially received by Bishops Coke, Asbury and Whatcoat; these high officials esteemed him worthy of their confidence and good will.

With the conscience of a Puritan, the imperial will of a Napoleon, and a body, though diseased and apparently frail, capable of prolonged and strenuous exertion, he allowed no obstacle, however formidable, to prevent his accomplishing the tremendous task set for himself. At first he was so unacceptable as a preacher that Jesse Lee, his elder, sent him home till with the increase of knowledge and of years he should become more capable. Having been thrice rejected by the Annual Conference, half crazed in consequence of the repeated and trying disappointment, he wandered, in mid-winter, like some wounded and hungry animal, over the hills of Vermont, still seeking for an opportunity to preach the gospel. Hostile mobs at camp-meetings, and lurking savages on wilderness trails attacked the inoffensive man, but he allowed none of these to turn him aside from the main purpose of his life, till eventually, he stood in the midst of his generation, in many respects, without an equal in the long and honored line of pioneer preachers.

In even a brief study of the life of this man, who, apparently, ignored, if he did not defy the forces about him, one is prompted in the very outset to ask, What of his relation to the world in which he lived and moved? To what extent were his life and character moulded by the social and religious influences about him?

An answer to these questions begins naturally with his childhood environment.

The little town of Coventry, in Tollands County, Connecticut, was the birthplace, and, also, the childhood home of Lorenzo Dow, as it had been of his father, Humphrey B. Dow, and of his mother, Tabitha Parker Dow.

His father and mother, both of English and Puritan extraction, were married October 8, 1767. They continued to live in their native town of Coventry. Six children were born to them. A brother and three sisters were older than Lorenzo and one sister was younger. Lorenzo was born October 16, 1777.

Humphrey B. Dow and his wife were both of the religious, steady-going, middle class, who were content to settle down amid the associations of childhood, without seeking more favorable opportunities elsewhere, but at the same time they were careful to provide food, clothing, a fair education, and good religious instruction for their children.

Coventry, a hundred years ago, in common with the average small town of New England, did not offer opportunities for the accumulation of large wealth, even to those ambitious in that direction; but soil, climate, the traditions and ideals of her people from the earliest settlements, contributed to the nurture of industry, frugality, thrift, and practically all the sterner virtues of life and religion.

No one force, however, contributed more largely to these ends than did the Puritan religion. The Church, the parson, and a stern theology that hedged the individual with a mass of rigid restrictions, occupied a position of supreme authority in all New England Puritanism. Connecticut, while not as intolerant toward other religious beliefs as was Puritan Massachusetts, proved to be as distinctly Puritan, in all other respects, as was the original home of the Pilgrim Fathers.

In the midst of such conditions, Lorenzo Dow was born and reared. Here he received a common school education and careful religious instruction. He was, therefore, both by birth and training a Puritan "of the most straitest sect."

His rebellion in later life against the particular form of Christianity that had cradled him, and that had been the religion of his ancestors, appears at first well nigh a mystery; but his unusual conduct is not difficult to explain, when one remembers that he was a very unusual sort of individual, who followed the bent of his inclinations, rather than the practices of his people.

For instance, his father and mother, from what we know of their history, were entirely satisfied to be born, to live, to die, and to be buried in one restricted locality, but Lorenzo was never quite so happy as when hurrying at breakneck speed on some long and wearisome journey. Furthermore, he was an idealist and dreamer of a most unusual type. He consulted dreams and visions and inward impressions, rather than doctrines, rules and external regulations. Puritanism to him, therefore, was like an iron cage to the restless and liberty loving bird, which frets for his home among the crags.

Yet, while at variance with many fundamental tenets of his early faith, he carried with him, through all the years, a Puritan simplicity of life and practice, a conscience that would have done credit to Oliver Cromwell, and that ability "to endure hardness as a good soldier," which would have put to shame the hardiest Puritan of the days of Cotton Mather. All of which speaks of his very great indebtedness to Puritanism, and shows how his Puritan heritage became of inestimable value to him when subjected to the hard conditions amid which he labored as a preacher of the gospel.

In addition to the foregoing estimate of the social and religious influences upon the early life of Lorenzo Dow, a word in regard to the state of society in the sparsely settled communities through which he traveled may aid the reader to a truer appreciation of the man, who, single handed, hewed out for himself a unique and conspicuous career.

According to the census of 1800, the total population of the United States was 5,308,483, of which one fifth were negroes. Ninety-five per cent of the entire population at that time dwelt in the country or in small villages. Philadelphia numbered 70,000 population, New York 60,000, Baltimore 26,000, thereby surpassing Boston by a small margin. Charleston was a little city of 15,000, and, if it may be called a city, the only one south of Baltimore. The Potomac River cut the population of the entire country into about equal parts, with all the cities except Charleston north of that river.

It becomes clear, therefore, that practically all the inhabitants of the southern half and a very large per cent of the northern half of the inhabitants dwelt in rural districts. Near the coast, the people, in the main, occupied the lands along the rivers, while further inland, they were scattered among the vast forests, where only patches had been cleared for cultivation.

Such in broad outline was the form of settlement of the major portion of the Atlantic slope. These sparsely settled and oftentimes widely separated communities enjoyed no quick and easy means of communication, as do the most remote sections of the present day. For they not only were without railroads, postal facilities, telegraph lines and other modern methods of rapid communication, but even dirt roads were wanting except those of the most primitive sort, which rendered travel and transportation slow and uncertain. Consequently, the people lived in isolation, being ignorant of the problems of the outside world, free from social restraint, and withal, extremely democratic, except a small per cent of the slave-holding descendants of the Cavaliers.

The frontier, with a primitive and crude life that ever characterized the hardy settlers on the outposts of early American history, had pushed gradually westward through the eighteenth century, then in the last decade of the century, leaped the Appalachian Mountains at a bound, and laid claim to that broad and fertile domain toward the setting sun.

In 1790 the total population of Tennessee, Kentucky, and the Northwest was 109,000. Ten years later it amounted to 377,000, an increase of nearly 270,000. At the same time, a great stream of permanent settlers were pouring into what is now Alabama and Mississippi. And the inhabitants of all that vast territory beyond the mountains were pioneers of the most pronounced type, being utter strangers to cultured ease and wanting in most of the comforts of an established and older social order.

In some of the first settlements, a crystallization of society had already taken place, but with those exceptions, the social conditions in all the inhabited parts of the great American continent were in a plastic state, free from the unyielding restraints of fixed customs and habits; and, in consequence thereof, not only offered an inviting field for the establishment of new institutions, but also provided for the unhindered development of individual resources and personal characteristics. The early history of our country, therefore, became a period especially fruitful in the development of men with marked individuality. For these pioneers were not ground by the social forces to a certain specified pattern as is too often the case in old and highly organized society, but were allowed to develop an individuality that, instead of impoverishing, enriched all the early history of the American people.

Perhaps, in no department of life, in that day of great men and of splendid achievement, were these outstanding characters quite so conspicuous and plentiful, as among the early preachers of the gospel, who as men of God, were in a class with the ancient Hebrew prophets, and as intrepid spirits of the wilderness, proved themselves worthy of the highest place when knighthood was in flower.

This primitive civilization, unpolished, but unspoiled, that welcomed all, and set an open door before every man; this new social order of a great virgin continent, full of hope, unsatisfied but unafraid, and that dared to prophesy great things for the future, became the broad and inviting territory over which Lorenzo Dow chose to range, and eventually to become the most widely known among the many conspicuous pioneers of that day.

To reach the scattered settlements by long, hard journeys over roads that were no roads, to be exposed to all sorts of weather, to endure the discomforts of dirty huts, and, when no hut with dirt or puncheon floor extended its hospitality, to lie down among the wild beasts of the wilderness, to say nothing of encounters with ruffians and painted savages, constituted a familiar routine in the life of any man who in the early years of the nineteenth century ranged the American continent as a preacher of the gospel.

But these very conditions, strange as it may seem, made possible the career of Lorenzo Dow. For, without the unspeakably hard conditions, amid which he struggled like some frail craft in an angry sea, there could never have been such a story of fortitude and unfailing perseverance. Only the broad stretches of a wilderness, and the unmeasured reach of the virgin forests, could furnish the background for such a figure of romance as he. Furthermore, only a new civilization like that of America, a hundred years ago, would provide a generous hospitality for the services of a man like Lorenzo Dow proved himself to be.

II

SEEKING AFTER GOD

At the early age of four years, Lorenzo Dow, while at play, fell into deep meditations about God, heaven and hell. As he mused upon these subjects, he forgot to play; whereupon his little companion of like tender years petulantly urged that he continue the games.

"Do you say your prayers morning and night?" asked Lorenzo of his little playmate.

"No," carelessly replied the child, more deeply concerned at that moment about his play than about his prayers.

"Then you are wicked and I will not play with you," answered Lorenzo as he hastened into the house, leaving his prayerless companion in the yard alone.

These periods of musing upon such religious questions as he had heard discussed continued till he was eight years of age. At that time the family moved for a while to another community where the lad fell in with worldly associates whose influence dissipated his serious musings and led Lorenzo to adopt their ways.

But through the years of his associations with worldly and wicked companions, the youthful Dow was deeply concerned about problems distinctly religious. For example, he became exercised in mind over the question as to whether God answers prayer now as He did in former times. Finally, he decided to test the matter for himself. This he did by asking God to give him the grand prize in a little neighborhood lottery, promising at the time to serve God ever after if he should draw the lucky number.

The rather devout, though selfish purchaser of lottery tickets drew the coveted prize of nine shillings, but did not keep his promise to serve God. For which reprehensible conduct his Puritan conscience—faithful monitor of the soul—condemned him for weeks.

In his thirteenth year Lorenzo suffered greatly from an attack brought on by drinking too much cold water and milk, when overheated by hard work. One of the permanent effects of this illness was to leave him an asthmatic. At times he could sleep very well for several nights, then for weeks he would be compelled to sit up a part, or all night. Oftentimes, the only place where he could sleep at all when lying down, was upon a plank or upon the bare floor.

Soon after the attack that broke his health and brought on asthma which harrassed him to the end of his days, the afflicted boy dreamed that he saw the Prophet Nathan addressing a great assembly and prophesying many things. Lorenzo got a chance to ask the prophet how long he would live. To which Nathan replied, "till you are two and twenty." The answer made a profound impression upon the lad, who by nature was disposed to attach undue significance to dreams, and not until he had passed the appointed time did Dow cease to believe that the dream would assuredly come true.

At this point we must allow Lorenzo, in his own language to tell what led him to seek the salvation of his soul:

> When past the age of thirteen years, and about the time that John Wesley died (1790), it pleased God to awaken my mind by a dream of the night, which was that an old man came to me at mid-day, having a staff in his hand and said to me, "Do you ever pray?" I told him "No." Said he, "You must," and then went away. He had not been long gone before he returned and said again, "Do you ever

pray?" I again said "No." After his departure I went out of doors, and was taken up by a whirlwind and carried above the skies. At length, I discovered across a gulf as it were, through a mist of darkness, a glorious place in which was a throne of ivory overlaid with gold, and God sitting upon it, and Jesus Christ at His right-hand, and angels and glorified spirits celebrating praise. Oh! the joyful music! I thought the Angel Gabriel came to the edge of Heaven, holding a golden trumpet in his right-hand and cried to me with a loud voice, to know if I desired to come there. I told him that I did. Said he, "You must go back to yonder world and if you are faithful to God, you shall come here in the end."

With reluctance I left the beautiful sight and came back to earth again. And then I thought the old man came to me the third time and asked me if I had prayed. I told him that I had. "Then," said he, "be faithful and I will come again and let you know." I thought that was to be when I should be blest. When I awaked behold it was a dream. But it was strongly impressed on my mind, that this singular dream was from God; and the way that I should know it, I should let my father know of it at such a time and in such a place, viz., as he should be feeding the cattle in the morning, which I accordingly did. No sooner had I done it than keen conviction seized my heart. I knew that I was unprepared to die. Tears began to run down plentifully and I again resolved to seek the salvation of my soul. I began that day to pray in secret, but how to pray or what to pray for I scarcely knew.

I at once broke off from my old companions and evil practices, which some called innocent mirth, which I had never been told was wrong, and betook to the Bible, kneeling in private, which example I had never seen. Soon I became like a speckled bird among the birds of the forest, in the eyes of my friends. I frequently felt, for a few seconds, cords of sweet love to draw me on, but from whence it flowed I could not tell.

At length, not finding what my soul desired, I began to examine the course more closely, if possible, to find it out, and immediately the doctrine of unconditional reprobation and particular election was exhibited to my view; that the state of all was unalterably fixed by God's eternal decrees. Here discouragements arose and I began to slacken my hands by degrees, until I entirely left off secret prayer and could not bear to read or hear the Scriptures read, saying, "If God has foreordained whatever comes to pass, then all our labors are vain."

Feeling still, condemnation in my breast, I concluded myself a reprobate. Despair of mercy arose, hope was fled, and I was resolved to end my wretched life. Accordingly, I loaded a gun and withdrew to a wilderness.

As I was about to put my intentions into execution, a sudden, solemn thought darted into my mind; stop and consider what you are about. If you end your life, you are undone forever, but if you wait a few days something may turn up in your favor. This was attended by a small degree of hope that if I waited a little while it should not be altogether in vain. And I thought that I felt thankful that God had prevented me from sending my soul to everlasting misery.

Just here, let us trace a new religious movement that eventually was to come to the rescue of the lad in such dire distress about the salvation of his soul.

At the conference held in New York, May, 1789, Jesse Lee was appointed to Stamford, a town near the southern border of Connecticut, but his appointment really embraced all of New England. On June 17, of the same year, this gifted and knightly spirit of early Methodism preached his first sermon in that new field of his itinerant labors to an audience of twenty under an apple tree by the roadside near Norwalk, Connecticut.

The coming of Jesse Lee into the Nutmeg State marked the first entrance of the Methodist preacher into New England. Methodism had already found firm footing in all the states from New York to Georgia. The circuit rider from the first was a frequent and welcome visitor to the remote cabins of the pioneers in the Western wilderness. He had gone preaching into Canada and Nova Scotia, but, hitherto, had not effected an entrance into the old and cultured civilization of Puritanism.

Jesse Lee, thirty-two years old, of courtly bearing and commanding presence, abounding in wit, and richly endowed with a wide range of intellectual gifts and withal religious, was accustomed, wherever he went and into whatever circle he entered, to be received in the most cordial manner. But New England gave him a cold reception. The objection, however, was not so much to the man, although he was a strikingly different style of parson from those to which the Puritan was accustomed; the opposition lay deeper than the personal characteristics of any one man, or body of men. A firmly established social order and a system of Christian doctrine as unyielding as the granite mountains, constituted the barrier to Jesse Lee and his messages of universal salvation and a direct witness of the Spirit.

For Puritanism in those parallels was as rigid and uninviting as a New England winter and the people had been fed with their mother's milk upon this spiritual meat. Furthermore, the country was divided into parishes and dotted over with churches, and every citizen was required to support the church the same as public schools or good roads. The church leaders dominated both civil and religious life and naturally opposed the entrance of any new creed, and especially one so entirely opposite in doctrine and temper.

Nevertheless, in spite of all this, Lee made some little headway. After three months of chilling rebuff, during which time he preached under trees, in barns, courthouses, or private dwellings, as opportunity offered, Jesse Lee organized the first Methodist class, composed of three women. And at the end of seven months of hard work, this apostolic man had organized three classes with an aggregate of eight members. Three years later the work had prospered to the extent that eight preachers traveled this territory.

Among these was Hope Hull, whom Bishop Asbury brought with him from the South to the conference of 1792, at Lynn, Massachusetts, the first conference held in New England, and appointed him to the Hartford Circuit. This recent recruit of Jesse Lee's itinerant forces in New England and one of the finest young circuit riders among those that adorned the annals of early Methodism, was invited to preach in the neighborhood where Lorenzo Dow lived. He accepted the invitation and made an appointment, which at once aroused great interest. For the people called Methodists at that time were much talked about. Some declared that they were the deceivers who should come in the last days, that it was dangerous to hear them preach, for with their delusive spirits they would deceive the very elect. Others said that they were a right good sort of folks and it was all right to hear them.

On the day appointed for preaching a curious throng gathered, expecting to hear some new gospel. In the expectant assembly and most eager of all, perhaps, to see and hear the new preacher, was young Dow, who with surprise saw that he looked like other folks—no hoofs, no horns, no tail. The text was, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Dow said of the sermon, "I thought he told me all that ever I did."

The next day he preached from the text: "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" (Jer. 8:22.)

When the preacher got to the application, he pointed his finger directly at the already agitated boy and cried out, "Sinner, there is a frowning providence above your head and a burning hell beneath your feet. And nothing but the brittle thread of life prevents your soul from falling into endless perdition. And if you don't pray you will be damned." With the last expression he stamped with his foot upon the box on which he stood and the truth went home like a dagger to the boy's heart. If Lorenzo had not caught hold of some one sitting by his side, he would have fallen backward upon the ground; and for some time he was afraid to stir lest he should tumble into hell.

"I went to the funeral of one of my acquaintances the same day," said Dow, "but durst not look upon the corpse for fear of becoming one myself. I durst not go near the grave, lest I should fall in and the earth come in upon me; for if I had then died, I knew that I must be undone. So I went home with a heavy heart."

The next morning as Lorenzo went out of doors, a woman who passed by told him that a cousin of his the evening before had found the pardoning love of God. About a week later another cousin was brought to cry for mercy, and his cries were so loud that he was heard for a mile; the same evening the distressed lad found comfort. Shortly after this other persons in the neighborhood under conviction for sin found comfort in the pardoning love of God; but Lorenzo Dow's distress all the while continued and was increased by the knowledge that his friends were bound for heaven and he was on the downward road to hell.

One evening, a prayer meeting had been appointed by the young converts for the special benefit of the poor, penitent, heart-broken boy. On the way to this prayer meeting he knelt down beside the road and promised God that if He would pardon his sins and give him evidence of acceptance he would give up every sin and would live a religious life entirely devoted to God.

With this promise fresh from his heart, the seeking lad went to the prayer meeting, "where the saints were happy and the sinner was weeping," but he could get no relief, could not even shed a tear.

After meeting on the way home he turned into a wheat field and tried to pray, but "the heavens were brass and the earth iron, and it seemed," said Dow, "as though my prayers did not go higher than my head." Then with some companions to assist him home, he went to his room, but not to sleep. The night, or the greater part of it, was spent in imploring God for mercy, as one would plead for his life.

The struggle continued till almost the dawn of the new day. At that hour Lorenzo cried, "Lord, I give up; I submit, I yield, if there be mercy in heaven for me let me know it, and if not let me go down to hell and know the worst of my case." As these passionate words of surrender poured forth, Dow says, "I saw the Mediator step in, as it were, between the Father's justice and my soul and these words were applied to my mind with great power, 'Son, thy sins which are many are forgiven thee; thy faith has saved thee; go in peace.' The burden of sin and guilt rolled from my mind as perceptibly as a hundred pound weight falling from a man's shoulder. My soul flowed out in love to God, to His people, yea, and to all mankind."

"At this time," continued Dow, "daylight dawned into the window, I arose and went out of doors; and behold everything I cast my eyes upon seemed to be speaking forth the praise and wonders of the Almighty. It seemed more like a new world than anything else that I can compare it to. The happiness is easier felt than described."

A little while after this in company with twelve other persons, Lorenzo Dow, a lad of fifteen, joined the Methodist Society, being received by G. Roberts, but he always looked upon Hope Hull as his spiritual father.

III

FINDS HIS LIFE'S TASK

Shortly after his conversion Lorenzo Dow got the impression that he must preach the gospel. With dread, however, he held back from such a tremendous task, feeling that he should prefer to spend his life in some remote part of the earth, rather than go out into the world as a preacher. After debating the matter with himself for quite a while he finally decided, whatever the consequences might be, whether life or death, that he would never try to preach. Then the pains of the damned took hold of him, and he was as miserable as when seeking the pardon of his sins. The struggle continued almost four weeks, before he determined to obey at all hazards what to him appeared to be a divine call to preach the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

On January 7, 1796, a little more than a year after he had decided definitely to become a Methodist preacher, Christopher Spry, the circuit rider, sent him to Tolland to try his gifts. Before his return, a month later, the boy exhorter visited at least four different circuits, traveled several hundred miles, and attempted to hold numerous meetings with one uniform result: He stirred up opposition in every place visited, and, if not invited to move on, was requested never to return. Yet he felt the worth of souls, and was still determined, by the help of God, to preach the gospel.

One night a little while after returning home from this first round which had proven such a conspicuous failure, Lorenzo dreamed that Jesse Lee needed help in Maine and that he himself had been sent by the circuit rider and another preacher for this work. In consequence of the dream, Dow bought a horse on time from an uncle, gave four members of the Methodist Society as security and, with a testimonial in his pocket as to his moral character, set out in search of Jesse Lee, the Presiding Elder, who was at a quarterly meeting in Rhode Island. But when he arrived at his intended destination, Jesse Lee had already gone to Boston. Dow pursued with the hope that he could overtake the Elder on his eastward journey. But he reached Boston to learn from some of the preachers that the Presiding Elder was already more than a hundred miles on his journey through Maine and that he could not expect to overtake him.

Acting upon the advice of the preachers in Boston, the determined youth returned to Rhode Island and traveled as an assistant on the Warren Circuit till the early part of July, when Jesse Lee came to hold the quarterly meeting.

At this quarterly meeting, the Presiding Elder relying upon the judgment of the quarterly conference, and, particularly, at the suggestion of the preacher in charge, gave the unacceptable assistant upon the Warren Circuit the following letter of dismissal:

> We have had Brother Lorenzo Dow, the bearer hereof, these three months last past. In several places he was liked by a great many people, at other places he was not liked so well, and at a few places they were not willing that he should preach at all. We have, therefore, thought it necessary to advise him to return home for a season, until a further recommendation can be obtained from the society and the preachers of that circuit.
>
> JOHN VANNIMAN. JESSE LEE, *Elder.*
> THOMAS COOPER.
> Rhode Island, July 3, 1796.
> To C. Spry and the Methodists in Coventry.

Dow says that he could have met death easier than this discharge. Three handkerchiefs were wet with his tears.

In obedience to his discharge, Lorenzo Dow returned home, but held meetings on the way, wherever he could get a hearing. After a few days at home he set out to find Christopher Spry to whom the letter of dismissal given him by the quarterly conference was addressed. From Christopher Spry he received a written license to preach, and also, verbal instructions to come to the ensuing quarterly conference in order that he might secure proper credentials from that conference.

In September of the same year Lorenzo Dow sought admission into the Annual Conference, but was rejected —a trial so great that he took no food for thirty-six hours. The conference could not with propriety have acted otherwise. For he not only came without a formal and legal recommendation, but, what was of far greater moment, he had not yet proven himself to be in any sense qualified for the itinerancy.

After conference, Dow, still of the opinion that he must travel, went home, tarried a day or two, then departed to spend the winter and spring traveling from place to place and holding meetings wherever the people would hear him. In June, he attended the Orange quarterly meeting. At this meeting, Jesse Lee, the elder, forbade his traveling in so many places and sent him home. This was the fourth time that he had been sent home—twice by Jesse Lee, the apostolic leader of Methodism in New England.

In the last eight months this youth who knew not how to surrender, journeyed through ice and storm more than four thousand miles, and often slept upon the floor with only a blanket for a covering; as the stars shone through the bark roof of the humble dwellings in which he lodged. The frosts nipped the skin from his nose, his hands, and his feet, as he rode through the long New England nights in order to reach his appointment of the next day. In all this, the nineteen-year-old lad, frail in body, and inexperienced as a preacher, accomplished little, except to show what sort of stuff was in him, and to prove that God had chosen him for some Herculean task, of which, neither he himself, nor the church leaders at that time had an accurate conception.

The name of Lorenzo Dow was presented to the conference a year later, to be rejected the second time, and it was left for Sylvester Hutchison, his Elder, to employ, dismiss, or send him home as he saw fit.

Dow did not attend the conference that left his case in the hands of his Elder, but learned from the preachers upon their return what disposition had been made of the matter. Then failing to hear from Sylvester Hutchison, and thinking that the Elder had entirely rejected him, half crazed, he wandered hither and thither, as some hungry and wounded animal of the forest.

One day without a farthing in his pocket, or a friend to assist him, with shoes and coat full of holes and otherwise half clad, the young preacher in this pitiable plight, rode facing a cold northeast storm that chilled him to the bone. Alighting from his horse in a piece of woods, he fell upon his knees in the wet grass, lifted up his voice in a great outcry of distress and begged God to either release him from traveling and preaching, or else to raise up friends for him.

Jesse Lee and other members of the conference with little success had done their best to fulfill the first part of Dow's petition; but in spite of these church leaders, and heedless of his own petition beside the road in a winter's storm, this youth, driven by a mysterious and resistless impulse, continued his wanderings and allowed no opportunity to preach the gospel in his own peculiar and imperfect manner to pass. He wandered off into Northern Vermont. While in Vermont, letters of his wanderings came back to some of his old friends who told some of the preachers of his whereabouts. These preachers wrote the disconsolate wanderer, and requested him to come to the quarterly meeting. This he did, and there learned from Sylvester Hutchison, the Presiding Elder, that the letter offering him work after the adjournment of the annual conference had been written, but had miscarried. Whereupon the young man acknowledged to the quarterly conference, composed of about thirty class-leaders, preachers, stewards and exhorters, and later to an assembly of about eight hundred, that he was sorry to have gone away, but was not guilty of any intended wrong, since he had failed to receive the Presiding Elder's message. He then began work on the Cambridge Circuit, under appointment of Hutchison, the Elder, as the Annual Conference had authorized.

The young preacher, by his zeal and unusual methods startled the populace. Upon entering a community, he would pray, exhort the people collectively, or singly, and preach with telling directness upon such texts as, "Thus saith the Lord, set thine house in order for thou shalt die and not live." After a few days of such activities in one community he would hasten away to repeat his effort in another. In a little while the whole country was in an uproar. Some said that he was possessed with a devil, others said that he was crazy. As a consequence, great crowds flocked to see and hear the supposedly devil-possessed, or crazy man.

One day while crazy Dow preached the youngsters continued to get up and go out, much to the annoyance of the entire congregation. To prevent such conduct, he secured the schoolhouse for services and invited the young people to a special meeting. At the appointed time the house was full. The preacher entered, closed the door, leaned against it, and preached with more force and directness than usual; but no one left the house. The next day the congregation was three times as big as the day before and there was a shaking among the dry bones. One young woman promised to pray for a certain specified time; then broke the promise. Dow heard of it, followed her to a neighboring house, sat in the door and would not let her out until she promised to serve either God or the devil for two weeks. She promised to serve the devil. Then Lorenzo, having prayed fervently that she might be taken sick within the two weeks, left her. But before night she grew uneasy and became sorry that she had made such a promise. The alarmed and conscience stricken young woman began at once to pray for the salvation of her soul and within a week was genuinely converted.

In such manner Lorenzo Dow proceeded around his circuit. And, as quarterly meeting approached, he secured a promise from each society to observe a day of fasting and prayer with special petitions that God would meet with them in great power at the quarterly meeting. When the time for quarterly meeting arrived the people gathered from all parts of the circuit expecting a great occasion, and they were not disappointed. On Saturday, after Sylvester Hutchison, the Presiding Elder, had finished his sermon, there began a trembling among the wicked. One, then another, afterward a third, fell from their seats; then the cry for mercy became general, and the meeting continued for eleven hours. No business of the conference could be transacted. The next day the cry began in love feast and the meeting continued till nearly sunset. A hundred souls were blessed in this one quarterly meeting, following the zealous labors of Lorenzo Dow.

After his remarkable success on the Cambridge Circuit, the Annual Conference, at whose door the well known Connecticut youth had repeatedly knocked in vain, was disposed to look upon him with some degree of acceptance, yet in the minds of not a few there remained a big question mark as to whether he should be accepted. However, September 18, 1798, Lorenzo Dow was admitted on trial into the Annual Conference and Bishop Asbury appointed him junior preacher on the Pittsfield Circuit, with Timothy Dewey, preacher in charge. The circuit to which the boy, not yet quite twenty-one years of age, was appointed had but one well known distinction—that of ever finding fault with its preachers.

A few days before his admission on trial in the Annual Conference Dow, as a result of overwork, broke down utterly in the midst of his sermon, and lay ill for ten weeks. He was carried from the little chapel where the physical collapse occurred to the near-by home of a friend. With nerves shattered and a raging fever, he lay for several days upon the floor of this one-roomed house with only a blanket under him and a lot of noisy children romping about the place.

After days of agony in the midst of these unbearable conditions, the sufferer persuaded a young man to make a stretcher, so that he could be carried several miles over the hills to the home of a well-to-do Methodist family, where he expected to receive better treatment. With several of the neighbors acting as stretcher-bearers, they carried him, like a wounded soldier from the trenches, to a supposed place of safety and comfort, to find that the poor fellow was to receive scant sympathy or attention.

The farm laborers were as unsympathetic as the members of the heartless family. For they would carry baskets of apples and of corn in the ear and pour them out upon the loose boards over the sick boy's head without any apparent concern as to the noise they made. In an adjoining room, was the sound of wheel and loom all the day and late into the night. Close by was a cider-mill, about which were accumstomed to gather the noisy and rowdy youngsters of the neighborhood, for the purpose of engaging in every sort of hilarious conduct.

All this led the poor afflicted youth to despair of life. In fact, the report went abroad that he was dead. So persistent was this rumor that his family finally accepted it as true, and his sisters put on mourning for their dead brother, while some of the preachers on the fields where he had labored held memorial services and eulogized the departed young preacher who had labored in their midst.

But two friends who had heard conflicting reports and were not quite so credulous as the rest, traveled twenty-eight miles to learn the truth, and to remove all question as to whether he was dead or still lived.

The coming of these friends to the young preacher whose shattered nerves were subjected to looms, wheels, apple-mills, and the emptying of ear-corn on loose clapboards overhead, became as the visit of angels of deliverance to a damned and lost soul. He begged them to send a wagon and to carry him away from that place. This they did, although fearful of the consequences of attempting to move one so ill. The day that the wagon arrived to take him a distance of twenty-seven miles to the home of a very dear friend who was anxious to care for the sick lad, the rain came down in torrents. But they wrapped him in a quilt, put straw under him and straw over him, and then proceeded on the journey. After eight hours travel over hill and mountain through the rain, he arrived at the end of the journey without any hurt from exposure to the weather or from the jolts of the wagon on the rough roads.

The trip had been a long, hard one, but it brought him to a comfortable home and to the bosom of kind friends, who took pleasure in ministering to every want of one who had borne so many hardships. After weeks of tender nursing, the young preacher, now for the first time with an appointment from the Annual Conference, determined to proceed to his new field of labor.

On November 20, still too weak to get on his horse without assistance, the youthful circuit-rider in company with Timothy Dewey, preacher in charge, started for his new circuit. After the first day, the two men parted company. Dow, probably at the suggestion of his senior, who saw his depleted physical condition, went to visit the circuit in which he had traveled the year before.

If Dewey sent his junior off to rest, the order was not heeded. For he preached daily and rode long distances through storms of greatest intensity. After six busy weeks in familiar territory, he arrived upon his new circuit, and "began to pursue the circuit regularly in his own irregular manner."

His conduct was strikingly irregular. For example, he besought the family with which he stopped for the night to promise to serve God. Upon their refusal to make the promise, the zealot went away in the rain before breakfast in great distress of soul. This brought conviction to the irreligious household and resulted ultimately in a great revival in that community.

At another time Lorenzo entered the place appointed for service wearing a borrowed overcoat many times too large, and with two hats upon his head. One of these hats was carried in this unusual manner to a friend further on.

Of this year on the Pittsfield Circuit, Stevens, among many other things, says: "Notwithstanding his singularities, he was remarkably successful. In many places he was repulsed by the societies and denied the hospitalities of the families which usually entertained the circuit preachers, but his unwearied labors in time produced a profound impression. He sometimes rode more than fifty miles and preached five sermons, besides leading several classes, in a single day. The astonished people, witnessing his earnestness and usefulness, soon treated him more repectfully, and a general revival ensued. This eccentric man left the circuit in a state of universal prosperity."

Dow did not attend the conference which met in New York June 19, instead of in the fall, as had been the custom. But he wrote the conference requesting that he be released from work so that he could take a sea voyage with the hope of restoring his broken health. The conference, however, refused to grant his request, and appointed him preacher in charge of the Essex Circuit on the Canadian line, two hundred and fifty miles from his Connecticut home.

With his clothing much worn, and not a penny in his pocket, the young circuit-rider reached his new circuit on a borrowed horse, his own having given out on the way. Riding, when lucky enough to borrow, and going on foot when unable to secure a horse, Dow threw himself into the work with his accustomed intensity, preaching, holding revivals, organizing new classes, and exploring new territory. These activities continued with unabated zeal through the entire summer. But all the while this unresting spirit felt that only a sea voyage would restore his health and save him from an early death. Added emphasis was given the impression, as the time drew near for his departure, as foretold by the Prophet Nathan in his childhood dream.

These impressions were made known to the other preachers on the circuit and to some of the people, all of whom advised him to cast such impressions aside and not to think for a moment that God, in view of the good work being accomplished, desired him to leave the circuit.

At the quarterly meeting in Essex the apprehensive youth made known his agitated state of mind and declining condition in health, and his inclination to visit Ireland, to Sylvester Hutchison, the Presiding Elder, and also to Joseph Mitchell, Preacher in Charge of the Vergennes Circuit. But they would hear nothing of his giving up his work to visit Ireland, even when Dow insisted that God had called him to make the trip and that a sea voyage would prove beneficial to his health. In fact, the Presiding Elder did not hesitate to give strict orders not to go, and added in explicit terms: "I would look like a fool in the eyes of the conference for supporting your course in the manner I have done, as some said you would never prove true to the connection, which by your going away, will appear to be the case."

But disregarding all this, the determined young preacher abandoned his circuit to make the contemplated trip across the waters. On the day of his departure he met Joseph Mitchell and bade him farewell, saying, "I know you have been my friend and are such to the present day; it is hard to go contrary to your advice, and if you think me willful in the matter, you judge me wrongly and harshly; it is in tender conscience that I leave you this day, for the sake of peace of mind." The two knelt in prayer, then parted, as friends, with the conscience of one running counter to the judgment of the other.

Cutting down a bush and hoisting it for a sail, above a leaky canoe, Lorenzo Dow, on October 12, 1799, began the journey that eventually was to bring him to Ireland. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon he arrived at St. Johns, Canada, where, a few hours later, he found a man who agreed for two dollars to carry him in a cart to Lapariri. The cart broke down on the way, but they borrowed another, and finally, reached their destination about 3 o'clock in the morning.

On his early morning walk to the market boat that left about daybreak for Montreal, the daring adventurer went on board of another boat that "lay by" and asked where she belonged, and where she was bound.

"Belongs at Quebec and bound for Dublin," replied the captain. The very place that he wished to go.

"Will you give me passage," asked Dow.

"Have you plenty of money," queried the brusque master of the craft.

"What will you charge," came the query.

"Sometimes people give fifteen guineas, but I will carry you for eight," was the captain's prompt, and rather unexpected reply.

"I will give you five and find myself," responded Dow, "and if you will not carry me for that, I must return to the states."

The rugged, but kind hearted seaman, answered, "I will, but you are a devilish fool for going from a plentiful country, at peace, to that disturbed land."

Dow paid his fare, bought a few provisions, and had five shillings left.

On the way down to Quebec, he was the victim of much rough sport at the hands of the crew. Because he would not drink with them and join in their wicked conduct, the sailors put tar on his face, tallow on his clothing, and subjected him to repeated indignities of a kindred sort. During the seven days to Quebec, he also suffered much from the cold. Not only was he thinly clad, but he was compelled to sleep on the cables or the barrels of potash, and to cover with a side of leather. This treatment continued till the last night, when he begged from the captain a small sail, wrapped himself in it, and slept fairly comfortable.

While in Quebec, he who could not keep still or be silent, preached each of the five days to growing congregations, and made for himself friends who provided for his necessities on the proposed voyage. Among the gifts of these new found friends was a buffalo skin, dressed with the hair on, which served him as a bed on the voyage over.

The October gales on the North Atlantic proved to be unusually severe on this trip. When out about a week from Quebec, a gale of great severity struck and scattered the fleet of twelve sail. The fleet failed to assemble again during the entire voyage. After nineteen eventful days the vessel which carried the young gospel ranger to Ireland cast anchor at Larne. When about to disembark, the captain, who had been kind to the young preacher on the way over, said to him, "When I sailed from Quebec you were so weak and low that I never expected to bring you to land again. I thought I should give your body to the sharks."

"But now," said the mate, "you look ten pounds better."

The anticipated benefit to his health from a sea voyage had been realized, and the young itinerant was physically fit to throw himself into the task ahead of him on the "Emerald Isle."

Without a day's delay, and like some fiery evangel from another world, Dow plunged into what he regarded as a divinely appointed mission of traveling and preaching wherever he could get a hearing. But he met with little encouragement and much opposition, some of it of a violent sort. Most of the Methodist chapels were closed against the eccentric youth, who was entirely too erratic and irregular for the religious public of that old civilization.

About the middle of July, Lorenzo Dow met Dr. Coke in Dublin. Coke had just returned from America and was anxious to send him as a missionary to either Halifax or Quebec, promising at the same time to bear all his expenses, on condition that he would be obedient to him for six years. After considering the proposition for twenty-four hours, the answer, as one could easily surmise, was in the negative.

Only a few Quakers and an occasional Methodist received him cordially or offered assistance and friendship to Lorenzo in his travels and labors among the Irish. Yet, his correct moral life and manifest zeal for the salvation of souls drew to him staunch and abiding friends.

Chief among these friends was a Dr. Johnson, who attended him through his long illness with smallpox, sat up with his patient ten nights in succession, and when able to be moved, took him to his own home, where he remained seven weeks. Later, this devoted friend gave him valuable books and permission to draw on him whenever in need of money.

After a stay of fifteen months in Ireland, where the fruits of his labors, apart from a few devoted friends that he had made, were by no means abundant, Lorenzo Dow felt impressed that his work, at least for the present, had been accomplished in that country. So, on April 3, 1801, he embarked for America.

Upon his return to America, the restless roamer seriously considered traveling the continent at large, rather than to confine himself to a circuit, even though the conference should be willing to accept him. This he hardly expected, in view of his having abandoned his work upon his departure for Ireland. Nevertheless, the conference, upon seeing that the trip abroad had proven beneficial to his health, was willing to receive him into his former relation of a preacher on trial in the conference. At the earnest solicitations of his friends, but contrary to his own inclinations at the time, he was given the relation that he sustained prior to his departure for Ireland, and the New York Conference appointed three men to the Duchess and Columbia Circuit; David Brown, William Thacker, Lorenzo Dow.

When the junior preacher entered within the bounds of his new circuit, a leading Methodist asked the unknown visitor, who had just arrived from conference, whether he could tell him who were the new preachers on the circuit that year. Upon being informed that one of them was Lorenzo Dow, the questioner continued:

"Dow? I thought he had gone to Ireland."

"He has been there," answered the young circuit-rider in regard to his own whereabouts, "but lately came back."

To which explanation the brother Methodist with an anxiety for the future welfare of his church unwittingly exclaimed, "Dow, Dow, why he is a crazy man and will break up the circuit!"

But the brother's fears were without foundation, even if Lorenzo Dow's insanity should have been of the type to break up circuits. For Dow did not stay long enough to accomplish the expected work of destruction. After three months of apparently little success the Presiding Elder, at the quarterly meeting in October, transferred him to the Litchfield Circuit. After a few months upon that circuit, Lorenzo Dow gave up his work to range the continent at large. This important step in his life was the result of a constantly growing impression upon his mind, which he interpreted as a call of God.

With the next meeting of the Annual Conference, his official relation to the Methodist Church forever ceased. But he remained to the end of life a Methodist in doctrine and sympathies, and his apostolic labors, marked by a consuming passion for souls and for the welfare of the Kingdom of God, were, for the most part, given in practical fellowship with the Wesleyan communion. Early Methodism reaped a great harvest from his self-sacrificing service, especially during the first two decades of the nineteenth century.

Perhaps here is as good place as any to say that Lorenzo Dow could never have fitted into the organized ranks of itinerant Methodist preachers. At first, believing the itinerant ranks to be his place, at a tremendous cost, mingled with rebuffs sufficient to have quenched the fires in an ordinary man, he was admitted on trial, and thus finally obtained entrance into the vestibule of an annual conference, only to discover later that in response to a mysterious impulse within, he must go out into the great wide world as an independent preacher. For in him was a strange impulse that drove him ever onward, as the instinct of the sea gull carries it far over the face of the stormy deep. This mystery of his life, Dow, himself, did not understand. In the midst of his privations and defeats, as well as in the hour of success, the strange mystic attributed it in all sincerity, to the leading of the Spirit of God. Neither were Jesse Lee and other leaders of the church able to fathom this mystery of his nature. From our distant vantage point, however, it is clear that he was never fitted for the place he so earnestly sought after within the membership of an annual conference. Furthermore, he was too erratic and irregular to labor successfully within limited territory.

It was not, therefore, till he became an evangelist to travel the continent at large that he found the work to which he was adapted, and with which his really successful labors began. He had now found himself, his field, and his task.

IV

RANGING TO THE SOUTH

On the morning of January 8, 1802, after more than a week's voyage through storm and sunshine, mostly storm, from New York, Lorenzo Dow, apparently in failing health and with great anxiety of mind about his reception in the South, to which he was a stranger, landed in Savannah, Georgia, to begin his career as a traveling evangelist; or to be a bit more specific, to range at large and preach the gospel in his own inimitable way.

What a fascination Georgia seemed to have had for the early Methodists; particularly, those who afterward attained to eminence! Both John and Charles Wesley tried their apprenticed hands on Georgia. At the very time that the Wesleys returned to England with an abiding consciousness that their visit had been an unqualified failure, George Whitfield, twenty-two years of age, sailed to the American shores to try the powers of his matchless eloquence upon the inhabitants of that Southern colony. Now, as Lorenzo Dow discards circuit boundaries—to him unbearable restrictions—to range at large over the continent, Georgia becomes his first objective in that career destined to give him eminence in early American history.

Being among strangers, without money and in precarious health, a cemetery with gate broken down, seemed to invite the disconsolate traveler to come in and tarry a while, if not permanently. Consequently, Dow turned in, kneeled down, thanked God for a safe voyage and earnestly sought His guidance and help for the future, that appeared to him anything but radiant.

After an hour or so in thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God, the devout stranger left the cemetery in search of Methodists. But he could find none, even after repeated inquiry. At length, however, he found one of the Hammet Party, a preacher who offered Dow the use of his church that night.

The offer was thankfully accepted and that night, after advertising the meeting by the distribution of handbills, the stranger preached to a congregation of about seventy, white and colored. This was on Friday night. On Sunday and Monday he spoke in the colored Baptist Church. For services rendered in Savannah, the people generously and gladly offered him money, but in each instance he refused it except when Andrews, the colored pastor in whose church he had preached, quietly slipped ten dollars into his hand as he was leaving town. This gift was accepted, but all public collections in Savannah and elsewhere, were declined, lest the people should think that he traveled and preached for the money received.

After a few days in Savannah, Dow journeyed on foot toward Augusta, preaching wherever an opportunity offered and succeeded in making friends wherever he halted on the way.

Upon his arrival in Augusta, repeated efforts failed to secure a lodging place for the night. All hopes of being allowed to sleep under the roof of human habitation having banished, a distant grove seemed to offer the only shelter in sight. When on his way to the shelter offered by the timber, a negro slave overtook him with an invitation from "missis" to spend the night at their house, which he did, and was given lodging, supper and breakfast without charge, but the family would not agree to keep him longer.

One evening as the shadows grew heavy and all doors appeared to be closed against him, the disconsolate and homeless young preacher went down to spend the night upon the bank of the river. As he walked back and forth meditating upon his unfortunate condition, a negro came ashore from a boat that had just arrived, and, to his surprise, called him by name.

"Where did you know me," asked Dow.

"I heard you preach in Savannah," replied the black stranger.

The negro upon being told that Dow had nowhere to sleep, went and found a place for him in the home of a respectable colored family, and thereby saved him from a disagreeable night in January on the bank of the Savannah River.

After a few days on the plantations round about Augusta Dow traveled from Augusta along the Washington road, anxious to find Hope Hull, who lived in Wilkes County, near Washington, the county seat, and who was the only man known to him when he came to Georgia.

Hope Hull, a native of Maryland, became an itinerant Methodist preacher in 1785. His itinerant career of ten years was one of marked distinction. His first work was on the Salisbury Circuit, then, one year on the Pedee Circuit, after which he went to Georgia, where he spent the remainder of his useful life with the exception of the year 1792, during which he served the Hartford Circuit in Connecticut, Bishop Asbury having taken him to assist Jesse Lee with the work in New England.

Of Hope Hull, Bishop Coke wrote: "Mr. Hull is young, but indeed a flame of fire. He appears always on the stretch for the salvation of souls. Our only fear concerning him is that the sword is too keen for the scabbard—that he may lay himself out for beyond his strength. Two years ago he was sent to a circuit in South Carolina, which we were almost ready to despair of; but he with a young colleague (Mastin) of like spirit with himself raised that circuit to a degree of importance equal to that of almost any in the Southern States."

Mr. Hull located in 1795, and built an academy in Wilkes County, Georgia, the county of his abode at the time of which we write. In 1802 he moved to Athens and became the founder of the University of Georgia, and at one time its president. Georgia had no more useful citizen than this good and gifted man, who died October 4, 1818.

Mr. Hull was in his corn crib early one morning, getting a basket of corn to feed his horses, when some one near by called out in a sharp, penetrating voice, "How do you do, father?"

A glance in the direction from which came the unexpected salutation revealed to Mr. Hull a stranger, a slender young man of medium height, standing in the morning twilight close by the crib door.

Without a moment's hesitation the youngster began to explain:

"You do not know me and this is the first time that I have ever spoken to you. But I know you. My name is Lorenzo Dow. Ten years ago you traveled the Hartford Circuit in Connecticut. You preached two sermons near where I, then a boy, lived, and those sermons led to my conversion. Since that time I have called you my spiritual father. I am now a preacher, and while at this time on a visit to Georgia have come to see you."

Even the foregoing story did not to any appreciable extent arouse Mr. Hull's enthusiasm for his strange visitor, but he received the unexpected guest—who had already walked nine miles that morning—gave him breakfast and a cordial welcome to his home with the assurance that he might stay as long as he chose.

In the course of the conversation that ensued in which Dow manifested an eagerness for the opportunity to preach in the community, Mr. Hull said: "If such an arrangement will be satisfactory to you, I will make an appointment for you to preach tonight in the courthouse, which is only a mile away."

To this he readily assented. Whereupon, Mr. Hull assured him that the appointment would be duly published in the village and the surrounding country. Nevertheless, immediately after breakfast the impatient young preacher hastened away across a piece of woods to the village and without speaking to a soul, even by way of a morning greeting, scattered handbills over the town announcing the sermon in the courthouse that night, and then mysteriously disappeared.

Later in the day, Mr. Hull rode into the little town to fulfill his promise of the early morning at the breakfast table. As he entered a store, which was also the postoffice, a group of half a dozen or more men stood in front of the little fireplace, about which ordinarily the village loafers sat chewing tobacco and swapping yarns. The entire group seemed greatly interested, evidently, in some fresh town gossip, for only matters of local and trivial import excited the interest of that company, accustomed to hang around the streets and the stores.

"I have been about this town a good while," declared Amos Yandel with emphasis, "and I know everybody in these parts; that little fellow don't live hereabouts."

With this positive and characteristic declaration of Yandel fresh in mind, Mr. Hull went out of the store to see about having his horse shod. Upon his arrival at the blacksmith shop the wiry little man at the forge, after the usual salutations, asked with evident interest, "Have you heard of a strange young man who ran all over town this morning giving away papers which said a preacher by the name of Lorenzo Dow will preach in the courthouse tonight?"

"I don't know anything about him," he continued, while polishing the newly turned cork of a horseshoe, "but from all the talk I hear, our courthouse will hardly hold the crowd tonight."

The forecast of the observant blacksmith proved fairly accurate, and on the second night, the congregation was even larger than the first, not so much through curiosity, but because the first message had really made its impression upon the people.

Dow tarried with Hope Hull two days, talked freely of his past experiences, of his struggles to get into the conference, of his trip to Ireland, where God seemed to set the seal of His approval upon that eventful journey by raising up such a friend as Dr. Johnson, and of his more recent plans to range the continent at large and preach wherever the spirit should direct him.

Mr. Hull in these conversations said many things to the young man who looked to him as a spiritual father. Among others: "The kindness you received in Ireland might be accounted for on natural principles—the affections of the people taking pity on you, and if one should come to this country and behave well, he would have the same kindness shown him. Give up this mode of wandering, return to New England, agree to take a circuit and wander no more. It appears that Providence has been kind to you in the past, but you will not always find a Dr. Johnson to care for you."

The admonitions of Mr. Hull, in view of his high character and Dow's affectionate regard for his spiritual father, made a very deep impression upon the young man's mind. He remembered, also, the parting words of his devoted parents, when he contemplated the present journey to the South. His parents advised: "Once it would have been your delight to have been received and regularly traveling on a circuit, and now they are willing to receive you, you cannot feel contented to tarry on a circuit, which, if we were to have our choice, it would be to have you to continue; then you will have friends and can come to see us. But you must be your own judge in this matter. Weigh it well, and act accordingly."

Before Lorenzo Dow's departure from the home of Hope Hull, his generous and fatherly host furnished him with a list of homes in the adjoining counties where he could find entertainment, and secured for him other needed assistance. By this means, Mr. Hull aided the young stranger very materially in his efforts to secure a hearing and, also, enabled him to find homes in which to lodge.

Before the family was up, and without giving Hope Hull an opportunity to place in his hands the nine dollars that the people of Washington had collected for him, which his host sent him the following day, the restless young preacher, evidently following John Wesley's example of early rising, was on the road before the first streaks of dawn had appeared in the eastern sky. By sunrise, or a little after, he had traveled nine miles to the place where he expected to collect a congregation and preach. But a big Baptist meeting in the neighborhood had taken all the people of that community, so he continued his walk some ten or twelve miles. As he sat by the roadside meditating what he should do to preserve some highly prized papers, from an approaching shower, a man on horseback came along and invited him to his house about a mile away. The invitation was accepted, and the kind-hearted Georgian dismounted from his horse and let the stranger ride. The down-pour came shortly after their arrival, and the valued papers were saved from the drenching rain.

In the night—for he had tarried with his new found friend who was given to hospitality—Lorenzo grew restless, as his heart longed for the road. He got out of bed, dressed and was about ready to depart when his host learned of his intentions. Being unable by all manner of persuasion to prevent the departure of his guest, he arose, just after midnight, got two horses out of the stable, saddled them, and carried him over several streams, swollen by the recent rains, and conveyed him by a place where was a vicious and dangerous dog. He did not stop with this, but continued on the road till daybreak, there bade the guest adieu and returned home.

The midnight riser pursued his journey afoot for a few miles to the home of a Methodist family who gave him breakfast, but who seemed to look upon him with some degree of suspicion, and to question his being a minister of the gospel worthy of their confidence. Upon his being informed of the place where a funeral sermon —one of those old fashioned memorial services conducted months after the burial, to which the whole countryside and the people from afar turned out—was to be held that day, the restless young preacher quit the family that had given him breakfast and the cool reception, and turned his footsteps toward the funeral.

At the conclusion of the service "which was in the demonstration of the spirit and with power," the minister in charge of the services permitted the visiting preacher to say a few words, thinking that if he could do no good he would do no harm.

After the funeral, Lorenzo went to Greensboro and preached that night and the following night, then he concluded not to go among the Methodists, unless they came in his way, but to confine himself to the courthouses. The Methodists seem, however, to have come in his way, for he was with them frequently in the days following and held meetings in their homes.

Yet he visited a number of the county courthouses, in accord with his previous intention, going as far north as the counties of Jackson and Elbert. At Elberton, where he preached two nights in succession, he got an opportunity to send some of his handbills to the Tombigbee country—that Alabama settlement composed mainly of Georgians, who had dared to cross the savage's broad hunting-ground and to build their cabins in the distant wilderness—with the hope that some day he would have the privilege of visiting those settlements on the outposts of civilization.

From Elberton, the untiring preacher turned his footsteps by a circuitous route toward Augusta and Charleston with the expectation of returning at no distant day to New England.

With a letter of introduction from a Doctor Lester of New York to Solomon Roundtree of Petersburg, Georgia, Dow sought the acquaintance of Roundtree, who received him cordially, opened his home for divine services, showed every possible kindness to the young man, and became a steadfast friend, who in the years following provided for him clothing and other necessities of which he frequently stood in need as he persistently refused all public collections in his own behalf.

One day as Dow journeyed toward Augusta, he sat down by the roadside to rest. While seated there, four people passed and he heard them say something about meeting. In order to learn what it meant he got up and followed them about a half a mile to what proved to be a Presbyterian church, where a large congregation awaited the coming of their minister, then overdue. Ever on the alert for a chance to preach, he distributed some of his handbills among the assembled congregation. The people read them, and as some of those present had heard of him, they invited him to preach on condition that he would "give way" should their pastor arrive.

To this he readily assented, and discoursed for an hour upon free and universal salvation, without being disturbed by the arrival of his Calvinistic brother. The services being ended at the Presbyterian church, he got an invitation to preach in a Methodist church, which he used twice, and then hastened on to preach elsewhere as opportunity offered.

On Sunday morning, March 7, Lorenzo Dow arrived in Augusta to receive a welcome totally different from that of six weeks before, on the occasion of his first visit to the old town, when with the greatest difficulty he secured a place to stay. On this propitious morning, as he slipped handbills under doors, flung them into the yards, or handed them to people passing on the streets, a negro came three times urging him to come to the home of the Presbyterian pastor. Finally, he went, enjoyed breakfast, and was extended a hearty welcome to the town by this good man, who assured Dow that he had done what he could to remove the prejudice that had existed against him.

Following these friendly assurances and the good treatment of Mr. Waddell, the Presbyterian pastor, Mr. Dow went to the Methodist church. After repeated beckonings from the minister in the pulpit, he entered the pulpit to learn that Stith Mead, the Presiding Elder, was to preach a funeral sermon there that day, though he had not yet arrived.

After a little, Mr. Mead arrived and preached according to the original plan, and offered Dow the use of the church for the evening service, with the privilege of making the announcement at the morning hour. The proposition was gladly accepted. And after announcing the night meeting at the close of services in the Methodist church, the fleet-footed Lorenzo plunged out of the house in the presence of the assembled congregation, rushed over into the Presbyterian church to tell that congregation of the evening meeting at the Methodist church. Then without a moment's hesitation he hastened at breakneck speed to the African Baptist church to let the deep water people know that Lorenzo Dow was to preach in Augusta that night.

By this time the people were saying: "The man is crazy." Consequently, the congregation was quite large. An appointment was made for Monday evening, but the people said that it was not worth while, because the folks in Augusta did not go to church on week days. But the congregation was larger than on Sunday night, and on Tuesday night, it was still larger. On Wednesday, he expected to leave, but the presiding elder prevailed upon him to remain till Sunday.

During the week the carpenter locked the door of the new Methodist church because he was unable to collect for the building. Dow relieved the embarrassing situation by raising a hundred dollars, ten of which he gave himself. In addition to collecting the much needed money to pay the carpenter who built the church, Lorenzo Dow on this his second visit to Augusta was instrumental in the awakening and the probable conversion of seventy sinners. For these services he refused to receive any remuneration, except five dollars from a man who was not a member of the church. This he accepted, at the urgent solicitation of his friends lest the man should become offended.

The week's work in Augusta being completed, the indefatigable Dow hastened away toward Charleston, South Carolina, preaching with apostolic zeal as he went afoot, except when some friendly fellow traveler gave him a ride over the sandy roads in a wagon.

As was to be expected, Charleston gave him anything but an enthusiastic reception, for at that time the Methodists were a comparatively feeble folk in the metropolis of the South, and the few in that little city were badly divided. Yet he held several meetings of interest, one of which in particular was attended by about two thousand persons.

After a few days in Charleston, our gospel ranger embarked for New York having completed his first tour of the South, and of Georgia in particular, but by no means the last, or the most eventful.

V

OVERTAKEN BY CUPID

Peggy Miller at a tender age became the adopted daughter of her oldest sister. This unusual relationship arose out of a train of unhappy events in her own household. Among these unhappy circumstances was the death of Peggy's mother, leaving four daughters and two sons, the oldest a girl of fifteen, and Peggy, the youngest, less than five months old. The father with a haste common to men in similar circumstances, married again in less than six months after the death of his first wife, but failed in his second marriage to provide a mother for his children. Shortly after his second marriage, came the loss of his property, followed by the family's being broken up and the children scattered.

When the baby girl reached the age of six, her oldest sister married. After her marriage, Hannah, who all the while had been a sort of mother to the scattered children, begged her father, as she and her husband were about to move from her old home in Granville, Massachusetts, to a point in Eastern New York, to allow her to take Peggy with them. The request was readily granted, and Peggy never saw her father again.

After their removal to New York, the married sister became in every sense a mother to Peggy, who was also treated as a daughter by Smith Miller, her sister's husband, in whose home she grew up an adopted child, even to taking his name.

From early life Peggy was a frail, delicate child, tenderly cared for by her sister, but compelled to work beyond her strength in assisting her sister to make a living. For whatever virtues Smith Miller may have possessed, the ability to make a living for his family was not one of them. In this respect, as well as in several others, he was akin to another citizen of Eastern New York, now famous in classic story as Rip Van Winkle. Peggy grew up a quiet, simple, kind-hearted, hard-working country girl, who went the monotonous rounds of her restricted life without a syllable of complaint.

The first really far-reaching event of her uneventful life occurred at the age of nineteen, when she was converted and joined the Methodist church. The people called Methodist had just come into her community, and, through their preaching, induced her to seek the salvation of her soul.

Soon after Peggy's conversion, the Methodists organized their first society in her neighborhood, and she, with her sister, was numbered among the first members of that society. And, notwithstanding the distance was five miles, they attended preaching and class-meeting every week, and, in all other respects, exhibited a commendable zeal for religion and the things of God, even to enduring with steadfastness the persecution to which they were subjected. For they did not escape, as strange as it may seem, persecution of a most trying sort, because the preaching and zeal of these first Methodists aroused most intense opposition among wicked and worldly people, and fierce antagonism of even greater intensity, found a place with the peoples of other creeds.

Among the opponents that made life hard for Peggy was her adopted father, who joined with the religionists and the irreligious in their attacks upon the people called Methodists who had just entered that community.

But not a great while after his wife and adopted daughter joined the Methodist church, Smith Miller, himself, sinner that he was, became converted to God and united with the Methodists whom he had so bitterly opposed, even to the making of the life of Peggy well nigh unbearable. After his conversion, the Miller home became the home of the Methodist preachers.

The devout and devoted girl has left the following brief account of these days, which to the imaginative mind seems like a window open upon a bit of heavenly landscape. "We were a happy family, though but three in number. We often felt like heaven began below, because Jesus was so precious to our souls. The preachers made our house their home at that time, and it was my delight to wait on them. My chief delight was in going to meetings and singing praises to my God and Savior."

Three years after Peggy and her sister joined the Methodist society, Lorenzo Dow, having just returned from Georgia, sped through New England and eastern New York. The people everywhere were talking about the young preacher, especially about his oddities, and many were anxious to see him. Peggy Miller was among the number who desired to see the rising star, which was to shine with such a strange lustre through the approaching decades. But would he ever come in her little neighborhood? For he had such a big territory over which to travel and so many appointments to fill.

In ten weeks after his return from the South, he rode fifteen hundred miles, held one hundred and eighty-four meetings, speaking, frequently, three hours in one sermon. Through the weeks and months following, the intensity of his zeal continued undiminished, and the incredible record of his activities was maintained. A little country girl in an obscure backwoods community could not hope even to get sight of a man like that.

In September of this same year, a great union meeting was held in the woods about thirty miles from

Peggy Miller's home. At this, one of the first, if not the first camp-meeting in the North, thirty ministers, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist, and more than two thousand people were present. Dow attended the meeting and spoke at night.

Rev. William Colbert, then Presiding Elder of the Albany district, writes of him, at that meeting, as follows: "He is tall, of a very slender form, his countenance serene, solemn, but not dejected, his word, or rather God's word, delivered by him cuts like a sword. At night Lorenzo Dow delivered one of the greatest discourses I ever heard against Atheism, Deism, and Calvinism. He took his text in about the middle of his sermon. Brother Covel rose after him and said that a young man desired the prayers of the preachers. Several others desired to be prayed for, and at length there was a wonderful display of divine power in the congregation beneath the boughs of the trees and the starry heavens."

Dow's services in this great meeting, were so highly appreciated that the people presented him with a horse, saddle and bridle. Mounted upon his newly acquired steed, and followed by the good wishes of the thousands who had attended the camp-meeting, the young preacher on the morning after the close of the meeting, hastened away to other appointments.

Peggy Miller was denied the privilege of attending the big union meeting but her adopted father was on hand, and secured a promise from Lorenzo Dow to preach for them at Western, where the Millers lived. After traveling about a hundred miles, Miller with him, to fill the appointment that must be met at once, and attending a quarterly conference at Paris, he proceeded to his appointment at Western.

Fortunately, Dow's own story of what occurred to him upon this visit to Smith Miller's has been preserved: "One of my appointments being near his house, he invited me to tarry all night; observing that his daughter would be glad to see me. I asked if he had any children. He replied, 'A young woman I brought up, I call my daughter.' I stayed all night; but so it happened, that not a word passed between her and me, though there were but three in the family. I went away to my appointment, where we had a precious time; but while preaching, I felt an uncommon exercise, known only to myself and my God, to run through my mind, which caused me to pause for some time."

The "uncommon exercise" which threatened a serious break in the continuity of his discourse, was, indeed, a very uncommon exercise for the youth who up to this time had not given a single thought to the "female of the species," but it is by no means an unusual exercise to the average young man into whose life has entered the mystic influence of the opposite sex.

Lorenzo Dow from the age of sixteen had been possessed with a consuming desire and ambition to preach, to become a member of an annual conference, and later, to travel to the ends of the earth. Every thought, aspiration and energy of his entire being were devoted, with a fanatic's zeal, to the attainment of those well established objectives. But now this young preacher, passionately devoted to the task set for himself, by the workings of some strange alchemy falls in love with a girl at first sight, and in his ignorance calls it "an uncommon exercise known only to myself and my God."

At the close of the service in which the preacher had been led to pause in the midst of his sermon, Lorenzo returned for dinner with his host of the night before. Upon his arrival at the Miller home, Lorenzo abruptly asked Mrs. Miller how long her sister had been religious and whether or not she kept company with irreligious and wicked young men. Mrs. Miller answered the question in a manner satisfactory to the most exacting piety and with a fine diplomacy; yet, with surprising frankness she added, "Peggy has resolved never to marry unless it be to a preacher, and one who would continue to travel."

At this inopportune, or perchance, opportune moment, the unsuspecting Peggy entered the room.

"Did you make such a remark," bluntly inquired Lorenzo of the timid girl.

Peggy, apparently ignorant of the immediate consequence of her candid and truthful reply admitted that she had made such a remark.

"Do you think that you could accept of such an object as me," asked the would-be suitor.

Peggy ran out of the room without saying a word, as this was the first time that he had ever spoken to her.

After dinner, however, by some means left to the reader to surmise, he got an opportunity to say to the shy and agitated maiden, who in affected anger had fled precipitately from his presence, that he was going away to his appointments to be gone several days or a week, but upon his return he desired to speak to her again upon the same subject.

Whereupon he departed for an appointment ten or twelve miles away, but returned the next evening to see Peggy and to talk over unfinished business.

Numerous appointments throughout New England and in Canada called the young preacher, who for once was about to turn aside from his task, and Lorenzo, leaving the girl that had so greatly and strangely interested him, hastened away to fill his appointments and to make ready for his long journey to the South and the Southwest.

These were exceedingly busy days for the young man, upon whom, with his rapidly growing reputation, the calls were constantly accumulating. But amid the insistent demands upon him, it became necessary for him to return to the neighborhood of Western, since some friends were making him an oilcloth cloak, that would be of inestimable service upon his long journey to the South.

While at Western to get his oilcloth cloak, he spent the night at Smith Miller's, the home for Methodist preachers when in that community.

Before his departure, the morning following, Lorenzo said to Peggy: "I am going to the warm country where I never have spent a warm season, and it is probable that I will die, as the warm climate destroys most of those who go from a cold climate. But if I am preserved about a year and a half from now, I expect to see this northern country again, and if during this time you live and remain single, and find no one that you like better than you do me, and would be willing to give me up twelve months out of thirteen, or three years out of four, and if I find no one that I like better than I do you, perhaps something further may be said on the subject."

With these words of farewell to the girl who in after years admitted that she felt willing to cast her lot with his, and to be a help and not a hindrance, if God would give her grace, as she had no doubt that He would, Lorenzo Dow left for Canada. Going on this journey beyond the St. Lawrence River and spending in Canada and upper New England more than a month, he returned to Connecticut to prepare for the long trip to the far Southwest.

VI

ON THE WILDERNESS TRAIL

Seven busy months have elapsed since Lorenzo Dow returned from Georgia. During these months New York, New England, and Canada have all been favored with the services of this young man who is growing constantly as a preacher of the gospel. But now he is inclined to turn his face southward again, with the scattered white settlements of Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky, at that period of our history "the wilderness country," as his ultimate and eagerly anticipated destination.

A filial devotion that grew in depth and intensity with the passing years carried him for a short visit to his father and mother before his departure to the wilds of the West. On this visit he saw for the last time his devoted mother, who was in her grave before the return of her son, almost two years later.

As he journeyed southward from New England Mr. Dow's pathway lay through New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. His reception along the route was one of increasing warmth and cordiality, and consequent delight, as he journeyed toward the home of the mocking-bird.

Repeated expressions of disapproval from Methodist preachers, in the early part of his travels, and their refusal to allow him to preach in their pulpits, or to provide for his lodging, and otherwise, to show a spirit of Christian fellowship, pained him very much. Hence, he was gratified beyond expression at the friendliness and consideration of Bishop Whatcoat, who met him in the road just south of the Potomac River. The good bishop greeted him cordially, asked whither his journey, gave him information as to where he could stop in Alexandria, and otherwise, rendered assistance in a spirit of brotherly sympathy.

Christmas found him in Culpeper Courthouse, Virginia. After a short stay in Culpeper he hastened on into Louisa County, to discover that his horse, a rather inferior one, had grown lame, and was unable to travel at the pace that he had set for himself. Consequently he left his horse behind and made the rest of the Virginia territory on foot. While trudging along near the North Carolina border a man on horseback overtook the young preacher and kindly invited him to ride the horse that he led by his side. The offer was thankfully accepted, and after a ride of eighty miles or more Lorenzo Dow, late one evening, came into Statesville, North Carolina, mounted upon the bare back of the lame horse of a kindhearted fellow traveler.

Upon his arrival by so primitive and unenviable mode of travel, and without a penny in his pocket, the tired preacher, in the midst of utter strangers, proposed to sell his watch, the only thing of value in his possession, to get some money for his present and urgent necessities. He had some time previously bought the watch in question at a bargain, for eighteen dollars, but offered to sell it to the inkeeper at the low price of supper, lodging, breakfast, and nine dollars in cash. At this juncture a silversmith, as men who repaired watches were called in those days, came in, examined the watch and pronounced it a good one, whereupon the inkeeper offered him eight dollars and a half, supper, lodging, and breakfast. The offer of fifty cents less than the price asked at first was accepted, as a matter of necessity, and the stranger lodged that night in the Statesville tavern.

But his presence aroused grave fears in the minds of some of the inhabitants of that quiet, conservative village in the hill country of North Carolina. Among those most alarmed seemed to be the inkeeper's wife, who notified the neighbors that, in her opinion, a horse thief had come to her house, and that it would be well to lock all stable doors or else somebody's horse would be missing the next morning.

But the suspected horse thief did not leave town under cover of darkness. He was in Statesville the following morning and preached that day in the courthouse to a small congregation. The majority of the people still eyed him with suspicion.

Fortunately for the unfortunate preacher amid such circumstances, Phillips Bruce, a presiding elder at that time in Virginia, and one of the truly great men of his day, passed through Statesville on his way to visit his aged and sick father, near Snow Creek, in north Iredell. Bruce knew quite well the man who had unwittingly disturbed the ordinarily peaceful community, and assured the people thereof that the supposed horse thief was no thief at all, but a preacher worthy of their confidence.

For Calvinism, as he knew it in New England, Lorenzo Dow cherished an uncompromising hostility. Deism, Atheism, and Calvinism were three isms that he invariably classed together. But the Presbyterians of Iredell County won him completely, and he seemed to win them. He called them Presbyterian Methodists and Methodist Presbyterians, the most complimentary thing he knew to say of them. According to his judgment these Presbyterians had both the life and power of religion, which was a tremendous concession for Lorenzo Dow, or any other ultra Arminian in that day to make of a Calvinist. And these Scotch Presbyterians showed their appreciation in a very substantial manner. Of their own accord they gave him thirty-three dollars in cash, and subscribed eleven more. In addition to this James Sharp, not a member of the church, sold him a good horse, took the thirty-three dollars donated by his Presbyterian friends, and credited him for the balance, without even taking a due-bill in evidence of the debt. Some knowing ones said that Sharp would never get the money for his horse, but these prophets of dishonor did not know of whom they spoke.

While in Iredell Dow sent by a traveler, who chanced to be going ahead of him in that direction, a string of appointments into Georgia. These appointments to preach carried him through Spartanburg and Abbeville, South Carolina, thence to Petersburg, Georgia, where he arrived February 2, 1803. When he reached Petersburg a lad on the streets of the village recognized him as the man who a year before had preached there and organized a Methodist society. Without a moment's hesitation the boy ran shouting, "The walking preacher has come back! The walking preached has come back!" That night he preached in Petersburg to a very large congregation.

Upon his arrival in Georgia for the second time, Lorenzo Dow devoted more than two months in visiting some of the places reached by him the previous year in his preaching tour from Savannah to points as far north as Elberton, but he did not at this time go farther south than Augusta. At Shoulder Bone Creek he attended his first camp-meeting in the South. He visited at a later day another camp-meeting at a place called Jones' Meeting House, where, at the suggestion of Hope Hull, the people gave him a hundred dollars for expenses on his proposed venture into the Tombigbee country. Hope Hull, also, led in securing adequate equipment for him on the long and perilous journey through the wilderness.

Here is a list of the things provided by those generous and appreciative Georgians: A horse that cost $225, a good saddle and blanket, portmanteau and bag, a heavy suit of clothes, a blue broadcloth cloak, shoes, stockings, cased hat, a valuable watch, sundry other articles, and fifty dollars in money.

At the time of which we write the extensive territory west of Georgia as far as the Mississippi River and from the Gulf on the south to the Cumberland River on the north was known as "The Wilderness." It was the Red Man's hunting ground, with a few scattered white settlers therein; the largest and best known of these white settlements being in the valleys of the Alabama and Tombigbee, and the Natchez settlement on the Mississippi.

The hardy pioneers who had chosen the far-off valleys of the Tombigbee and the Alabama as their place of abode were in the main emigrants from Georgia, but a more heterogeneous population from the adjoining Spanish and French colonies, as well as the English, made up the Natchez settlement. There was not a minister of the gospel in all the Tombigbee country, and in the Natchez, only Tobias Gibson, the apostolic man who went alone, in 1799, from South Carolina to that hostile wilderness. Lorenzo Dow, therefore, had turned toward regions utterly destitute of the gospel, or else hostile to any and every form of Protestantism.

This wilderness was traversed by emigrants and travelers who dared to venture on a journey of that sort by two main routes, which were nothing more than horse paths. The first road was laid off from the settlements on the Cumberland River by way of Colbert's Ferry, a few miles below the Mussel Shoals on the Tennessee River, thence through the Chickasaw and Choctaw nations to the Grindstone Ford on Bayou Pierre, and, finally, to Natchez and Port Gibson, on the Mississippi River. This road became generally and popularly known as "The Nashville and Natchez Trace," and was the return route for traders who had descended from the upper tributaries of the Mississippi down the river on flat-boats. For after they had disposed of their cargoes they returned on horseback or afoot by the land route, as there were no steamboats in those days.

The other road, or path, was from the Oconee settlements in Georgia, across the Alabama River, in the direction of Fort St. Stevens, on the Tombigbee River, thence on westwardly to Natchez.

These trails had been made for use as mail routes and to facilitate emigration into that territory. The Indians, through whose territory the trails passed, had, by treaty, guaranteed the safe transportation of the United States mail, and also the passage of travelers, but reserved for themselves the exclusive control of all ferries and wayside houses for lodging or entertainment, with all revenues arising therefrom.

To traverse this territory by either of these trails was called "going through the wilderness," for the traveler saw "alternate forests and prairies, intersected by numerous bridgeless water-courses, roving Indians, and what few adventures he might meet on the way."

This was the country and these the trails that invited Lorenzo Dow to partake of their hard treatment, which he did, without a syllable of complaint. Like some brave knight he rode away to the wilderness to lift up his voice in song and sermon, amid the wild solitudes where no gospel messenger had yet penetrated. After thirteen days, in which he had covered a distance of more than four hundred miles, among the Indians, he arrived at the first house of the first white settlement.

To those sheep without a shepherd on the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers he ministered in holy things. He seems, from what records one can find, to have visited the different sections of those scattered settlements and to have preached in a number of different places. It is a safe guess that those pioneers never forgot this first gospel preacher who came into their midst with the words of life.

From the Tombigbee settlements he continued his journey through the wilderness, and after six days and a half reached the outskirts of the Natchez settlement. Fortunately, Mr. Dow has left, though brief, an interesting account of his stay in and about Natchez, and a much more elaborate account of his experiences on the trail to Tennessee. His own story follows:

> I called on a man who was said to be a Methodist, but found that he was not; so I went to another house where they were called Methodists, but met with a cool reception at the first, still I showed them the governor's passport, and likewise two papers, one from Brother Mead and the other from Hope Hull that I was an acceptable preacher of good moral conduct, etc. Then they were more kind and kept my horse about two weeks. Brother Moses Floyd, met me the same night, and having received letters by me from Georgia was more friendly; then the above family became more so. The Governor to whom I had an introductory letter was also friendly.
>
> I had two or three meetings in the assembly room, with

the permission of the mayor, though with difficulty obtained. The man on whom I called and found that he was not a Methodist, reflected how far I had come to see them through the woods and felt his heart inclined to lend me a horse to ride more than a hundred miles. So I went to Kinston, and procured a spot of ground (by selling my watch) for a church; and then to the heights, and Pinckneyville, and held meetings. I stopped at a house in the edge of West Florida and sold my cloak. Thence I returned and visited several neighborhoods, and God's power was to be felt in some of them.

My horse was now taken lame so that he was not fit to ride to Tennessee. I spoke at the Pine Ridge meeting house, and at Washington, Sulsertown and at Calender's meeting house, where some were offended. Here quarterly meeting was held. Thence I went to Wormsville, Biopeer, and Big Black and preached the funeral sermon of a neice of the Rev. Tobias Gibson, and the Lord was with us. I left my horse with Brother Gibson and took a Spanish race horse which he was to be responsible for, and I was to remit him the money by post when it should be due on my arrival in Georgia in November.

Having got equipped for my journey through the woods of Cumberland, which was several hundred miles, and having been informed that a party of men was that morning to start into the wilderness, I intended to go with them, but on my arrival found that they had started the day before; so I must either wait for more or go and overtake them. To wait I durst not, as my appointments had gone to Virginia. A Kentuckian had some time before, as I was informed, struck an Indian who shortly after died; and the other Indians supposed that his death was in consequence of the blow, and the Kentuckian was tried and acquitted. Wherefore the Indians, according to their custom, were determined to kill somebody, as they must have life for life. And they had now become saucy, and had shot at and wounded several on that road, but had not killed any one yet; but it was supposed that some one must shortly fall a victim. However I set off alone and rode the best part of twenty miles, when I saw a party of Indians within twenty feet of me. I was in hopes that they would pass me, but in vain, for the first Indian seized my horse by the bridle and the others surrounded me. At first I thought that it was a gone case with me; then I concluded to get off my horse and give up all in order to save my life. But it turned in my mind, that if I do, I must return to the settlement in order to get equipped for another start, then it would be too late for my appointments. Again it turned in my mind, how, when in Ireland, somebody would frequently be robbed or murdered one day, and I would travel the same road the day before or the day after, yet was preserved and brought back in peace, and the same God is as able to preserve me here and deliver me now as then. Immediately, I felt the power of faith to put my confidence in God. At the same time I observed that the Indians had ramrods in the muzzles of their guns, as well as in their stocks, so it would take some time to pull out the ramrods, and get their guns cocked and prepared and up to their faces ready to shoot. At this moment my horse started and jumped sideways, which would have laid the Indian to the ground who held the bridle, had it not slipped out of his hands. At the same time the Indian on the other side jumped, seemingly like a streak, to keep from under the horse's feet, so that there was a vacancy in the circle, when I gave my horse the switch, and leaned down on the saddle so that if they shot I would give them as narrow a chance as I could to hit me, as I supposed they would wish to spare and get my horse. I did not look behind me till after I had got out of sight and hearing of the Indians. I was not long in going a dozen or fifteen miles. So I overtook the company that day and told them what I had passed through.

About forty-eight hours after, a party of twenty-five men were attacked by some ruffians, driven from their camp, and plundered of some thousands of dollars, and some of them came near starving before they got in.

I traveled on several days with the company, but they proceeded so slow that I resolved to quit them, and thinking that I was within about forty miles of the Chickasaw nation, set off alone one morning in the hope of getting in the same night. So I traveled on all day as fast as I could, conveniently, stopping only once to bait, until I came within about twenty miles of the settlements; and about ten at night came to a great swamp, where I missed the trail and was necessitated to camp out without any company (except my horse) fire, or weapon of defense. As I dismounted to fix my bridle and chain together for my horse to graze while fastened to a tree, I heard a noise like the shrieks of women and listened to know what it might be; but it occurred to my mind that I had heard hunters say that the catamount or panther would imitate the cries of women.

At first I felt some queries or fears in my mind, but I soon said, God can command the wild beast of the forests as well as he can command the Indians; so I knelt down and committed myself to the protection of a kind Providence, and then lay down and had a comfortable night's rest. The next morning I went on and joined the settlement about 10 o'clock, and got some milk and coarse Indian bread for myself, and corn for my horse. I then went on about twenty miles further, and, through the good providence of God, did not miss my road, though there were many that went in different courses. At length I saw a man dressed like a gentleman; he came up and shook hands with me, and after some conversation invited me to his house about a mile and a half away. I tarried with him a few days; and had two meetings with some reds, blacks, whites and half-breeds; and good I think, was done in the name of the Lord. The post came along and I left Mr. Bullen, the missionary with whom I had spent my time, and set off with him. In three days and a half we traveled upwards of two hundred miles, and came to the settlements of Cumberland; and having a letter of introduction I called on Major Murray, who treated me kindly. I gave away the last of my money and my pen-knife to get across an Indian ferry. I sold my chain halter for two dollars and Brother Murray lent me a horse to ride to Nashville.

Upon his arrival in Nashville Lorenzo Dow tried in vain to get a place to preach. He went six miles in the country and spent the night with a local Methodist preacher and returned the next day to Nashville in a further search for some place to hold meeting. Being unable to secure the courthouse or a private house, he went into a grog-shop and offered to rent the place for religious services. The proprietor, not dreaming that he was in earnest, but thinking that this was only the irreverent talk of one of the irreligious visitors to his place, agreed to allow him to have the house. In order to clinch the contract Dow gave him a dollar and told him that as a man of honor he must stand by his agreement. Then he went out and advertised the meeting that was to be held in the grog-shop.

When the hour arrived the room proved inadequate to accommodate the people, and somebody prepared the market house for him. After this he was able to secure the courthouse, where he spoke to overflowing congregations, but refused to accept money from the assembled crowds for his services.

From Nashville he went to Kentucky, and, after a short stay among those early inhabitants of "the dark and bloody ground," hastened on to fill an appointment at Abingdon, Virginia, arriving three hours before time for service.

Just out of the wilderness, Lorenzo was dirty and ragged. His pants were worn out, his coat and vest in rags, his moccasins barely holding together, and only a small fraction of a dollar in his pocket. Such had become the plight of the well-equipped preacher who left his Georgia friends four months before. A part of his clothing had been sold on the way, to provide needed funds, and the rough treatment to which the remainder of his garments were subjected in the wilderness had reduced them to rags.

VII

INCIDENTS ALONG THE WAY

From Abingdon, Lorenzo Dow proceeded through Virginia to Richmond, preaching as he went and leaving hundreds of appointments in that country for the following spring. At Richmond, with the Governor's permission, he spoke in the Capitol. Later, he preached several times in the Methodist meeting house of Richmond, spoke in Manchester, and at the New Kent quarterly meeting.

From the quarterly meeting he rode twenty miles in the rain to Petersburg, where he inquired of a gentleman on the streets, if he knew Jesse Lee.

"He is my brother," was the unexpected, laconic reply of Mr. Lee, who took the rain-soaked stranger to his house.

As the two men approached the house, the commanding figure of Jesse Lee appeared in the door way. Dow had not seen Jesse Lee since they parted not in the best of humor more than six years before. Then Jesse Lee forbade the young man traveling in so many places without authority, and sent him home for the fourth time, this being the second time that Lee himself had ordered him home.

At the sight of "the Father of Methodism in New England," the incorrigible Connecticut youth, who was now rapidly becoming a national figure, stopped his horse, sat in silence with a bundle of books under his arm, as the water dripped from his shabby old coat.

For some time neither of them spoke, then Jesse Lee said, "Come in."

Dow did not move, but promptly replied, "I desire to know whether it is peace or war."

"Come in," responded Lee.

"Is it peace or war?" urged Dow, with increasing persistency.

"It is peace," finally answered Lee.

Promptly dismounting, Lorenzo went in and received a good old Virginia greeting and the finest expressions of Christian hospitality. In addition to these, Jesse Lee secured for him a large congregation that night in the Methodist church, and appointed other meetings for the days following.

These and other acts of kindness on the part of Jesse Lee, proved a great surprise to Lorenzo Dow, who through the years had been unable to understand the attitude of the Great Apostle of Methodism toward him.

From this time forth, the misunderstanding between these two men, a misunderstanding which grew out of the utter inability of one to comprehend the other, especially, of Lee to fathom the mysteries hidden away in the life of the Connecticut lad, were entirely cleared away, and they seemed to appreciate each other most highly through all the years following.

From the neighborhood of Petersburg, Virginia, the restless wanderer turned southward through territory much of which was strange to him. At Raleigh, North Carolina, a petty constable arrested him for a horse thief, but let him go with the understanding that at a specified time he would return for the investigation. In Chesterfield County, South Carolina, one, by the name of Paul Rushing, who figured as a citizen of some consequence in that section of the State, examined Dow's private papers and in return for the privilege granted him, abused the well behaved and defenseless traveler with all sorts of vile and profane language. But in spite of such indignities, some of them the result of ignorance, others, born of pure deviltry, the zealous itinerant pursued his course, preaching the gospel without fear and without the hope of earthly reward.

After an absence of seven months, since his departure for the Tombigbee, the untiring evangel returned to Petersburg, Georgia, having traveled more than four thousand miles. The friends who had sent him well equipped into the great Southwest to preach to the scattered settlements on the red man's broad hunting grounds, received him again, promptly replenished his depleted wardrobe, and gave him spending-money, which he was constantly in need of since he did not at any time allow public collections to be taken for him, "Lest the Gospel be blamed."

Among his appointments in Georgia was one before the Legislature at Louisville. For some unknown reason, possibly, to be odd, Dow, while he preached stood on a chair on top of a table. During the sermon, feeling the chair move a time or two, and desiring to prevent its falling, he sat down, and completed his sermon.

After the sermon, a young man who had observed that a Baptist preacher, a member of the Legislature from some dark corner of the State, had moved the chair with the hope that he might cause the speaker to fall, went and shook his fist in the face of that unworthy member of the State Legislature, at the same time urging him to come outside that he might thrash him for such an indignity to a stranger.

The coward, afraid to accept the challenge of the young Georgian who believed in fair play, had him arrested for offering an insult to a member of the House. The young man was sent to prison; but at the trial, which began the following day, and continued till the next, he was acquitted on the ground that the Legislature was not in session at the time of the alleged insult and that the challenge was only a personal matter, and not an insult to the entire body.

A little while after the foregoing incident, Dow received at the hands of Stith Mead, the Presiding Elder of the Georgia District, South Carolina Conference, the following paper signed by the Governor, Secretary of State, twenty-eight members of the Legislature, and bearing the great seal of the State:

> Be it known, that the Reverend Lorenzo Dow, as intinerant preacher of the Gospel, hath traveled through the State several times in the course of two years, and has maintained the character of a useful and acceptable Gospel preacher, and now being about to leave the State, we, in testimony of our high regard for him, recommend him to all Christians and lovers of virtue, as a man whose sole aim appears to be the propagating of useful principles through the Christian religion.

The South Carolina Conference met this year at Augusta, Georgia, and Dow attended, although without any official connection with the conference or with the Methodist church. Bishop Coke who was present, greeted him most cordially, saying, "How do you do, brother Dow, I am glad to see you." Bishop Asbury directed that he should preach in the church during the sitting of the conference, and the instructions were complied with. The church in which the conference met was in debt. To relieve this indebtedness, he gave the proceeds from the sale of his book, "The Chain of Lorenzo."

From Augusta, his appointments carried him to Charleston, Wilmington, New Bern, Washington, and Tarboro. On this journey through lower South Carolina and Eastern North Carolina in midwinter without a cloak or overcoat and clad in light summer clothing, this man of unyielding purpose, suffered no little from the cold, especially, from the cold rains of which there were many that winter. From Tarboro, he went to Raleigh and spoke twice in the State House, but saw nothing of the constable who arrested him a few months before for a horse thief, and who was to be on hand at this date to prosecute his case.

Leaving Raleigh without an opportunity to show that his occupation had been misjudged by Wake County's minor official, Lorenzo Dow hastened to Statesville to pay James Sharp for the horse purchased from him more than a year before, although some of the knowing ones informed Sharp that the strange preacher would never return to pay the debt. But these prophets of dishonor did not know Lorenzo Dow, who with all his oddities, had not a taint of dishonesty. He could without a word of complaint go hungry and cold but would not fail to pay his debts.

After a few days at Statesville, the pathway of this honest man lay across the mountains into Tennessee. Evidently, following his former route from Statesville to the south, he went near to, or into South Carolina, and then turned toward Asheville by way of the Saluda Mountains, which he crossed in the night. The fires that often burn on the mountains in the winter and early spring served to light him over the road with precipitous cliffs on one side and deep ravines on the other, and doubtless saved the belated traveler from an untimely death on that dangerous mountain road.

At Asheville he preached twice in the Presbyterian church to congregations larger than the church could accommodate; then, the day following, rode forty-five miles down the French Broad River, on his way to Newport, Tennessee. Reaching this appointment with the greatest difficulty, he preached to the assembled congregation, then hastened on to Knoxville, where a great throng awaited his coming.

In his *History of Holston Methodism,* Dr. R. N. Price gives the following account of this meeting, as reported to him by Rev. E. F. Sevier, who, although quite a child at the time, remembered the occasion distinctly:

> A great crowd of curious people were in and about the village some time before the time for preaching had arrived. Where the preacher was to take his stand no one knew. The crowd moved and surged from side to side, from point to point. At length, a tall, plainly dressed man, with a handkerchief about his head in lieu of a hat, appeared as if he had come out of the ground, or had been let down from the clouds. He made no delay, but mounted a log and began announcing a hymn:
>
> Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast;
> Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest;
> Ye need not one be left behind,
> For God has bidden all mankind.
>
> The announcement of the hymn and the singing were sufficient notice to the scattered people as to the place where the preaching was to occur, and the crowd soon gathered about the wonderful stranger. Sevier had no distinct recollection of the text, subject, or line of argument; but the whole manner of Dow was indelibly impressed on his memory. He did not play the orator, he was not a declaimer; on that occasion, he played the part of a reasoner and polemic. He seemed to single out a particular hearer, to whom he addressed all his remarks. The particular hearer was, perhaps, fictitious, and was addressed as a Calvinist. The sermon was a dialogue between Dow and this fictitious hearer. The preacher heard the man's arguments in support of unconditional election and repro-

bation, partial redemption, effectual calling, and final perseverance, and answered them. Dow was very pointed and emphatic in his questions and answers. The sermon, in the opinion of young Sevier, was a complete demolition of Calvinism. Dow would frequently make an assertion and then, leaning forward and pointing at his antagonist, say, "it is a fact and you can't deny it!" giving the broad Italian sound to the *a* in the words *fact* and *can't.*

The whole performance was very interesting to the large audience. Their attention was riveted from start to finish. The people were convinced and swayed; for the matter and manner of the man showed that he believed what he preached and that he was terribly in earnest.

Of his visit to East Tennessee, the reason for which his observations of the *jerks,* that mysterious physiological phenomenon of those times, Lorenzo Dow has left us the following full and interesting account:

I had heard of a singularity called the "jerks" or "jerking exercise," which appeared first near Knoxville in August last to the great alarm of the people, which report, at first, I considered vague and false. But at length, like the Queen of Sheba, I set out to go and see for myself, and sent over these appointments into this country accordingly.

When I arrived in sight of this town, I saw hundreds of people collected in little bodies, and observing no place appointed for meeting; before I spoke to any, I got on a log and gave out a hymn, which caused them to assemble around in solemn and attentive silence. I saw several involuntary motions in the course of the meeting, which I considered as a specimen of the "jerks."

I rode seven miles behind a man across streams of water, and held meeting in the evening, being ten miles on the way. In the night I grew uneasy, being twenty-five miles from my appointment for next morning at eleven o'clock. I prevailed on a young man to attempt carrying me with horses until day, which he thought was impracticable, considering the darkness of the night and the thickness of the trees. Solitary shrieks were heard in these woods, which he told me were said to be the cries of murdered persons. At day we parted, being still seventeen miles from the spot, and the ground covered with a white frost. I had not proceeded far, before I came to a stream of water, from the springs of the mountains, which made it dreadful cold. In my heated state I had to wade this stream five times in the course of an hour, which I perceived so affected my body that my strength began to fail. Fears began to arise that I must disappoint the people, till I observed some fresh tracks of horses, which caused me to exert every nerve to overtake them, in hope of aid or assistance on my journey, and soon I saw them on an eminence. I shouted for them to stop till I came up. They inquired what I wanted. I replied, I had heard that there was a meeting at Seversville by a stranger and I was going to it. They replied that they had heard that a crazy man was to hold forth there, and were going also, and perceiving that I was weary, invited me to ride. Soon our company was increased to forty or fifty, who fell in with us on the road from different plantations.

At length, I was interrogated whether I knew anything about the preacher. I replied, "I have heard a good deal about him, and have heard him preach, but I have no great opinion of him." And thus the conversation continued for some miles before they found me out, which caused some color and smiles in the company. Thus, I got on to meeting, and after taking a cup of tea gratis, I began to speak to a vast audience, and I observed about thirty to have the "jerks." Though they strove to keep as still as they could, these emotions were involuntary and irresistible, as any unprejudiced eye might discern.

Lawyer Porter, who had come a considerable distance, got his heart touched under the Word, and being informed how I came to meeting, voluntarily lent me a horse to ride nearly one hundred miles, and gave me a dollar, though he had never seen me before.

Sunday, February 19, I spoke in Knoxville to hundreds more than could get into the courthouse; the Governor being present. About one hundred and fifty had the "jerking exercise," among whom was a circuit preacher (Johnson, who had opposed them a little before, but he now had them powerfully, and I believe that he would have fallen over three times had not the auditorium been so crowded that he could not unless he fell perpendicularly.

I have seen Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers, Baptists, Episcopalians, and Independents exercised with the "jerks," gentlemen and ladies, black and white, the aged and young, the rich and the poor, without exception; from which I infer, as it cannot be accounted for on natural principles, and carries such marks of involuntary motion, that it is no trifling matter. I believe that those who are most pious and given up to God are rarely touched with it, and those naturalists who wish and try to get it to philosophize upon it are excepted. But the lukewarm, lazy, half-hearted, indolent professor, is subject to it; and many of them I have seen, who, when it came upon them, would be alarmed and stirred up to redouble their diligence with God; and after they would get happy, were thankful that it ever came upon them. Again, the wicked are frequently more afraid of it than the smallpox or yellow fever; these are subject to it. But the persecutors are more subject to it than any; and they have sometimes cursed and swore and damned it while jerking. There is no pain attending the "jerks" except they resist it, which if they do, it will weary them more in an hour than a day's labor, which shows that it requires the consent of the will to avoid suffering.

I passed by a meeting-house, where I observed the undergrowth had been cut up for a camp-meeting, and from fifty to a hundred saplings left breast high, which appeared to me so slovenish that I could not but ask my guide the cause, who observed, they were topped so high and left for the people to "jerk" by. This so excited my attention that I went over the ground to view it, and found where the people had laid hold of them and "jerked" so powerfully that they had kicked up the earth as a horse stamping flies. I observed some emotion both this day and night among the people.

A Presbyterian minister (with whom I stayed) observed, "Yesterday, while I was preaching, some had the 'jerks', and a young man from North Carolina mimicked them out of derision and soon was seized with them himself (which was the case of many others). He grew ashamed, and on attempting to mount his horse to go off, his foot jerked about so that he could not put it into the stirrup; some youngsters seeing this assisted him on, but he jerked so that he could not sit alone, and one got up to hold him on which was done with difficulty. I observing this, went to him and asked him what he thought of it? Said he, 'I believe that God sent it on me for my wickedness, and making so light of it in others," and he requested me to pray for him."

From his activities in East Tennessee, this preacher of increasing popularity went to Abingdon, Virginia, to fill an appointment of six months standing. Leaving an appointment for thirteen months later, April 7, at 11 o'clock, he then hastened on to his numerous appointments in Virginia, North Carolina, and Maryland, which were to demand his best efforts for the next three and a half months.

Wherever he went on this tour the people flocked by the thousands to hear him and hundreds of souls were converted. Camp-meetings, which had been in vogue, for several years to the south and west, had been introduced in Virginia just the year before. He visited a number of these new and growing centers of religious power, adding materially to the effectiveness of these meetings in Virginia, as he was accustomed to do whereever his peculiar talents were employed.

Not only at camp-meetings did the thousands gather to hear him, but the multitudes were on hand wherever he spoke, regardless of the weather. At Rockingham Courthouse, North Carolina, on April 1, fifteen hundred people stood two hours in the falling snow and in freezing temperature to hear him preach. Two thousand people heard him at Danville, Va. Four thousand interested listeners among whom was the daughter of Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, listened to his compelling speech at Charlottesville; and, at Prince Edward, the court adjourned to hear him. The unique preacher mounted the pillory in the courthouse yard and addressed an audience of four thousand. Some of his enemies remarked that the pillory was the proper place for him.

At Prince George Courthouse he met Jesse Lee, who took him to his father's house, which had been a Methodist preaching-place for thirty years, one of the very first in all that country.

Upon this occasion Lorenzo Dow communicated to Jesse Lee his intention of publishing his journal and applying the proceeds from the sale to the building of a Methodist church in Washington, the newly established capitol of the nation. Lee informed Dow that he had no objection, if the Journal contained all the truth (evidently referring to their early conflicts) and he should give the church to the Methodists. But on account of objections from one of the annual conferences nothing came of this proposed venture.

Toward the close of these busy weeks which had been in many respects his first triumphal journey, this notable and erratic preacher went to Baltimore, where the

General Conference was in session, to learn what was to be the attitude of the preachers toward his work.

In the New York Conference some contended that the Methodists should have nothing to do with him, while others argued that he did no harm, the Methodists got the fruits of his labors, and there was no reason to oppose him. Even, with a division of opinion in regard to his case, in the New York Conference, some went to the General Conference with the expectation of stopping him with one fell stroke; but upon their arrival in Baltimore the attitude of the Southern preachers soon convinced them that such action was out of the question, for the preachers from the South, acquainted with his best work, stood with him almost to a man.

Jesse Lee, Dow's former antagonist, made an appointment for him to preach in the market, announced it from the pulpit, prepared a notice for the paper and otherwise assisted him. A great concourse of people, among whom were a hundred preachers of the General Conference, attended these services.

With a few exceptions, the entire conference showed itself appreciative of the Herculean labors of this man, who in the past seventeen months with only a few days rest, had preached from two to five times, and rode from thirty to fifty miles each day.

After a short stay in Baltimore, Dow spent a month in great camp-meetings in Eastern Virginia, then embarked at Norfolk for New York, and arrived at that port after an eight-day voyage of calm and squall. From New York his appointments for the next two months took him through Eastern New York and New England as far east as Boston. The very last days of August found him in a camp-meeting near Western, New York, where he learned that Peggy Miller, after two years, had not changed her mind or found some one she liked better than the absent preacher, and that she was willing to close the bargain of long standing.

At first the plan was for Lorenzo to make a trip to Europe, and upon his return, they should be married. But the plan was changed and on the evening of September 4, 1804, a Methodist minister was called, and in the presence of the immediate family, only, they were married.

Early the next morning, the bridegroom of only a few hours parted from his bride, and, in company with Smith Miller, started on a journey of six thousand miles, expecting to be gone seven months and to fill hundreds of appointments already made.

The plan of his itinerary carried them through the valley of the Susquehanna, thence to Pittsburgh, and across the river into the State of Ohio. Finally, after thirty days of circuitous travel from the time he left Peggy, Lorenzo Dow and Smith Miller arrived at the seat of the Western Conference at Mt. Gerizim, Harrison County, Kentucky.

Those hardy itinerants of that wild domain of scattered settlements among the Indians, seem to have received the well-known visitor in a most cordial manner, and gladly heard him preach to an immense congregation in a grove near by the seat of the conference.

In the absence of both Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat, who were sick at the time, the conference elected William McKendree, the Presiding Elder of the Kentucky District, president *pro tempore.* In the selection of McKendree, who eventually was to take his place among the greatest bishops of the Church, the conference chose, as president, one of the best qualified of their number, and a man who took hold of his task with firmness and discharged the duties of his office in a masterly and satisfactory manner.

Among the problems pressing for solution in that rapidly developing territory, into which settlers from the eastern states came each year by the thousands, was the question as to what the conference would do with the Natchez mission, up to this time an unfruitful and discouraging work in the remote southwestern part of the Mississippi territory. Tobias Gibson, five years before dared to penetrate that distant territory to toil alone, and to bear its needs upon his tender and sympathetic heart. But since the last conference he had gone from his sacrificial toils and afflictions of earth to his heavenly home. Moses Lloyd had married and determined to locate. Hezekiah Harriman, dangerously ill at Adam Tooley's, expected to leave, if he should recover, which was hardly to be expected. With the father of the infant church dead, and the two preachers of the year just closing, out of service, one having married and located, and the other sick unto death, created an extremely discouraging situation.

"What is the best that we can do for the Natchez country?" inquired McKendree of Jonathan Jackson, Lewis Garrett and William Burke, who constituted his cabinet.

"We cannot afford to withdraw our forces and give up the contest," said McKendree. "We dare not abandon the field brought into successful cultivation by the dying labors of the sainted Gibson, and which is now the repository of his mortal remains. While as a conference we are spreading North, East and West, we must send help to those little isolated societies far down in the South."

"No ordinary man," continued McKendree, "will do for the superintendency of that difficult and important outpost. Some one must go whose piety, talents, and experience will make him a worthy successor of Tobias

Gibson. I have the man in the Kentucky District who will answer the purpose well, if we can avail ourselves of his services. Larner Blackman has been in the itinerancy four years, is now in elder's orders, and every way worthy and well qualified for this difficult and important post."

Mr. Blackman was selected and agreed to undertake the exceedingly discouraging work in that far off territory. Nathan Barnes, who had traveled one year on the Scioto Circuit, was chosen to become his companion. But a very formidable difficulty loomed up at once before the minds of these newly appointed missionaries. A journey of eight hundred miles, half of it through savage wilds, lay between them and their new field of labor, and neither of them knew anything personally about the Indian settlements and of the country which was to be their destination.

While face to face with a situation so trying, Lorenzo Dow came to the assistance of Blackman and Barnes. He had not only already been in Mississippi, but also had been over the very trail these men must travel, and at this very time was on his way to Natchez. So they availed themselves of the knowledge and companionship of the experienced leader on the long journey fraught with many dangers.

Franklin, Tennessee, became the common starting point of Blackman, Barnes and Dow on the twenty-third of October, 1804. These three resolute and daring heroes traveled the first day thirty-two miles into the wilderness and there encamped for the night. Just about dark a company of emigrant families from North Carolina came up in haste, on their return to the white settlements in order to escape an expected massacre by the Indians. The original intention of these alarmed immigrants was to travel all night, but Lorenzo Dow, whom some of them knew in North Carolina, persuaded them to tarry with the encamped preachers till morning. This they did.

On the morrow, the three missionaries pressed on into the red man's country and continued the perilous journey by day, sleeping by night under the canopy of heaven, close to blazing fires, to keep the wild beasts away. Eventually, they reached the white settlements, and were right glad for the hospitality of the pioneer's cabin.

At this point in our narrative the historian of Methodism in Mississippi, John G. Jones, who wrote with care and discrimination of the early history of that country, must be allowed to give us the benefit of his account of these three men, particularly of Lorenzo Dow at the time of which we are just now concerned. Here is what he says:

> On the evening of the 4th of November they arrived in the white settlement south of the Choctaw nation. The next day they visited the Rev. Moses Floyd, at St. Albans, where they left Mr. Barnes to commence his first round on the only circuit yet in the Mississippi territory.
>
> Messrs. Blackman and Dow, after spending a night with Col. Daniel Burnett, at the Grindstone Ford on Big Bayou Pierre, went the next day to Randall Gibson's, who had now moved from Washington and settled on what was then called Clark's Creek, about eight miles south of Port Gibson. After having their traveling wardrobe refitted at Randall Gibson's, they hastened to Adam Tooley's, in the vicinity of Natchez, where they understood that Alexander Harriman was still dangerously sick. The presence, conversation and prayers of his former colaborers greatly refreshed Mr. Harriman and he soon became convalescent.
>
> Lorenzo Dow is necessarily connected with the early history of Methodism in Mississippi, and to leave him out

would not only be gross injustice to the memory of a pious, faithful and useful evangelist, but the history of the early struggles of our church in this country would be forever incomplete without the record of facts from which he cannot in truth and justice be eliminated. We proceed to mention several facts as connected with his present visit to Mississippi. After his visit in company with Mr. Blackman to the afflicted Hezekiah Harriman, he spent several weeks preaching in and around Washington and Natchez. Of Natchez, he says, when he was there the year before, he found it almost impossible to get the people out to hear preaching, and doubted whether there were three Christians in town, either white or black. Other ministers, representing Protestant churches, up to this date, had met with similar difficulty in Natchez. But Mr. Dow thought himself in good luck on this visit.

Col. Andrews Marschalk, who was then publishing the only weekly paper in Mississippi, in looking over his exchanges for an item, found in a paper published in Lexington, Kentucky, some rather sharp strictures on Lorenzo Dow, written in the style of burlesque and holding him up to the ridicule of the public. Just as the compositor got this selection in type, Mr. Dow handed him a notice for publication that he would "hold a meeting in town on Sunday," at a given time and place. The publisher, in order to give the burlesqued preacher the benefit of both articles, put the notice of preaching next in order to the extract from the Lexington journal. This immediately gave rise to a good deal of talk and speculation about the odd preacher, who had been caricatured in the public prints, for most papers in the Union had copied the article on Lorenzo Dow from the Lexington paper. The result was he had large audiences while he remained in Natchez, both week days and Sundays.

Another incident of much greater importance to the prospective progress of the church in the territory, connected with Mr. Dow's present visit to Mississippi, was the first camp-meeting ever held south of Tennessee. Mr. Dow had become somewhat familiar with the manner of holding camp-meetings, and had witnessed their great utility and usefulness in the middle and the western states, and he immediately urged the holding of one in close proximity to Washington. Mr. Blackman consented to and encouraged the proposal, but prospects at first were very forbidding. There was not time to fully circulate the appointment; the people had not time to adjust their home affairs and fix for camping; then, it had to be held about the first of December, quite too late in the season even in this mild climate. But Dow was persistent in his plea for a camp-meeting. Many predicted that he would get no campers, but about the last of November he united with Messrs. Blackman and Barnes in holding their first quarterly meeting on Clark's Creek, six or eight miles from Port Gibson. During the quarterly meeting Mr. Dow invited backsliders, who desired to be reinstated in the favor of God to come forward for the prayers of the church. An old backslider, who had once been happy in the love of God, came forward and fell upon his knees, followed by several others. The power of the Holy Ghost came upon the congregation, which was instantly succeeded by loud cries and shouts. Some of the bystanders showed hostility to such exercises, while others were awe-struck and felt that God was there. This prepared the way for the camp-meeting, though it was to be held at a distance of thirty miles from this place.

Randall Gibson with his family, and several other leading families, making in all about thirty persons, set out forthwith to the camp-meeting. They were favored with good weather, considering the lateness of the season; and though some of the sons of Belial tried in various ways to disturb the exercises of the meeting, their efforts were fruitless, and good behavior under the prudent leadership of Mr. Blackman generally prevailed. About fifty persons were awakened and five professed to find peace with

God. The members of the church were greatly strengthened and united in love, and returned to their homes rejoicing.

Soon after the camp-meeting closed, Lorenzo Dow, with two other men, began to prepare for a journey through the Choctaw and Creek nations to the State of Georgia. As the most important item in their outfit, they wished to procure three Spanish Mustang horses, because they could subsist mainly upon grass and the leaves of the cane, and would require but little corn. For this purpose, they crossed the Mississippi River into Louisiana, and it is presumed, went into the Attakapas region, as those vast prairies were the places to find Mustangs in those days. On this trip he visited several settlements and held religious meetings.

We mention this to give it as our opinion that Lorenzo Dow was the first Methodist that ever visited and preached in Louisiana west of the Mississippi River. He doubtless reported the results of his observations on his return to Natchez, and the following year, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Blackman, Elisha W. Bowman was appointed to Opelousas. We will not detail the many extra trials and hairbreadth escapes from flood and field which befell Mr. Dow and his traveling companions between Natchez and Georgia. It is enough for our purpose to state that he tarried six days in the settlement about the junction of the Tombigbee and the Alabama rivers, and "held meetings." Let the Alabama Methodists make a note of this. So far as we have light on the subject, Lorenzo Dow was the first Methodist preacher that raised the Gospel banner in Southern Alabama.

Upon his arrival in Georgia, after the eventful journey among the Indians, in his visit to the remote settlements of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, Dow found his friends greatly interested in a report just received by them of his marriage. But not until he assured them of its truthfulness, would they accept the report.

"What do you want with a wife?" was the question asked of him repeatedly.

To which Lorenzo invariably replied without once seeming to perceive any latent humor in his answer, "In order to be more useful on an extensive scale."

After a few days in Georgia, he turned his face northward through South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia and the territory beyond, expecting after much travel and many sermons on the way to see his Peggy once more.

Upon this trip he preached twice in Charlote, North Carolina, where lodging at an inn was provided gratis. At Salisbury, on the day following, he addressed an open air meeting, as court was in session, but at night preached in the courthouse. While in Salisbury, a gentleman gave him cloth for a much needed winter coat, and for the gift received hearty thanks from the rather thinly clad preacher. He spoke twice at Lexington. A drunken man who disturbed the services, at what is now the county seat of Davidson, afterward apologized for his unseemly conduct. From Lexington he rode to Salem, where, standing close by the home of the Moravian sisters, he spoke to about three thousand people. At Bethany on the following day—Sunday—he preached to a congregation equally as large as the one at Salem.

Doub's became the objective point for the evening service. Here he found a large room fitted with pulpit and seats. "The most convenient," says Dow, "of any that I have seen in the South."

This was at the home of the father of the well known Peter Doub, whose house became one of the first Methodist preaching places in Western North Carolina and a point that Bishop Asbury frequently visited and where he preached repeatedly.

From North Carolina Lorenzo Dow continued his travels into Virginia with numerous appointments at camp-meetings and elsewhere, awaiting his coming, and he seldom failed to preach to great concourses of people. The next two months in the "Old Dominion" proved to be an exceedingly busy time with him, after which, he turned again toward New York and, after an absence of almost eight months, reached Western to find that Peggy was not at home. But she had an impression during the night that her husband, after these months, had returned, and acting upon such mental impression, she hurried home early the next morning to find him awaiting her arrival.

He tarried with his wife thirteen days, then was off again on one of his long and laborious journeys.

VIII

ANECDOTES AND ESTIMATES

In little more than outline the foregoing chapters undertake to tell clearly and concretely the story of the activities and aspirations of the childhood and early manhood of Lorenzo Dow. To follow the footsteps of this remarkable man through the thirty years of his life, yet to come, would prove equally as interesting as the narrative of the twenty-seven years already past. But this was not the plan in the beginning, and is not now. For the story probably would become too long for busy readers to follow to the end. Furthermore, the account already given of his travels and his toil up to the age of twenty-seven enables one to form a fairly accurate estimate of the man.

Yet, one is inclined to go with him in later years on his tours of New England, where, as a lad trying to learn to preach, he had been subjected to discouragements and hardships of almost every conceivable sort, but refused to surrender. His travels through the South, where he preached at camp-meetings and elsewhere to assembled thousands, assumed the aspect of triumphal marches. The story of his and Peggy's sojourn in Ireland and England, where came the baby girl to add joy to the young parents' hearts, and then in a little while, like a tender flower, withered and died, makes a pathetic chapter in the lives of this devoted couple.

But the untimely death of an only child and the burial of its little body among strangers in a foreign land, constitute but one pathetic incident in the lives of these two servants of God. There were many others. Among these, as the years passed by and the physical energies of youth became less abundant, was the desire for a settled and permanent home. This desire, except with Gypsies and other nomadic tribes, is well nigh universal, particularly with woman. But Lorenzo and Peggy Dow had no house, neither were they able to secure one.

The only settled habitation that they ever had of their own, and that for only about four months, was a cabin in the midst of a Louisiana canebrake. Let Peggy tell, in her own artless style, of the establishing, and of their sojourn in this cabin in the canebrake:

> We were, as I have observed before, without house or home, or of anything that we could call our own. There was a tract of land lying in the midst of a thick canebrake, on which was a beautiful spring of water, breaking out at the foot of a large hill, which some person had told Lorenzo of. The soil belonged to the United States, and the cane was almost impenetrable and from thirty to forty feet high, and inhabited by wild beasts of prey of various kinds and serpents of the most poisonous nature. Notwithstanding these gloomy circumstances, Lorenzo got a man to go with him to look at it, to see if it would do for an asylum for us to fly to, provided we could get a little cabin erected near the spring. After he had taken a survey of the place, he concluded to make a trial, and employed a man to put up a small log cabin within ten or twelve feet of the spring, which he did after cutting down the cane for to set it—a way was made through from a public road to the spot, so that we could ride on horseback or on foot. We obtained a few utensils for keeping house, and in March we moved to our little place of residence in the wilderness, or rather it appeared like the habitation of some exiles—but it was a sweet place to me—I felt I was at home, and many times the Lord was precious to my soul.
>
> We stayed there for near four months; in that time

Lorenzo preached as much as his strength would admit. We were sometimes very closely run to get what was necessary to make us comfortable. Yet I felt quite contented. I had in a good degree regained my health, so that I was able to labor and I did all I could for a living, although my situation was such that I could not do as much as I wished. But the Lord provided for us beyond that we could have expected.

Lorenzo Dow fought a long, and toward the end of his life, losing battle with physical ailments and infirmities. The whole story thereof, if it could be written, would make a chapter replete with elements of fortitude, humor, and pathos. An asthmatic from boyhood he frequently was compelled, in the midst of his countless activities, to snatch what little sleep he could get while lying upon the bare floor, or upon a plank provided for his accommodation. Repeatedly upon his arrival at an appointment he would be too exhausted to stand, or even to sit to preach, and in consequence would lie upon a table, wrapped in a blanket if the weather required a wrap, and in that position deliver his sermon to the assembled congregation.

While in Ireland on his second visit an attack of spasms that baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians did more, according to his own statement, to reduce his nervous strength and to sap his constitution than all his travels and labors, which amounted to from seven to ten thousand miles, and six to seven hundred sermons each year.

But with the many constantly accumulating physical infirmities he would not consent for a single moment to give up his itinerant career. For to travel and to preach constituted his paradise. Consequently, he got a stiff leather jacket, girded with buckles, to serve as stays, to support his failing and tottering frame, so that he could ride horseback. When no longer able to ride he drove a gig, and later a little wagon. In the closing decades of his life Lorenzo Dow and his little wagon became well known in every section, just as the dashing young gospel cavalier had been at an earlier period.

The foregoing paragraphs of this chapter indicate that this man's life contained elements of rare human interest. But the fact about him that beyond all others enables one to form an accurate estimate of the impress that Lorenzo Dow left upon the people of his generation, is the multitude of anecdotes that cluster about his name, for men who are able to challenge and hold the attention and interest, not to say affection, of an entire people, not only become the authors of many popular anecdotes themselves, but the people also gladly add to these from their own storehouse.

Abraham Lincoln, for example, out of the resources of his own rich and eventful life, increased the world's store of personal anecdote, but during his lifetime and since his going away, American citizens have enriched the reputation of Lincoln in this respect by repeated and loving additions.

Both State and National records show that Zebulon Baird Vance was a great war Governor, and an influential and honored Senator of the United States, but if one is to know beyond all question how the great mass of the people of North Carolina whom he represented and served regarded their Governor and Senator, the multitude of anecdotes that clusters about his name, like jewels about the brow of a queen, can alone positively and truthfully declare.

We are to estimate Lorenzo Dow, as to the impression he left upon the people of his own generation, in like manner. And in this respect he stands first among all the pioneer preachers—what an illustrious company they were!—that gave added glory to our early history.

In the long list of anecdotes that have been placed to the credit of Dow, some have been written in the books and others remain among the established traditions of those sections of country through which he traveled. From these stories several must be entered here, both because of their intrinsic merit, and also because they are typical of the whole.

In Maryland, upon one occasion, his appointments had been made rather close together as to time, but far apart as to territory. At the close of the sermon he rushed out of Ebenezer without a word to any one, mounted his horse and rode all night and till 10 o'clock the next day, to reach Bethel. After the sermon and without dismissing the congregation at Bethel he leaped out of the widow at the back of the pulpit and was gone before the astonished congregation became fully aware of what had occurred. Seventeen miles lay between him and the next appointment, but he made it on time, met his congregation, rode to Duck Creek and preached twice, having traveled eighty miles and preached five times without sleep.

This story of his activities in Maryland is little more than typical of his strenuous manner of life for years, especially in the first part of his career, before physical infirmities forced him to slow down a bit.

Late one night, when on his first trip from Augusta, Georgia, to Charleston, South Carolina, the very occasion on which he sold his shoes for a dinner, because they burned his feet in walking through the hot sand, Lorenzo hailed the occupants of a cabin by the roadside, expecting to learn the road to Charleston. Instead of getting an answer from the occupants in the house the dogs from under the house came out in great force and with a show of viciousness. In order to escape being devoured by the dogs he sought safety by a speedy retreat, and managed to save himself, not by running, but by climbing. So when one of the boys of the family came, after a prolonged delay, to learn why such a barking and yelping among the dogs, he found the traveler calmly seated upon a limb and the dogs on guard at the foot of the tree, to see that he did not escape.

Quoting from the chronicler:

> On one occasion, he came in his journey to a farmer's kitchen, and asked for a piece of dry bread. The daughter ran and told her mother, who was sick, that a strange looking man with long hair, long beard, and a book under his arm, wanted a piece of bread. He was urged to stay for dinner but he declined. Upon receiving the piece of bread, he went to a small stream, where he sang a hymn, prayed, then dipped his bread in the water, ate it, and went on his way. At another time he was found at a farmer's gate, leaning his head against the post as if weary and faint. He was kindly invited to the house by the proprietor. Dow accepted the invitation, and told them that if they would notify the neighbors he would preach for them that evening. This was done and he preached on the words, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in; hungry, and ye fed me."
>
> The story of his finding the stolen axe is well known. The scene of this anecdote is laid in Maryland. As he rode up to one of his appointments, a poor man met him and with a rueful face informed him that some one had stolen his axe, and begged that he would be good enough to tell him where it was. Dow assured him that he had no power of knowing such things, but he would not be put off. He was sure that the preacher could find his axe if he would. At length moved by his entreaties, Dow promised to do the best he could for the man.

"Do you suspect any one of stealing it?" inquired Dow.

"Yes," replied the man, "I think that I know the person, but cannot be certain."

"Will he be at meeting?"

"Yes, sir, he is sure to be there."

Dow said no more, but picking up a good sized stone, took it with him into the pulpit and placed it on the desk in full view of the congregation. Of course the people were sadly puzzled to know the meaning of this. After closing his sermon, he took up the stone and said to the audience, "Some one has stolen an axe belonging to Mr. A., a poor man, the thief is here, he is before me now, and I intend, after turning around three times to hit him on the head with this stone." He then turned slowly around twice; the third time he turned, as if he intended to hurl the stone with great force into the midst of the congregation. Instantly a man dodged his head behind the pew. "Now," said Dow, "I will expose you no further; but if you do not leave that axe tonight where you got it, I will publish you tomorrow." The axe was promptly returned.

After a long and tiresome journey he stopped about nightfall at the door of a country tavern in Western Virginia. He retired to his apartment, but was much disturbed by a party of revelers who sat at their cups and cards till a late hour. Near midnight one of their company discovered that he had lost his pocketbook, and a search was proposed. The landlord here remarked that Lorenzo Dow was in the house, and that if the money had been lost there he could certainly find it. The suggestion was adopted at once, and Dow was aroused and requested to find the rogue. As he entered the room he glanced searchingly around, but could see no signs of guilt on any face. The loser was in great trouble and begged Dow to find his money.

"Have you left the room since you lost your money," asked Dow.

"Nein, nein," replied the man.

"Then," said Dow, turning to the landlady, "go and bring me your large dinner pot."

This excited no little astonishment, but as they accorded to him supernatural power, the order was promptly obeyed, and the pot was placed in the center of the room.

"Now," said Dow, "go and bring the old chicken cock from the roost."

The amazement grew apace; however, the old rooster was brought in, placed in the pot, and securely covered.

"Let the doors be now fastened, and all the lights put out," said Dow. This was done.

"Now," said he, "every person in the room must rub his hand hard against the pot, and when the guilty hand touches it the cock will crow."

All then came forward and rubbed or pretended to rub against the pot, but the cock did not crow.

"Let the candles be now lighted; there is no guilty person here; if the man ever had any money, he must have left it in some other place," said Dow.

"But stop," he exclaimed suddenly, "let us now examine the hands." This was, of course, the main point in the whole affair. It was found upon examination that one man had not rubbed against the pot. "There," said Dow, pointing to the man with clean hands, "there is the man who picked your pocket." The thief at once confessed and gave up the money.

To the fairly well authenticated anecdotes of the foregoing sort, of which there is a large number, may be added those that are clearly apocryphal.

As a specimen of the latter class is the oft repeated story that he intended to preach a sermon at a camp-meeting on "The Judgment Day." But beforehand he sent a negro boy up into a nearby tree to blow a horn in response to his call upon Gabriel to announce that time should be no more. In the midst of an impassioned description of the judgment the preacher called upon the great archangel to blow, and in response to the call Gabriel blew, and the people shouted and shrieked and cried for mercy. But when the fake was discovered only the intercession of Lorenzo Dow could save the defenseless negro from the hands of a mob.

This story and hundreds of others that have been connected with the name of Dow prove most conclusively that the popular mind had come to recognize him as foremost among his compeers, and that his very name added to the effectiveness of an anecdote—a high tribute, indeed!

In an effort to take the measure of Lorenzo Dow, as a man, and to form a correct estimate of the real value of his self-sacrificing toil to the world of mankind, the testimony of some Methodist historians just here becomes of unusual interest and of real service.

Dr. W. W. Bennett, in his history, *Methodism in Virginia,* writes as follows:

> No man of his day, more powerfully impressed the multitudes that crowded to hear him preach. There was much about his person and manner to excite the wonder and command the attention of his hearers. His spare form and solemn air, his long hair and beard, his rather clownish habits, the suddenness of his appearance and disappearance, the sharp, loud, "Hark," with which he often began his sermons, all conspired to give him an air of mystery wherever he was seen. His sermons, it is said, were often mere rhapsodies, and he not infrequently took some trite aphorism for a text, but there was an admixture of truth in all his harangues, that reached the conscience and aroused the feelings of his hearers. Many looked upon him as inspired, and it must be acknowledged that his peculiarities rather tended to deepen than remove this conviction.

The period of his appearance was extremely favorable to his success. The great revival which broke out in the West was still sweeping through the land; camp-meetings were everywhere held; the minds of the people were constantly on the stretch, looking for greater and more wonderful displays of divine power. The preaching was chiefly of a hortatory character; the multitudes swayed and bent before the truth like the forest before a mighty wind; the wicked, no less than the godly, were often seized with those strange physical affections already described, and either fell to the ground or fled with alarm from the place of devotion. In the midst of these scenes Dow began his career. He was unlike any man that had ever passed through the land. His appointments were usually made for three, six or twelve months in advance, and at the very hour of the day, nay, often at the very moment, the form of the wonderful man was seen striding through the crowd to the pulpit, or to a rude stand under the trees. It was a common thing for him to have a chain of appointments extending along a route of a thousand miles, not one of which he failed to reach. It was immaterial with him whether he preached from a ship, a rock, a fallen tree, or a table in the street, or in fields; in private houses, in churches, from the platforms of camp-meetings, anywhere, everywhere, he proclaimed the truth in his own startling manner.

He was certainly an aggressive preacher. He had suffered from the harsh doctrines of Calvinism, and he seemed to have almost claimed a special call to attack "the A-double-L-part men" as he called them.

Perhaps no man was ever more vividly remembered by the masses of the people than was Lorenzo Dow. In nearly all the States the old people have stamped their recollections of this eccentric genius on the minds of their children and grandchildren.*

The record of his oddities would fill a volume. Almost every man who ever heard him preach can relate a characteristic anecdote. One will tell how, as the congregation anxiously awaited his appearance, he suddenly darted through the crowd, ran into the pulpit, and rising with a huge old silver watch in his hand, held it up before the people, and exclaimed in a sharp, loud voice, "Watch!" This one word was his text. Another will relate how on a certain occasion, while a vast and confused crowd were awaiting his coming, he suddenly leaped on a table, and with a stamp of his foot and a clapping of his hands, exclaimed: "Hush," instantly awing the multitude into silence, and at once launching into his discourse. Another will describe a scene in which Dow finding the church far too small to accommodate a tenth of the crowd collected about it, would march with a negro before him bearing a table to some old field, with the whole congregation at his heels, and mounting his temporary stand, preach and depart without saluting a single human being.

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*This was written a little while before the Civil War.

There is no doubt that his extensive travels and intercourse with all classes of society, together with his natural shrewdness, had given him a keen perception of human nature, enabled him, indeed, to read character with astonishing accuracy; and his frequent exhibitions of this peculiar talent gave ground for the belief in the minds of many uncultivated persons that he really possessed the power of discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart.

Rev. John G. Jones, who was chosen by the Mississippi Conference to write a history of Methodism in Mississippi and who, with patience and marked ability gave himself to the task, writes with discrimination the following estimate of him:

> Lorenzo Dow was generally looked upon as eccentric; but if this estimation of him was correct, his eccentricity was always on the safe side. He was singularly pious, self-sacrificing, zealous, laborious and useful as a wandering Methodist evangelist. He could not consent to be

trammeled by any conference or local ties; but claimed the right to follow what he considered the indications of Providence, and to labor when, how, and where he could promise himself to be most useful.

In regard to temporal comfort and sustenance he seemed literally to desire nothing more than a scanty supply for his present wants. He asked no pecuniary compensation for his services, and often declined receiving the proposed contributions of the people, on the ground that at present they were not needed. If at any time he found he had received more in the way of grateful presents from the people than his present necessities required, he would give the surplus to the more needy, or else employ it in some way to advance the interests of Christ's kingdom. He would sell his watch and appropriate the proceeds to aid some poor community in the erection of a place of public worship; or, as the seasons changed, he would sell any part of his wardrobe to raise a few dollars to pay his current expenses through the Indian Nation or elsewhere, that he might meet all his engagements, which were often published a year or more beforehand.

The writer is of the opinion that the Supreme Head of the Church, who has reserved for himself the inalienable right of calling whom he will to preach the gospel, sometimes raises up these comet-like and eccentric men to attract public attention to the saving truth of Christianity, and to be useful in ways and places not readily reached by ordinary ministers.

The gifted author of *Holston Methodism,* in his own characteristic style writes at length of Lorenzo Dow and of his work in East Tennessee. Among other things Dr. R. N. Price gives the following estimate of the man:

In Holston he left a favorable impression wherever he went. He has been remembered ever since with affection and admiration. His namesakes throughout the section rival in number those of Wesley, Asbury and Washington. His complete unselfishness and spirit of self-sacrifice, his prodigious journeys and labors, his deadness to praise or censure, his strict honesty and purity of character, his sublime faith in Jesus Christ, and his earnest, fearless, powerful preaching endeared him to the people of this hill country in a remarkable degree.

Dow was above mediocrity in intellect—a man of wonderful will force and working energy. He was a thoroughly regenerate man, and a thorough believer in the gospel which he preached. He was pure, honest and unselfish. He was a prophet of the Elijah stamp; and Elijah did not discharge his duties more faithfully and boldly than did this prophet of the Western wilderness. Though not formally connected during the larger part of his career with the Methodist church, he was Methodistic in doctrine and spirit, and always coöperated with the Methodist preachers. It is true that he did not organize, but he labored with those and for those who did. To use a common figure, he shook down the fruit, while others gathered it. The number of souls he saved and the number of holy impulses that he started, or intensified, eternity alone will disclose. The rulers did not favor him but the common people heard him gladly. The people have announced their verdict as to Lorenzo Dow, and it is one of approval. We may say of Dow as Jacob said of Joseph: "The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him; but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob."

Such are the estimates of Lorenzo Dow, as given by the Methodist historians just quoted, and the reader, who has followed the story of his life, as recorded in the preceding pages, will agree that the facts, as given therein, fully sustain the judgment of these writers. They have not been too partial in their estimates, neither have they failed to rise to an appreciation of the man who in the minds of the common people had no equal among the pioneer preachers of America.

After having preached the gospel in his own inimitable way for almost forty years, traveled extensively in Ireland and England, and repeatedly visited almost every section of the United States, his frail and tired body finally wore out, and that career, so singularly eventful, and all the way crowded with vicissitudes, closed in Georgetown, District of Columbia, on the second day of February, 1834, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. His body was buried in a cemetery of the City of Washington, and over his remains placed a single slab upon which had been inscribed the two words:

LORENZO DOW

PETER DOUB

STURDY ITINERANT

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

PETER DOUB

I

HIS PARENTAGE

For many years prior to and during the great Civil War, Peter Doub was a familiar figure to a great company in North Carolina. In stature more than six feet, of portly build, with massive chest and broad shoulders upon which rested a head of unusual proportions, he moved in a commanding way among his fellows. The deep-set grayish-blue eyes, lofty forehead, heavy brow, prominent nose, high cheek-bones, firm-set lips, decided chin, and heavy jaw, gave distinction to his strong, thoughtful face. The strength of the hills had gone into him, securing the sturdy, strong character with determined purpose written in each line of his face and displayed in every movement of his body. Though not an Apollo in feature or in form, in no crowd did he pass unnoticed. Something of the Fatherland clung to him, and the simplicity of pioneer days had not deserted this itinerant son of the soil. The German blood, the American environment, and the Methodist itinerancy combined to make him. A daughter-in-law, close to him in his later years, says:

> His habits of life were methodical, even to the putting on of his wearing apparel—his collar must allow both hands to pass easily between it and his throat; his "neck-cloth" was a bit of soft muslin, made and laundered by the good wife; his stockings, knit of homespun flax by the same untiring helpmeet, must reach above the knee and the upper part turned down over the calves. A pair of his stockings are still in my possession, also one of his collars. He ate very lightly at all times, eliminating butter from his

fare altogether. Once he said to me, "I could eat everything on your supper-table if I did not know that a big man should not indulge a big appetite."

This man belonged to the strong, solid, sturdy stock from the old lands that have furnished the blood and bone for the industrial, civil, and religious upbuilding of this great new country. Into our own State have come the hardy Scot, the resolute English, the patient-plodding German, and the thrifty Dutch. Among these, none were superior to the substantial German folk that moved down from Pennsylvania and settled chiefly in the Valley of the Yadkin. These, under stress of religious persecution, emigrated from Switzerland and the Palatinate to Pennsylvania, halting for a time in Lancaster and York along the Susquehanna.

Of this lineage were John Doub, father, and Mary Eve Spainhour, mother, of Peter Doub. The father, born in Germany, March 27, 1742, tarried for a few years in Lancaster County with a stepbrother before coming to Stokes (now Forsyth), North Carolina. The mother, of Swiss parentage, born November 30, 1755, across the Susquehanna in New York, migrated with her people to Stokes about 1763. So, here in the backwoods of North Carolina, the two young people met and married about 1780.

John Doub possessed all the distinctive features of a German, received the training belonging to the better class of mechanics of that day in his own land, had a practical knowledge of chemistry, and was well instructed in tanning and all the arts of skin-dressing. Fluent in the use of his native tongue, he gained a good knowledge of English after he was fifty years of age. His religious awakening began soon after coming to America, through the influence of Rev. Mr. Otterbein (presumably Rev. William Otterbein, founder of the United Brethren), but the epochal event in that household was in 1792.

In his *Autobiography* Peter Doub says that his father and mother went seven or eight miles to hear Andrew Yeargan*, the pioneer circuit-rider of the Yadkin Circuit, preach, and, after the sermon, John Doub invited the preacher to go home with them. This was the beginning of their receiving the circuit preachers into their home. On the next round, a month later, Mr. Yeargan preached and a little while afterwards he organized a society of six or eight members, two of whom were John Doub and his wife. Thus, the home of the Doubs became the meeting-house for years, and the church in John Doub's house has its present-day representative in Doub's Chapel of the same neighborhood.

Six or seven years later John Doub received license to preach, and was ordained local deacon in 1802. Devotion to his Lord and a desire to do good, led him to secure a fine knowledge of the Bible and of Methodist theology. In later years, a profession of sanctification manifested its reality by a life corresponding to such a profession. A citizen known for his piety, a father that ruled well his house, never omitting the morning and evening worship, a Methodist of the early type, a preacher clear and strong, he died October 18, 1813, in the full triumph of the faith.

His wife, Mary Eve Doub, a member of the Dutch Reformed Church from her fifteenth year, joined the Methodist Society with her husband, and literally became a mother of the Methodists in that land. A woman of strong mind, deep piety, good knowledge of the Bible, cheerful disposition, and great firmness of character, she watched and nourished her children, and ever stood ready to do good to others about her. She was much sought after by the sorrowing, and in his mature years her son Peter could write: "In all her domestic relations she had few equals, and it is believed she had no superior."

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*Peter Doub is mistaken as to name. Andrew Yeargan was on the Yadkin Circuit in 1780. In 1792 George McKenney and Joseph Moore served the Yadkin Circuit.

II

THE TIMES

To appreciate more fully the times out of which young Peter Doub came, we shall do well to remember the prevailing conditions in that section of the State at the close of the eighteenth century. There was not a railroad in all the world, and not a respectable highway in North Carolina. The only outlet was by wagon to Charleston, or to some other town of the seaboard. Instead of the cotton factory, the machine shop, and the flour mill of today, were the wheel and loom in the home, the blacksmith shop by the roadside, and the grist-mill, with its ponderous wheel, down by the creek. These were the real centers of family and community life. Schools were few and provokingly inadequate. The university was taking shape, with here and there a private high school, but no general educational system was known. In 1790 Edenton, New Bern, Washington, and Wilmington were the only postoffices in the State; and in 1812 there was not a newspaper printed west of Raleigh. Books were few, and letter postage almost prohibitive. To pay twenty-five cents for a letter, liable never to go in any reasonable time, did not minister to interchange of thought. Thus isolated, without schools, papers, or books, the masses did not touch the great wide world's life. John and Mary Eve Doub, with their nine children, passed their simple-mannered, God-fearing lives limited largely to the purely rustic rounds of Stokes County yeomanry.

Peter Doub, the youngest of the nine children, was born March 12, 1796. Early taught to respect the senior members of the family, and to revere his parents above all others—their will being the supreme law in the household—he learned obedience to, and respect for, superiors. The family regulations were strict, though not oppressive, demanding a prompt and uniform response to the established usage. Due deference was shown all, whether rich or poor; but the impure and wicked were not allowed to become associates of the children. Ministers of the gospel, always received as servants of God, and good men generally, had first place in John Doub's home. Young Peter early received instruction and inspiration from the Methodist itinerants, such as Philip Bruce, John Buxton, Thomas Logan, and James Boyd, who often found a welcome under that roof. The impressions, views of truth, and knowledge of the Scriptures, gained in those days, filled all his after life.

Peter Doub, within a period of eight years, spent about eighteen months in school, progressing sufficiently to "read, write, and cipher" a little. A dictionary and an English grammar had small place in the "old field school" of that day. In his own words: "A good English education he never had the opportunity of securing until after he entered the ministry, and then only as he could snatch up a little time between traveling, preaching, visiting the flock, and reading his Bible."

Too much, however, must not be made of this lack of education, since influences momentous in determining destiny came to him in youth. In addition to the instruction and inspiration received from the godly itinerants in his father's home, was the school in the family. Required to learn and recite to his father, or to one of his older brothers, "A Scripture Catechism," until he knew every word of it, and then to repeat this to the preacher when he came round, proved valuable to the boy. Furthermore, he was required to give his views of the contents in his own language. Wonderful ideas of God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost came to him in these plastic days. John Doub also saw that his children read the New Testament consecutively, and during the reading gave their views on various subjects.

Though religion and the Bible came first in that home, other elements contributed to mental and moral progress. The oldest brother, John, acquainted with general knowledge, had read a few books on philosophy, sufficient to set up the interrogation point, which resulted in converting the family group into a kind of debating club. The conversations in the home, and the necessity of being man-of-all-work on the farm and around his father's tanyard, gave Peter a training too often lost sight of in the general estimate of life's formative forces. One in touch with mother earth, responding to the call of the field, holding fellowship with plain men and women away from the artificiality of the world, has no mean start in life. Peter Doub's never having seen an English grammar until he became a member of the Conference proves the possibility of much coming from little. The vigorous body, the insatiable desire to know, the instruction given at home, tutorage received in the school of life, reinforced by the strength and vigor of a good heritage, gave the young preacher a superior advantage in his long and honorable career. In him were the elements out of which greatness is born and the fiber fit for making a hero in an iron age.

The General Conference of 1816, which met at Baltimore, did some progressive work that resulted in good in enabling the ministers to continue in the traveling connection and also in securing a better trained ministry. At this Conference the salary of a preacher was raised from $84 to $100, and expenses. The same was allowed for his wife, if he happened to be so incumbered, with $24 for each child under fourteen years of age. Along with this, a course of study was prescribed for the preachers, and they were exhorted to read and study more. Both of these provisions tended to secure a more stable and intelligent ministry. The young men who lived in the saddle, characteristic of the early days when a man was almost forced to desist from traveling so soon as he married, gradually gave place to conferences composed of more mature men.

In order to indicate something of the extent of the circuits of that day, as well as to show how much they paid and the form in which they kept their minutes, an exhibit of the showing made at a Quarterly Conference held at Olive Branch, in what is now Davie County, follows:

Minutes of a Quarterly Meeting Conference held at Olive Branch on the 16th of March, 1816, for Salisbury Circuit. Members present: Edward Cannon, Boen Reynolds, Nathaniel Brock, Samuel Austin, Joseph Byrd, James Ellis, Thos. Job.

Question 1: Are there any complaints?

Answer: No.

Question 2: Are there any appeals?

Answer: No.

Question 3: Does any person apply for license to preach?

Answer: No.

Question 4: What preachers' license wants to be renewed?

Answer: Benjamin Naylor, Edward Cannon, Boen Reynolds, Sec.

QUARTERAGE

Mount Zion	$ 4.82½
Wards (Davie County)	1.50
Elles's	2.25
Shady Grove (Davie County)	1.12½
Mount Pleasant	3.22½
Concord	.20
Sharon	1.12½

Prospect	$ 1.75
Ebenezer (Randolph County)	2.00
Tabernacle	1.90
Russell's	1.00
New Hope	.75
Rock Springs (Davidson County)	7.25
Center (Montgomery County)	1.70
Hancock's	.68¾
Taylor's	2.10
Bethel (Davie County)	.12½
Whitaker's	1.75
Olive Branch	3.97½
Zion	.50
Appropriated	$37.33⅓
Edward Cannon	$ 4.00
B. Reynolds	22.13½
Surplus	$11.02½

This quarterly meeting held at Olive Branch in 1816 makes a better showing than one held at Beal's meeting-house twenty-one years before, September, 1795. At that time the Presiding Elder asked as usual, "How much has been contributed for the support of the ministry?" Charles Ledbetter, the circuit-rider, answered not a word, but in reply held up one pair of socks.

Beal's meeting-house was erected in 1780 or 1781, and located on the north side of Hunting Creek, near Anderson's Bridge in the northwestern part of Davie County. This bears the distintion of being the first church in all that section of Western North Carolina. Local tradition preserves an interesting incident of the early years suggestive of a most hurtful provincialism even back in the good old days. The preacher closed a warm and moving sermon with a fervent exhortation that led him out in the midst of the congregation. In the enthusiasm of the appeal he laid his hand on the head of an old man and said, "My friend, don't you want to go to heaven?" Whereupon, the stranger with much emphasis replied, "Man, for God's sake go off and leave me alone; I don't live about here. I come from away up in the mountains."

These were the days and the conditions in all that section of country in which Peter Doub was born and grew to manhood. The incidents cited suggest something of the character of the times in which he began his itinerant labors.

III

FIRST CAMP-MEETING

Camp meetings flourished at this time. The first two decades of the nineteenth century were the days of triumph for the crowds encamped in the forests, ecstatic with religious fervor. At this juncture it may be well to correct an error into which Peter Doub fell, and out of which he derived some pleasure in the after years of his life. We refer to his contention as to the priority of the camp-meeting held on his father's farm at which he received divine impressions in early youth.

Peter Doub asserts in his *Autobiography,* from which quotation has been made, that the first regularly arranged camp-meeting ever held in North Carolina was on his father's farm in 1802, at which time he received most distinct religious impressions. In this statement he is in error. The well established facts of history put the origin of camp-meetings almost a decade before this. In his *Early Circuit Riders,* Rev. A. W. Plyler has gone through all the available material and concludes as follows:

> There is a general notion even in educated religious circles that camp-meetings originated west of the mountains, either in Tennessee or Kentucky. This is an error. The first camp meetings were held in Western North Carolina. That too, six or seven years before the beginning of the "great revival" or the introduction of camp-meetings beyond the mountains.
>
> Seven cities contested for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer. More than seven communities in North Carolina claim the first camp meeting in 1801 and 1802, and not one of them will ever be able to establish an unquestioned priority. Even if it could, or if some point beyond the mountains should be able to show that all of

these were of later date than those in the west, what would it matter? For the first camp-meeting was at Rehoboth Church, in Lincoln County, as early as 1794, six years before the "great revival" began. This meeting was conducted by Daniel Asbury, William McKendree (afterward bishop), Nicolas Watters, William Fulford and James Hall, a celebrated pioneer among the Presbyterians in Iredell County. Three hundred souls were converted in this meeting.

The following year another camp-meeting was held at Bethel, about a mile from Rock Springs and the forerunner of this widely known camp ground. A little while after, Daniel Asbury and James Hall appointed another known as "The Great Union Meeting" at Bell's Cross Roads, three miles north of the present town of Mooresville, on the Statesville Road.

When it comes to the question of the original camp-meetings, these in Lincoln and Iredell are perhaps the first in all the world, except the Feast of Tabernacles among the ancient Hebrews.

In these early camp-meetings in North Carolina John McGhee got the idea and the anointing which he carried to the west and employed for the glory of God and to the forwarding of the Kingdom. For this reason, if there were no other, he occupies an important place in our early history, being one of our sons who after a period of invaluable preparation at home, went out to render so large a service to the world.

IV

CONVERSION AND LABORS

As with Paul, Peter Doub's conversion confronted him at every turn and held priority over all the events of his life. Being the inspiration of all his after years, he thought of it much and worked out the related incidents leading up to the final surrender. In his seventh year, 1802, at a camp-meeting on his father's farm, he was powerfully impressed; but nothing came of it more than the feeling that one day he would be a preacher, for the spirit of those times did not encourage one so young. All did not go, however, with the passing of youth. For years, preaching, conversation with the preachers, reading the Scriptures, and a volume of sermons, presented by Rev. Joseph Brown, which brought "awful and alarming convictions," left him deeply wounded in heart. But the immediate cause of his conversion was a sermon preached October 5, 1817, at a camp-meeting in Rowan (now Davie) County, by Rev. Edward Cannon, from Revelation 7: 9. His portrayal of the great multitude which no man could number produced such indescribable longings within a burdened soul that, with tears flowing freely, at the suggestion of Moses Brock, young Peter fell at the altar and struggled till night with no relief. But he did not give up the struggle. Following the sermon Monday morning about ten o'clock, feeling that he was literally sinking alive into hell, the thought came, "Well, if I sink to rise no more, I will try to look up once more, as it cannot make my condition worse." He did so. Then and there, amid the groans of the penitents and the shouts of the redeemed, he arose and proclaimed his full deliverance. For the space of two hours or more he alternately shouted, exhorted the congregation, and encouraged the penitents. That glorious hour and memorable scene lived with him ever after.

Ten days later he joined the church at Doub's, a regular preaching place on the Yadkin Circuit since 1792. Soon the long-gone impression of boyhood days came with new vigor, causing anxious moments by day and restless hours by night, until the urgent conviction that he must preach the gospel held him fast. The lack of education, meager knowledge of the Scriptures, lofty views of the ministry, and the fear of being mistaken as to the divine call, constrained him to continue farming, in which he and his brother were jointly engaged. But other counsel prevailed. After consulting his presiding elder, Rev. Edward Cannon, he was licensed to preach and recommended for admission into the Annual Conference. That same evening hour, in the Doub home, the presiding elder announced, to the astonishment of the family, that he was going to take Peter with him. "Brother Cannon," said the mother, "he is too ignorant—he don't know anything about preaching. He is my youngest child, and I did hope he might be with me in my old age; but if you think the Lord has a work for him to do, I can and will give him up." All eyes overflowed with tears. Peter was to be a preacher. Yes, the youngest boy was going out to be a Methodist itinerant. And the epochal event in the youngest boy's life met that night an hour of conflicting emotions in the home. Surely God was in this place, and they knew it not.

Not yet five months a probationer in the church, Peter Doub was received on trial in the Virginia Conference at Norfolk, in February, 1818. With Christopher S. Mooring, he was appointed junior preacher on the Haw River Circuit, reaching his first appointment in April. His second year was on Culpeper Circuit. Two years in the regular work, with the vows of a deacon upon him (having been ordained by Bishop George in Richmond, February, 1820), eliminated all thoughts of retiring from the itinerancy and secured an entire surrender to the work of the ministry. At New Bern, March 24, 1822, Bishop George ordained him elder. This, with his happy marriage, August 17, 1821, to Miss Elizabeth Brantley, of Chatham County, North Carolina, put him well into his career of fifty-one years. Of these, twenty-one were spent on circuits, twenty-one on districts, four on stations, one in regaining his health, one as temperance lecturer, and three as Professor of Biblical Literature in Trinity College. Many large and laborious fields engaged the strength and tested the devotion of this mighty man. His first circuit had twenty-seven appointments to be met every four weeks; his second circuit, fourteen to be filled every three weeks. The four years on the Yadkin District, beginning with his ninth year in the ministry, were abundant in labors and among the happiest of his life. This district embraced Granville, Orange, Person, Chatham, Alamance, Caswell, Rockingham, Guilford, Stokes, Forsyth, Surry, Yadkin, Wilkes, Alexander, Iredell, Rowan, Davie, Davidson, parts of Randolph, Montgomery, and Warren, in North Carolina; Halifax, Pittsylvania, Franklin, Henry, and Patrick, in Virginia. In four years he traversed this territory about twenty times; preached on an average fifty times each round, besides delivering "many exhortations and addresses"; held one hundred and forty-four Quarterly Conferences and fifty camp-meetings, and attended the General Conference in Pittsburg, Pa. One year he held sixteen camp-meetings in as many weeks, and preached at each from four to seven times. While on his way to one of these his horse died, but he made the rest of his way on foot in good time. During these four years, two thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight souls were converted at meetings which he held in person. More than seven thousand were converted in the district.

V

PERSONAL QUALITIES

A few incidents illustrate the overwhelming power of this man at his best. At a camp-meeting in Henry County, Virginia (1826), more than eighty souls were converted, among them five infidels, during the eleven o'clock sermon on Sunday. In September of the same year, at a camp-meeting in Montgomery County, North Carolina, where he preached five or six times and exhorted from one to three times a day, one hundred and eighty were converted, and the work spread to adjoining counties. During the year 1820, on Haw River Circuit, one thousand souls were converted, one hundred and fifty received in the Methodist Church, and Methodism introduced into the town of Hillsboro. Following the longest sermon he ever preached—four hours and fifteen minutes—at Lowe's Church, Rockingham County (1830), there were fifty-two conversions. At a camp-meeting in Guilford, following a sermon of four hours, eighty came to the altar at the first call. These incidents are enough to indicate the type of man he was. But a crowd and victory did not always follow his footsteps. Day after day, from place to place on his circuits did he go, preaching sometimes with "very little liberty" to a few souls, after which he would meet the class and press on to the next appointment. Sometimes he had "tolerable liberty" and "a feeling time," conscious of God's smiles; then again, depressed in spirit with "difficulties innumerable," he longed for the clouds to roll away. Still he did not surrender. Without reserve, the battle was pressed to the gates. In a letter to Rev. William Compton, Stantonsburg, North Carolina, October 31, 1821, telling of the great victories won, are these words:

> I have labored until I am almost broken down, though my weakness is chiefly occasioned by cold. On Friday afternoon at the camp-meeting and the fore part of the night, I was almost at the gate of death; but the Lord in mercy raised me again, and since that time my health has been bad. I have not seen a well hour since the 12th inst., and I am sometimes inclined to think unless I could stop and rest a week or two that I shall entirely break down. I have a very severe cough, . . . which has reduced me very much, perhaps twenty pounds weight, since I was first taken; but bless the Lord, I still feel the traveling spirit, and feel determined to go on as long as I can get along.

Save the year he was forced to desist because of broken health (1847), a half century of unremitting toil marked his career. During the year given to temperance work he preached fifty-one times on Sabbath, canvassed most of the State, and lectured two or three times a week; this, too, at a time (1853) when a temperance lecturer did not ride a popular wave. Intervals between Quarterly Conferences were spent in preaching, administering the ordinances, and giving expositions of church government. In the three years spent on the Danville District, he visited and preached at nearly every church within its bounds. Often elaborate doctrinal discussions became necessary in those militant days of a pioneer church. While on the Pittsylvania Circuit, he preached on controversial subjects at all the appointments—winning men to Christ by these sermons. So much of the experimental entered into these discussions that the Christ was ever to the front. Thus, preaching the word with apostolic zeal through weariness and in the face of stout opposition, this heroic soul carried the gospel to a sturdy people of pioneer days.

Peter Doub grew in wisdom and increased in usefulness with every passing decade. The humiliating failure made in an exhortation soon after being licensed to preach taught him the need of the best preparation possible, supported by a determined purpose, with full reliance on God. In the first year of his ministry, some objected to his preaching because his sermons were *too short!* On being informed of this by Rev. Christopher Mooring, young Doub affirmed "that he said all he knew, and did not like to repeat," to which his senior replied: "Brother Doub, read more, study more, pray more, and you will be able to preach more." Aroused by these words, he became a lifelong student. "This advice," says he, "laid the foundation of that eager fondness for books and reading that I had for more than fifty years." The next year Clarke's Commentaries gave a new impulse to Bible study, becoming the basis of his extensive knowledge of the Scriptures. Relieved of district work at his own request in 1830, the eight subsequent years on circuits were filled with a study of the Bible, with general reading, attention to ecclesiastical history, and to preaching on doctrinal subjects, laying special stress on holiness of heart and life.

The bent of mind, disclosed in the young preacher's first sermon on "The Unity of God," continued through the years, and resulted in the old preacher full of wisdom and possessed of a marvelously clear and accurate knowledge of the Bible. Rev. F. D. Swindell, a student of his at Trinity, was most impressed with his clear thinking and his extensive knowledge of the Bible. Rev. W. H. Moore, acquainted with him in the sixties, says he was esteemed the best theologian in the North Carolina Conference. Rev. J. W. Wheeler, once in Dr. Doub's district, writes: "He was an able expounder of the Word, and a fearless and mighty defender of the doctrines and polity of the Church of his choice."

Bible themes and theological discussions held a steadily increasing fascination for this mighty man of God. Ethical in temperament and bound by intellectual limitations, he did not go far afield in other spheres of life and thought. The poetical and æsthetical made slight appeal to him. In the multitude of his days, surrounded by earth and sky and ever-changing mood in sunshine and storm, never is any reference made to the gorgeous pageantry of nature. The timid thrush in deep wood, the bluebird, harginger of spring, the early flowers, the odors that follow the summer rain, the scarlet and gold of autumn, brought no new, strange sensations to his soul. Verdant fields in the softness of summer evenings, and starlit skies free from the fever of earth's grime, passed unnoticed by one so given to the practical, the doctrinal, the ethical. The fine feelings and delicate emotions of poet and artist did not belong to his type of mind. Granted his major and minor premise, the inevitable conclusion came with the mandatory exactness of mathematical demonstration. In this way he built up those elaborate doctrinal discussions. Scripture quotations constituted his major premises. Lost in the process, he followed these out into all their bearings. "We knew," says his daughter-in-law, "he was not to be interrupted in his studies for any ordinary occurrence—the extraordinary one of a visit from his only daughter caused him to say, 'I wish her arrival had been delayed an hour; I was in the midst of an argument.' " Those wonderful sermons of such length were really treatises on systematic theology worked out in careful detail. Not being willing to omit minor points, he spent hours in their delivery, and their effectiveness would have been lost but for his own Pauline experience, which gave them vitality and conquering power. No phase of a subject was allowed to pass unnoticed. "Once, after preaching two and a half hours, he quietly informed his hearers that he would continue the subject at the evening service; and on some future day, after sifting the subject more thoroughly, he hoped to preach a third sermon on the same topic."

Peter Doub's love of truth possessed his soul and became the ruling passion of his life. Nothing other than the love of truth and his well-known demand that justice be done, coupled with an unyielding sense of fairness, led to the many controversies in which he engaged. At the close of a four-months' controversy in the *Patriot* with the Presbyterians of Greensboro, in 1831, he writes: "I am conscious that *truth*, and nothing but the *truth*, has been my object from the beginning." In the convention of 1836, Judge Gaston, in the supreme effort of his life, speaking to the amendment of Article Thirty-two of the Constitution of North Carolina for removing the restriction upon Roman Catholics in the religious qualification for office, was reported to have made false statements concerning Protestants. To this, Peter Doub intended to make reply as soon as a copy of the speech could be secured. In 1840 a Mormon elder began work in Greensboro. He boasted of a controversy at Wolf's Schoolhouse with Michael Doub, whom he soon silenced. He also reported that said Michael Doub, once vanquished, threatened to send for his brother Peter, who could manage him. This was too much for our defender of truth and lover of fair play. He at once wrote Michael for all the facts, supported by competent and reliable testimony, connected with "Mr. Grant, the Mormonite," and made ready for the fight. When Bishop Ives, of North Carolina (who finally went to Rome), published a small volume of sermons in which he took high grounds on Episcopal baptismal regeneration, auricular confession, and kindred subjects, he reviewed

(1845) these sermons in the *Richmond Christian Advocate,* and finally rewrote the series to be put in pamphlet form. This, however, was never done; but a series of discourses on Christian Communion and Baptism, delivered at Raleigh in reply to a Baptist minister of the same city, were published in 1854. Beginning on May 30, 1856, he published in the *North Carolina Christian Advocate* a series entitled, "Doctrine of the Final Unconditional Perseverance of the Saints Considered and Refuted." These examples are sufficient to indicate the range of controversy engaging the attention of this doughty warrior and champion of truth.

Thorough investigation of the subject in hand, careful handling of fact, elaborate discussion of detail, and accurate use of terms, made this lover of truth, righteousness, and justice a formidable antagonist. He feared nothing. "Attacked by a ferocious dog, he looked at him straight and asked, 'Are you not ashamed to want to bite a poor Methodist preacher?' The brute dropped his bristles, licked the preacher's hands, and walked by his side till he reached the farmhouse door, much to the consternation of the family within." A like calm, brave spirit sustained him in every emergency.

Peter Doub could have led to victory the Roundheads under Oliver Cromwell, or gone to death with William of Orange in the Low Country. A lover of peace, but not of "peace at any price," was he. Of one who had seriously wronged him, he wrote, "I was willing (for peace's sake) rather even to suffer wrong than to stir up strife in the neighborhood," and then finally concludes: "I consider that he has injured me much, yet, if he will acknowledge his error, and inform me, I now feel it in my heart to *freely, truly,* and *fully* forgive all the wrong that has been done me by him." To doubt the veracity (which the offender did) of this man of

God, so crossed his love of truth and sense of righteousness that he demanded justice in truth "without varying a hair's breadth." He lived in the open, and demanded of his fellows that they walk in the light of day.

Something of the Puritan spirit belonged to the family, and the instinct of the clan was not wholly wanting. A fine devotion to his tribe, and the desire to prove a blessing to those of his father's household, resulted in Peter Doub's leading several of the family to Christ and two of his brothers into the local ministry. While busy on his itinerant rounds, letters came to him pleading the cause of religion at the old home, and asking him to urge the Christian life upon his brothers. Michael, a substantial citizen and trusted with settling estates and matters of moment in the community life, was for more than fifty years a most useful local preacher. To quote from his memoir:

> His services were much in demand, and he went far and near to regular appointments, camp-meetings, and funeral occasions. He preached two thousand four hundred and fifty sermons, six hunded and seventy-five of which were funeral services. He baptized seven hundred and thirty-three persons, adults and infants, and traveled in the prosecution of his ministerial work some thirty thousand miles. He was called to visit an almost unaccountable number of sick people, and he went gladly by day and by night, irrespective of color or creed, riches or poverty. . . He labored much in the revivals by which Methodism was spread over this portion of the State.

To the substantial folk of his own name and to the plain men and women of that countryside, this son of the soil and scion of a hardy race ever remained true in sympathy and in fellowship, therein gaining qualification for a ministry to the masses of his day. Then the thousands of Carolina's children knew little of the gentle life and lived less in the face of the world, but rather grew up in rude simplicity and lived a free, simple, unconvential life. To these, such a plain old prophet of the Elijah type was indeed a man sent from God to bear witness to the truth, that many might be saved.

VI

FINAL TRIUMPH

Ever true and trusted by his brethren, with a commanding place in his own Conference, honors not a few came to him. Seven times a member of the General Conference; one of the delegates to the Louisville Convention (1845), in which he suggested the name "Methodist Episcopal Curch, South," for the Southern division of our Methodism; granted the degree of D.D. by Normal College in 1855; acknowledged the best theogian of his Conference—he remained the plain, unassuming, and unambitious Methodist preacher whose clear, strong voice proved most regnant in calling sinners to repentance around the camp fires in the golden age of camp-meeting victories. For, beyond all peradventure, Rev. Peter Doub was primarily and preëminently a preacher of the gospel for the great plain people in a day of religious controversy and social agitation. Revolutionary movements were on. In the decade of the thirties the application of steam to ocean navigation, the introduction of railroads, and the invention of the electric telegraph, were destined to work the greatest revolution of the century. The slavery agitation stirred the nation, and the ominous shadows were gathering; but these failed to enlist the interest of a man so given to matters theological and religious. All his controversies gathered about religious themes. Peter Doub out in the forest on a summer night under an arbor surrounded by camp fires, with a host of eager men and women seated on rude benches listening to some great gospel theme, a second Pentecost was imminent. As his soul flamed, it seemed that "the gods had come down to speak to men."

The sturdy old hero ceased to labor August 24, 1869. That giant form went down, but the measure of his days cannot mark the limits of that life. It has gone out to the ends of the earth. A pamphlet of his on "Baptism and the Communion" made Enoch Marvin, the preacher and saint, a Methodist. Said the Bishop in North Carolina in 1875: "I did not know who Peter Doub was. I had never heard of him before. But that pamphlet forever settled my doubts on that question."

From the rugged, untutored young circuit rider, unable to write a correct sentence, came this father in Israel. His form of expression and order of thought improved with the steady growth of half a century. Though he wrote a great deal, an elastic and easy style never came to him. Not willing to omit minor points and less essential matters, he was often led to tediousness in the discussions which were drawn out to undue length. His arguments must be elaborate and complete. Moved by a stern sense of duty, and being exacting in the cause of righteousness, with a fondness for the arena when error vaunted itself, one might think him a hard man with little of the tenderer and gentler elements of life. But not so. Says one already quoted: "He was as tender as a mother—even the family pets shared his kindness. The kitten would sleep in his lap, and bunny squirrel seek a warm place in the flap of his coat. After some of his great sermons, he would come into the home and play with the children like a boy. 'Fine relaxation,' he would say, 'and they enjoy it so.'" Such was the sturdy old itinerant of those heroic days.

Deeds of daring and acts of heroism are told in song and story. Granite, marble, and bronze commemorate the achievements of earth's chieftains; but this noble old Methodist itinerant shares none of these. *In South Greensboro, one September day, the clouds dropped rain as beneath the oaks, through weeds and undergrowth, I went among the tombs in search of his resting place. How neglected the spot where sleeps the dust of the noble man who was once so honored and revered! But no good deed ever utterly perishes from the earth. And let us not linger at that spot. Rather than bewail the neglect of his grave or bemoan the forgetfulness of the living, we would rather recall his last message to the North Carolina Conference. "Tell my brethren of the Conference," said he to Dr. Fletcher Reid, the day before he died, "that if I am alive, I am working my way to the skies; if I am dead, I am alive."

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*In 1917 the body of Peter Doub was removed from the old Methodist graveyard to the family plot in Greene Hill Cemetery, Greensboro.

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