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Autobiography

(to 1834)

OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON GALE

(1789-1861)

Founder

of

GALESBURG, ILLINOIS

and

KNOX COLLEGE

Now first printed from the text of a typewritten
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MARGARET GALE HITCHCOCK (1831-1914)

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Autobiography

OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON GALE

[Commenced June 1853]

I WAS born on the third day of December 1789, a year memorable as the commencement of the bloody revolution of France, and still most interesting and memorable to Americans, for the adoption of the Constitution of the United States and the inauguration of the first President. Under it George Washington, the hero of the Revolution, a name to which titles can add no honor, because his deeds and principles, as a soldier, and a statesman, are recorded by the faithful historian, are his highest eulogy, above all praise, deeds and principles, that have filled the world with his fame, and will live, when mausoleums, and monuments of the finest materials, have crumbled away, and no longer mark the spot, where the ashes they were designed to commemorate, repose. Veneration for this great man

under whom he had served in the war of our Independence, led my Father to give to the son of his old age the name of George Washington Calc. It is the spontaneous expression of feeling, sanctioned by the custom of all times, to give to those we love the name of those we admire. From the same cause many others received this name, at an early age after the Revolution, among whom was George Washington Lafayette, the son of that distinguished man—Gen. Lafayette, who shared with our Washington the honors and perils of our Revolution, and whose admiration of his exploits and virtues was surpassed by no other.

The place of my birth was in the township of Stanford, in the county of Dutchess, in the State of New York. The church to which my feet were early led, and where at the age of twenty I united with the church, was about eighty rods from my father's house and two miles south of the place called city from a cluster of log-cabins, as tradition relates at the first settlement of the country. Near this spot he resided when he first came into the country. It stands at the head of a beautiful fertile valley, as it now is, although in my remembrance, a considerable portion of it was swamped, and through which flows a large stream, then called the *Great Brook*. The hills on either side are lofty but fertile, and highly cultivated. Over these hills and along their base, especially on the eastward side, and northwards, farmers of respectability and wealth have resided since its early settlement. Chief Justice Thompson, late of the Su-

preme Court of the United States was born here, and here his father's family always resided. A beautiful church now adorns the spot, where a very different edifice stood in my boyhood. The Rev. Mr. Todd, a nephew of the Judge, is the worthy pastor of this church.

The church near which my father lived stood at the foot of this valley. It has passed into other hands, and the congregation, who have not removed to other parts, lie by the side of their venerable pastor, the Rev. John (Covhill?), in the Cemetery adjoining the place of worship. There lie the remains of my honored parents, my only brother, and other friends and many neighbors, and friends I knew in my childhood. Some of the same class, many in the cemetery at the city. The village, if village it may be called, is small.

As you go north a few rods, a small building now stands in a dilapidated state, that marks the site of my Uncle Noah Gale's house. The Cemetery was on his farm, and the ground was given by him. A few rods beyond the road leads to the West, on the right a little distance from the road and over a small stream, stands the house formerly, and for many years occupied by the Rev. John (?) and his son. It has been repaired and fitted up, in a style somewhat different from what it was. A little beyond on the same side, is a beautiful spring, effusing from the root of a large black oak-tree, bending over it. Here the family of Mr. (?) drew most of their water, and the children of the school on the opposite of the

way came to get drinks. The schoolhouse stood in a corner of my father's farm. There I was taught my letters, and here I received nearly all my common school education, and when I was grown to manhood taught for two winters. The house is now gone, as others are, that stood in its vicinity. On an eminence on the right side of the road about forty rods farther west, stood a beautiful farm* house, built modern style, on the site where my father's house stood, and where most if not all of the family were born and reared, and where both my parents died. The farm is owned, and occupied by the owner of the dwelling. The farm consists of one hundred acres, and for fertility is surpassed by none, it is said, of the same dimensions in the township. My father owned and occupied other farms in the vicinity. Time here, as elsewhere, has wrought changes in the aspect of things, but yet the outline, and the surface and the position of many things, identify the spot, and give it an interesting, and sad aspect, to those who spent their childhood and some their riper years here, and with whose early pleasures and delightful reminiscences they are intimately associated.

The hills in the field, on the south side of the road, rising with a gentle and easy slope on the north, but descending toward the east, with a declivity somewhat steep, furnish fine sport in winter for the children of the neighborhood, in leaping, sliding and riding down the hill on sleds, and sometimes to the peril of limbs. The little stream, which passes down the rocks, on the eastern side of the dwelling,

where my brother and myself used to build our dams, raise our ducks, and look for eggs, still murmurs along its course, the rocks remain as they were, but the trees, some of which shade them, can only be identified by the position they occupy. The meadow, which stretched along, north of the house, is meadow still. The fields look much as they did, the orchard, out of which our apples were gathered, and our cider made every fall, is still there, but where are those, who ploughed and sowed these fields, whose hands gathered this fruit, and those who in the playfulness and hilarity of childhood, roamed over these fields? Most of them are gone. Time with its sweep has cut them down, as the grass, or flower, that have flourished over them, or brought them to their graves, as the fruit falls, which has reached its maturity.

My Father was the fourth son of Mr. Joseph Gale of Stanford, Conn., a native of Yorkshire, England. He came to this country, when a young man. After remaining a short time, he returned for his father, but he had died in the meantime, and one brother either had come with him at first or returned with him, I do not know which, or whether my Grandfather left brothers and sisters then, I am not apprised. This brother settled in New York City, had daughters, but no sons. These married gentlemen from Boston, one by the name of Grey. This is all I know of the family. My Grandfather had two uncles who came over before he did, and settled in Massachusetts, from where, I suppose, the families there and in New York sprang.

My Grandfather married a Miss Clareden, who survived him many years, and lived, and died at my father's about two years before my birth. The period of my grandfather's death, I do not know, but it was while the youngest of the family had not grown to maturity. He left six sons and one daughter, one daughter died a young lady grown previously.

The names of my father's brothers were John, William, Roger, Samuel, and Noah. Mary and Rebecca were the names of his sisters. Rebecca died as I have mentioned. Mary married a gentleman by the name of Smith and lived and died in her native town, Stanford. She left a large family of sons and daughters, most of whom reared families in the same place. In 1811 I traveled for my health and spent a considerable part of the summer at the house of my Aunt Mary's eldest daughter, Mary Knapp. She had two brothers then living, Joseph and Noah Smith, men of families, and that were then living of my aunt's children. At the house of Noah I saw the heavy oak chest that my grandfather brought from England.

My Grandfather was a cloth-dresser by trade, but fond of study, especially of Mathematics and Astronomy. He was in the habit of calculating eclipses and was an almanac maker; left one unfinished when he died. From some anecdotes I have heard, I have supposed him a believer in Astrology. He was careful to conceal his ailments or bodily infirmities if he had them. After his decease a tooth was found in his chest which he had extracted and of which the

family knew nothing, not even that he had had the tooth-ache. He gave all his sons trades, but very little education. I do not know whether he professed any religion.

My Grandmother was a very pious woman. It was her habit every Sabbath evening, according to the good old Puritan custom, to catechise all her children; and to her prayers and instructions it may probably be ascribed, that not only my father but all of her children became the hopeful subjects of saving grace. My Uncle Roger owned a farm, about a mile northwest of my father's where he died, sometime before my birth, leaving a wife, and a large family of children, some not grown to maturity at the time of his death. His remains were interred by the side of those of my grandmother, at an old cemetery, about three-quarters of a mile below or south of that near the meeting house, but if there are monuments to mark the spot they have perished. I can recollect seeing the grave, when quite young. My Uncle Samuel lived for some years near my father, but moved to Stephentown, in Columbia County, where he reared a large family, and lived to be over seventy years, surviving all the rest of his father's family. He was a good man, of the Baptist denomination. I visited him not long before his death, and after I was licensed to preach the Gospel. Dr. Joseph Gale, his eldest son, a very respectable physician, lived near him, and died of the epidemic, a malignant fever, that prevailed in 1813. He had three or four other sons, and as many daughters.

My Uncle Noah Gale was a boy when his father died, and lived to maturity with my father and married the sister of my mother. He survived my father many years, always lived near him. He left a large family, mostly daughters.

My Uncle William Gale lived most of his life in his native town in Connecticut, reared a large family, all sons but one. One of them only is living, all the rest have been dead a number of years. One of these sons was in the army of the Revolution and was killed in battle. Joseph and Ira are all that I ever saw of the family. They lived in Clermont, Columbia County, and kept public houses. My Uncle John Gale, the eldest of my father's brothers, died at sea, and one also of his sons. He left a widow, with one son and a daughter, both young. The son bore the name of his father, and was brought up by my father. He died some years before my father, leaving four sons and three daughters. The daughter, Sarah, married Hezekiah Olmstead, and lived in the edge of Connecticut ten or twelve miles from my father's. They raised a large family, mostly daughters. Sarah married Sylvanus Ferris, who settled in Norway, Herkimer County, when it was a new county, reared a large family, all of whom, but one, came to Galesburg, Ill. with their parents in 1837, where most of them still live. Mrs. Bunce, the only daughter that lived to come to Illinois, the wife of Dr. Bunce, died in December 1851. Olmstead Ferris died in California, whither he had gone to accumu-

late more wealth, leaving a wife and large family in Galesburg.

Mr. Ferris still survives, having lost his first wife, the mother of his children, and married again. Mrs. Ferris came to Illinois with the desire of furthering the object of the settlers, in doing good, though very feeble in health lived for several years, to enjoy the hope of the good, that was designed, and to realize some portion of it. She was a woman of prayer and faith. To Mr. Ferris, the college owes much of its present prosperity. It could not have been founded without him, and the sale of all the lands given, having been committed to him, the institution has realized a benefit from the endowment which it probably would never have realized from them, in the hands of any other individual, and now in his eighty-second year, he retains for the most part the same business, which he discharges with a soundness of judgment and skill which few or none possess.

My mother's father, Timothy Mead, was born at Horseneck in the township of Greenwich, Conn. He came to Dutchess County, in the State of New York, when young, where he remained until after my father's marriage. Whether my mother was born in Dutchess Co. or Connecticut I do not know. Soon after my mother's marriage, before the Revolution some years, he moved, with all his family, to the state of Vermont. Several of his brothers accompanied him. They settled in Rutland, and the vicinity. He settled in Manchester, about two miles above the village at a place Mead's Mills, from mills erected

there and owned by him. He had a large family, all of whom, but my mother and Aunt Phoebe, the wife of my father's brother, Noah, settled around him. My grandmother Mead died a little before my mother, very suddenly. He married again, and survived my father and mother several years.

Col. James Mead, an officer of the Revolution, my mother's uncle, with his brothers, all reared large families and spent their days in Rutland. Uncle James and my grandfather are all of whom I have any recollection.

My grandfather was a very jovial man, not religious. My Uncle James, or rather mother's uncle, was a serious and religious man, as near as I can recollect.

After my grandfather's death a number of his children and grandchildren moved into western New York, Ohio and Michigan.

The children of my parents were Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, Phoebe, Rhoda, Nancy, Elisabeth, Clarinda, Josiah, and George W. One son, between Recccca and Rachel, died in infancy.

§ Sarah married Henry Kinney, the eldest son of Captain Raswell Kinney, a neighbor of my father. They resided several years after their marriage near their parents, moved to Pleasant Valley near Poughkeepsie, when, after remaining a few years, they moved to the town of Greenbush, about four miles east of Troy, into what is called Winantskille, a place inhabited almost entirely by the Dutch. There they

reared a family of seven children, all sons but the second, Sarah, who married Obid Rice, Esq., an attorney in Troy. Sarah Rice died in the summer of 1822; her husband survived her but few years. Three daughters and one son were left orphans. Mrs. Webster, now of New Orleans, Mrs. Dolbar and Mrs. Adams of this place, and Mr. Sidney Rice of Cincinnati.

f Rebecca Gale married Dr. Everett Goodrich. They moved to Neversink, New York, then a new country, which after a few years they left at the earnest request of my mother, returning, with four children, to my father's. Dr. Goodrich purchased a small place near my father's, where he lived several years. From that place he moved to the township of Troy, about two and one-half miles east of the city, where he purchased a small farm, which he cultivated, and practiced medicine. In the winter of 1806 he removed to the town of Elbridge, in Cayuga Co., and was among the pioneers who first penetrated into that new country. He purchased a tract of land, cut down a few of the forest trees, and built his cabin. The heat of the summer produced sickness, as is usual when the forest is first cleared away, and my sister was among the victims of the disease, a bilious fever of a malignant type, that prevails among the new settlers. She died August 7, 1806, leaving nine children, the youngest of which soon followed her. This was the first break made in our family by death after the death of our parents. The doctor followed the ensuing year. She was much beloved by all her

acquaintances, a woman of excellent qualities, and, as it was thought, pious, though not a professor. ^b Rachel Gale, the third daughter of her parents, married Dr. Leonard Barton, son of Louis Barton, a neighbor of my father. She is still living (1854) and in good health, possessing her faculties in vigorous exercise although in her eighty-third year. She lives on the farm to which she removed, when first married, but one-half mile from the place of her birth, has reared a numerous family, and has a large number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, buried her husband twelve years since, a professor of religion, member of the Baptist church, a woman of great activity in early life, and great flow of spirits, which she remarkably retains. Three years since, when I visited her, she would go to the pasture near by the house, call her horse, put the bridle and harness on him if there was no one about to do it, and drive her buggy, whenever she wished to go in a circuit of several miles.

^c Phoebe Gale, after the death of my mother, went on invitation of her eldest sister to live with her, near Troy, where she married Mr. Andrew Finch and lived there 'till her death, June 29, 1850, in her seventy-seventh year, leaving her husband and five children, having buried three or four, two of whom were grown to maturity, and one of them married. All the survivors, daughters but one, Col. Caleb Finch of Galesburg, Ill. Lister Finch was diffident and retiring in her habits, at times very social with her friends, but reserved among strangers, subject often to de-

pression of mind, especially on the subject of her religion, but giving evidence to others of deep piety. She died in faith and a joyful hope, had been many years a member of the Presbyterian church. Her husband survived her a couple of years, a man of strong mind and ardent piety, an Elder of the Presbyterian church and was at one time a member of the legislature, and had filled other public offices.

²Rhoda Gale was married when very young to Louis Curtis, a hired man of my father's. She remained at home 'till after the birth of her second child, when she moved to a farm one and one-half miles from home, where my father, a little before his death, built a house for them on one of his farms. There they lived for a number of years. They removed from that place to Red Hook, near the North River, when, after some years, they removed to Schaghticoke, Rensselaer Co., where he had purchased a farm. Here they remained until her death, July 16, 1821, lacking ten days of being forty-five years old. She was born the year and the month of the Declaration of Independence of the United States. She left a husband and six children to mourn her loss. I was present at her death, having left my church and home, to see her once more. She had been like a mother to me, and it was with her that I went to live after my parents died, and where I lived between six and seven years. She was always a woman of feeble health, yet of great energy, of a kind benevolent spirit, and beloved by all who knew her. She was remarkable for her memory, and, being of a very

sociable disposition, was very interesting in society especially, among her friends, in different places, especially among her friends in Vermont. Notwithstanding her feebleness, at times, she would engage in very animated and cheerful conversation, relating many interesting facts in the history of our friends and of her visit. She died in a triumphant faith, though she made no public profession, but she wished to do so and before her death to have her children baptised and to receive the communion of the Lord's Supper. Her health having failed so rapidly toward the last, and being discouraged by an aged minister, who remarked that the ordinances had been so much abused by administering them in the last hours of life, to such as desired them, that the Presbyterian church never encouraged them, we did not administer it. I say we; Rev. Mark Tucker, a classmate of mine, then settled in Stillwater, the opposite side of the river, and who preached her funeral sermon, were inclined to comply with her request. I always regretted that we did not act on our own judgment in the matter, and give her the consolation in her last hours which she was entitled to. In similar circumstances where I have had evidences of piety I have done this. The abuse of an ordinance by the superstitious should not prevent its legitimate and proper application. She was the mainstay and support of the family by her counsel and energy, and when she died she desired me to take one of her youngest children, and another she gave to other friends. The others were grown and the two oldest

were married. The one I took was a boy eight or nine years old. He lived with me a number of years. I then placed him in a printing office with a good man in Utica. He remained for a while but was unsteady and ran away and did not afterwards do well. The youngest was a boy still more wild. During their infancy, for several years their mother's illness and absence had left them without the care and control necessary to form better dispositions and habits. The older children did very well. The third daughter married a Capt. Ward, who went to Texas and sent for his family and Mr. Curtis. She and one child, with her father, were drowned in the Galveston Bay in attempting to land. He was a man of no fixed habits, inclined to intemperance, and although industrious without much calculation. He soon wasted his little property after the death of his wife. He was called a clever and inoffensive man but a man of no religious professions or feelings. His kindness to me and the long time I lived in the family I shall not forget. My sister I loved much.

Nancy Gale was married to Henry Griffin, both of whom are still living at Riga, near Rochester in the state of New York. She was born in April in 1779 and is now in the seventy-sixth year of her age. He is about twelve years older. Both were smart when I visited them three years ago. He was erect as a young man, and able to be about his farm and travel about; she, although fleshy, was enjoying good health and good spirits, sharing, as she always did largely, in the vivacity of the head family, but tem-

pered with an unusual measure of devotional spirit. Her knowledge of the Bible and Bible Truths, with her social disposition, made her society very interesting to religious people, and her social and kind spirit make her agreeable to all. There is nothing repulsive or austere in her intercourse with any. She makes her piety attractive to all. She has for many years been a member of the Baptist Communion. After her marriage she lived at her father's 'till after the birth of her second child. They soon after moved to Rensselaerville, on the west side of the river a little below Albany. From that they moved to Troy, where he hired a farm near the city, and in 1805 they removed west to Onondaga, where he purchased a small farm and lived a couple of years. Thence they removed to Cayuga Lake west of Rochester, where they lived a number of years, and then moved to Riga, where they now live. By industry and perseverance, and the use of property, they have accumulated a good estate, which the sons, who remained at home, have largely increased. They have reared a large family. Their daughter, Almira, has raised a large family and died. She married a Mr. Higgins, was pious and a member of a Presbyterian church. Her daughter, Caroline, died some years ago, leaving several children. Her husband was Flynn. One died (a daughter) in Michigan. Some of the children are in Michigan, but most of them settled around them and are all prospering in business, and most of them pious. Few mothers or grandmothers have had more the respect of their children and grandchildren.

✓ Elisabeth Gale was two years younger than Nancy, having been born April 19, 1781. She died March 1838, having reached nearly fifty-seven years. She was unmarried at the time of her father's death, and was received into the family of her brother-in-law, Mr. Barton, where she remained until she was married. She married Mr. Nathan Beckwith, when she moved to the west part of town, where they lived 'till 1806, when he purchased a farm in Red Hook, near the North River, and where she lived the remainder of her days, esteemed and loved by all who knew her. She was a woman of eminent piety, a member of the Baptist Communion, but a constant of worship in the Dutch Reformed Church, there being none of her own denomination; a woman of catholic spirit, and a lover of all good people. Her end was such as might be expected from her life-peace. Few families could meet with a greater loss, and few could be more lamented. Col. Beckwith, her husband, is still living and married again. They have reared nine or ten children. Their second child, a daughter, died at about the age of eighteen, unmarried. Elisa survived her mother, died a few years since, leaving a husband and several children. Edward died before his mother at the age of thirteen or fourteen, as nearly as I can recollect. The rest are all married and are prosperous in the world. Dr. Beckwith, a distinguished physician and surgeon, is settled in Litchfield, Conn. His sister, Clarinda, married a Mr. Capron and they reside near Hartford, Conn. The rest reside in New York State, not far

from their native homes—nearly, if not all, professors of religion and following in the footsteps of their mother. Col. Beckwith is a man highly respected. Since the death of his wife he has made a profession of religion, has been a member of the legislature, and filled other public offices.

Clarinda Gale was the youngest daughter of the family, and unmarried at the time of her father's death also. She married, a few years afterward, Mr. Eber Leete. Until the time of her marriage she lived with her sister, Rhoda, a near neighbor to my sister Barton, where I was living. Mr. Leete was a son of Mr. John Leete, a wealthy farmer from Guilford, Conn., whose farm joined that of my father. His father was a man of some irregularities, but brought up his family according to the strictest Puritan customs. The mother was an excellent woman and the family formed upon the model of intelligence, piety, industry, and every excellent quality.

Eber was a young man of fine native powers and gentlemanly deportment, highly and justly respected by all. Few had fairer prospects at her marriage than my sister. But this fair morning was too soon overcast with clouds and gloom. Some two years, or a little more after, he failed in business, received an injury in one of his limbs and became deranged. She had then four children, with a husband on her hands bereft of reason, and little but her industry to sustain them. The family received some property from the estate of his father, but the economy and management of my sister was the main dependence. She lived

in a little house near the entrance of the lane that led to the house and farm where after her marriage they had built and lived so pleasantly; and here sometimes in his spasms of derangement she had been obliged to escape through a window. But this she was not permitted to enjoy. It took fire and burned to the ground with much of their little furniture. The old gentleman, John Leete, had died, and the family took her in, where she remained some time with her children. While here one of the daughters of the Leete family died in a very afflicting manner. She had given every evidence of piety, yet she died in a state of distraction uttering imputations and the most profane language. Another, a fine woman, was deranged and committed suicide. She afterwards moved to Troy, where she maintained herself, her husband, and her youngest children. Her oldest son had grown up, studied medicine and gone into practice. He is now a practicing physician in Rome, Mich., where he has lived many years. Her eldest daughter, Clarinda, went to live with me after I was married, and remained with us at school a year. She afterward returned to her mother, who was then in Dutchess Co., where she was married and died, leaving two children, a son and daughter. Her husband's name was Barton. She was a beautiful girl, amiable and, it was hoped, pious.

For twelve or fifteen years my sister has lived in the city of New York with her daughter, a maiden girl, and her youngest son, Edgar J. Leete, a bachelor and attorney and counsellor at law.

In the fall of 1852 she visited my sister in Western New York, with whom, after some years of separation, she enjoyed the pleasure of spending a few weeks. From there she went with her daughter to her son's in Michigan to spend the winter. Mr. Capron, the husband of Clarinda Beckwith, who now resides in Hartford, Conn., was then living in Michigan. My sister was taken ill at their house and lived but a few days. She died February 13, 1853, in her seventieth year in the hope of the Gospel. She had been a member of the Presbyterian Church for many years. Few have passed through greater afflictions, and few have borne them with equal fortitude. Her husband died only a few years before her. I was at her house in the summer of 1851. In the quickness of her movements, and in mind as well as body, she appeared to have the vigor of a woman of forty-five rather than one bordering upon three score and ten, and I cherished the fond hope that she would remain, to be a comfort to her family and friends many years. I thought I might hope to have her society while I might live, and that she would probably outlive me. But the Lord's purposes and one's expectations are widely different. I had anticipated the pleasure of having her spend some time with me the ensuing summer, when I received the painful intelligence of her sudden death. Her children showed how much they loved her by the deep and lasting grief which their loss has caused them. Two sons and two daughters composed her children, three of whom survive her.

Josiah Gale, my only brother, with the exception of the one who died in infancy, was in his twelfth year when my father, my surviving parent, died. We soon after went to live with his sister Finch at Winantskill near Troy, where he made it his home mostly, 'till he died. There he learned the tanning and currying trade, which was extensively carried on by my brother-in-law Finch. His health not being good, before he came of age he engaged in teaching school, and while I was teaching in Stillwater, in the winter of 1807 and 1808, he was teaching a few miles below toward Hartford. Here we used to visit each other often. He then thought he would commence classical studies, and go with me in the spring to Middlebury. My nephew, Henry Goodrich, having come on foot from the West, we all thought we would try our pedestrian prowess and go on foot to Duchess Co., the second day getting as far as Clermont in Columbia Co. to the house of my cousin, Ira Gale, when my feet were so swollen and lame that I could go no farther, but they went on to my brother-in-law, Beckwith, seven miles further. The next morning my sister sent a horse for me to ride down. We then went to Stamford, and being disappointed about obtaining funds for him to go to Middlebury with me, he concluded to teach in Red Hook that summer. The next year he concluded to set up the business of his trade near my brother-in-law, Finch, and made preparations accordingly. But his health again becoming poor, he concluded to go back on a visit to our friends in Duchess Co. He

went but continued to fail. He wrote me on Friday that his health was no better but that he thought he should return again in a few days. The next mail brought word from my brother-in-law Leete, at whose house he was, that he was dangerously ill, but I was on a visit to the springs at Ballston. The Monday he wrote me that he died at the house of my youngest sister. This was before Mr. Leete's derangement. I set off with my sister Finch, and when we arrived at Red Hook we learned the sad truth that he was gone, and when we arrived at Stamford, at my sister Leete's, we learned all the particulars of his death. It was disease of the heart, which he had probably had and which had probably been from overexertion. We had heard my father speak of his feats of strength and agility when he was young and made trial in the same way of his athletic prowess. He was a young man of fine form a little short of six feet and one beloved by all his acquaintances, for his manly qualities and amiable character. He was a youth of sound principles and the strictest morality. In the latter part of his life he was thoughtful on the subject of religion, but whether he became pious is not known. That we must leave to the searcher of hearts. I found his remains deposited by the side of my honored parents. I ordered a marble monument erected at his grave, with his age and the time of his death, and a motto from "Young's Night Thoughts" inscribed below:

"Walk thoughtful, on the silent shore
Of the vast ocean, you must sail so soon"

He lived beloved, and died lamented by all his friends and acquaintances at the age of twenty-two years and ten days, August 21, 1809, at the house of my sister Lecte. This was the severest stroke I had ever experienced. It sank deep into my youthful heart. We loved each other much, although separated after the death of our parents, and meeting only occasionally, our attachment was not weakened. We seemed to live for each other. It was probably the means of impairing my health, and hindering my progress in my studies for two years.

I will here make some remarks in relation to Sarah Gale, my eldest sister, which should have been made before. She was born October 17, 1767 and died March 10, 1828, and was therefore in her sixty-first year at her death. No one of the sisters possessed so much vigor of mind, combined with vivacity. Her vivacity, however, was not uninterrupted. Sometimes, although not often, she was subject to depression of spirits, especially in relation to her spiritual state. In company she was usually animated and took a leading part, and easily and naturally. She was free from the diffidence natural to some of the sisters, and yet her sense of propriety would not allow her to engross conversation, or exclude others from doing their part in the social circle. As a counsellor and guide in her family she was preeminent. Her husband was a pious, worthy man, but he felt her superiority, and naturally yielded many things to her judgment. Their children and grandchildren looked to her for direction and were

happy in her society. Her loss was deeply felt by all her friends and neighbors. She was an intelligent the decided Christian and died in full hope of a rest that remains for the people of God. Her husband, although a number of years older, survived her some fifteen or sixteen years, and died in a good old age, coming to his grave in mature piety, like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season. He lived with his youngest son, who occupied the old homestead, a little east of the village church, where, in my youth, and often since, I have spent many happy days with her and the family. My sister Finch was the nearest neighbor, and never were two sisters apparently more happy in each other's society for more than thirty years. Here with her mother lived her only daughter, Sarah, or Sally as we called her, seven years before she died. She had taken her home, as she usually did when feeble, to nurse, living only four miles out of the city. Her death was quite unexpected, and a great affliction to her mother, and to all her friends. She had not the strength of mind of her mother, although possessing a good mind, and through the exertions of her mother had enjoyed the advantages which the best schools furnished in the city of Troy. She was a most amiable and pious woman. The sweetness of her disposition was uncommon. I never saw her out of humor. I have seen her grieved, but never angry, either before or after her conversion to Christ. She made a profession of religion after her marriage, and was a member of the Presbyterian Church under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Coe. Her mother also

made a profession in early life and was a member of the church in her native place, afterwards of Dr. Coe's church of Troy, and at her death of the Dutch Reformed Church, where she had lived, as were most of our friends, because more convenient. Sally was two years older than myself and seemed more like a sister than a niece. I spent much of my time with the family, preparing for college, and while in college, during the vacations. I may be thought partial in giving the character of this niece. I think I have spoken less fully of their worth than would most who knew them. Mr. Rice lived but a year or two after the death of his wife. He too was a professor of religion and a member of Dr. Coe's church. Before entering more particularly upon my own history it will be proper to give a more particular account of my parents.

My father was born in Stamford, Conn. June 5, 1742, and died November 22, 1798 in the town of Stamford, Dutchess Co., New York, in his fifty-seventh year. In person he was six feet tall and well proportioned, weighing over two hundred. He was possessed of uncommon muscular power. In the early settlement of our country, as in ancient times, athletic sports were more common at all gatherings than now, and those who distinguished themselves at these were the boast of their associates, and often of the town. From what I can recollect of hearing him say, and from what I have heard from others who knew him, for strength and agility he had no superior in the place of his nativity. I recollect to

have heard him say that when he was eighteen years old he carried a forty gallon cask, filled with water, up a considerable rising ground to extinguish the coal he had drawn from a pit he had just burnt; and that he had often lifted a barrel of cider by the chimes and thrown it into the cart over the raves. In leaping he was no less distinguished. An example of his prowess that I remember to have heard him relate, was that of standing in an empty hogshead and jumping into another by the side of it. At one time he struck the end of his spine against the chime of the hogshead, as he came down, which put an end to all feats of that sort in the future.

I recollect having had a man, who had known him when young, say that he was more than a match for two ordinary men. He could hold them at arms length.

During the Revolutionary War, he was what was called a committee man, and the terror of the tories. They were a sort of vigilance committee to ferret out tories and guard against their depredations and stratagems, and to seize them wherever they could be found, and to bring them to punishment. At one time he passed through a roomful who were cursing him but they did not touch him. He was as fearless as strong. He was on the business of the committee some twelve miles from home, and, it was late in the evening when they finished. He started immediately for home, against the remonstrances of his friends, who felt confident that he would never reach home. They said the tories were doubtless

lying in wait, and would kill or capture him. He reached home in safety and yet it was probably a misguided courage. The adage is, that prudence is often the better of valor. He had important reasons probably for being at home.

At the age of eighteen he was sent with the Connecticut Militia to aid the British troops in their operations against Canada. I have heard him speak of being at Lake George, at Ticonderoga, at Oswego, at Fort Stanwick, now Rome, military post, on what were then frontiers, or bordering upon the French possessions, which were afterwards wrested from France, and still remain in the hands of their British conquerors. I feel a great desire to see those places, and when I was a missionary, soon after I was licensed to preach, I was stationed a while at Oswego and used to walk over the ground that he and soldiers of that day trod, marking the decayed forts and line of fortifications. It was up the lake, on the south side of the river, and not far from the lake shore, while the modern American fort lay below and upon a high bluff, some distance from the river-mouth and commanded a wide prospect of the lake. Ticonderoga, I afterwards saw, and my home for years was near old Fort Stanwick, or where it stood.

I remember to have heard him relate a singular event that occurred while he was in the army. One night, while sleeping by the side of one of his mess-mates (as he called them) in his tent, he was awakened by the other crying out, "O, my side". He appeared to be dreaming, and my father lay down

and went to sleep as usual. The next day this young man, while in battle or marching to battle by his side, was hit by a grape cannon shot that laid open his bowels but did not kill him. He asked my father if he thought he could live. He replied that he thought not, and he soon expired. The singularity lay in the coincidence between the soldier's dream and the sequence. Who can say that in these latter days, as well as in former times, "when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumbering in their beds", God does not in a dream open the ears of men and seal their instructions or shew them things, that must shortly come to pass (Job 33, 15). In the Revolutionary War, my father was not engaged in military service except as the militia were called out upon special emergencies. At the Battle of White Plains he marched at the head of a company of militia, to the aid of our army. But whether he was actually engaged in that battle, or whether the day was decided before he reached the spot, I am not sure. My father was an ardent lover of his country, a staunch whig, and a great admirer of Washington. His private and domestic history are more interesting to his children.

He appears to have emigrated to the state of New York soon after he came of age, as he married then at the age of twenty-two and one-half years. His father gave all of his sons trades. My father was bred to that of blacksmithing. He was married to Rachael Mead on Christmas evening, in the year 1766, built his house a few years after, where he

reared the greater part of his family, and where he died. His early opportunities for education were small. I remember to have heard him say that he never went to school more than six months, and whatever education or learning he had he had acquired by his own efforts. He officiated for a number of years after the Revolution as Justice of Peace in the town. He did not acquire a large property, although at one time he owned one or two other farms besides the one on which he resided. He used to remark that he never sought to accumulate property for his children; he thought it better to gain property for themselves. He was generous and liberal almost to a fault. His house was the home of all his numerous relatives, and much frequented. He left some property for his children, but it was a small sum to divide among so many. A suit at law against the administrators, which would never have been instituted while he was alive, and could throw it into the court of chancery, absorbed more than was divided among them.

He was a man whose sympathies for the suffering and the poor were easily excited. The widow of his nephew, John Gale, once told me that he called to see them as he was passing along, and observing that she had no fuel at the door, and her husband, who was a careless man, was absent, he took an axe and went into an adjoining wood and brought it upon his shoulders and cut it up for her supply. When the same man was low with consumption, and poor, he sent for him and brought him and his fam-

ily to his house, giving his own bed and room for his comfort. I remember well, although only three years old, his being brought to my father's and his lying upon my mother's bed.

He was a pious man and a member of the Presbyterian Church, as it was called. It was a regular Congregational Church, I suppose, of the standing order, as it was called. That church declined, and a new light, or Separate Church, as it was called, was established near his house, but he never united with that, although he always attended worship there, and did as much, or more, towards its erection, and support of the pastor, the Rev. John Cornwall, than any other man.

He was very strict in observing the Sabbath, and required that all the family should attend church. His not uniting with the church was a disadvantage to his piety. I have an impression that, before the death of my mother, he had not maintained domestic worship, for some time, at least. After that, I remember distinctly his reading the Scriptures and praying in the family, and requiring all the family to be present. The death of my mother deeply affected him. No man was, perhaps, ever more attached to a wife. After her death, my brother and I were accustomed to sleep with him. I remember well of waking in the night and my father would be walking the room, and sometimes uttering a groan or a sigh. He married again, within the year after my mother's death, but he was prompted to it by the anguish of his mind, and the impression

that she resembled my mother. He did not survive my mother quite a year and ten months. He died of dropsy. His robust constitution had suffered much from frequent attacks of inflammatory rheumatism, and, as he thought, too frequent and free use of the lancet. The summer before he died, I remember, while walking on his farm in company with some person, to have heard him say, while laying his hand upon his stomach, "there is something here which, if not removed, will soon take me to my grave". In passing the graveyard in company with the minister, the Rev. John Cornwall, he pointed to her grave, and said "There lies my dear wife, and I shall lie by her side soon". "Esq.," said Mr. Cornwall, "you are a little spleeny". "It is not so, Mr. Cornwall", said he. His disease made progress, until, a little before his death, he was tapped, but little or no water was extracted. He was confined to his house but a few days, and none supposed him so near his end. He arose, as usual, from his bed, on which he had been lying, and sat down by the fire and conversed a while, then returned to his bed and lay down and died, without a struggle or a groan. Death had no terrors for him. He had, for a good while, conversed as freely and with as much composure, as a man going on a journey, and made all the regulations in regard to his temporal affairs as he could or thought proper.

I was at my sister Rhoda's, where I had spent a good portion of the summer, after she moved into the new house my father had built for her. I loved

my sister much. She had been a sort of mother to me. I was attached to her children that had been born in my father's house. It was close to my sister Barton's, and, what was more, I was not happy at home. My stepmother brought several children with her, one about the age of my brother, not a pleasant companion. My sister and brother-in-law went immediately down, taking me with them. It was the 22nd of November, and the roads, a part of the way, were blocked with snow. When my sister arrived, I recollect there was a great outburst of grief. They fell on each other's neck and wept a long time. I felt bad, but could not sympathize in their sorrow. I was taken by surprise. I had not expected his death, nor could I realize my loss or that he was dead. He lay there upon his old bed, as I had often seen him sleep. I was in my ninth year, or nearly nine years old. When I had time for reflection, and when I saw him in his coffin, and began to feel that I had neither mother or father on whom to lean, the tide of my grief began to swell, nor did it ever fully subside. Although I had the kindest of sisters, and whose husbands were no less kind, I always felt that I had no father's house, and no father's and no mother's love, to counsel and guide me, and to cherish me. If I envied my schoolmates and associates it was not for other things they possessed so much as the blessings of home. Home, home, as it seemed to me, happy by the presence of a father and mother. How little do those in possession of this blessing realize how great it is; how many sources of happiness it em-

braces. My father was loved, as well as feared, by all of his children. His word was law in the house. Few have a kinder mother, or one more justly beloved by her children.

My mother was the eldest child of her family. Whether she was born in Connecticut or Dutchess Co., N. Y., I do not know. She was in her eighteenth year when she married, being about seven years younger than my father. She was rather below medium size, but said, when young, to have been very handsome. She was a good-looking woman when advanced in years, I should judge from what I recollect. Her image, the expression of her eyes and mouth, are distinctly impressed upon my mind, as I used to sit upon her lap, or lean upon her, and look up into her face, full of the expression of a mother's heart; and when she would pass her gentle hand over my face, and call me her little Washington. Such incidents impress the mother upon the youthful heart, and those of history and experience, with which she is associated, that make an impression.

When I had the symptoms of smallpox, after inoculation, she made a little bed upon the floor, and as soon as my father could harness up the sleigh, or order it down, she started with me and the necessary preparations, for a campaign at the house, where all who had been inoculated in the neighborhood were assembled, to spend the time necessary for a cure, segregated from the world, like the lepers of old in a separate house, permitted to have intercourse with nobody. I remember leaning upon her

lap, and seeing the fence near by us, as we passed along, and many things, while I and my brother and my sister Rachel's oldest child were under her care. I was then five years old, the winter when I was sick, just one year before she died. I went with my father and brother to see my sister Kinney, who then lived at Pleasant Valley, about sixteen miles from us, and who was expecting to move away in the spring to Troy. My sister's son and my brother went with me to see a mill, and they drew me back to my sister's on a little hand-sled. My new coat dragged on the ground, and as the snow was thawing it was wet and dirty. I recollect how badly I felt when she told me that I had ruined my coat. In February 1797, I remember I came from school, and found my sister all in tears. I soon learned that my mother had had a kind of fit. She had been complaining, as my sisters have since told me, of not feeling well, and my brothers-in-law Barton and Goodrich had both called in to see her. Dr. Barton said she ought to be bled. Dr. Goodrich said she needed blood rather than to lose any. But, Dr. Barton being the older physician, his counsel prevailed, and she was bled. As the blood was stopped, she went into a sort of fit, and from that time she was confined to her bed. She was sick about two weeks. I remember going to her bed often to look at her, and once she took me by the hand, and asked me how I should feel if she should die and leave me, as Mrs. Bill did, and leave her children. The last time she was from home, she rode to Mrs. Bill's, with my father, to see her, about

a mile and a half from my father's, and while they were there, she died. I was deeply affected with the thought of losing my mother. About two weeks after she was confined to her bed she fell into a sleep, from which it was thought she would never awake. While my sister Rhoda and I were watching at her bed, the family being at dinner, she suddenly awoke and seemed to have her reason. My sister asked her several questions that she answered. She fixed her eyes on me; it was her last look. The family were called into the room, but she gradually sunk into the same slumber, from which she never awaked. She breathed her last in twenty-four hours from that time, I think. Thus passed away my mother, I hope to open her eyes upon bright scenes. But of that I have not the assurance as in the case of my father. Her heart was the seat of kindness, and she had great respect for religion, but was not a professor. Her father before her was not. Her mother had been brought up by the Quakers of Dutchess Co., and some of them were preachers of that denomination. My mother was in her forty-eighth year at the time of her death. She left eight daughters, four of them married, and two sons. The youngest of the daughters was in her fourteenth year. The youngest (myself) was seven. She had thirteen grandchildren, the oldest of these nearly thirteen.

Having given the history, imperfectly, of my parents and relations, I may now attend more particularly to my own.

From my birth to the time of my father's death there is little of interest to record, being the youngest of the family and there being but two sons. I was rather the pet of the family, indulged quite sufficiently by my parents, and humored by all.

I began to go to school quite young, and made a good degree of proficiency in the rudiments of learning. When I was six years old, I went with my parents, as I have before related, to see my sister. On the way we called on an old friend of my father's, and to show him my scholarship, or rather progress in learning. He asked for a newspaper, in which I read. My father often said that I must be sent to college, if he lived.

When I was in my eighth year I had a very narrow escape from being killed. One of my sisters wanted a horse caught. Betsy Goodrich, my niece, with several boys and girls, came out into the meadow where I was, and wanted me to go with them to catch the horse, in a field above. I started, and in going the question arose who should ride, and particularly who should ride before, as it was thought two or three could ride. I claimed it as my right to ride before, but they would not give me bridle. As the horse was gentle I concluded I would catch him and ride without a bridle, and in that way accomplish my purpose and disappoint them. I ran on and caught the horse by the mane and led him up to a stone to get on. That was the last I remember 'till I got near the barsat, the entrance to the field, when I found myself thus far towards home, with my hand

upon my forehead or eye, and the blood running down my arm and dripping from my elbow. The first question I asked one of the boys was, whether he thought my eye was put out. He said he thought not. At that reply I felt satisfied, but the girls were greatly alarmed, and set up a great cry, as we proceeded towards the house. My sister heard the noise and thought probably we had been pursued or bitten by a snake. They awoke a man who was at the house, taking his nap after dinner, and he, at their suggestion, having hardly time to get fully awake, ran and met us with a knife in one hand and a stick in the other, to make sure work with the snake. The horse, doubtless, although gentle, did not like to be trifled with by children and tore away from me, and, whirling around, kicked up his heels and was off. One of his feet struck me just above my right eye, cutting the skin down to the bone, both in a perpendicular and horizontal direction, so that the lower part hung down over the eye. The man conducted us to the house, and rode for Dr. Goodrich, my brother-in-law, who was at a farm of my father's about a mile and one-half off. He came immediately and dressed the wound, sewing the flesh together, and remarked that if the horse had been shod I would probably have been killed, and that, as it was, I would carry the scar of that wound to my grave. The skull is a little indented there, and the cicatrix remains, but the eyebrow, for the most part, conceals it. Had he hit me in the face I might have been disfigured for life, if not killed; if in stomach or breast it would have been

more likely still to be fatal. But God had some purpose to answer by my life, that could not have been answered by my death. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

My father was absent at this time, to be married. This took place about six months after the death of my mother. A supper was prepared for my father when he brought his bride home, but I have heard my sisters say that many tears were shed over that wedding supper. They could not endure with any composure the thought of seeing their mother's place filled by another, and especially so soon. They always thought my father's affliction in the loss of my mother had deprived him of the perfect exercise of his judgment. She was a respectable, and, in many respects, a discreet and good woman, but a very different woman from my mother. They were not happy at the event and her children aggravated this trouble. There were no contentions, except occasionally among the children. That was to be expected, but the discipline required made the children unhappy. I remember to have been punished several times by my mother, but never by my father but once, for saying I wished my stepmother and her children had never come there. This was the result of their teasing me, which the youngest daughter and son were in the habit of doing. It was reported to my father, and I felt his heavy hand upon my bare flesh. My sisters wept over this, but they durst not say anything. I ought to say that my sisters, as they became better acquainted with the family of my stepmother, felt

attached to them, and after the death of my father, they loved and respected her, and she them. After I was grown, and the last time, a little before I was licensed to preach, I went to see her. She was very glad to see me, and I was glad to find one whom I could call by the endearing name of mother, and who seemed to feel something of what that name imports. The summer before my father died, when my sister Rhoda left home, to live by herself, situated as I was at home it was not strange for me to wish to go with her. I obtained permission of my father to go, and as the time for my return was not set it was prolonged, and sometimes I avoided him lest he should tell me I should come home. This I, after his death, felt badly about, especially when I was informed that he felt grieved at my absence.

When my father died, it was no question where I should go. It was where I had preferred to go before.

From my father's death 'till the spring of 1805, about six and one-half years, I lived with my sister Rhoda. Her husband was kind, and she was a mother as well as sister. While here I went to school in winter, and worked on the farm in summer. I believe I did a great deal of work for one of my age. While I was in my fourteenth year my brother-in-law was lame all summer, and all the work devolved on me. I labored beyond my strength. The farm was not extensive, but too much for a youth like me. I had the reputation of being faithful to my duties, while I lived in the neighborhood. I found it very different

from that where I had been brought up, although but one or two miles distant. Profane Sabbath breaking and horse racing prevailed extensively. I was mercifully preserved from being corrupted by any of these vices. I never uttered a profane word more than once or twice. Several times I was out in the field with boys on the Sabbath, when they were engaged in playing ball, but would not join them. Once I took my fish-hook and line and spent some time in trying to catch fish, but I did not feel easy in mind. When I got home I took the Bible, and happened to turn to the chapter in Job that begins, "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with an hook?" I took it as a rebuke from heaven. So true it is that "the wicked flee, when no man pursueth." A guilty conscience is the severest judge. Once I went into an orchard, on the Sabbath, at the persuasion of another boy, to get harvest apples, without asking. I ate some of them without pleasure, however, laid others away, but I could not eat them. My conscientiousness was derived from early impressions, cherished by my sisters, who, although not at that time pious, were under the influence of their instructions, and the prayers of pious friends, especially of their grandmother, whom we have already mentioned, and who taught them their catechism. The prayers of the righteous avail much, especially for their offspring. In the fall of 1804 I went with my sisters Rhoda, Rachael and Clarinda, with my brother-in-law Leete, to visit our friends near Greenbush. I had never been from home farther than to the North

River twenty-five miles, to Poughkeepsie, and to Red Hook, where we went for fish and to market. Everything was new and full of interest. We passed through Hudson, through Claverhook, and through Kinderhook. These were Dutch settlements, places of which I had often heard my friends speak, and I thought them a great distance. When we put up the first night I was forty miles from home, one day's journey, that appeared a great distance. To hear the people speak the Dutch language was very amusing.

We arrived at my brother-in-law Kinney's just at dark the second day. He was then keeping a tavern near the church, about four miles east of Troy. The village was called, as I have said, Winantskill. We put a joke upon them. I was sent in to inquire if a small company could have entertainment there for the night. My brother-in-law was absent and I inquired for the landlady. She did not know me as she had not seen me for several years. When she came in to see her guests she saw three of her sisters, with her brother-in-law, as well as myself, all of whom she knew very well, and me she then recognized. All had a hearty laugh, and I had to take a hearty squeezing and kissing for my share, all indeed shared in that, but I had Benjamin's portion. Some ten or twelve days were spent with my sisters Kinney and Finch, and their families, when we returned by way of Stephentown, to visit my Uncle Samuel Gale's family.

In the spring of 1805 I left my sister Rhoda's family to live with my brother-in-law Leete. My

sisters and friends had wanted to effect this change for some time, but I was loath to leave a family where I had lived so long. I had not got to an age to appreciate their reasons, and I consented. My brother-in-law was a man of very little education or refinements, would sometimes drink to excess, and sometimes use profane language. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they should be anxious that I should be placed in better circumstances. My brother-in-law Lecte was strictly a moral as well as a church-going man, well educated, and well trained, gentlemanly in his manners, and fond of reading. He had a select library, the benefits of which I could receive. In that day farmers in general had very few books. It is too much the case still, but those of the present time are far in advance of farmers of that day. He took newspapers also. Before this I had read very little. While at my father's, the catechism, New England Primer, Pilgrim's Progress, were the only books of which I knew much, except my school books. I afterwards read Robinson Crusoe, and one or two small novels. As soon as I had access to the library of my brother-in-law I took up a course in reading. I read through Goldsmith's History of England, Campbell's Overland Journey to India, and several other books in my leisure hours. My stay with this sister was providentially cut short. In harvest time I was taken sick; not confined to my bed, but had no appetite, more or less sick at the stomach, attended with pain through the small of my back. I took medicine with very little effect, and in the fall

my brother-in-law, Dr. Goodrich, and my brother-in-law Griffin and my sister Griffin came down from Troy, where they were living and from which they were expecting to move west, to visit our friends, and took me home with them in hopes that a change of circumstances might benefit my health. As winter approached my health improved, and I was able to attend school. I made my home for the most part at my sister Kinney's. Mr. Griffin left in the fall for the new country West, and my brother-in-law Goodrich, with his family, in the winter ensuing.

In the spring of 1806 my health, although improved, was not perfectly restored, and my friends advised me to give up the idea of being a farmer, and to prepare myself for mercantile business. They accordingly procured a place for me in Troy. I went into the store of Consider White. There I remained for six or eight months. I was allowed to spend my Sabbaths with my friends in the country. I was not discontented, but I was very happy when Saturday evening came. My sister Kinney had a large family, some of her family older than I, and some of my age. My brother was living with my sister Finch, and with them all I was happy. In the fall Mr. White told me he had concluded to employ a young man experienced in the business and who was better acquainted with bookkeeping. He said he had no fault to find with me, I had been honest and faithful. I supposed, however, from some remarks of his to my friends, and from some remarks of Mrs. White, that they did not think me a very good salesman. I would

not urge people to buy, nor recommend articles that I knew to be bad. Mr. White, although a member of the Baptist Church, and a great talker on the subject of religion, had a conscience on the subject of goods very different from mine, and he was accustomed to urge every person, whom he thought he could influence, to buy. It was here, however, that I was first brought to think seriously on the subject of religion. As this forms an important epoch in my history it will be proper, as well as duty, to notice it more particularly. Like the young man catechised by our Savior, I would say, with him, in regard to the duties of the second table of the Law, "All these have I kept from my earliest youth." I had endeavored, like another, to live in all good conscience, so far as my conscience had been enlightened, but, like Him, I had been a Pharisee. I knew nothing of my inward sinfulness, or very little. I did not know the breadth or spiritual nature of God's law, and consequently had no reliance upon Christ as the end of the law for righteousness, and no just knowledge of His character.

Mr. White, although not a consistent Christian, talked a good deal on the subject with Christian people, who came into the store when he was at leisure. My mind was stirred up to thoughtfulness on the subject, and I read the Testament at night and at other times, when nobody was in the store, but I was careful to put it away slyly when anyone came in. I was ashamed to have anyone see me reading it lest I should be thought to be serious on the sub-

ject of religion. I read "Newton on the Prophecies" also, that happened to be in the store.

Mr. White, although apparently so zealous on the subject of religion, and who could not be wholly ignorant of my state of mind, never said anything to me on the subject of religion. There was an old man, a member of the same church, who kept a little Hucksters shop near by, a poor, but good man, who often talked with me. I had no doubt of his piety, and his conversation made me more thoughtful. After I left Mr. White I went to Winants Kill to school. Mr. Rice, who afterwards studied law, and married my niece, was then teaching. Here my impressions again began to decline, and I was conscious of being more hardened, and ready to yield to temptation, than before. While I was here my brother-in-law Beckwith and his wife came up on a visit to my sister's. She had made a profession of religion, and, as ever afterwards, was deeply interested on the subject. She told of a revival then in progress among the Baptists where she attended worship, and of the conversions that had taken place there. I said nothing to her of my state of mind, but it was like pouring fire upon me. I was fearful I had grieved the spirit of God, from my mind, and perhaps sealed my final condemnation. I was, however, not without hope, and, when they asked me to go down and spend the winter with them, I was very willing to do so in hopes that my soul might be benefitted. I returned with them, and, after spending several weeks, went over to my sister Leete's, in my native place, and

went once more to school in the house where I first learned my letters, near the spot of my birth. I attended the Baptist Church while at my sister Beckwith's, and, often after, I went to my sister Leete's. Mr. Burch, who is still the pastor there, was preaching, and almost every Sabbath some were added to the church. My mind would often be deeply impressed under the preaching, and, in spite of my efforts, tears would flow from my eyes, which, if possible, I was careful to conceal. I had attended church, however, mostly where I had first been led to the house of God and listened to the preaching of Mr. Cornwall. My mind continued solemn and my conviction of sin increased, but I knew not how to become a Christian. The subject of religion was uppermost in my mind and I could think of little else. When the Testament was read, as it was often in school, by some of the smaller class, I would find myself dropping my pencil or pen and listening. It seemed as if I had never heard it before, it was so full of light and meaning. In the course of this winter, I was led deep into the knowledge of my sinfulness. I had read "Bunyan's Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners", and I found the same evils of which he speaks in my heart and some of the same temptations. I found, at times, my heart full of enmity against God. I thought His law too strict, the requirements such as could not be filled, and my heart rose in enmity against Him. It was difficult, at times, to restrain myself from blasphemy. This I was taught, by experience, that the carnal heart is

enmity against God, and that the heart is desperately wicked. I found, also, that in me there was no good thing. I had done nothing to please or honor God. My motives were all wrong. I thought, at times, that I was given over to hardness of heart, and final impenitence. One day I went into my chamber in a despairing state of mind. I thought, if there was any hope that I should ever attain the favor of God, although long delayed, I should have some comfort. After a while I fell asleep and dreamed that I was in a deep pit, or rather on the side of one, my feet slipping, while I was holding, or trying to hold, myself up by little trees and shrubs that grew upon the margin, near the mouth of it. The pit was, to appearance, very deep, like a shaft the miners sink for ore, or a well not stoned. I dropped my whip—I seemed to have been driving a team—and something else I held in my hands, and clung to the trees and shrubs, but as fast as I would catch them they came up by the roots. I went around, as I thought, on every side. I caught at a last one. As it came up by the roots I looked down to see where I was going, but I could see no bottom distinctly. At this juncture, either from some kindly interposition, or cause, which I hardly knew, in my trepidation, I turned my head around, and, in the opposite direction from which I was looking, I saw a smooth ascending path, in which I walked out very easily. I looked around to find the person, for I thought some one had shown me the path, but I could see no one. I was very happy, as might be supposed, at my unexpected de-

liverance. I had an impression that this was in some way designed for my encouragement. I did not consider it of much importance either.

Some months after, I was reading in Jeremiah, and I noticed these words, "And they shall hear a voice behind them, saying, 'This is the way, walk in it' ". I have often thought it a striking representation of my state at that time, and if, what is not uncommon in a convicted sinner's call, I was in a perishing condition, convinced of my lost state and attempting to save myself, by one expedient, or other, but none satisfied my mind or could please God. It was the old method, going about to establish my own righteousness.

It is when the sinner despairs of saving himself, when all expedients fail, and he is prepared to understand and appreciate the grace of his salvation, that God sends deliverance and peace through His spirit and word.

My mind obtained no sudden sense of acceptance with God, no ecstatic joys, that some speak of, and, for that reason, I did not dare to say I hoped, or was confident, that my sins were forgiven, and my heart changed, but, at times, I felt pleasure in religious duties, public and private, and my anxieties subsided, gradually, into a degree of quietude and peace, my interest increasing rather than diminishing.

In the succeeding spring of 1807, I returned to my friends, near Troy, and my brother-in-law Finch, who was my counsellor, and upon whose advice I depended more than any other at that time. My

brother-in-law Leete was my guardian by law, and I often consulted him, but he was not at home. He told me he thought I had better engage in teaching school. After some reflection, I was pleased with the proposal. I had a secret thought that it would favor the improvement of my mind, on which I had resolved. I did not, as yet, aspire to a college education. I thought it beyond my reach. About four miles east of my friends, in the township of Sand Lake, there was a neighborhood composed mostly of Dutch people, where they wanted an English school-teacher. My brother-in-law said he would go out with me, and see the trustees. He did so, I knew his recommendation there would be all that I needed. I showed them some of my writing, at which they looked and said to each other, that it was *myria*, (as near as I can pronounce it) handsome. It was nothing to boast of, I thought. In other branches they did not profess to be able to examine me, but trusted to my recommendation. As I was young they thought that I could afford to teach for nine dollars a month. I was in my eighteenth year, but small, and it was my first effort, and I concluded not to expect more. I engaged for three months, at the end of which they were well satisfied and wished me to remain. It was my first teaching, but I believe I never taught more successfully. The studies I reviewed, Grammar and Arithmetic especially, and found myself very imperfect in them. Although, when at school, I was considered a good scholar; I saw I had failed to understand the principles of those studies, and as I

learned them myself I initiated my pupils into them, adopting, what has since become common but which is little practiced in common schools, the analytical method of teaching.

I had, during the three months, taken up Latin Grammar and made myself master of it, in my leisure hours. I proposed to the trustees of the school to let me have one month for a vacation, and I would return and spend three months more with them, at least. They complied with my request, and I resolved to spend that time with an instructor in getting a start in learning Latin. I went to my sister Kinney's, and as one of their sons, about my age, had commenced classical studies, I proposed to him to go with me to Troy, to a classical teacher. It was finally concluded that we should board at home and walk into town to school. It would save expense, and the walk would do us good. We did so, walking in and out, a distance of four miles, each day. We took our dinner at a public house in the town. Here I spent one week in reviewing and reciting my grammar, two weeks in elementary work, and one week in commencing the study of Virgil, that I might be able to go on without a teacher. I then returned and spent three months longer in my school, spending my leisure hours mostly in the study of Virgil. I had an ardo., as it is called, and a translation (using Dandson's Virgil), but these I kept covered up until I had translated it with the help of my dictionary independently and then I would compare my translation with that of the author. Sometimes when I

found a very difficult place I would examine the ardo., or the translation. In this way I went through the first book, boarding, as I did, among my employers. I found the people very kind. I spent some time in chatting with them, but begged to be excused, and occupied most of my time in studying. I enjoyed myself very much. I had furnished myself with a watch, the first I ever possessed, with which I could regulate my time, and which was a sort of companion in my loneliness, and with a Bible, the first I ever owned. This I carried in my pocket to and from my school and read often. Saturday evening I went to enjoy the society of friends at Winants Kill, to a father's house, and returned to my school on Monday morning; would often walk the distance in one hour by my watch. I was amused with some customs among the Dutch, particularly the manner in which some of them took their meals. I did not see the sugar suspended over the table, for one to take a bite and swing it to another, related in Knickerbocker's History, but I partook of meals when all the family ate out of one dish, hasty pudding and milk, or samp and milk in a large dish, placed in the centre of a large table (a round table) all sitting around, each with his spoon, eating out of the same dish. As the milk was often sour I found more fault with the material than with the manner. After the milk, ordinarily, two or three slices of bread, cut the length of a large loaf, would be placed by the side of your plate, that you might spread it and eat. As the bread was often made of

rye flour, and sour too, I did not have occasion to eat much. Still I ate enough for a student. It abated very little of my pleasure. It gave me no trouble. Some families lived better. Still these were among the wealthiest of the farmers. It was custom, not parsimony.

On the subject of religion, although church members as well as church-going people, I found them very ignorant. One lady seemed to think herself uncommonly precocious or smart. She had learned all the catechism, and gone to the sacrament, when she was only eighteen years old. Some of them belonged to the Lutheran, others to the Dutch Reformed Communion.

I wanted them to raise my wages, after the second quarter, but they seemed unwilling to do so, and I concluded to leave. They were not pleased with my leaving. Some of them said they thought it was wrong, after they had learnt a young man to teach school, to leave them, because he could not get more wages. Some one had treated them in the same way before.

I had no place in view, but, on the recommendation of some one, soon after I set out for Ballston Springs, procuring a ride a part of the way, but I found no one there whom I thought worthy of my attention, and started for home. It began to snow. I saw a good looking house, although rather ancient. A man was at the door chopping. As it was Saturday I inquired if I could spend the Sabbath with him. He said I could. After I had been in a while the con-

versation turned upon the Scriptures. His wife spoke up very smartly, "I think with such an one", calling him by name, "that the Bible is like an old fiddle, you may play any tune upon it you choose." I concluded I had not got the pleasant associates for the Sabbath. Still they seemed hospitable and kind.

There was no religious meeting near, but a Universalist was to hold forth at one of the public houses. He invited me to go with him, but I declined. He seemed, and expressed himself, a little surprised. I had no prejudice or antipathy, merely, that hindered, but I was afraid of myself. I had known the wickedness of my heart and I felt that it was dangerous to expose myself, weak and young as I was in the faith, to the influence of what I was confident could only be sophistry. I found the family in the other part of the house of a very different character, with whom I spent the Sabbath pleasantly. That day I was eighteen years old, December 3rd, 1807.

On the following day I set out on foot for Stillwater, on the North River, it being but little out of the way. I stopped at a public house to rest, about two miles west from the river. I inquired whether any teacher was wanted in that neighborhood. He could tell me of none, it being rather late in the season. It happened that several men were there from the river, in a sleigh. They informed me that they wanted one in the lower part of the village of Stillwater. One was rather an intelligent, jovial sort of man. I learned afterwards that he was an Episcopalian, and I made his house rather my home.

People used to laugh and say that Mr. Moody would always stop his mills (saw-mills) when they had preaching, which was once in three or four weeks, and tell his hands they must not work that day, it was the Sabbath.

He had three interesting young daughters who attended my school. A year or two after, one of them stepped back and fell into a tub of scalding water and lived but a few hours. Mr. Moody, a few years subsequently, was killed instantly by a stroke of lightning. He was walking out in a shower with an umbrella over him, which probably attracted the lightning. Truly in the midst of life there is but a step between us and death.

I engaged the school, and after going to my home at my sister's, I taught the school about four months. I had forty scholars or more, some much older than myself, but I did not tell them my age and they supposed me older than I was.

I boarded around and formed some very pleasant acquaintances. Among other was an aged man, with a head perfectly white, a Deacon Patrick, a man very intelligent and revered by all for his piety and patriarchal appearance. He lived to advanced years, some eighty or ninety.

I was told that the young people were many of them highly respectable, but not pious. Soon after going there I was invited to a party where I understood dancing was a part of the amusement. They finally sent for me, but I declined. I did not tell them the reason. Afterwards, two young ladies came

to the house where I was stopping, and asked me if I would go up and spend the evening at a Squire Andrews, a respectable family, in the bounds of my district. I hesitated and thought it rather singular. They said their brother, a young gentleman I knew, was at the door. Why *they* rather than *he* should come in and accost me I could not tell. I suppose he thought they would be more successful in their application.

I found quite a party of young gentlemen and ladies and soon the card-table was spread. I knew nothing of the game, and, if I had, my principles would have prevented me taking a part. Some of the young ladies, seeing my embarrassment, took no part in the play, but entertained me in the best way they were able. I was never, but once, invited to a party afterwards; that was in the upper and denser part of town, where I met one of my old teachers of my native town, whom I had not before seen. He was my teacher some five or six years before. He recognized me. He was deeply immersed in a game of cards, which seemed to constitute an essential part of an evening amusement. A very different state of things existed there afterwards. Great revivals, first under my friend's Dr. Lansing's, administration, and afterwards under that of my class-mate, Dr. Tucker of Wethersfield, Conn.

While I was teaching here, my brother, as I have remarked, was teaching about six miles below toward Waterfield. Sometimes I went down and spent the Sabbath with him, at other times he came up to visit

me. One evening I was about to start for his place, and spoke to a young woman for a clean shirt. She brought me one, out of which I could have nearly, or quite, wrung water. What to do I did not know. I feared the consequences of putting on such a shirt, and I did not know how to be denied the pleasure of going. My brother, too, I knew was expecting me. I concluded to put it on, and keep up a drying heat by the quick motion of my blood. I ran a good portion of the way. It was just at nightfall, and if my shirt was not all dry when I got there it was with perspiration. I found no injury ensuing.

In the spring after we had finished our school, as I have before related, we went on foot to Dutchess Co., where my brother, being disappointed about funds, remained, while I returned, and started for Middlebury, in company with a young man by the name of John Campbell, a grandson of old Deacon Patrick. He had been a pupil of mine during the winter. As there was no stage at that time running from Troy to Middlebury we sent on our trunks by a team, expecting to meet it twenty miles above. We went on foot to Stillwater, which was out of the way, and crossed to the place we had appointed, but, having been detained a while by our business, it had passed on. We supposed we should meet with some team, but we had to travel on foot all the way, with our feet blistered by the first day. I stood it better on account of our pedestrian tour to Dutchess Co. We arrived at Cornwall, the town adjoining Middlebury, on Saturday evening, and were hospitably entertained

by a pious family until Monday. On the Sabbath we went to hear Dr. Bushnell, the pastor of the Congregational Church of that town. His subject was the offering up of Jephthah's daughter. At noon many of the parishoners were gathered at the house of a Judge Lindsey, who lived near the church, the father of Dr. Lindsey, then a member of the college, formerly President of Manilla College, Ohio, now pastor of a church in Connecticut. The members of the church were engaged, as their custom often was, in discussing the subject of the sermon. The Judge differed from the views of the minister. Mr. Bushnell had been a successful missionary in Western New York, where the foundations of many churches were laid by him. He had a feeble, squeaking voice, no great animation in the pulpit, but was a good theologian, an eminently devoted and successful pastor. I was told that there was no drunkard or profane man in the town.

Middlebury was then comparatively new. It had been settled from the first about twenty years. They were then building a good church. They had, up to that time, and were then, holding their worship in the Court House. They had college and academic buildings, but they were cheap buildings. Rev. Mr. Atwater, now, and for many years, an inhabitant of New Haven, Conn., was President of the college; and Mr. John Frost was preceptor of the Academy, and my instructor; and Miss Hart, the since celebrated Mrs. Willard, of the Female Seminary in Troy, N. Y., was preceptress of the female depart-

ment of the Academy. Mr. Frost, after finishing his studies at Andover, and spending some time as agent of the Board, was settled for many years in Whitesboro. He was one of my neighbors, my fast and beloved friend, my coadjutor in building the Oneida Institute, a faithful and successful pastor, a fine scholar, a man much beloved while living. He died some ten or twelve years since, deeply lamented by all acquaintances. I entered a class which had been studying six months under Mr. Frost. I had studied by myself while at Stillwater. I pursued course, in regard to study, taking my books with me, as I boarded around, and studying in spite of all hindrances. I read four books of Virgil in this way, and it was confessed that I had a much better knowledge of Virgil than most of my class. I took Cicero, Mr. Frost hearing me by myself. One of my fellow pupils and I undertook to rise at midnight and spend an hour or two in studying, but that, after two or three weeks, we relinquished as unprofitable. It broke up our regular sleep and tended to injure our eyes. I had expected to enter college at Middlebury, but I had got word from my brother that he would meet me during the vacation at Manchester, to look after a little property left us by our Grandfather Mead. I got an opportunity of riding down on a private conveyance, with some of the students who were going home, and left the day after Commencement. In Brittain we stopped to dine, and had the band of music to entertain us while we dined, that was just returning from Commencement. In this

town I suppose there were many relatives of my mother, but I had no time to inquire after them. I stopped in Dorset, where my mother had several sisters, with families. One was the wife of Joseph Curtis, a brother, but much smarter than Lewis Curtis, my brother-in-law. The husband of the other was Austin. I spent several days with them, and went from there to Manchester, in the vicinity of which my mother had three brothers with large families,—Philip, Freeman and Timothy Mead. As my brother did not meet me I started for home on foot, and alone, from Manchester, to Troy, N. Y. I again returned to my friends and concluded to study out the first year, as I wished to read more Greek than was usual in the college course in Middlebury. I went a part of the term to a classical school in Troy, boarding at Mr. Rice's with my nephew, Hatter Kinney. It was the winter their oldest child, Naminta, was born, now Mrs. Kinney. While here Mr. Anson Hall of Vermont, with whom I formed a special friendship, and who was my class and roommate, called on me. He had just come from West Point, where he had entered the military school. He was a pious young man, and had no design of entering the army, but, being without sufficient funds to prosecute his studies at college, he resorted to this expedient to pursue study. He was a very interesting young man. He endeavored to induce me to go to the Academy with him, but I had no taste for that. He returned afterwards to college, but did not live to finish his studies. My brother having come

up from Dutchess Co., we concluded to spend some time with our friends. We spent a number of weeks very pleasantly. My brother had given up his plan of studying a profession, and had concluded to go into business, his health being better. An engagement, therefore, to take one of the Miss Leetes was made at this time, which his death the ensuing summer prevented. We returned in the spring, I to my studies, he to preparations for business. Finding no one who had read the authors in Greek, which I wished to read, I concluded to study by myself, which I did at my sister Kinney's. My brother's health failing, soon after he commenced laboring, he concluded to go to Dutchess Co. again, where, after several weeks, he died, as I have stated in what I have said of him. After I had been down there, where I had been summoned at his death, I returned to attend to my studies, and his business. Again I returned to Dutchess Co., where I concluded to spend the winter teaching in the old school-house where I received the first rudiments of my education, boarding at my brother-in-law Leete's, a mile distant. My duties in school and studies, which I pursued to keep up with my class in college, and depression of mind, seriously impaired my health, but still I thought I should be able to go to college. I returned to Troy and thought a few weeks at Saratoga would probably set me on my feet again firmly. But I was disappointed; the springs gave me no relief. I returned to Troy in low spirits, stayed a while, went again to my friends in Dutchess Co., when, after staying a while,

I concluded to go to Stamford, Conn., my father's native place, by water. I had never seen the city of New York. Of course the shipping in the harbor and everything about the city were objects of deep interest. After remaining in the city a short time I embarked in a schooner to pass up the Sound and through the terrible Hell Gate, as it used to be called to give it more terror. In the night, while on the Sound, a thunder storm arose, which caused our vessel, lying at anchor, to drift, with both anchors, towards the shore. To avoid danger of this, the Captain raised a part of the jib, the wind being favorable, and aimed for the harbor, although nothing was to be seen except when the lightning flashed. Providentially he hit right and entered the harbor, where in the morning we found ourselves safe at the landing place. The rocking of the vessel and its leaping from wave to wave, while running before the wind, gave me neither fear nor sickness, while all the passengers, of which there were a number, were deadly sick and some frightened greatly. I stood on the stairs of the cabin where I could look at the storm, and the ocean. The rolling of the thunder, with the flashing of the lightning and the heaving of the waters, were sublime objects, and reminded me of Him who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm.

I found three only remaining of my Aunt Mary Smith's family, two sons and a daughter. They were settled there and had families. William, Noah and Mary, who had sent me presents by my father, and on

seeing whom I calculated, had died a year or two before. Others also had died. They had all families. I spent my time with my cousin Mary Knapp, who had a small family, and who, with her husband, made me not only welcome, but treated me with the tenderness of a son. She was a woman of about fifty years, a good housekeeper and comfortably situated, although not rich. They were farmers, living about two miles from town. Here I remained four or five weeks, going down to the salt water and dieting on fish and clams as often as I desired. I found myself not much improved in health, and returned. I was well enough, however, to teach school, which I did again in my native place, boarding again at my sister Leete's. That year I united with the church in my native place, at the place and under the ministry of the man from whom I heard the Gospel before. I knew its meaning. I was baptised by him, and I felt a great pleasure in receiving the ordinance from a person who had known me from my infancy, and for whom I had the highest veneration as a man of God. I had delayed making a profession 'till this time, partly because I was waiting for more appearance of my being a Christian, and partly because I was not fully established in regard to the mode and subjects of baptism. I had been a good deal among the Baptists, and heard their confident manner of settling that subject, to their own satisfaction, at least, and my mind was not clear. I could never find the evidence that seemed to satisfy them, of immersions being the exclusive mode, even if it was sometimes used, which,

taking the language used in relation to the practice of John, seemed most probable. In regard to the mode, I became satisfied that, in the nature of things, the quantity of water was not essential, and, with respect to the practice of the Apostles, the preponderance of evidence was the other way. So I think still. In regard to the baptism of John, whatever the mode was it was not strictly a Gospel baptism. The Apostles had the keys of the church, and first received men into it. John belonged to the former dispensation, baptised only Jews, and them not in the name of the Trinity, and not as candidates for the Christian Church. The baptism of households by the Apostles (or, rather, families, and those, the children of families, as the word translated, household, originally means) whenever the heads of families were received, the oneness of the church under both dispensations, the connection between parents and children in blessing and cursing, were everywhere recognized in the Bible from the beginning of the race. Its recognition and the application of the same sealing ordinance, when the church was first established in the family of Abraham, and the spiritual meaning of the ordinance, were some of the arguments which satisfied my mind, after examining it, as they do still, that the infants of believers are to be baptised. Moreover, the universal practice of the church in its earliest ages, and their claiming to receive it from the Apostles, and as meaning the same thing, and standing on the same ground with circumcision, was evidence, as it still is, of the scriptural nature of this

ordinance. I was obliged to go forward from a sense of duty, and not for the assurance for which I had looked, that my name was written in Heaven, nor from sudden manifestation which I had long expected, as I had heard others speak, which assured them of their acceptance. I learned, to obtain evidence of our acceptance, the best method is to be found in the way of duty. A man need not wait for assurance of his being a christian before he attempts to do any duty. If he feels his obligation and dependence on God, he is warranted to go forward in every duty, relying upon Him for grace to perform it.

The spring following, 1811, I thought I would purchase me a horse, which I did, and travel. I concluded to go again to the seaside, there being a meeting of the Presbytery at North Salem, in Putnam. This was called a Presbytery, although the church were chiefly Congregational. It was not connected with the general assembly. It was composed of the churches in southern New York, out of the city, and of some in Connecticut. It was the remains of a body that left the General Assembly many years before in New Jersey, and is now extinct. I was appointed a delegate to this body, with our old minister. He hoped to induce me to study without prosecuting my studies further, as my health was not good. He himself had very little education. He began to preach in the time of the great revivals, under Whitfield, or soon after, among what were called "New Lights", or "Separatists" because they separated from the established order or regular churches, sup-

ported at that time by the state. The old gentleman introduced the subject and the moderator asked my views on the subject. I told him it had been my purpose to obtain a thorough education, but I had been interrupted by my state of health, stating some facts. Dr. White, an experienced physician, being one of the delegates, inquired my age. He said he thought I would acquire my health, with prudence, in a few years. Dr. Lewis, a distinguished minister of North Stamford, Conn., said he thought my resolution a good one, and that it would be better for me to hold on and wait a while for my health. Our Father Cornwall had done good, he said, without the advantages of a liberal education. The old gentleman said no more to me on the subject. I, after the meeting of the Presbytery, pursued my journey to Stamford, Conn., to my friends. I was a welcome guest in the family, where I remained some two or three months, riding about the country, and to the seashore, sometimes going out on the Sound to fish. Once I went on a party excursion on the Sound. Some of the time I devoted to study. I had taken my classical books along, some of them, and borrowed some of a gentleman in town. I read a part of Horace, while there, so fixed was my purpose, and so well established my habits of study. I finally took leave of my friends there, whom I never saw again. Once, several years after, I went to Peckslip, where the Stamford boats were accustomed to lie, and found the old Captain with whom I first went up the Sound. He told me my friends were alive and well.

I had purchased a book, the "Saint's Rest", by Baxter, for my cousin, that I sent as a token of affection and in hopes that it might aid her in obtaining that Rest, and sent some other to my Cousin Knapp. They were not professors when I was there, but thoughtful, and quite willing I should lead worship in the family, which I felt it my duty to do, with their consent. I afterwards learnt that they had made a profession of religion. (Since writing the above, I recollect, I went by way of Stamford, on purpose to visit them, when going to Princeton, N. J., in the fall of 1818, after I had been on a mission in Western New Jersey. They had then made a profession, as I learned from themselves, and united with the Congregational Church. I spent but a day or two there.) I went from Stamford to Guilford, passing through New Haven, which I saw for the first time. I had no acquaintances there, and, while my horse was baiting, I strolled out to look at the city, went up to the colleges, and wandered a while among the tombs in the cemetery, which was then nearly in front of the colleges, and where the State House, and principal church, now stand. The bones and monuments having long since been moved to the new and beautiful burying grounds lying in a different part of the city. Among others, I recollect of trying to translate the inscription upon the tomb of President Clapp. It was in Latin, written upon a long slab, standing upon pillars over his grave.

I was able to read most of it. I have seen the same many years since in the new cemetery. I spent a few

weeks at Guilford, chiefly at what is called Leete's Island, which is not strictly an island. The Leete family came from this place, and here their friends lived, who had often visited Dutchess Co., and here I was hospitably entertained. I visited Faulkner's Island in the Sound, on which there is a light-house, with Captain Hand, who married a Leete, a cousin of the Leete family in Dutchess Co. We got lobsters, clams, oysters, etc. Captain Hand lived in Oneida Co. many years, had a son in the Institute, who afterwards became a minister in the Dutch Reformed Church. I have often visited at his house. We often talked about our excursion in the Sound. The village of Guilford was four or five miles from Leete's Island. Here they attended church. Here I had some acquaintances, and here I saw an old-fashioned New England church, with double galleries one above the other, pews, instead of steps, made of oak, and all the banisters carved out of oak.

After spending a couple of weeks at Guilford, I returned to Dutchess Co., passing through New Haven, Bethlehem, Litchfield, and Sharon. At Bethlehem I spent a Sabbath with Mr. Steele, son-in-law of my stepmother, who resided there, and went to church to hear Dr. A. Backus, afterwards President of Hamilton College. Dr. Backus was the successor of Dr. Billamy, one of the most distinguished of the New England theologians. The text was, "Owe no man anything". It was directed against the credit system as practiced in our country. It was regarded as injurious to the morals by the preacher, as well as

to the pecuniary interests of a community. It was occasioned by two merchants coming into the village, and setting up stores to sell goods on credit. This was an exemplification of the influence of many of the New England preachers, and the care they exercised over the interests of the people. In many cases, at an early day, the pulpit ruled the town, and ruled it well. When people were subject to Gospel rules, they would not find the necessity of a civil code. When moral suasion was effected to control human conduct there was no necessity for compulsory power of any kind. It is said that, during the ministry of Dr. Buel, at East Hampton, Long Island, which was some half a century, there was no litigation, and neither lawyer or magistrate in the town. He was a man of great power in the pulpit, and boundless influence with his people. His word was law. This may be an exaggeration, but probably not far from the truth.

At Sharon I went to see Sarah Olmstead, the mother of Mrs. Ferris late of Galesburg. She was living with her son, Peter, who then resided there. It was the last time I ever saw her. She died suddenly not long after, I think. After stopping a while with my friends in Dutchess Co. I passed to Troy, or rather Winants Kill, where, after remaining a few months, I set off with Josiah Kinney, my sister's eldest son, to visit my sister Nancy Griffin, and see the new country of Western New York. My sister was living in what was called Alius, afterward Springport, on the borders of Cayuga Lake. The

country from Utica west was all new. Utica was but a small place. Auburn had hardly got its name fixed. It had gone, and was known more by the name of Hardensburg's Corners. Much of the country beyond was a wilderness. Rochester did not begin to be 'till a number of years after. It was rapidly filling up and everybody seemed pleased and buoyant, with the hope of what the country would be. Their hopes have not been disappointed. It is the garden, in an agricultural point of view, of the eastern slope of the Alleghanies. In wealth, literary and social advantages its prospects are equal to those of any other portion of our country. We went no farther west than Cayuga Lake. We rode upon the eastern shore to Aurora, my sister accompanying us on horseback. The lake is a beautiful sheet of water. The shore was covered with pebbles, and the water clear as crystal. On our return, we passed over the ground where the city of Syracuse stands. There was nothing there but marsh and low grounds. At Saline a settlement was commenced. After my return to my friends I spent the winter with them in teaching. During the fall and winter we kept up prayer meetings. Mr. Finch, my brother-in-law, came out decidedly on the subject of religion, for the first time, and took very active part. Benjamin Goodrich, my nephew, was converted to Christ and came out on the Lord's side, and some of the neighbors became hopefully pious. Mr. John Keys, now an aged clergyman, was living at Sand Lake, about seven miles east. He used to come out and preach for us. About this time I

became intimately acquainted with a young physician who had recently come from New England, and settled at the village of Sand Lake. He was pious and found but little society, except that of Mr. Keys, in which he felt satisfaction. He would come out with Mr. Keys. We became very much attached to each other, and after a while he left the lake and came to Winants Kill to practice, and boarded at my sister Kinney's. He concluded to establish himself there, and soon after married. Here he resided a number of years until his eldest children were almost grown, when he died. Had he been my own brother we could scarcely have been more attached. We always kept up a correspondence, and as soon as he heard of my arrival at any time he would come up immediately to see me. My friends were all attached to him, he was their family physician, and when he died his remains were interred in their family burying ground, where they lie side by side with those to whom he was so much attached in life, and who cherished no less regard for him. He married partly through my advice. He was attached, I know, to her, and she no less to him, but she was a Baptist, and he no less a decided Presbyterian. I thought she was liberal, but she proved to be a Baptist. It was more or less a trial to the Doctor, and I made up my mind from this, and other examples of a similar kind, that discrepant views and sentiments on the subject of religion were a hindrance to the happiness of married life, and should, if possible, be avoided. I enjoyed many

pleasant hours in the Doctor's family and in his society.

I spent the summer at my sister's, reviewing my studies, and attending to others, with the design of entering college in the fall, if possible, a portion of the day, laboring at something, chiefly in the garden, of which I took the entire charge. This alternation of work and study I found more favorable to my health than anything else I had tried.

In September, 1812, I set off for Union College, presented letters from my friends, especially from Dr. Coe of Troy, who took a fatherly interest in me. He was a trustee of the college and one in whom Dr. Nott placed great confidence. I was examined and received. I was deficient in some studies, especially mathematics, and if my means had been more ample, and my health firm, I should have entered the class below, and I sometimes regretted that I had not. I was able, however, to take a respectable stand in the junior class, and to maintain it. At the same time, there was a young man, about my age, who was under the care of the Presbytery. Drs. Coe of Troy, and Blatchford of Lansingburg, were members and took a deep interest in him. I became acquainted with him, and we not only entered the same class. That was Mr. Gideon Judd, now Dr. Judd of Montgomery, Orange Co., for many years pastor of the church in Bloomington, N. Y., afterwards of Catskill, a most beloved and intimate friend and correspondent to this day, a man of highly respectable talent, of an uncommon devotional, as

well as guileless, spirit. John Ludlow, now Dr. Ludlow, formerly chancellor of the University of Pennsylvania, now professor in the Dutch Reformed Theological Seminary, New Brunswick, N. J., entered the junior class at the same time, and a Mr. Boyd, now a minister in the Dutch Reformed Church. We all entered the same literary society, and were very intimate, and warm friends.

The Philomathæan and Adolphic Societies were the grand divisions of literary societies, as they are still. In the arrival of students there is great activity and much electioneering to obtain members. The Philomathæan was much the largest, and they were in hopes that the other society would be so reduced as not to be able to keep up their exhibitions. There were a very few in the junior class in that society. We all concluded to enter the Adolphic, which, with a few other scholars, such as Mark Tucker and Dillen Beebe, both of whom were among the best scholars in the class, gave the society new life. Ludlow took the first honor when he graduated, and the others named stood well. In the senior class, the members of the Adolphic had some fine scholars, George W. Warner, who took one of the highest honors, and W. W. Wisner, who took, also, one of the first honors. Warner studied law, and died in New York City after practicing several years. Wisner studied theology at Princeton, and settled in the Old Church, South Boston. He was appointed to succeed Dr. Comelins as secretary of the American Board, and died in that service a few years after. He

was but eighteen when he graduated. Dillen Beebe died while pursuing his studies preparatory to the ministry, under Dr. John Mason, about one year after he left college. Mark Tucker has been pastor in churches in Stillwater; Northhampton, Mass.; Troy, N. Y.; Providence, R. I.; and now in Weathersfield, Conn. He received the degree of D.D. in an early part of his ministry, not because he was particularly eminent. He is a popular preacher, but not profound scholar. He married his wife, in the family of Mrs. Yvonne, a young lady she had taken into the family. The eldest daughter of Mrs. Tucker was named Harriet, after my first wife. We have always been intimate friends, as much as circumstances would allow correspondence. In the senior class there were other names of distinction, with whom I have kept up a correspondence, more or less, and visited, Dr. Wayland of Brown University, Providence, R. I.

He was young, about seventeen when he graduated, not distinguished scholar. Dr. Gilbert, also, many years pastor of the church at Wilmington, Del., afterwards President of Delaware College, and who died last year pastor of a church in Philadelphia. He was, when he died, and for many years, stated clerk of General Assembly. We were special friends at the theological seminary, and correspondents. All of those whom I have mentioned were special friends in college, and our friendship has always continued.

On my return to college, after the first term, my bills were payable, and having been disappointed

about funds I dreaded to meet the Treasurer. I put it off for a day or two, but the bills were called for. I went to my room, the room of one of the professors which I occupied at his request when he was out, although I lodged in another room with my young friend, Judd. I felt very unpleasantly indeed, and, as in all my straits I was accustomed to do, sought relief in looking to Him, who orders all things and sends relief, or consoles the hearts of all who confide in Him. I went down to see the Treasurer, who occupied a room in the basement of the college, thinking I would pay him what money I had and ask indulgence for the rest. I found I had money enough to pay my bills and to spare. The bills then included board, tuition, room rent, etc. At whose instance this was done I never knew, but supposed it was at Dr. Coc's. It may be proper to state how I obtained the means I had to prosecute my studies. I received but little from my father's estate, but, on the death of my brother, his property, embracing his share and some that he had made, and some property that my Grandfather Mead left us jointly, was all given to me by my sisters, with the consent of their husbands. It was no great amount to divide, and it would do me good. In addition to that they all signed a quit claim to a tract of new land purchased by my father in Herkimer Co., soon after the Revolution, on what was called the Royal Grant, a large tract given to Sir William Johnson by the Crown of England, and declared forfeited by Congress, on account of his taking side with Great Britain. This land, although it cost my

father nearly one thousand dollars, proved not to be very valuable, but still it was supposed it would be worth something. Few sisters and brothers-in-law would have been so ready to relinquish their interest in such a property for the benefit of a brother. But I was an only brother, and had always been a favorite, not to say a pet, in the family. This property I made over to my brother-in-law Beckwith as security for two hundred dollars to help me through college. I afterwards paid him and requested him to make the most of it, and divide it among my sisters as I did not need it. He did not find it convenient to dispose of it, and there was supposed to be some error in the deed. He applied to the Legislature for redress but obtained none. It was afterwards sold for taxes and was Gemit Smith, and given away, with his other lands, to poor families for a small sum. Such was the result of my father's speculation in new lands. When I returned to college, after the long vacation, at the commencement of my senior year, my roommate, Mr. Judd, whom I expected to find there before me, was not there. A few days afterward I received a note from him saying that he was sick at the house of a friend in Ballston, and that the prospect was that he would never be any better. He wished me to send him some of his things. I procured a horse and gig and went immediately up. I expressed my regret at seeing him so ill. He replied that he did not wish to have any of the Lord's dealings with him altered. His Heavenly Father knew what was best. I returned, and not long after he was brought to college on a bed

on his way to Albany, where he was to be put upon a boat and taken to Catskill, where he had friends and near which his parents lived. He remained a day or two at college, and took, as he supposed, a final leave of all his friends. The tutors came in to see him and wept as they bade him farewell, never to see him again, as they and he supposed. He was beloved by all who knew him, and regarded as a man of rare excellence and piety, as he was. I accompanied him to Catskill and left him with Dr. Porter, the pastor and his special friend. I never expected to meet him again and our parting was with such feelings as I need not attempt to describe. He was supposed to be in a decline. From some cause, which I do not now recollect, I heard nothing from him during that term of college. In the vacation I was invited to go to Catskill to the meeting of Presbytery. I rode down with Dr. Coe and his elder in a sleigh. I had heard a rumor that Mr. Judd was dead, but I did not credit it. I hoped to ascertain, and, if I could, to go over and see him. To my surprise, whom should I meet there but my class-mate Judd, apparently, as he was really, in fine health. He was not only well, but was teaching a select school, in the neighborhood of his father, some dozen miles or more west of Catskill. Drs. Coe and Blatchford were very desirous to have him return to college, that he might graduate at the next commencement. They thought, by diligence, he would make up his loss of study so as to be able to do that, but he could not honorably, he thought, leave his school. He had two months longer to

teach. I was (a word must have been omitted here) by the Doctors to go and supply his place, that he might go back to college. I went home with him, was introduced to his school, took him back to college, got leave, under the circumstances, to be absent, gathered up my books, and returned again to the school, which I taught 'till the end of the quarter. I then returned to college, but with impaired health. I had a pretty large school to teach and my studies to pursue, that I might keep up with my class, and to take the lead of the meetings on the Sabbath, reading a sermon. The neighborhood was between Durham and Cairo, about five miles distant, and, much of the time, they could not go to church, and they kept up public worship in the District Schoolhouse. The session at college was nearly through. I remained 'till the end. The senior class being then dismissed, or, rather, having no duties to perform but to prepare for Commencement, I went home to my friends.

While there, I received a letter from a friend in New Jersey, offering to resign to me a select school for young ladies that he had established and was wishing to leave. I thought it a very favorable opportunity, as I could sustain myself, and, at the same time, attend with the Theological students through the lectures of Dr. Livingstone, it being at New Brunswick, the seat of the college belonging to the Dutch Reformed Church, and of their Theological Seminary. I had no wish to enter that church, but I thought it would be important to attend their course of lectures on theology. Dr. John Livingstone was

an eminent divine of the Dutch Reformed Church. In early life he had finished his education in Holland. He had been for many years a pastor of one of the churches of his order in the City of New York. He was about seventy years old and seemed to belong to a former generation. He was a man over six feet tall, wore the old fashioned clerical costume, a broad skirted coat, and vest corresponding, small clothes, with buckles on his shoes, and a wig as white as milk, with a cocked hat; a man of venerable aspect and a finished gentleman in his manners. He was polite to anybody, would lift his hat usually, if he met a person alone, and place it very gracefully under his arm 'till he was quite past. He was very paternal to his students whenever they visited him, hold them by the hand when they left, drop a word of counsel, or refer them to some portion of Scripture. His (word missing) died while I was there. He watched over her with great care and tenderness, closed her eyes when she expired, and repeated, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away", then took his two granddaughters, who lived with him, into his lap, and, after giving them such counsel as he thought suitable, he kissed them and retired to rest. It is said that his death was easy and peaceful. He retired at night well as usual, but was found dead in the morning, lying like one asleep.

I obtained leave to be absent from Commencement, without forfeiting my standing or degree, and took charge of the school. It was made up of the daughters of the best families of the city. Among

my pupils were two beautiful, blooming granddaughters of Dr. Livingstone, who lived with him. I boarded with Mrs. Condit, widow of Dr. Condit, who died a few years before, the sister of Dr. Pinine, after that professor in the theological seminary of Auburn. Their boarders were mostly students of the theological seminary there. She had two interesting daughters, her only children. The eldest engaged to my friend Joseph Hanson, my predecessor in the school, the other a young lady of great beauty and firm qualities of mind, who died the year following.

The society of New Brunswick was of the best kind, religious, intelligent, and refined. This is characteristic of the best portion of the state, especially that which lies between the cities of New York and Philadelphia. The labors of the Gennets and Fmlenghaysens at an early day, aided by the Rev. George Whitfield, gave a decided character to the religion of New Jersey, that was divided between the Presbyterians and the Dutch Reformed, the leading denominations of the state. The establishment of the Presbyterian College at Princeton many years ago, and of the Dutch Reformed at New Brunswick, have moulded the intellectual and religious character of the people more than anything else. At Princeton, before the Theological Seminary was established, there was a succession of men who presided over the college, eminently distinguished for their piety and learning. Samuel Davis, a man of fervent piety and burning eloquence, Bun, Edwards, Finlay, and Witherspoon, who, though dead, speak by their

writings and their examples, and exert a more extensive influence than most living men. Their bodies were placed side by side in the cemetery at Princeton, and few burying grounds contain such venerable remains. To these are now added Dr. Stanhope Smith, who presided over the college many years, and those of my excellent professors, Dr. Samuel Miller and Dr. Alexander.

I found the labor of teaching and studying theology too much, and, learning that I could receive some aid, enough at least to cover the expenses of my board, I gave up my school to a young man by the name of Wyckoff, who wished to prosecute his studies there, and went to Princeton (now Dr. Wyckoff of the City of New York). My class was the third that entered at Princeton. There were then but two professors there, Miller and Alexander, and fourteen or fifteen in the institution. I was now in my true element, studying directly for the ministry at the place above all others where I wished to be. I had enjoyed myself much at New Brunswick. I was freely admitted into the best society, but still my advantages and prospects were not what I desired, nor was the society in all respects so congenial to my feelings. Before the close of the first term I was suffering from my old complaint, the dyspepsia, and, to recruit my health and spirits, I went home with one of my fellow students to Summersville, the county seat of Somerset Co., a beautiful village situated in some of the finest country in New Jersey. Some of the young ladies who had attended my

school in New Brunswick were living here. I became acquainted with some very interesting families, among others that of Col. John Freulinghuysen, the brother of Hon. Theodore Freulinghuysen, who is now President of the College of New Brunswick, recently Chancellor of the University of New York, and who has filled, as he does still, other important offices. Col. Freulinghuysen had just returned from his services as commander of a large detachment of militia, which had been called out for the defense of the coast in the war with Great Britain then in progress, but closed soon after 1815. While having command of these forces, and having no chaplain, he often performed that duty himself, leading in public prayer and conducting religious worship on the Sabbath, praying himself and having a sermon read. When men of such a character as Mr. Freulinghuysen, and occupying such stations, are thus decided and prompt in religious action, God is honored and impiety put to shame.

I became at this time acquainted with Miss Freulinghuysen, a sister of the Colonel, a very interesting young lady, who afterwards became the wife of my friend and classmate Judd.

During the winter there was an extensive and powerful revival under the direction of Dr. Green. The President, the professors, preached alternately in the college, and the theological students met in the chapel with the students. It was under the ordinary exercise and preaching of the Sabbath that the work commenced in connection with the labors of

the President, who had a regular Bible Class of all the students every Sabbath. It seemed, as it was indeed, eminently a work of God. It pervaded almost the entire college. It seemed at one time as if it would sweep the whole college. A great number professed a hope, and thirty or forty remained steadfast. Among these was young Armstrong, son of a clergyman in New Jersey, afterwards the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, the beloved Secretary of the American Board of Missions, and who was wrecked and lost in Long Island Sound. I had a good deal of conversation with Armstrong during his anxiety, before his conversion and afterward. We became intimate and warm friends, which continued while he lived. We had met often. Rev. Sims Henny of New Jersey, William James, son of a wealthy merchant of Albany, of the same name, and Mr. Henny, son of a distinguished lawyer of the same place. These all entered the ministry; all but Dr. Armstrong are still living. Intimate acquaintances and friends, Mr. Johns, now Bishop Johns of Maryland, and Mr. Illvaine, now Bishop Illvaine of Ohio, and some others who entered the Episcopal Church, a young man from Philadelphia by the name of Needwold, an Episcopalian, who pursued his theological studies with the design of being a missionary. He had selected Persia as his field, but he did not live to enter upon the work. All of these young men I knew in college familiarly, and when I was the second time at Princeton all of them were in the senior class in the seminary or junior, and I was in the same

class with them. We have often met since. This revival was one of the most interesting I ever knew, and one which was followed by most happy results. A part of the term I was in the family of Col. Beattie, a gentleman who had some time before left the army. I acted as tutor to two of his sons. One of them died in early life. The other is Rev. Dr. Beattie at the head of a flourishing female seminary in Steutenville, Ohio, a seminary established and owned by him, and which has accomplished much good. At the close of this seminary year in June 1815 I left to spend the long vacation with my friends in New York. I visited my sisters in Dutchess Co., and when I was about to go into Renssalaer Co. my brother-in-law furnished me with a horse and saddle in hopes of benefiting my health, as it did. I rode across the river to Catskill, where I found my friend Judd, pursuing his theological studies, with others, under Dr. Porter, his friend and patron. Dr. Porter cautioned me against persuading Mr. Judd to go with me to Princeton, pleasantly, yet earnestly. I presume he did not wish him to go. One reason was he was attached to Mr. Judd; a second was he was very useful among the young people of his congregation, and a third was his view on some points did not accord with those of the Princeton professors. Notwithstanding, I laid before him, as well as I could, the superior advantages of Princeton, and the result was, when I got back to Princeton, Mr. Judd was either there or

came soon after and entered the same class. I recollect that Mr. Judd continued at Catskill and came in November at the commencement of the second year.

There was a short summer vacation, and in the fall vacation I went with my roommate, Mr. James Mills of Long Island, to his father's at a place called Mills Pond, about one-half way up the island. After remaining here a short time, he procured a horse and chaise, and we rode to the furthest end of the island to Bridgehampton and East Hampton. Dr. Buel, of whom I have before spoken once, preached and Dr. Bucher in the early part of his ministry. Dr. Woolwith was at Bridgehampton, and in his family I visited with my classmate and roommate Mills. He had prepared for college with Dr. Woolwith, and, during that time, formed an attachment to his eldest daughter, whom he married after he finished his studies at the seminary. He had another object in taking me along on this visit to his intended, beside my company, and that was, to introduce me to a younger sister. She was absent with her father on a visit to Connecticut, but returned while I was there. She was a fine girl, plain in appearance, but well educated, could translate Latin and Greek very readily, in addition to her other attainments; but I felt no inclination to make any overtures of correspondence, neither then nor afterwards, although often urged by my friend. This young lady afterward married a clergyman and was settled in Western New York. I visited at their house once or twice. Mrs. Woolwith was the daughter of Dr. Buel. Mr. Woolworth (this

name now seems to be spelled Woolworth), now principal of a literary institution in Albany, was a son of the Doctor. In 1813 I accidentally met Mrs. Mills, whom I had not seen since I saw her at her father's in 1815. Her husband had been dead many years. She was traveling in the cars when I met her. In this winter of 1815-1816 my friend Judd and I were again classmates and roommates pursuing our studies together with nothing to mar my enjoyment but my state of health, which was increasingly bad. During the winter term, which is a long term, there is a vacation of two or three weeks. Several of us concluded to go to Rockaway and Woodbridge, where we had heard a revival war was in progress. We resolved to try it on foot. The roads were good and the weather warm as May. The pigeons were flying although it was the first of January. We attended their meetings and enjoyed ourselves very much. Here at one of these meetings I first met Samuel H. Cox, now Dr. Cox, and Mr. Hays, now Dr. Hays of Western New York. Cox had been recently converted in Newark, where he had been reading law. His mother was a Quakeress and had been living in Rockaway. He had come down for the double purpose of seeing his mother and attending the meetings. He had not entered upon his theological course. He took me aside and informed that Mr. Hays, he had no doubt, had been truly converted, but he did not think so and was in a state of mind that bordered on despondency. I had an opportunity of seeing them both at Princeton, as

they passed to Philadelphia, where Cox studied for the ministry. I have not met with Dr. Hays since, but often with Dr. Cox at his house and in the General Assembly. He has often spoken of that interview. While at Woodbridge the meeting convening there was in the church. The pastor was an aged venerable man nearly or quite eighty years of age, and still performing pastoral duties. He made us students conduct the meeting, and seemed quite gratified. He invited us to his house and treated us like sons. He knew that I was complaining of bad health. He said, "Fifty years ago, when I took charge of this congregation, people thought me going into a consumptive. You may still be a healthy robust man as I am." It was calculated, as it was intended, to drive away my low spirits. The people would not let us return on foot. They sent us away to New Brunswick in carriages fifteen miles, from which we returned by stage to Princeton.

My health continued to grow worse. I was in hopes to hold out to the end of the term, but I was obliged to go before. I was often unable to sleep any during the night, while my room mate was sleeping soundly by my side. I would lie and count the hours of the night. I ought to have left sooner, but I could not endure with composure the thought of giving up my studies. My flesh was wasting and my food seemed to do very little good. After spending a little time with my friends in Dutchess Co. I went to my friends near Troy, where I always found a home, and where I could have the counsel of my

friend, Dr. Clark, and of Dr. Bunit of the city of Troy, who had for many years been the family physician of my friends there. With my friends in Winantskill I spent the most of my time. I used to retire for reading and devotion to a wood back of my sister's house, where I built me a little bower. One day I was very low spirited, thinking I might never recover my health again so as to be able to preach the Gospel if I lived. I opened my Bible and happened to fall on the 118th Psalm, the 17th verse, "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of God". It seemed to me prophetic of myself. From that time I was more encouraged. I spent a part of my time in Troy with friends, and some portion of it at Mr. Rice's, where I was always welcome. Dr. Bunit had always been my physician, but would never receive any compensation. He was a man of great generosity. One day I was in his office and he said, "Come go with me to Mr. Wiswells". He kept a fountain of Saratoga water, bringing it down in barrels and placing it in a fountain where he could give a fresh supply of carbonic acid gas, and draw it, as they do from a soda fountain. He ordered a glass for himself and me, saying to Mr. Wiswell, "Let Mr. Gale have as much of this as he wants". At another time, observing my clothes, he said, "Come go with me". He took me to a merchant tailor and said, "Make Mr. Gale a pair of pantaloons," pointing to the material, "and charge it to me". (Dr. Bunit was the son of a clergyman, graduated at Williams College, married a daughter of Dr. Stratton of

Williamstown). He set up a business in Troy with a good deal of opposition from the old physicians, but he acquired a large practice very soon, and was regarded as one of the most skillful of the profession. He had a son, his eldest, of great promise. He spared no pains to give him an education and no expense; being an ambitious young man, he injured his health. His father sent him South with another young man to spend the winter, in hopes it might benefit his health, but he soon received the painful news of his death. He was about seventeen when he died. His parents were overwhelmed with disappointment and sorrow, but it was eminently sanctified to them both. The Doctor was soon after converted. This summer there was a powerful work of grace in Troy. There were a large number of young people the hopeful subjects of grace; among these was Miss Harriet Selden, afterwards my dear wife, and the honored mother of all my children. But for my health I should have spent a most interesting summer.

While I was staying with my friends near Troy, I thought I ought to be endeavoring to do some good, and I thought I might be teaching some persons, if I could do nothing else. While I was teaching the school for Mr. Judd, of which I have been speaking, I had a scholar by the name of Orsen Howell. He was a modest, pretty boy, and when I visited the place, when I returned to my friends from Princeton, I saw him again and ascertained that he had been hopefully converted. I then inquired of him if he would like to get an education. He signified that he

should, if he could do so. His parents, though not poor, had a large family and could not do much for him. I thought I would invite him to come to Winantskill. I could instruct him. My friend, Dr. Clark, at my suggestion, had agreed to board him for little services in the family, that he could conveniently do for exercise in the garden. He came and I procured classical books and taught him Latin. In June Mr. Judd came up to visit his friends in the Presbytery, and we jointly recommended young Howell to the Presbytery to be aided through college by them. Mr. Judd himself had been taken up in a similar way, and aided through his course. They gave encouragement of taking him up when he should be fitted for college. I saw my friend, Dr. Bunit, after and mentioned his case to him. He replied at once, "I will defray his expenses while he is sitting". He invited him to his house, gave him the books his son had used, and his clothes, and sent him to an Academy. (Whether in this revival, or a little before, I do not recollect, that it was that Dr. Bunit was converted. He was a very active Christian. He was taken with a disease of the lungs a few years after, but balled it with skill for two or three years, but died. When he was dying, Dr. Robbins, his pastor, a younger man, sat by his bed, feeling his ebbing pulse. He looked up to him and said, "Doctor, I hope your pulse in your last hours will be as calm as mine". Dr. Robbins was not a professor, but understood him. He died in great peace. Mrs. Bunit, now the wife of Mr. Adams, formerly of Andover, Mass., lives at

Jacksonville, Ill. She has passed through great affliction, lost an only daughter, the wife of Dr. Robbins, another son just out of college, her only sister, who lived with her, and has but one son left, who has been a great affliction to her.)

Finding my health somewhat improved, and seeing no prospect of returning soon to the Seminary, I concluded to meet the Hudson Presbytery, under whose advice and care I had placed myself, some years before, and offer myself for licensure. I accordingly met the Presbytery at Fishkill, Dutchess Co., in September 1816, and was licensed by them. They, as well as other friends, thought it best, as the circumstances were, that I should be licensed to preach the Gospel. Less study and more exercise they, as well as I, thought would tend to improve my health, and after a time I could return to the Seminary.

When we were licensed, Phineas Camp, a friend and fellow boarder at Princeton, who had just finished his course at the Seminary, from Whitesboro, N. Y., where he now lives, retired mostly from the ministry, and a Mr. Petton of Orange Co., a man of a family, but considered a very devoted man, although he had but little education, both of them for many years very useful men.

This event of my being licensed to preach the Gospel is an epoch in my history of no small moment. It was an event to which I had been looking forward and laboring amidst trials and obstacles, that many would not have surmounted. It was never a characteristic of myself, in any important enter-

prise, to put my hand to the plow, or look back or be dismayed, at difficulties. If an enterprise was worth undertaking, it was worth pursuing, was my sentiment, and when anything was undertaken the cost should be considered. My licensure took place on the 5th of September, 1816, in my native county, and by men, many of whom I loved and revered. I had not finished my studies nor recovered my ordinary health, which at best was far from being firm. The ministers were Mr. Clark of Dutchess Co., a special friend, counsellor and helper; Dr. Price, of Fishkill, both now dead; and Mr. Hyde of my native place, still living for ought I know some where in Pennsylvania or on its borders; Rev. John Johnston, of Newburg, still living, far advanced; Dr. Cummings of Orange Co., now in Iowa; Mr. Baldwin, since dead; Dr. Fish of Goshen, since dead; Messrs. Dean, Thompson, Crane, James Ostrum, and Luther Halsey, all of Orange Co., and all, I believe, still living.

Immediately after being licensed, I returned to my sisters in Dutchess Co., where I was soon waited upon by a committee from a church on the road to Poughkeepsie in the town of Washington. A revival had been in progress here under the labors of my friend, Joel Osborne, of Amenia. It was a church that had been formed out of Rev. Mr. Clark's. He was anxious I should supply it. They had some of Father Clark's peculiarities. He had been formerly a Methodist, never used written sermons, nor would the people hear them. I had no written sermons but the three

required by Presbytery, and to preach without writing was to me a very formidable undertaking. I concluded to go and try to preach for them. They were pleased and wished me to labor with them, and, if we liked, settle. I was willing to do the former. The latter I did not think probable. I hoped still to finish my theological course. I wrote a plan of a sermon, committed it, and trusted Providence for filling it up. I was not so well pleased or satisfied with this mode as were the people. I supplied them but half the time. In the Pine Plains, in the northern part of my county, ten miles from the place of my birth, in a fine rich country, a good church had just been built by different denominations, Presbyterians, Dutch Reformed, Lutherans, and Episcopalians. The three former wished me to preach for them, and they jointly contributed to my salary. Here I preached half the time, but wrote out my sermons, so that I had the benefit of extemporizing or preaching without my notes. In these two places, sixteen miles apart, I spent the fall and winter, with the exception of four weeks as a missionary, mostly in Putnam Co. My mission there was a pleasant one. It was in a region where there was no church as the churches there were destitute. In one of the latter I spent about ten days, preaching frequently in the week. Mr. Clark, my old friend, saw me, and remarked jestingly, "Well, Mr. Gale, I saw Father Dean the other day, and he told me the Presbytery had agreed to send them a Hyde, and they had got hide and tallow". Father Hyde had been appointed to supply

them, and I took his place. He was a good man, but not a very pleasant speaker. My winter was spent pleasantly. My sisters and my old church lay between my two preaching points, and many other friends who had known me from early days.

In the spring of 1817 I went to see my friends in the North, and concluded to spend the winter in study. Dr. Andrew Tate, then professor of moral philosophy in Alton College, was then receiving students in Theology, and I concluded to spend the summer with him, at the place of my former study, thought not at the place precisely. The new colleges on the hill where they now stand had been completed, and the college removed. My class was the last that graduated in the old, in the town. A very pleasant family by the name of Hamilton kept the North boarding house. Here I spent the summer very pleasantly, writing essays on theological subjects, and reading them, for correction and criticism, to Dr. Tate. I had but one fellow student, Samuel Roice, who had also been licensed. We both preached both of our Sabbaths in destitute churches about the country. I had for my fellow boarders, beside him, Wisnio, of whom I have spoken, Wayland of the same class, now president of the College of Rhode Island, and Samuel Davis, a fellow student and class mate of mine at Princeton. Mr. Davis was a nephew of President Davis of Hamilton College. He settled in the South, where he is still a minister of the O. S. Presbyterian Church. Summer was spent here very pleasantly and with some profit.

In September 1817 I started for the northwestern part of New York on a mission. I wished to go West again to see my sister Griffin, and to view the country, and I thought a mission of a few months might be of use to me as well as to others. I was employed by the Female Missionary Society of Western New York, the seat of which was Utica. Contrary to my hopes they wished me to go to the east end of Lake Ontario instead of the western section of the state. I felt myself bound to go where they wanted my services, irrespective of all other considerations. What seemed a little matter to me proved one of important results to me and to the cause of Christ in whatever light they are viewed. It led to the settlement in that part of the country, and to the great revivals which prevailed there, with their results.

After receiving my commission and my letters of recommendation at Utica, I set out for the field of my labor, Henderson and in the vicinity, in Jefferson Co., New York. This township and Ellisburg adjoining both bordered on the lake. In these I spent nearly all of my time for three months, and until I was directed to another field by the Society. I stopped on my way at Rome, where I became acquainted with Brother Gettel, the pastor, in whose family I afterwards spent many pleasant seasons. In Camden, a new settled town about eighteen miles beyond, I called on Brother Henry Smith, a man of precious memory, who had just left the employment of the Society, and was about to settle in Camden. I found him in a plain farmer's family, in a little room

which he made his dormitory and study. He was in a delightful frame of mind. He had been doubting in regard to his own piety, something that no one doubted, and only by a season of self-examination and prayer of two weeks continuance he had emerged from his gloom and doubts, and was enjoying apparently a season of relief, assurance, and hopes. After spending a very agreeable interview for a part of one day and evening, I set out for the field of my labors the following day without being able to ascertain much from him or any one about it. Much of the way was either wholly unsettled or very newly settled. In Williamstown on my way I stopped and preached at a private house. The second day, toward night, I reached what I supposed the town of Henderson. I came to a place where several roads divided. 'T'was nightfall and there was no house near and no person of whom I could inquire. As I was pausing and deliberating in my mind what course to take a man came out of an adjoining forest with a gun on his shoulder. He was a large man with heavy whiskers and moved with a firm step. I was startled at first. I was traveling on horseback with a large pair of portmanteaus and I did not know what would be the result of the meeting. I accosted him inquiring for a particular person, but he did not know the person, and gave me presently the best direction he could. After stopping once or twice I concluded to call at a new frame house near the road and ask for lodging. I found it was the house of the gentleman I had met at the fork of the roads. It was Captain

McNett, recently discharged from the army. I was entertained very hospitably by them. I inquired for the person to whom I had an introduction. She was the presiding officer of a Female Branch Society, which had been formed there. But he did not know the person. There was a Female Baptist Society with which they seemed better acquainted. He directed me to call on Dr. Tubbs at a little village where public worship was held. He supposed him a Presbyterian, I called and found him a member of the Baptist Church, but an agreeable, gentlemanly man. He went with me and introduced me to some members of the Presbyterian or Congregational church. One of them was a Deacon, an old man, an Englishman, but a very good man. He was living with his son and in a very poor log cabin. He invited me to share with him for the day and night his bed and board. The former I concluded was both bed and board. It was hard enough to be a board. I found in the morning that for want of other room his large old English chest was shoved under the bed, and that was mainly the foundation of our position. I found the next night a little better lodging. My circumstances were in no way very favorable to preparation for the Sabbath which followed. I found the school house well filled on the Sabbath, composed of Baptists as well as Congregationalists, both of whom were in the habit of meeting together. The former had a pastor and both united in the support, although he was very severe upon all who were not Baptists. He confessed that the Congrega-

tionalists did more for him than his own people. I preached twice without my manuscript and notes, although I had written discourses on both subjects with me, but as I knew their prejudices against written sermons I thought best to do without them, although advised by a brother minister not to preach without my notes, but to make the people bear them. I did not suppose I could do as well without notes, but I thought I might do as well as the majority of those they were accustomed to hear. The little church to which I was sent was very much elated to have a minister sent to them. The Baptist minister would often occasion to taunt and browbeat them, I was told. He said if a minister should come along or be sent to them the first question would be, "What salary will you give me?" And if he were not satisfied with the answer he would pass along. You might always know him by his having a large pair of saddle bags. Those, he said, would be filled with sermons, which, he insinuated, were not only written in New England, but probably given him by somebody. When, therefore, they heard me saying nothing about compensation, and preaching, as they thought, quite as well, or a little better, than they were accustomed to hear, without notes, they were very happy. I appointed, by request, a meeting a mile or two from the usual place of gathering on the Sabbath. The house was built of logs with two or three rooms, all filled, to hear the new minister. Just before meeting time, while I was meditating on some subject for the evening, the son of the old gentleman, a

member of the Baptist church, came to me and inquired if I would preach from a text that he should name. I told him if it was suitable perhaps I would. He then named the text. I told him I would preach from it. I was aware of his object. He was not quite satisfied that I was not preaching, memoriter, somebody else's sermons. All doubt seemed to have been removed by that discourse. My labors were divided between Henderson and Ellisburg, the adjoining town up the lake. My labors were confined chiefly on the Sabbath to a small town in Henderson called Salisbury Mills, where the Elder of the Baptist church, Mr. Osgood, lived, and where he preached half his time. But I sometimes preached at Henderson Harbor, a small village on the lake, and sometimes at Smithville. The east side of the town, where I found a neighborhood composed chiefly of professors, Baptists and Congregationalists, excellent people many of them, the fruits of a late revival. One man, a Captain Burt, was a very interesting man. He had been a sea captain, and, although brought up in Massachusetts, he said he had never known anything on the subject of religion. He married into a religious family and his wife was very pious. After he moved out into that country he went, with his wife and his sister, to hear Elder Osgood sometimes, and when he came home his wife and sister would talk about the sermon, but he could not recollect a word. He thought he would try the next time and see if he could not bring home something important of what he heard. He would repeat to himself something that

he had heard in the sermon, but it was soon out of mind and he would be thinking of some part of the world that he had visited. He had been recently converted under the labors of a Congregational minister who was preaching in a neighboring town, and whose labors had been greatly blessed; good Brother Spear, my neighbor while in that country, whom I esteemed much, and who still lives to do good. He, Mr. Burt, was grieved to the heart on account of his wife, a most lovely, excellent woman, who had been persuaded by Brother Osgood to unite with his church. The idea that he and his wife could not commune together he could not endure and wept when he talked about it. I often saw him when I was at his house after I settled in that country. She became deranged.

In Ellisburg I had three stations, Ellisville, Woodville, and a little place in the northeast of the town where families of refinement and intelligence were living, from Rhode Island. It was refreshing to meet such a society in such a country. They were pious people. One of these was a Mr. Wardwell, a lawyer, the agent of his father in attending to land and two of the other sisters. Mr. Wardwell married the daughter of Mr. Morn of Whitesboro. My nephew, Dr. Kinney, married the other, and all lived in Mornsville in the town of Ellisville. Mr. Wardwell had been a member of Congress.

At Ellisville a little Congregational church had been formed composed mostly of females. It was a terrible wicked place. Whiskey and its concomitants,

gambling, dancing, litigating prevailed. They had no preaching and little before I went there I was told they hired a man to preach for them, whom the Methodists had silenced, and who was working at some trade. He was a man who could speak with some fluency, but intemperate. This was not much objection with some. Others thought it too bad to employ such a man to preach. One Sabbath morning when the people came to meet him they saw, written in a fair hand, this couplet, "A little house without a steeple, a drunken priest and a wicked people". This was too much for both parties. It was too true to be a jest and they gave up. Both parties were willing to dissolve partnership. Woodville, three or four miles from this place in the northeast part of the township, was another preaching place. It was from this place, a small one among the thousands of our country towns, that Governor issued to govern one of our western states, George Wood of Ohio was from this place and I suppose a lad at the time when I was a missionary there. Ebenezer Wood was the principal man, although he had a number of friends, relatives, and brothers, who constituted most of the settlement. They were from Vermont and many of them were very singular people. They had singular notions on the subject of religion. They were called rodmen from their using rods, as some do to determine whether there are courses of water underground, and other where mineral exists. They would use their rods in selecting chapters in the Bible, as in looking for medicinal herbs. They rejected the

ministry and were much like the Quakers in that respect. Any one might preach and exalt as the Spirit moved. But they were not like Quakers in regard of ordinances. They maintained these but any of the brotherhood administer them. They were very much opposed to orthodox christians and their operations. I had left tracts to be distributed, and one of their leaders would destroy all he could find. This superstition was dying out. It did not spread.

One young married lady of the Wood family was hopefully converted and united with the church. A leading man by the name of Dean, at whose house I sometimes stopped, was very seriously impressed during my stay there. He wept when I left. He afterwards made a confession of religion and was an Elder in the Presbyterian church established near there, and a very useful man.

I labored in these two townships and at these various stations and at school houses in the neighborhood for three months, preaching very often through the week at evening to crowded school houses, and visiting and conversing by day. Like all new countries there was great demand for school houses, and, according to New England customs, school houses must be built. Most of the population was of New England origin, and if they were living in log houses, the school house must be a good, substantial building of brick or wood and framed. The weather was stormy, as it always is, I believe, at this season at the east end of the lake. It rained, as it seemed to me, nearly every other day, and I had to ride through

mud and water constantly 'till winter set in about the middle of December. There was quite a number of hopeful conversions, especially in Henderson. Among these were Mrs. Hopkins, her step-daughter, a young lady grown, and her own daughter, the oldest of her little and interesting family, a girl of fourteen years. Mrs. Hopkins was the granddaughter of Dr. Hopkins of Newport, R. I., one of the most distinguished ministers of New England. His peculiar views on some subjects were embraced by many of the clergy, particularly of New England and gave them of Hopkinsians. Mrs. Hopkins' father lived at Great Barrington, Mass., where her grandfather spent a great part of the years of his ministry. Mrs. Hopkins' husband, Jesse Hopkins, although of the same name was not related to her, or if related the relation was quite remote. He was a very enterprising and intelligent man, had been a sea captain, accumulated a fortune, which he had lost in the West India trade, and he then moved into this new country in hopes of repairing his loss, was engaged in trade on the lake and acting as agent for a Mrs. Henderson at the East, after whom the township was named, and who had a title to tracts of land in that township. He had a fine situation and a good house on the borders of the lake. The first Sabbath I spent in Henderson, after my experience of the hard bed and hard fare which I have before mentioned, I was introduced to him and he invited me to his house to make it my home while I prosecuted my mission. I gladly accepted the offer and found myself

in comfortable quarters both as to room and society. I had their parlor chamber, where I could lodge, and when I wished to study or write I could occupy, although I had not much leisure for this. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins were very intelligent, and a young lady from Great Barrington, cousin of Mrs. Hopkins, was spending some time with them. The attachment of the family to me was that of a near friend after I went back to settle in a neighboring town. Afterwards they lived a while in Rome, then in Clinton, and while I was at Whitesboro they resided there for some time.

I left the people of my mission with regret, and especially this family. The people of the 'little church without the steeple' were anxious to retain my services, as well as others, and offered me one hundred dollars a year for a portion of my time, but I was at the bidding of the Missionary Society, and their orders were peremptory for me to go to Oswego, some fifty or sixty miles up the lake. I left Jefferson Co. for Oswego the latter part of December 1817. I stopped at Mexico on my way, and spent a day or two at Mr. Dickson's, met the Rev. Mr. Davenport, an aged, venerable man of threescore and ten years, acting as a missionary in that part of the country, called at Mr. Clark's, a physician from Connecticut originally, living in a log cabin, brother of Erastus Clark, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of Utica. It was a very intelligent, interesting and pious family. They lived about two miles out of the village of Oswego, but attended church there. Here I called frequently

afterwards while a missionary there, and in passing through the country in after years. Oswego was then a small village. A small church had been formed there by Brother Smith, but they had no place to worship but a school house. I did not find anything very interesting here from a religious point of view. Many of the influential men cared little about religion or meetings. Some were infidels and some Universalists. Here I became acquainted with Mr. Parsons, who was a lieutenant under Shay in his rebellion after the Revolution, a gentleman in his manners but reckless in religion. I preached but a part of my time here. Oswego Falls two miles above on the east side of the river, Mannssettlement on the west side eight miles up, and Hannibalville eleven miles out on the road to Auburn, shared my labors. At Rice's settlement also, about three miles out on the road to Hannibal, I preached more or less, especially in the week time. Old Mr. Rice settled there on his bounty land soon after the close of the Revolutionary war and while Oswego remained in the hands of the British and the fort was garrisoned by their soldiers. The old lady told me that for seven years they lived on bread made of pounded corn, and when they first attempted to get their wheat ground they went seven miles through the forest, and yet she seemed to think they were never more happy. Here I became acquainted with Mr. Brace, father of Samuel Brace of Utica. Several of his children were settled around him. Mrs. Brace was a very loquacious woman, queer and vain, the sister of several clergyman by the

name of Perry A. E. I became acquainted with Bishop, now and for many years a missionary of the American Board at the Sandwich Islands. His father was an Elder in the church at Oswego. While at Oswego, as I have before related, I used to visit the site of the old fort about which I had heard my father speak. Its walls in many places could scarcely be seen. The expanse of blue waters was spread out in full view, the same sandy beach over which they then swept remained, but no footprint of a soldier was visible, either there or on terra firma that it bordered. No munition of war was there, and no token of its famous occupants or its design, but dilapidated walls that here and there could be traced. The very hands by which they were raised have long since mingled with the earth, and the notes of sorrow or of revelry have long since been borne away by the winds to be heard no more within their enclosure. Doubtless the earth has been faithful to its trust, and the bones of many who perished here far from home and its sympathies sleep quietly beneath its surface, but the spirits of which they were the tenants, where are they.

While on this mission I had a narrow escape from a watery grave. I had an appointment at Oswego Falls. I was at Dr. Clark's, two miles east of Oswego. They urged me to stay to tea, and the pleasure I had in such a family made the persuasion easy. When I got upon my horse I looked at my watch. It was four o'clock, but as I had a fleet horse I thought I could reach the house, eleven miles distant, in time,

and I had determined, if possible, never again to miss an appointment, which I had once or twice done, to my regret. Soon after I set out it began to snow and the air was so thick with the falling snow that I could hardly see, and night soon came on. My horse could hardly keep the road, and much of it lay through a thick wood. It was no better when I emerged from the wood into the clearing in the neighborhood of the Falls. The snow had fallen so deep that the road could not be distinguished from its sides, and I was constantly getting out from the road. As I was passing along I thought I could discern water ahead, and looking in another direction I thought I could discover it at my side. I concluded that I must have mistaken my way and was upon the river. In some places it was frozen, in others it was too rapid to freeze. I turned about and made for what I supposed was the shore, my horse stepping in once or twice before I reached it, but it was not deep. I could discern a house at a little distance and knocked at the door. After knocking several times a faint voice inquired what was wanted. It was a sick man. Nobody else seemed to be in the house. He directed me to go to the next house and they would direct me. The darkness and falling snow were such that I could not find my way into the house, and I knocked at the window. A man came out who informed me that when I had supposed myself out of the way and on the river I was on the road and still on the river. The ice at the falls above had blocked up the river so that the river was turned

out of the line of channel onto the road. He directed me where to go, and watched to see that I took the right direction. I started on and my horse broke twice into mud and water. I called to know if I had got upon the river again. He said it was only a place where some water stood. I then found myself on firm ground, and soon reached the place of my appointment. I feared I should be too late. It was not much, however, after the time, and all who had come, to the number of six or seven, were there. I sat down by the fire and found myself very much exhausted. I could not swallow. I tried several times. I sat and said nothing. They supposed me waiting to get warm, but I was not cold. I was waiting to recruit my strength. After waiting fifteen or twenty minutes I was so much recovered that I could get up and try to preach, but it was hard work. The next day I had an appointment on the other side of the river, and other appointments for almost every day in the week, which I attempted to fulfill although the snow was nearly four feet on the level. From the Falls across to Hannibalville was about eight miles. There was a church, as I have mentioned, and here was one of my preaching stations. I set out after breakfast and was 'till nearly night getting there. About midway I came to a few houses in the midst of the forest. I stopped to warm and rest. How I disposed of my horse I do not recollect, but I was very hungry myself. I saw a johnny cake baking on the hearth. I asked the woman if she could give me something for dinner. She said she had nothing

but the cake that was on the hearth. I inquired if she could let me have some of that without robbing her children. She could make more for themselves. She gave me some of the cake in milk, and I thought I never relished a dinner better. Before reaching that settlement I had made up my mind to fast that day from necessity. I did not expect to find anything in the forest 'till I reached Hannibal. Previous to this I had passed from the Falls to the same place by another route. I was directed into the road but soon found it running out into what seemed to be a hunter's path. I rode on 'till it seemed to me that the path was at an end. I had been obliged to dismount inasmuch as the ground, under a light fall of snow, was full of water, and my horse with feet balled with snow and mud, and sinking into the deep soil at every step, made it difficult for him to carry me and dangerous for me to ride. I found it neither pleasant nor easy for me to travel on foot. Presently I came, to my great joy, to a clearing. It was a noble forest and trees of an enormous size almost covered the ground. It was with difficulty I could get through them, but the smoke of a cabin announced that I was in the neighborhood of human beings. I made my way to the house and found the man of stature quite below the common standard, and his wife, with one or two children. Almost the first question I asked him, after the ordinary salutation of a stranger, was how it was possible for him to fell such great trees. I had been admiring the prostrate trunks of this giant forest, and I was equally

surprised at the diminutiveness of the man I found in the midst of them. He said he was a tailor by trade and had hired the trees out. When I told him I was a minister of the Gospel and a missionary they seemed very much surprised and gratified. I found, on inquiry, that he was from New Hampshire, where his parents lived, that there were some five or six children and all professors of religion but him, and that a young man whom I know a member of the church at Oswego. I told him that it might be that the Lord had sent me there in answer to the prayers of his parents and friends to be the instrument also of bringing him into the fold of Christ. After free conversation and prayer with them, as my custom was at such interviews, I gave them some tracts and told them that I was to preach at Hannibalville that night and I wished him to inform his neighbors and come down if they could. They were affected to tears and said they would come. He did so and brought several of his neighbors all the way, about five miles, on a sled. I saw him usually when I preached at Hannibal, and I learned afterwards that he possessed a hope, not long after, and united with the church. How kind is God and faithful to his promises. The generation of the upright shall be blessed. I will be a God unto thee and thy children. Though seed be long buried in the dust it shan't deceive their hope. The precious grain can never be lost, for grace insures the crop. Times and seasons and instruments are in the power of God. As the second three months of my mission drew to a close I moved on toward

the region of Cayuga, where my sister lived. I spent a Sabbath in the town of Cate. There I became acquainted with the Wests and Congers, who have since lived, and a number of them died, in Galesburg. I finally spent the last Sabbath of my term in what has since been named Elbridge, where were the graves of my dear sister Goodrich and her husband, and where I had a number of friends and acquaintances, and where I had six or seven years before visited. Here I closed my labors, and here I felt just about used up for the time. I could hardly speak loud enough to be heard in an assembly. I had traveled through the country when the snow was about four feet deep in the depth of winter, and preached three or four times in the week, besides Sabbath labor. I felt that I needed rest and that rest would restore my health and strength, as it did. After spending a week or two with my sister, I returned to Attica to surrender my commission and make my report. On my way, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Bushnell, pastor of the church at Vernon village, some twelve or fifteen miles west of Attica, I stopped and spent two weeks. He was in the midst of a powerful revival and needed help, and, although worn, and anxious to get on, I felt it my duty to comply with his request. I enjoyed the season and I hope good was done. We were afterwards co-Presbyters for a number of years, and finally fellow emigrants to the far West. He settled in Lisbon, Ill., I where I am. I have just reason to be thankful for my safe return, and for the good hand of my God that was around

and over me for my support and defense. I went out in a state that made it doubtful whether I should be able to perform missionary labor three months, and I labored six, not expecting to be out all winter. I took one overcoat, and that not a very warm one, with no over-socks to my feet. While on the Oswego station I received a present of those from a lady who noticed I needed them. I labored through rain and sleet and snow in all weathers and all kinds of roads, and lodged in all kinds of places, sometimes in garrets where I could see the stars through the roof, and have shaken the snow from my clothes in the morning when I put them on. But still my health improved and I have ever regarded these labors as [among the happiest in my life.] Good I trust was done, souls converted to Christ whom I hope to meet in Heaven.

At Attica I met the managers of the Society, under whose direction I went out. They were noble ladies and they were engaged in a noble cause. Many in Western New York will pronounce them blessed. Many churches were planted, and many were converted through their instrumentality. Mrs. Kirkland, wife of General Joseph Kirkland of Attica, was secretary of the Society, from whom I received many cheering communications while I was on my mission. I always afterwards enjoyed her friendship, which I prized. She was a highly intellectual, refined and devoted christian lady.

From Attica I returned to my sister's near Troy, my most christian home, intending to spend a few

weeks with them, and return to Princeton at the commencement of summer term and spend a year. My health was so much restored, and my experience of what I needed of more theological knowledge, I thought would enable me to spend that year with special advantage. While here I received an urgent invitation from the church in Cairo, west of

near where I taught the select school for my friend Judd, to pay them a visit if I did not remain more than two Sabbaths. I concluded to accept their invitation, although it was my firm purpose to suffer nothing to hinder me but special indications of Providence from being at Princeton at the opening of the next session. As there was to be a meeting of the Presbytery for the ordination of my class mate Judd, who was going to labor as a missionary pastor of a church in Pennsylvania, I directed my course to Catskill, where the ordination was to take place. There I met my old friend Judd and his bride, Miss Freulinghuysen, whom I have previously mentioned. It was of course an interesting meeting, and the occasion gave it additional interest. At the close of the meeting of Presbytery he and his wife went up to Cairo and to Durham, where the school was taught by us and where his mother and sister lived. Here we spent a few days very pleasantly, when he set out for his destination and I returned to Cairo to fulfill my engagement. Here instead of remaining two Sabbaths I remained there two months. It was a disappointment to me, but it seemed to be the will of God. A deep seriousness commenced evidently on

the second Sabbath among the youth of the congregation, that continued to spread and increase until most of the congregation were deeply impressed and a large number of the converts professed a hope in Christ. Among these were two young men who afterwards became ministers of the Gospel. One of them was a Mr. Sanford Morse, who, in company with another man, had just opened a law office. He was the son of a clergyman then preaching in Western New York. He had not become openly immoral but he was callous on the subject of religion, and his partner was a professed infidel. Morse was deeply impressed with a sense of his sins, and the consideration that weighed most powerfully was this neglect of his father's instructions and counsel. He went with me one day into a grove near the town, where I often retired, and the burden of his distress was the fact I have named. Will not thoughts like these be among the bitterest ingredients in many a sinner's cup in the world of woe? Disregard of a parent's teaching and prayers, by a child dedicated to God, how painful to a parent's heart, how offensive to God, how fearful is retribution in the coming world! He, after a few weeks, became more tranquil and hopeful, but had no longer any relish for his profession. He quit his business, came and boarded with me and gave his time to reading the Bible and religious duties. While he was with me his father came to see him on his way to New England. It was an affecting meeting. They fell into each other's arms and shed tears of joy, mingled, on the part of young

Morse, doubtless, with those of penitence. He, after some months, commenced study for the ministry with Dr. Porter of Catskill, where he finished them and was licensed by the Presbytery of Columbia and is now a preacher, as he has been for thirty-five years, in Western New York.

The other was a Henry White, son of a farmer in the neighborhood where I taught, and a member of that school. He was, at the time of his conversion, about eighteen years old. The family were in the habit of attending meetings at the village of Cairo, about five miles distant. Some time in the week, after I had been there several Sabbaths, Mr. White sent a man, with a buggy, for me to come and see his son. He had been for several days, or since the Sabbath, in deep distress of mind. I found him so indeed; a man in paroxysms could not have been in greater apparent distress. I told him at once that I could not help him, the matter lay between him and God. All that God required of him was submission to His terms. After sitting a while, apparently in deep thought, he arose and came to the opposite side of the room with several other members of the family, and inquired with much earnestness if this would be submission, to be willing that God should do with him just as He pleased. I saw the temptation he was under. He was in deep distress and perplexity, and he was inclined to get rid of his troubles by making it an affair of his Maker's concern wholly and none of his. If God should see fit to save him or convert him, he might do so, and if otherwise to

cast him away, His will be done; he could do nothing himself. By acquiescence in his fate, and admitting it was nothing in which he could have any agency, he would feel relieved from a responsibility that was now the source of his greatest trouble. I told him the submission God required of him was to receive and obey Christ as his Savior in the light in which the Gospel presented him, and that was all He required. After discoursing with him in relation to the terms of salvation as they were presented in the Bible, I prayed with him and returned that night. He found peace in believing and became an active christian. He took a part in the young people's meetings in that neighborhood, both in prayer and exhortation, to the joy and the edification of all his associates. He was a youth of fine mental powers and of more than ordinary promise and much beloved. Some time after, a few weeks, his father sent for me again, informing me that his son was in a gloomy state of mind and he feared was insane. He would sometimes sit down in the harvest field and become so absorbed in thought as to forget seemingly everything about him. I went up and found him in a singular state of mind. He persisted in affirming that he was not converted. No person could be a christian with a heart so corrupt and selfish as his. If he prayed or read or did anything it was only from a selfish aim. He did not wish to be encouraged, and no person could convince him that he was a christian. The source of this trouble, which, as it turned out, perhaps was no disadvantage, was a conversation he

had with the minister who lived a few miles distant in the other direction, an excellent man, whose praise then, and for many years, was in all the churches, but he carried the doctrine of disinterested benevolence, as it is technically termed, and was advocated by some divines of that day, to an extreme. Men, to exercise right feelings toward God, must lose sight of themselves wholly. With such all regard to one's self was selfishness and therefore sinful. This was regarded as a test of genuine piety or true conversion. There is no doubt that wherever our interests as we may exercise them come in competition with God the less must yield to the greater, and the soul subdued and enlightened with regard to God's will cannot but yield to His claims and will find its highest happiness in just yielding. His language will be that of Christ, "Not my will, but Thine, be done". But man's salvation is blended really and inseparably from the glory of God. It is not only His expressed will that men should be saved, but the gift of Christ and the whole plan of redemption shows them to be united. Finding himself prompted, as every sinner is, to flee from the wrath to come by the dread of misery and the love of happiness, and especially of a happiness that consists in holiness and a love of God, he ought to have written bitter things against himself, but he received the doctrine that all regard to his own welfare was selfish and thought he could have no ground of hope for himself as a converted man, and he did not want to be encouraged. I remarked to him that nothing could

induce me to encourage him in a hope that would deceive him at last, but it was possible that his views of what constituted a change were wrong. After attempting to show him what I regarded as an evidence of a saving change I inquired of him, without his suspecting my object, what his feelings were in relation to various things, to which he frankly responded. I then looked at him and said, "Henry, do you think that those are the feelings of an impenitent sinner? Were they yours formerly?" A smile lighted up his countenance and he admitted he had not felt thus formerly, but said it seemed to him that his heart was very selfish, if not wholly so. I offered prayer with the family, and particularly for him, and left again for town. That night, as I was informed, his mind was cleared of its clouds, and peace and hope returned to gladden his bosom. He went forward again in the performance of his christian duties and panting for a field of higher usefulness. Soon after he left his father's house, with the consent of his parents, to qualify himself for that field. After preparing for college in a neighboring town, he started, as he informed me afterwards, on foot for college through snow and mud with but a few shillings in his pocket. By the aid of Presbytery and friends, and by his own industry and economical habits, he completed his course of study, not only at the college of Schenectady but at the seminary at Princeton, with honor to himself and the high expectation of friends, but with impaired health which was never wholly restored. He traveled a

while South as a Bible agent for the benefit in part of his health. He received a call to the Allan Street Church in the city of New York, and was the honored and beloved pastor of that church for many years. At the establishment of Union Theological Seminary he was chosen to fill the chair of didactic theology in that institution, and where he continued for two years, an able and skilled instructor, beloved and admired by all his pupils. His premature death was regarded as a great loss to the seminary and the church of Christ. Such is the brief history of the Rev. Henry White, D.D., my spiritual son, my beloved and chosen friend. He always insisted on my making his house my home while in New York, which I often did. The last time I enjoyed this pleasure was in the fall of 1843, and succeeding winter, when I was often at his house, spent many pleasant hours with him, and accompanied him to the seminary to listen to his lectures. He was a man of an uncommonly clear mind and of great power of analysis. A man of God who has gone to his reward. I have here diverged from my history, but to some no apology will be thought needed.

I remained at Cairo 'till near the time of the opening of the winter, or long session at Princeton when I left for that place. I had remained about four months at that place, and in that time there were a large number of souls hopefully converted and the church strengthened. I labored hard, preaching three times on the Sabbath, visiting and attending meetings through the week. I found, what young men trained

at a seminary, or, indeed, trained anywhere, cannot fail to find, a great want of practical knowledge, and skill in guiding inquiring souls, and in dealing with impenitent sinners, especially in regard to their objections and subterfuges. I was visited by some old brethren, who came by invitation or of their own accord to see the work of God, and from them I gained many useful hints. Had I consulted my own best good I could have spent my time no where, not even at the seminary, more profitably. The church was anxious to retain me, importunately so, but nothing could induce me longer to omit the finishing of my theological course. I was bound for Princeton and thither must I go. I revisited my house and visited my friends in my native county, passed thence through Putnam county, whence I had formerly labored a missionary for a short time, and thence to Westchester to Stamford, Conn., to visit my friends there, with whom I spent a few days and saw them for the last time; thence to New York, and through New Brunswick, where I also called, and thence to Princeton.

At Princeton, after an absence of two years and a half, I found my old professors, but with the exception of Sam Davis, a nephew of President Davis of Hamilton College, who had, like myself, been absent, I found no student of those who had been there while I was there the first time, although there was no diminution of numbers, but a very considerable increase. There were many with whom I had been acquainted in the college at Schenectady,

and also in college at Princeton who were the subjects of the revival when I was there in 1815. Among the former were B. B. Wisner, George S. Boardman, Aaron Lane, and Charles Webster. Among the latter were Armstrong, Babbit, Hodge (now professor), Sims, Henry-of Albany, William James, Johns, McIlvains, the latter two bishops in the Episcopal church. Wisner and Armstrong both died while secretary to the American Board. The former was called from the Old South Church in Boston, and the latter was many years pastor in one of the largest churches in Richmond, Va., a great and good man. Nevins and Larned, the former of Baltimore and the latter of New Orleans when they died, men of great distinction. Why are such men, whom the church and the world seem to need, taken, while many of no or less power to do good are left? "Even so, Father, for it seemeth good in Thy sight!"

After spending a happy winter in study and preaching, as a supply for some vacant church, I left Princeton March 25th for Adams, Jefferson Co., New York, near the place of my former missionary labor at the east end of Lake Ontario. I had invitations to become the pastor, or to visit a number of places. Among these were Princeton, Kentucky, Cairo, and Adams, New York. The people of Cairo I pitied and loved, but could not think of settling there. The church of Adams was exceedingly urgent and impatient for me to visit them. Mr. Wardwell, now Hon. Daniel Wardwell, who had resided in one of the towns on my mission, had moved there, and

added his importunities and theirs. I felt attached to the people in that region and God had blessed my labors there. It was a new country, a wide and destitute field, and I preferred the freedom and stimulus of a new and growing country to the mill horse-path of an old and stationary region, although in many respects they were comfortable. I, after consulting my professors, concluded to leave nearly two months before the close of the term. A deep snow had fallen, which was unusual at this time of year for New Jersey, but a warm sun was melting it away. I went as far as Amwell, where I had labored the winter before as a supply; only fifteen the first day. The next day I started near Easton on the Delaware, the third I had passed the wind gap, as it is called, into the mountains, found the roads intolerable; the melting snow made it hard for my horse. I put up at a public house a little before night, having some apprehension about the feasibility of my passing through the mountains. That night the wind came, and I started after breakfast and traveled on the 28th of March forty miles through the most sterile region I ever saw, very sparsely settled, over snow and ice, while the thermometer, which had stood at midnight but little above the freezing point, with a cold northwester directly in my face. I have never forgotten the 28th of March 1819. At night-fall I found myself descending the mountain into the beautiful and celebrated valley of Wyoming and the noted town of Wilkesbarre at my feet. It was Saturday night, and I sent for an Elder of the church and

informed him that as I had learned they were destitute of a pastor, and the pulpit insupplied, I could preach for them if they wished, and he might give notice accordingly. He was quite glad to do so, after being informed in relation to myself. I accordingly supplied their desk, preaching twice upon the Sabbath.

On Monday morning I started on my way, which led for some time through a dense forest of evergreens, and in some places dug out of the side of the mountains and the dark waters of the Susquehanna dashing wildly among the rocks at its base. In passing through these solitudes the thought would occur, suppose some man of blood should meet the traveler, and mistake the missionary with his filled portmanteau for a traveling merchant. It would be easy, after committing the crime he might deem necessary to procure his booty, to conceal the deed by plunging his body into the abyss below. Like the boy who passes through the graveyard whistles or sings to allay his fears, or inspire courage, or rather, as I hope, from some confidence in God and to stimulate faith, I broke out into singing a little hymn, most of which has now escaped me, expressive of my confidence in the protection of an invisible guide. In the afternoon I emerged into a cleared, but new, country, and found it settled most of the way to Montrose, where I arrived the next day a little after noon, and found myself happy in the society of my friend Dr. Judd and his interesting wife, who were no less happy in seeing an old friend in their new western home. I

had parted with them the day before at Cairo on their way to their field. I spent this and the next day with them happily. The remembrance of it is refreshing, and yet painful, when I remember that ere the sun of this bright morning of his connubial happiness had approached its zenith it was covered with a cloud darker than midnight. The object of his tender affections, a woman such as few men are blessed with, or one more beloved, was the tenant of an insane asylum, leaving him with five children too young to appreciate their loss or to divide with him the burden of his grief. Early in the day after I left I arrived at the Susquehanna, over which I was ferried to Owego on the opposite shore. Everything now began to wear the appearance of spring. The whole region was ringing with the blows of the axe and the click of hammers. On both sides the river was lined with lumber and laborers employed in constructing a species of river craft, called arks, for floating down their lumber and produce to Baltimore. I urged on my horse, after a little pause to Ithaca at the head of Cayuga Lake. I arrived there in the evening and called on Dr. Hayt, whose friend I had become acquainted with in Putnam Co., soon after I was licensed. The Doctor was an Elder in the Presbyterian church, which had recently settled the Rev. William, now Dr. Wisner. Ithaca, at that time small, was ambitious of preeminence over other towns, and its favorable location and enterprising inhabitants gave promise of future prosperity. They erected a good meeting house for those times, the

Doctor told me, and were resolved to have a first rate preacher, a man of superior talents, but he must not preach any hard doctrine such as predestination and others of that class. Mr. Wisner, who had not long before left the profession of law for that of the ministry, was passing that way, and on invitation spent the Sabbath. Whether he had been informed of the people's distaste for hard doctrines, as they called them, or not, he preached to a very attentive audience on those very topics. So far from giving unpardonable offense, they were wonderfully taken with his discourses. He showed so much talent and power in the pulpit, as well as boldness, that they were determined if possible to have him for a pastor, and Dr. Hayt, who had said the most against hard doctrines, was one of the committee to obtain him, and the most indefatigable in this service. Mr. Wisner was called and settled. A revival soon followed and the Doctor was one of the converts and a warm advocate of the doctrines he had hated, and a great admirer of the pastor.

I passed on the following day down the east side of the lake through some flourishing villages, among which were Ludlowville and Aurora. In some places the country seemed just reaped of its primeval forest, and yet there were elegant two story houses neatly painted; and an air of outward prosperity seldom seen in a new country. At Ludlowville I called on the pastor, whom I found an old college acquaintance, Brother Adams, who died some years since suddenly at Mineral Point, Wis. We were glad to

meet. I arrived at my sister's, Mrs. Griffin's, that evening, between the lake and Auburn, in the town of Springport, formerly a part of Aurelius. Here they lived when I visited them in 1811 and many years afterward. The eldest son was now grown, and the two eldest daughters, the oldest about to be married. I spent several days with my sister's family and pursued my way to Auburn and to Elbridge, stopping a short time at the latter place to visit friends, and then through Oswego around the lake to Adams. As this was the track of my former mission, I made short calls on a number of families that I wished to see; particularly among these was that of Dr. Deodatus Clark, two miles east of Oswego in the town of Scriba. The last time I saw him was the evening I started to fulfill my appointment at Oswego Falls, where I nearly perished on the river and in the storm. Mrs. Clark met me at the door, expressing by her looks and words her pleasure at meeting me once more, and yet there was a look of sadness mingled with her smile. I inquired about the family. She said they were well. She asked if I remembered inquiring for one of her daughters when I left and did not see her. I told her I did. She said she purposely avoided me for fear I would say something to her in relation to her spiritual interest, and that fact probably served to open her eyes to the state of her mind more than anything else that could have been said. She was from that time deeply convinced of her sins, and not long after yielded her heart to the Savior. Her feeble health had resulted in a consump-

tion, of which she had died some months before in the peace and hope of a fervent faith in her Redeemer. This was the last time I saw this good and interesting lady, whose delicate health gave sad premonition that she too would not long survive her daughter, as she did not. The interview was a pleasant one. I arrived at Adams about the middle of April. This village is situated on Great Sandy Creek, which was then the centre of it, furnishing good mill sites which were occupied by a number of them. It lies on the most direct road from Sacketts Harbor to Rome, about eleven miles from the latter place, and fifty from the former, about thirteen miles from Watertown, and the same distance from Brownsville. It had then a population of from three to four hundred, I should judge, with a fine farming country around it, which was settled almost wholly by New England people. The church and school house, as is always the case with the inhabitants of that portion of the country, were prominent. A Congregational church had been in being for a number of years, and for several years they had enjoyed the labors of a pastor, Rev. Chauncy Cook, who had been dismissed then, four years before. Previous to the war of 1812 they had got out timber for a good sized church, but the fear of hard times led them to shorten their timbers and build one considerably smaller. It was just finished and would hold some three hundred people perhaps. More could be crowded in. It cost them at the time three hundred dollars, but was badly built. It was an expensive

church for the price but built during the war when prices had no standard. During the previous winter they had enjoyed a reviving season under the labors of the Rev. Enos Bliss, a plain old gentleman but a good man. The church, with the late increase, numbered from forty to fifty members, chiefly farmers around and mechanics in the village. The merchants and professional men, although favorable to society, stood aloof from the church. There were some four or five law offices, with one or more lawyers occupying them, five or six dry goods stores, two public houses, with mills of different kinds, two distilleries, an appendage to every village in that day, with mechanics of all sorts, three or four physicians, and the Bank of Jefferson Co. The bank was soon afterward removed to Watertown. At this time all the principal towns were without church edifices and held worship in school houses. At Watertown it was held in the school house. At Champoon, Rodman and Adams they had built small houses. At the village of Adams there was no other organization but that of the Congregational church, and no other form of worship stately kept up in the village. In the northern part of the township there was another Congregational church to which the Rev. Rossiter was preaching, and also a Baptist church. The Methodists had several places of preaching. I put up with my old friend Wardwell, who had opened a law office in partnership with a Mr. Wright, now Judge Wright, and Mr. Charles C. Finney was a student in their office. I had a large and attentive audience and

was treated with marked respect. While I was on my mission in the adjoining township eighteen months before I preached here by exchange, but one Sabbath and one evening during the week. They were inclined to make out a call. Esq. Wardwell inquired of me what I should regard as a proper salary. I told him I had never put a price upon my labors. People had given me what they chose and I had had no occasion to complain. When he returned from the meeting he told me that there was a good deal of enthusiasm at the meeting and they had unanimously voted to give me one hundred and eighty seven dollars a year. I told him it was more than I expected, and if I had named my sum it would not have been so much by one hundred dollars a year at least, but as there might be some failures it might be well to let it stand at that. Some eight or ten had subscribed twenty-five dollars a year, and most of these not members. One was an old farmer with one wooden leg and not a member of the church, although his wife and some of his family were. (This sum he always paid punctually and added to it a load of wood and other things every year while I was pastor). I continued with them a few Sabbaths and left for the East without giving them any decisive answer. If I should conclude to return I would let them know, and return to them in the course of two or three months. I visited my friends in Rensselaer and Dutchess Counties, and went to Princeton, where I had left my little library and other things. I purchased some more books here, and some two or three

hundred dollars worth in the city of New York. I returned to Adams some time in September. While absent I had some two or three invitations to preach or settle at Ch. . . . , where I preached a number of times in 1817 while studying at Schenectady. This town lies something to the north of Schenectady. It was a large and wealthy congregation and had enjoyed the pastoral labors of the Rev. Sweetland for twenty years or more. He was one of the three that constituted the first class that graduated at Union. His voice had failed him, and although living has never been able to resume preaching. I preached here one Sabbath. While absent at noon Mr. Sweetland called the Elders together and sent for me. He did not know that I had received any other call, that I knew. After a few remarks he slapped me on the knee as I sat by him and said, "Come, Gale, let us call the congregation together and make out a call for you". Others were very urgent, but I declined without telling them the principal reason. The truth was I did not want to disgrace myself or the ministry by seeming to put myself up to the highest bidder. I thought it best to decide one application for my labors first upon its merits, and although I might have an easier berth and better pay in Ch. I might not have so important a field of usefulness. My heart and Providence seemed to point to Adams as the seat of my pastoral labor. A special meeting of the Presbytery of St. Lawrence, which then included Watertown and all of that region, was called for my examination, and if this

were in order, for my ordination and installation. The weather had been stormy for some weeks and on the 26th cleared off with a considerable fall of snow so that some of the members came in sleighs. They met at Adams on the 26th, and after examination upon all parts of trial in such cases made arrangements for my ordination and settlement on the following day. It was a beautiful day with scarcely a cloud to obscure the horizon after a continued storm of a number of weeks. The traveling was bad but the church was filled. A platform had been erected about the pulpit and there the Presbytery were seated while the congregation were assembled. The Rev. Mr. Snowden, of Sacketts Harbor, N. M. Wells of Brownsville, Banks of Waterville, Spear of Rodman, Bliss of Lorraine, Dutton of Champoos, and the venerable Mr. Clinton of Lawville with his noble form and white locks, were there. There were several other members of the body, but the traveling or some other cause had prevented their attendance. Several of them were pastors of Congregational churches and kept up the association, but all belonged to the Presbytery and at that time would have been glad to have had their churches in the same communion.

Rev. Mr. Wells preached the sermon. Mr. Clinton presided, I think, and put the questions and made the ordaining prayer. Mr. Banks gave the charge to the pastor, if my memory serves me, and Mr. Spear the charge to the people. Mr. Rossiter was there also and made the introductory prayer. Of all these

members of the Presbytery and several others these names are not mentioned. The ministers of Martinsburg and Leyden, Mr. Wells now of Detroit, Mr. Spear of Rodman, and possibly Mr. Dutten, only remain. They have all gone, numbers of them many years since, to their reward. Captain Goodell, as he was then called, afterwards Judge Goodell, at the close of the exercises came upon the platform, as he had been appointed unbeknown to me, and took me by the hand, and, as the representative of the parish, made a brief but very appropriate and handsome address expressive of the kind feeling and great satisfaction felt by all on this interesting occasion. The Captain had lately retired from the army, was subsequently member of the legislature and speaker of the assembly, was afterwards appointed inspector of the prison at Auburn, where he died. He was a pretty fine looking man, very social, with a great flow of spirits. I boarded at his house before I was married, and he was always a warm friend of mine. He required only the one thing needful to make him one of the best of men. During the revival of 1821-1822 he was convicted, attended my meetings of inquiry, and had had a hope for some time, but I fear politics interfered to his ruin, the judgment will tell. Goodell is one of those I have known, the remembrance of whom awakens emotions like those of the miser of Cany.

This to me was one of the most solemn and interesting days of my life. The heads of families greeted me as I left the church, and the whole scene

at this distance of time in many of its particulars is as fresh as most things of the years gone by.

The twenty-seventh of October 1819 is a memorable epoch in my history.

*From the Time of my Installation in October 1819
to my leaving Adams in November 1824.*

During the winter after my settlement there is little to record of interest. I performed the usual parochial duties to the satisfaction of my people but with no special effect. I soon had a number of marriages to attend. The first marriage I solemnized which was solemnized soon after my ordination was between a daughter of one of the principal members of the church who was afterwards an elder and a young man, Mr. Stone, who was soon after chosen deacon of the church. Not many weeks after, Mr. Dockstator, a merchant of the village, called on me with his sleigh to take a ride to a neighboring town to marry a young friend of his to a young lady there. His friend resided in Herkimer. It was eight or ten miles from Adams, in the new settlement. That young man's name was Fairwell, who for many years had been a prosperous and enterprising merchant of Utica. I have often been at his house at his invitation. I returned a part way with Mr. Dockstator and put up with a friend at Rodman, about five miles from home, and started the next morning with a young man for Adams. We had a good horse but we had to face one of the most driving snow storms I ever

experienced. The horse could not keep the road or travel out of a walk. We met nobody for none were abroad. We could only get our breath by keeping our faces under a buffalo robe. I received, however, my first fee in a gold piece, which was better far than I usually obtained. I sometimes drove ten miles out and back and got one dollar, not enough to pay for my horse and sleigh if I had hired them. Two and three dollars was my ordinary fee, which was optional of course. The worst part was the cheer they tendered, especially in the back settlements. To refuse them wholly, would not in their estimation be polite, and to use them was sufficient to make one with a delicate stomach like me, quite sick. Before the days of temperance, at weddings and when a man visited a house, the presentation of whiskey for refreshment in a new country was nothing uncommon; it was regarded as an essential part of their hospitality.

I found it necessary to change my boarding place very often and a portion of the time I was obliged to occupy a vacant lawyer's office for my study. It was difficult to find a family who could furnish a room for my library and study. My friends suggested to me that I ought to have a home and study of my own. I was pretty well convinced of that fact. I found it not very pleasant to burden a family with a clergyman and others who sometimes called, and my parishioners did not feel free to call and I to invite them. Although I had been preaching between three and four years, I did not feel, while unsettled, that I ought to burden myself by leading about

another, nor place myself in circumstances in which I should be obliged to settle before I was ready to do so. My friends for a number of years had been very kind and suggestive on the subject, but I had never by correspondence or in any other way made overtures to anybody. I had formed many an agreeable acquaintance and had some pleasant and agreeable female correspondents but the nature of the correspondence was well understood. Of coquetry I could say as Cowper says of affection, "In my soul I loath it all, Whether in man or woman, But most in man and most, In him who ministers at the altar." I may not have the poetry correct but the sentiment is.

While I was at Princeton before my ordination I thought I would call on a family in a town a little distance from there with which I had become acquainted some years before, but I found no leisure until my return. It was not far out of my way. She was a particular friend of the wife of my old college mate, Rev. J, and by marriage related. I went first to Col. F's of the town of S, whose lady, a second wife, was sister of the person in question, and where I had visited before. I was going out in afternoon to make some calls, but was urged to return to tea. I went down to her father's and spent a few hours at the house of a Mr. Van V The old gentleman spoke with some emphasis and said they had been expecting me there before. I could not tell why he had expected me and I feared lest I or they might be embarrassed

if I asked for explanations and I made no reply. As I was to preach that evening and knowing that they would attend, and as I was engaged to take tea, I asked him and his daughter if it would not be convenient for them to go up to Col. F's in the village and get their tea. I had no doubt that it would be agreeable to them. They hesitated but concluded to go up. It gave me a little better opportunity to renew my acquaintance and to try my own feelings and judgment. We went to church, and after meeting we shook hands and parted. It was the last time I saw them, and I left the next morning on the way north. The families and their connections were highly respectable, and the young lady was much esteemed by her relatives, but I felt no particular attraction, and the distance too, of my settlement from the connections and friends would, as I thought, be a serious hindrance to a happy future, should other things be right. She afterwards married a gentleman of wealth near her home and was doubtless more happy than she could have been with me. During the winter my friend, Mrs. W , was very desirous that I should see a lady of her acquaintance in Orange County, who was pious, of some considerable wealth, and of the most respectable family connections. As I had some business in an adjoining county, I concluded to take a horse and cutter as the sleighing was good and go nearly a hundred miles. There was another person in the same vicinity whom I wished more to see. I had been acquainted with the family, and had she been pious, should have had serious

thoughts of paying my addresses to her. I had heard of an extensive revival in the place, and thought perhaps she might be a subject, her parents were members. I drove there and was invited to pass the night. I found her still the same and as pious, in my estimation, was a *sine quo non* in the wife of a minister, it passed for a friendly call. She afterwards married a lawyer, a professor of religion and probably made a profession herself, but as she lived in a state south I was not informed. I visited my old friend, S. Ferris and the family in Herkimer, and on my return, called at the house where the lady lived recommended by Mrs. W, but was not smitten nor much attracted. It passed for a friendly call, probably a little more was suspected. A young lady from Adams, a member of my congregation, had ridden down with me, but she was not ready to return. I was glad, although there was no impropriety in her riding with me to see her parents, it might give occasion for village gossip, and the more if she returned also. So while I was congratulating myself on being able to return alone although company in itself would have been very agreeable, I met Esq. R., as I passed through the village of R. I was glad to see him. He was a lawyer and a member of the church, he and his lady, and I had formed a pleasant acquaintance with them. Seeing me alone, he asked me if I would take his wife's sister to ride with me. Her parents lived, he informed me, near Adams and she had been waiting some time for an opportunity to go up. I felt embarrassed for the moment, but as

the family were respectable, although I had no acquaintance with her, I could not refuse. When I arrived at Adams, after leaving the young lady at a friend's, I went to my lodgings and met a lady at whose house I had boarded. She saluted me with a laugh, "Well done, Mr. Gale. Miss G. . . . rode home with you." "There will be gossip enough through the town. You had better have brought Jane back," (the young lady that went down with me) "I can't help that", said I, "the young lady I knew nothing about, presumed she was respectable, her relations are, and they begged the privilege of her riding." There was nothing against the lady, as I could learn, except she was coquettish and Mrs. W. . . . might set people to speculating about the pastor. I stated the facts and I heard nothing about it afterwards. Not long after I was invited to tea in the town, and when I got there, the only company was this Miss G. . . . She had made her toilet with great care and dressed in her gayest attire. I felt indignant, and thought within myself, "In vain is the net spread in the sight of many birds." I concealed my chagrin as much as I could, but they must have inferred I was not well pleased. As soon after tea as decency would allow, I excused myself and returned home. This and some other occurrences of a more serious character, but which were fortunately kept quiet, or divulged to no one but an officer in the church, for my own safety and that of religion, I put a comment on one passage which I had not been accustomed to, "A bishop must be the husband

of one wife." I underscored must and acted upon the precept. I accepted the appointment to represent the presbytery in the next general assembly of the Presbyterian Church, that was to meet in Philadelphia in May. My youth and the recency of my settlement would have led me to decline, but the hope that something would there turn up favorable to my wishes in regard to this special obligation of a bishop, led me to accept the appointment. I thought of a young lady I saw in New Jersey, of whom I have made mention. Perhaps I was too fastidious, not wise in dismissing that matter with no little ceremony, but I thought more of another nearer home. I had often thought of her. I had very little acquaintance with her but I had heard her often spoken of by others and I knew and admired her religious history and character. I supposed I could have nothing to hope while her father lived, as being an only surviving daughter, she would never leave him. But he had recently died as I had learned. I would leave home a week or two earlier than I otherwise would and see her if practicable. When I arrived in Troy I called on the pastor who had been a sort of father to me for several years. Mrs. G. says, "Have you got married yet, Mr. Gale?" I said, "That is yet in the future tense, if at all. It is not so easy to accomplish such great purposes. A good minister's wife is not so easily found and a minister is not in the best circumstances to discriminate. We need the help of our friends." "Well," said she, "there is someone here I could recommend. She will make

you a good wife and you would make her a good husband." "In regard to the latter I can't say," I replied. "I presume she is a fine young lady." I called at Col. P's . . . Mrs. P. was glad to see me and, in the course of the conversation, she fell upon the same topic as my other friend and spoke of the same person in a similar strain. I was not only gratified with this expression of interest in my friend for me, but was pleased with the coincidence of views, especially as it accorded with my own of which they could have known nothing, and I could not but regard it as some intimation of a favoring Providence. I thought best, however, to counsel the pastor, the common friend of us both. I found him in his study, where I wished to find him. He said Harriet was a fine girl and would make a good wife or words to that effect. Her sister, Mrs. V . . . , was also a good housekeeper, he added. "A housekeeper! Very cool!" thought I. "I have hardly thought of that. I am not inquiring about a housekeeper." And yet I have since thought that is more of an item than most young men regard it. The doctor's cautiousness, I presume, arose from the fear that if the thing should not please some of the friends, he might come in for a share of the blame of putting it forward. Mrs. C. . . . , I found afterwards, rather mum on the subject. Notwithstanding, I repeated my calls, settled the matter of a correspondence, with the distinct understanding of the object, and had an interview with her brother, the only other member of the family, who treated the matter very kindly, making

no objections to the proposed correspondence. He expressed his desire that his sister should exercise her own judgment. When in New York, where I stopped a few days, I wrote her as I had proposed, and in my letter I remarked, that if she should make up her mind to answer my proposal in the negative, (which I gave her to understand I hoped she would not do) I should like to be informed before I returned. This was an error, but it arose from too great earnestness to have the matter disposed of if possible before I returned, which circumstances at home rendered, as I thought, important, but which of course could not be explained. This furnished a handle to a certain individual who was opposed to awaken a jealousy in her mind and represent my proposal as a mere matter of calculation not based upon any attachment. I accordingly received an answer in the negative. It was Saturday afternoon. My college and seminary friend, the late Dr. Gilbert, of our general assembly the stated clerk for many years, I met in Philadelphia. He was out of health and on his way north for his health. He requested me, if I would, to take the steamer that afternoon and go down to Wilmington in the state of Delaware, and supply his pulpit on the Sabbath. In going to the vessel I went to the post office and took the letter and opening it read my *sentence*, for that word best expresses my feelings. I remember very little of the passage down. My mind was poorly fitted for my duties on the Sabbath. I preached in the morning or tried to and was very happy to have the assistance of Mr. Johns,

now bishop of Maryland, to supply the pulpit in the afternoon. I had known him in the seminary and was glad to meet him. He consented to preach, if I would perform the introductory exercises, as their rules would not permit him to do that without the forms of the liturgy. The sermon was from the text, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God." It was a true Gospel sermon and I felt refreshed and in some degree relieved from the stunning effect of the letter. I left on Monday morning with the impression on the minds of the family, I have no doubt, that I was a very dull or absent-minded man. In the session of the General Assembly for 1820 took place the union of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church with the General Assembly. The Assembly was nearly balanced between the old and new school portions of the church. The New School were opposed to any more of the Scotch element. They were of the straightest sect, High Church in their views of doctrine and polity and, if admitted, would give the Old School the preponderance. The parties had for some time been stiffly arrayed against each other. Dr. Spring of New York was a prime leader of the New School; and Dr. John B. Romyn of the other. Dr. Wisner was with Dr. Spring in this assembly and Brownlee of New Jersey. Dr. Green was the backbone of the Old School side, but he was not in this assembly. There were other distinguished men on the opposite side. The Princeton divines were less prominent but on this question they were for the union. It would

bring the whole theological library, which was a fine one, to Princeton. There would have been more reason for the union if all had been agreed; but there was a large minority who remonstrated against this and who, it was probable, never would come into the measure, as they did not; and they objected strongly to the transfer of the library and this was finally returned to them. Dr. John H. Rice, the former Moderator, according to usage, preached the opening sermon from the text, "Brother, let us follow the things that make for peace and the things by which one may edify another." Mr. Rice sympathized most with the Old School side, but he would not be a party man. It was delivered in the true Virginia style and so bland, so kind in manner, while his words were weighty and powerful, that a deep impression was left upon the assembly. The asperity of parties was very much removed, but on the question of the union there was considerable feeling. The union prevailed by a small majority, I think. I gave my vote and used what little influence I had against the measure. I have very little doubt that it was the entering wedge by which the church was afterwards rived. The members then admitted were prime movers in that unhappy division and the measures that led to it.

On my way home I stopped in Newark at the house of the Hon. Theodore Freelinghuysen to see my friends, among whom was Judd with his family. He had left Montrose, where the severe labor had impaired his health and had been called to Bloom-

ington, the town adjoining Newark, N. J. I spent Saturday afternoon with them at the house of their brother, Mr. Freelinghuysen and went with him on the Sabbath at Bloomington where had commenced preaching as he was able and preached for him. A little more than a year before, I had seen them at their own home in Montrose, Pa., and had not anticipated the pleasure of meeting them so soon and with one little prattler in addition to their number. Mrs. Judd was there in good health and spirits. She was at her own brother's and in her own New Jersey and with the prospect remaining there. I recollect her pleasant voice as she came out into the garden where her husband and I were walking just at night-fall so deeply engaged in conversation as to be unmindful of the exposure to call our attention to it. She apologized for the interruption by the solicitude that she felt for our health. It was pleasant to see a wife guarding so cautiously against everything that could bear unfavorably upon her husband's health. How pleasant to see "souls by love together knit, cemented, mix in one", and how painful the sundering of such ties by any cause, as in his case through the loss, not of affection but of reason. When I arrived at Troy my bird had flown. Her cousin with whom she lived had gone to East Pennsylvania where they expected to move and she had gone with them for a visit. My prospect now looked dark. I had hoped, if I could see her, as I had expected on my return, to undeceive her, if she had misconceived, as I thought from her letter, my motives. But this looked

like a determination to clinch the nail by avoiding me; and that her mind was made up. I learned that the author of all this was Aunt S. . . . I mentioned the subject confidentially to my old friend Dr. B. . . . He said it was in keeping with her character. I asked him what could be her motives. Said he, "She hopes that she and her brother will die soon, as the rest of the family have, and her family, in that case, will have the property." This was rather a hard saying. Of its truth I could not judge. It was doubtless his belief. He was not a man who said things at random or for effect. I stayed through the week with my friends, wrote a long letter to be left for her on her return. On Saturday I went up to Stillwater to spend the Sabbath with my classmate Tucker. I was in hopes, too, to enlist him a little in my favor, as he and his wife were friends of us both. I spent the afternoon and the Sabbath, preached for him; but he did not seem for some cause to enter into my feelings or interests in the matter. When I returned to Troy, Mrs. Yvonne, hearing I was in town, sent for me and wondered I had not called on her. I, indeed, did not know and wondered at it myself. But my mind was so occupied with the matter of my disappointment and what course I should take, that I forgot everything and almost everybody else. She told me how the thing had been brought about and that her going on that journey was designed to divert her mind and prevent an interview, but she said that she, Harriet, had told her all her heart and if she had consulted her before she wrote she thought

she would have written very differently. She intimated to me that I had nothing to fear for the result, I must leave a communication for her, she would answer it on her return; and if the answer should favor my wishes, as she thought it would, I must come down again once before I came to consummate the matter. My mind, of course, was greatly relieved. I destroyed my former letter, wrote one not so long and in a different manner, gave it into the hands of a friend to be given to her when she should get back; and went on my way home in better spirits, yet not without some fear lest some persons should either operate on her mind or throw some obstacle in my path. Uncertainty in matters deemed important begets solicitude, and solicitude apprehensions of disappointment. I endeavoured to commit all to an overruling Hand, that had guarded and guided me all my life; and for the diversion of my thoughts and to make up for lost time went to work as hard as I could. At the end of a few weeks I received the looked-for reply which dissipated all my fears and settled the question according to my best wishes. After the lapse of a few weeks and the exchange of one or two more letters I visited Troy, found my friend well and in pretty good spirits. We rode to Albany to visit her friends and, after spending about a week as pleasantly as I have ever spent one before, and, after fixing upon the day and other matters pertaining to the consummation of our purposes, I returned to my people. I had, indeed, been absent from them a good deal; but they were aware of the

cause and made no complaint so far as I knew. In September, about the middle, the Synod of Albany, which then embraced all of that country, met at Brownsville. The weather was of the temperature of June and, considering the distance, there was a full attendance. A more interesting ecclesiastical meeting I never attended. Dr. McAuly, a professor in Union College who had been with Mr. Nettleton in the great revivals which had occurred that season under the labors of that distinguished revivalist and many others, fresh from the heart-stirring scenes, gave great interest to the meeting. Their hearts were warm with the Divine influence and the deeply interesting narratives they gave of the work of God produced a deep impression upon the synod and the people who were in attendance from that and neighboring towns. All felt that it was good to be there. The sessions were closed on Saturday and the ministers spent the following Sabbath in the surrounding towns. Sackett's Harbor and Watertown as well as Brownsville enjoyed the labors of talented and warm-hearted men fresh from the scenes where grace had multiplied its triumphs over the powers of darkness. The impression was deep and lasting on the country. Numbers were hopefully converted.

I met many old friends and acquaintances. Among others my old and much respected friend Dr. Coe whom I was glad to meet for some reasons besides those of love and friendship. I had not heard from my friends so recently as I had hoped and I thought he might be the bearer of some note or could give

information if all was well or otherwise. I contrived to fall in his company on the way to the church. There were other gentlemen in the company, but they soon fell back, as if by design to leave me alone with him. Perhaps they had heard something from the Doctor that led them to show me this politeness. He informed me that he had left home with his son a little sooner than he should have otherwise done, but he had seen H. . . . often and presumed all was well. He told me on inquiry that he had to visit his son again, who was about to establish himself in business on the south side of the lake, some thirty or forty miles up; but he did not expect to be detained long; he should probably be home by the time I specified. Brethren Platt of Charlton and Smith of Ballston, both seminary friends at Princeton, the latter a roommate, spent the Sabbath with me and preached much to the edification of our people. Brother Platt was in his own conveyance with some other person. Brother Smith, who had rode up with some person, took a seat with me in my buggy. They were to return to their families and I to fulfil an appointment both joyful and solemn. We left early on Monday morning that we might reach Camden, as we did, that day. All were in good spirits as our road some part of the way led through a heavy forest. Brother Platt would stop every little while and raising his voice to its highest key send it through the forest till everything rang with the sound. This did not seem very ministerial but he wished to try the strength of his voice and make some innocent

sport for the company. At night we reached Brother Henry Smith's of Camden who insisted on entertaining us all and we spent a very pleasant evening. Our company, of course, was very select and very clerical. We were entertained in the most agreeable manner by Mrs. Smith and her sister, Miss Huntingdon of Rome. That dear family, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Miss Huntingdon, have long since gone to rejoice in the society more select and more pure, where no tender ties are sundered. The next day we reached Utica where we parted. Mr. Platt went on his way and Smith turned aside to visit friends. I left my horse and buggy in Whitesboro and went to Utica to take the stage early on Wednesday, in order to reach Troy the day before the ceremony. But, alas, I was sadly disappointed. Joseph Bonaparte and his train, the ex-king of Spain had engaged every conveyance. There was one stage that would take me, if I would ride aloft with the driver. That was too humiliating for a man going on an errand like that of mine. I resolved to wait till the next day. In the afternoon, however, the stage started out as far as Herkimer and one of my company was my old college friend, Rev. Aaron Lane of Troy. I reached Troy by way of Albany just at nightfall. All had given up seeing me that evening. I found my friend, Mr. Rice, to whose house I immediately repaired on the opposite side of the street had got everything ready as I had requested. The wedding suit was complete and ready, the tailor had received my measure and orders when I was last at Troy. I had, of course, sent over word that I was

in town and as soon as possible I was ready and made my appearance at my friend's, Mr. Yvonnette's, where my friend had taken up a residence since the removal of her cousin. I was ushered into the parlor where I found her alone. Mrs. Yvonnette had got everything in readiness and as soon as a few friends could be collected among whom were my friends Mr. and Mrs. Rice the ceremony was performed by my old friend and classmate, Tucker. Dr. Coc had been detained by the illness of his son where he went after the meeting of the synod and was not at home. Mr. [redacted] was still the pastor of the church at Stillwater but was in the city. My wife's brother had gone on a journey south and had not returned. Francis Yvonnette, then just out of college, a young man of fine appearance and promise, did the honors of groomsman and of bridesmaid. The evening, after the refreshments that had been liberally supplied, was pleasantly spent with our friends. This memorable day was Thursday, the twenty-first of September 1820, a day of sufficient labor and excitement, I having rode in the stagecoach eighty miles; but a day never to be forgotten, one of the most important and happy in my life. I owe much of it to my friend, Mrs. Yvonnette, who took a deep interest in the whole matter and who took the place of a dear mother to my wife, especially after the death of her father, and indeed before. Her brother, the late Hon. Henry Vail, had married the oldest sister, one of the loveliest of women, and although he enjoyed this connection but a short time the relationship was never

forgotten. It may be proper here to say something of her who by this union was constituted my better half as she truly was, in all that constituted goodness, the mother of all my children and the one who shared with me my cares, burdens and joys in all the vicissitudes of my checkered life for nearly twenty years. It is not necessary to inform my children on this subject but a record of it for the information of others is highly proper. She was the youngest child of the Hon. Charles Selden of Troy who deceased the same year of our marriage. Her mother died while she was an infant and her early training was committed to a maiden aunt Miss Mary Jones, the sister of her mother, a woman of great excellence of character. Mr. Selden, her father, never married again and her advantages, of course, were not such as maternal care and skill would have secured. And yet few with good advantages could have done better in relation to domestic arrangements in her circumstances. She was kept some time at the Moravian school in Pennsylvania and had the best advantages that the time afforded in that town which were not great. She felt that her advantages of education had not been what they ought, her sisters having died and she being the youngest and only daughter, it was painful to her father and to her to be separated or she would have spent more time abroad. Still she had been in good and refined society, her father was very particular to have his children frequent or mingle in no other. Her knowledge of society and the education that such gives does much in supplying such deficiency when

united with good sense and judgment, both of which she possessed, as well as refined taste. She was diffident of her own powers and was sufficiently disposed to yield to the judgment of others, but she had an opinion of her own and whenever she was decided in the expression of her opinion in most things I always felt that it would be safe to follow it. In purchasing for the family especially the articles of clothing and in directing them her judgment and taste were undisputed. In person she was little below the ordinary size and when she was married was very thin and her lungs very susceptible to cold which often alarmed me, but she always kept her little remedies that she always used which she knew when and how to use which relieved her. When she came to have the exercise and care of household matters she became more healthy and robust. She was not handsome, as her sisters are said to have been. Her profile, I always thought, was uncommonly fine. Her complexion was light, her eyes hazel, her hair auburn, pretty and when she was married very long. She wore it simply parted on the forehead and this, together with the plainness of her dress, led some of my people when she first attended church, to enquire if she was a methodist. She was plain from principle before her marriage throwing often into the missionary box what had been given her for the purpose of ornamenting her person. My friend had in charge the furnishing of my clothing for my wedding had taken the liberty to have the bosoms of my shirts ornamented as was customary with ruffles, but she

took them all out after our marriage. She said they did not become a minister. Her religious character is exemplified in the history of her conversion. Her father and her family were connected with the episcopal church. A number of years before I knew her her father had left the presbyterian church and gone to that. During the revival of 1816 in Troy she often attended meetings in the week time in company with some of her associates in the church of Dr. Coe. Her mind was awakened and what contributed to it was the state of mind of her brother who had returned from the West Indies where he had been for his health but received no benefit. He was rapidly declining and while on his sick bed he hopefully experienced a saving change. He would sometimes reprove her when she expressed any sentiment unfavorable to just views of religion. When her father would ask his son whether he would have a minister call and see him and whom he would choose he would leave it to his father out of regard to his feelings, yet she said she knew he wanted Mr. Coe and not Mr. Butler, the episcopal minister. Mr. Coe sometimes called to see him and his conversations seemed to gratify him. She had remarked, too, that Mr. Butler always called and took tea at her father's on the Sabbath evening but that he never said anything on the subject of religion. After a season of a good deal of anxiety and conviction of sin she experienced a change in her feelings and was very happy in her views of Christ. About this time it was the Sabbath and her father observed that she did not

want to go to the episcopal church but wished to go to the presbyterian. He was not willing and she craved the privilege of staying at home, which she was permitted to do. She enjoyed the day very much, but, in thinking of it afterwards she thought perhaps she did not do right, as it grieved her father. Her father's friends came to see her to dissuade her from leaving the church to whom she listened kindly but was firm in her views. They were the result of her own experience and conviction and she could not alter them. Mr. Butler came and in the course of the conversation he said, "What have you against the church?" She replied, "I have nothing against the church, I like the prayers and I like the service generally." "Have you anything against the doctrines or articles of the church?" She replied, "No, I like the doctrines as expressed by the Articles, but, Mr. Butler, you do not preach those doctrines, nor is the discipline, as I understand it, enforced. When I was confirmed with others of my young friends we were required to say that we renounced the vanities of the world but we were allowed to attend balls and assemblies as much as ever." "Oh, my child," said he, "there is no harm in that." "What is meant then by the pomps and vanities of the world that we are required to renounce?" "Well, the pomps and vanities of the world mean the olympic games and things like them which the heathen practised." This conversation quite satisfied her that her home in the church was not there and her father, perceiving her predilections, went to Mr. Coe and told him that it

scorned to be the desire of his daughter to unite with his church and he wished him to understand that she had liberty to do so. She accordingly united with them and was a communicant in that church when we were married. At that time her mind had been depressed and in doubt her hope and she had not been to the Lord's table for some time, but she soon after found peace of mind and was happy. I imputed it in part to her state of health which suffered after the death of her father and too close confinement to her home. She had not been inclined to go out much. Mr. Charles Selden, her father, was an officer in the Revolutionary War. At the time of the Declaration of Independence he was a member of Yale College, graduated the following year and soon after entered the army and served as a lieutenant. Whether he held that office at the commencement of the war I do not know. He was elevated to a captaincy in the peace establishment and he remained a while in that after the war. A higher grade was tendered him if he would remain but he chose to leave the service. He, with a number of others of the army, settled in Lansingburg, at the early settlement of that Town. There all of his children were born. In 1807 he, with his family and other citizens, removed to the more flourishing Town of Troy as better suited to the mercantile business, where he remained 'till his death. He retired from business several years before his death. He was much esteemed by his fellow citizens and often solicited to take office. He consented

while in Troy to run as a candidate for state senator but soon after resigned.

He married his wife in Hartford, Conn. Her name was Jones. It was an excellent family, I should judge, from my knowledge of them, especially the female part of them. Mrs. Sherman of Albany, and Miss Mary Jones, the sister I have mentioned, I had the happiness to know. Several of the brothers resided many years in the West, respectable men. The Selden family was large and highly respectable. Their native place was in the town of Lyme, Conn., the north part, called Head Lyme. I visited the place in 1843. The old mansion was then standing surrounded by ancient trees, planted by the father of the family. The site was on the bank of the Connecticut river, or near it, a little below the landing on the east side of the river. The last of his sons, quite advanced, then occupied it. He has since died and the homestead is occupied by his son. The father of Mr. Charles Selden died a prisoner in the City of New York in the time of the Revolution. He was commander of the Connecticut militia, called out for the defense of New York. He was directed to perform some difficult service, which his friends told him he could not perform without getting sick, but he said he must obey orders. He was taken sick and unable to leave the city when it was evacuated by the Americans and entered by the British troops, and consequently fell into their hands. The particulars of his death, or the place of his interment, the family could not ascertain. As records of this family is kept by Judge

Wait of Connecticut, who married a niece of Charles Selden, and by others, I need say little on that subject.

Mr. Charles Selden, had five children, Elisa the wife of Mr. Henry Vail, who, with an infant babe, was buried some two years after their marriage and who died in the faith of the Gospel,—Mary, who died in the nineteenth year of her age,—Charles, who died in 1816 in the twenty-second year of his age, with decided evidence of piety,—William, who still survives,—and Harriet, my own dear wife born on the 26th day of January 1800, and who was in her twenty-first year when married, gentle, kind, amiable, benevolent, pious, of a sound mind, and firm in her principles.

The day after our marriage a part of it was spent at the house of her pastor, with other young friends who had been invited. At evening we went down to Albany, spent the night at her Aunt's, and on Saturday were on our way down the river to visit my friends in Dutchess Co. We reached my sister Beckwith's, about three miles from the landing at Red Hook, on Saturday night, where we spent the Sabbath. The next day, and next but one, my brother-in-law furnished us with a conveyance to the eastern part of the country, where I was born, where I had one sister living, and where I had many friends. After a short visit, for we had but little time, we returned to Troy and visited my friends at Wynantskill, and prepared for our journey home.

My friends, Mrs. Danling, Mrs. and others, thought it well for us to take on a woman, for a housekeeper, of their acquaintance. Of course we yielded to their counsels. She was not in the city but absent some thirty miles in the country. We sent for her, but she could not be had. My wife said she was glad of it. She did not want a housekeeper. I had placed the oldest daughter of my sister, Luto, at school in Troy, and I thought it would be well to take her along for company for my wife and afford her some relief about domestic affairs, but in this I was disappointed. I found she knew no more in regard to household management than my wife, and had much less tact in matters of that kind. I took stage for Whitesboro, and then we took our own conveyance, leaving my niece to come on by another conveyance, when a safe one could be found. We made the journey in two days, through a new country and some of the way unsettled, but she bore the journey well, and we found lodging prepared for us at the house of one of the best families in the Village. We boarded for a short time until our goods arrived. Everything then had to be carted from the North River, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles over a bad road. The Erie Canal was then in process of construction, but not done. I had ordered a team down expressly for our furniture which arrived before I left Troy, but all he could carry, or nearly all, was our crockery, which had been carefully packed in a hogshead, which it filled. A good supply, as I told my dear wife, but she and

her friends had no idea of the difference between the city and a new country. We had to wait for our other goods to come. Our house was not the most inviting but it was the best we could then get in town. It was a story and a half house, unpainted and unfinished above. There were two rooms, a kitchen and two bedrooms below. One of the square rooms below served as my study and our bedroom. Our parlor we used for a dining room, as well as parlor, when we had company. As our family was small, consisting only of ourselves and a hired girl, we often took our meals in the kitchen. But this was our home, and we were happy. My people were kind, and, so far as I knew, satisfied. The society in its character partook of the country rather than of the city, and although strange to her she tried to accommodate herself to them and to please them. They remarked some of them pleasantly about the little white hands, but I never heard of anything said individually or complainingly. During the winter some friends called on us from abroad. My brother-in-law, William Selden, having returned from his tour, paid us a visit and spent some days. Mrs. General Wool, who, with her husband, was staying at Brownsville. Mrs. Major Brown and Mrs. Joseph Brown, came over and made us a call. Mrs. W. was an old Troy friend, and the others ladies of my acquaintance. The winter passed on pleasantly, I attending to my parish duties, my wife to her domestic affairs, but much of the time was spent in our study, I with my pen a portion of the time, and she with her needle.

I sometimes interchanged with the pastors at Brownsville, or Watertown. When I did so I always went on Saturday and returned on Monday. It seemed a long time. I felt anxious too lest she should be sick, or some accident occur, and any noise about the house in the night would startle me lest something was the matter at home and I was sent for. I should not have left on such occasions, but exchanges were sometimes proposed, and I found it pretty laborious to prepare two or three discourses for the week. I had one time a very pleasant demonstration of the anxiety she felt at my absence, and happiness at my return. She could not wait for me to come in, but came out at the door, and was the first to throw her arms around my neck, and utter her feelings of joy at my safe return.

Late in March of that spring we were called on to experience a sore trial. She was confined about three months before she should have been, and of course lost her babe. Our inexperience, and the mismanagement of the physician, who, instead of depleting should have given her tonics, was the cause. We did not realize that a person of her delicate constitution should be treated differently from those of a stronger constitution, such as he usually attended. I could not find a nurse, there were none such by profession in the place. I obtained a woman to come and stay one week. She could not stay longer, and my wife was so smart she thought she could get along with her hired girl, and the occasional assistance of some kind ladies near by. Having so much

to do at home I had proposed an exchange with a neighboring minister, so near that I could go over on Sabbath morning and return after the second service. Her linen had to be changed and there was not time before I left. I felt anxious but charged the girl to be careful. On my return (and I came in haste back, and my horse was not tardy) I found two physicians there, and my wife, to all appearance, in a high fever. I was in great distress. I blamed myself for being absent, and yet I had done all I could in the circumstances. The doctors informed me that she had had a chill, followed, of course, by a fever, the result probably of exposure in changing her clothes. I inquired if he thought she would have confirmed fever, and he said he hoped not, and, seeing my anxiety, spoke as favorably as he could. I was afraid of its settling on her lungs, which I knew was the weak part especially of her constitution. He said it might affect her breasts; he thought that more likely. I hoped it might be so for, although greatly to be dreaded, it was preferable to its seating up her lungs. It did fasten upon her breasts and an abscess formed there which had repeatedly to be opened. It was most painful to her, and distressing to me. I resolved that I would leave her in no one's hands that I could obtain but would nurse her myself, with the assistance of my niece, and girl in the house, with such additional aid as the physician would give, and some neighbors volunteer. I did so, lifting her in my arms from one bed to another as occasion required, and watching by her

day and night. Four or five weeks my clothes were not taken off except to change them. She was then convalescent, and soon after able to ride out.

As soon as I could be out among the people of the parish, I saw things had gone on quietly and we had had a few additions to our church since my settlement, but that did not satisfy me. I wanted to see sinners converted. I told the church that since they had got a pastor they seemed to think that all was well. Little or nothing more was to be done, I found. We agreed to call a church meeting. I made it a sort of inquiry meeting. All confessed their coldness, and a day of fasting and prayer was agreed upon, and committees appointed to visit the church. On the fast day the church met and had an interesting season. The committees reported that they had visited the members, and that they had attempted to settle some cases of difficulty that they had found, but had not quite succeeded. Spoke favorably in regard to them, and thought a little more labor would accomplish the object. Another day of fasting and prayer was appointed. The church came together, and all difficulties between members was found settled. I had drawn up a confession of our lukewarmness and worldliness, and requested all who felt that they could unite in such a confession to arise. Nearly or quite all arose, and one or two hopeful conversions since our last meeting were reported, and there was evidently an increasing solemnity among the people.

About this time, June 1821, I received information that my sister, Rhoda Curtis, was very low with the consumption, and could not long survive, and was very desirous of seeing me once more. I felt no less desirous of seeing this dear sister before she died. She had been more than a sister, a mother to me, after the death of my parents. The journey too I thought would be of essential service to my wife, who had not fully recovered her strength. My niece went to stay with a friend, and shutting up my house we set off for Rensselaer Co. in my buggy. When we arrived at Troy I found my beloved, and excellent niece, Mrs. Rice, was no more. She had died suddenly some ten days before. I had heard of her being in poor health, but she was not thought dangerous until a few days before her death. She died at her mother's, where she was always taken when ill if possible to be nursed by her mother. This was afflicting intelligence. I left my wife at Troy and hastened to Schaticoke to see my sick sister. I found her low, but cheerful and resigned, and very glad to see me. She would talk very cheerfully about her visit the winter before, while she was out of health, among her friends in Vermont. I could not but mark the difference in her mind, from what I had seen many years before, when she durst not be left alone for fear she should die (she was out of health at the time) now she could smile in view of death. I stayed much of the time with her, saw her die, attended her funeral, and soon afterward returned. We stopped

to bait our horse at a public house, some six or eight miles below the Little Falls on the Mohawk River. My wife complained of feeling quite ill. She lay down to rest. I was in deep distress, although I kept my feelings concealed from her. If she should be sick among strangers, and we should be obliged to employ some strange physician I could hardly hope for her life, with her delicate constitution. My only refuge at such times was in the Rock that is higher than we. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. My anxiety passed away soon, and when I was ready to go she arose refreshed and relieved.

On my return home I found the state of religion had not retrograded, but rather advanced. Before I left I got a young man, accustomed to take the lead of meetings, to read sermons from a book. I gave him, telling him I did not wish him to preach as he was not licensed, but he might exhort the people after he had read, and in the other parts of the service he might call upon some leader in the church, or perform the duty himself. This young man was Jedediah Burchard, the noted revivalist as he afterward proved to be. It may be well to give some little account of this young man as I was instrumental in introducing him into the ministry about this time. Whether I erred, as some think, or did good to the cause of God, as many others would think, I was at a loss to decide, but, on the whole, I believe the good vastly preponderated, although from his eccentricity some evil

did undoubtedly follow. Many souls through his instrumentality will rejoice forever in heaven, I doubt not.

Mr. Burchard, I have been told, was a merchant for a time in Albany, a young man of great vivacity, fond of society, great power of conversation and anecdote, capable and fond of imitating in word and action whoever he chose to personate. Had he devoted himself to the stage he would probably have excelled. He was not dissipated, nor addicted to low vices, his self respect would have kept him from that, but I suppose from his report, that his fondness for society, strong impulses, and power of fascinating those with whom he associated, that he was in great danger of making shipwreck of character, as he did of his fortune, whatever he may have had. He failed in business, and being thus checked in his career, became more sober, and was hopefully converted.

Although I was very intimate with him, he never, except by allusion, or a remark, told me anything of his early history, nor did I ever inquire particularly. After his conversion he was as active and impulsive in promoting the cause of religion, by prayer, exhorting in meetings, as he had been in other things.

He had united with one of the churches in Albany, and was subsequently taken under the care of Presbytery, with a view to the ministry. On account of some indiscreet things the Presbytery did not think proper to encourage him, and he left, and came to Sacketts Harbor, where he had some friends, and where he spent a good deal of his time in reading the

Bible with commentaries, especially Scotts, and from his habits when I first knew him, in prayer, I presume. He also attended meetings, and exhorted and prayed with a good deal of impression. I heard of him from people in the north part of Adams first. They spoke with a great deal of interest of attending meetings where Mr. Burchard preached. I inquired of what denomination he was, but could find out nothing definite by them. I afterwards ascertained something more definitely, and that our ministers, some of whom knew him, had reproved him for taking too much liberty, as he was not authorized to preach. Being at Smithville, about four miles from Sacketts Harbor, where I had labored some while I was a missionary, and where I was often urged to preach, I was informed, after I had entered the house, that Mr. Burchard was there. Without having had any introduction to him I called upon him to make the closing prayer, which he did. I observed that he was a young man of unusual power of language and apparent piety, but who needed some counsel and training. I went to him after meeting and introduced myself, inviting him kindly to come and see me at my house. Not long after he did so, and, after consultation with some members of my church, I engaged him to conduct our worship on the Sabbath as I have related. To prevent him assuming duties which did not belong to him, and which also might give offense, I charged him to read sermons on the Sabbath, but not to do anything that properly and exclusively belonged to a minister.

On my return he remained with me several weeks, visited with me, and attended prayer meetings, and my meetings on the outskirts of the congregation, where I invited him to give a word of exhortation, which he did with great propriety and effect. After some weeks, finding that I did not need his services, I advised him to labor in other places, to help the Baptist church in our Township, and to assist in holding meetings in the adjoining towns, which he did with good results. Observing that he was possessed with talents to render him useful, and that he had very correct views of the doctrines of the Gospel, and an uncommon tact at reaching the conscience of sinners, I thought it one of those extraordinary cases which our book of Discipline provides. He was too impulsive, as well as too far advanced, to hope he would ever get a thorough education, and perhaps, with his temperament, be more useful if he did. I encouraged him, in the spring, to apply for a license to preach. Knowing that in the Presbytery it would be difficult to get him licensed, on account of our rules, and the firmness with which some adhered to them, I advised him to apply to the Association, a part of the members of the Presbytery still kept their organization as an Association on account of churches that had not united with Presbytery. He was unacquainted with the members of the Association and wished me to go to the meeting and introduce him. I took him into my buggy and went to the eastern part of the county, where the Association met. It was at Champion, the summer succeeding that in

which I had become acquainted with him, in 1822. On the way he wanted to know on what his examination would be. I informed him. He wished me to tell him a little about church history, to which he said he had not attended, although he had read civil history considerably. Accordingly as we rode I gave him an extempore lecture on church history. At his examination, which was on the English Language, of that of experimental religion, and his motives for seeking the ministry, he was found very deficient in his knowledge of the rules of English Grammar. I was surprised at this, as I had observed, in his exhortations and prayers, he was more correct in his use of language than many educated men. They questioned him on Theology and on Church History. On the latter they remarked he passed a very good examination, but all the knowledge he had of it was what he got from me on the way. The truth was, with regard to Mr. Burchard, he was very observing, and had a memory remarkably retentive. He could describe with great accuracy, and in the most graphic manner, whatever he saw, and repeat whatever he heard. They inquired of him if he had any sermon that he could read to the Association. He said he had not but would try to preach if they would assign him a text. They told him if there was any text in his mind, from which he would be willing to preach, they would hear him. He named a text, and preached before the Association. All this was quite different from what New England men were accustomed to. On the next day there was a good deal of debate as

to what they should do with this application. They were aware of his great popularity with many in the country, and the blessing which had attended his labors. Some were opposed to license him at all, or give him encouragement, on account of what they considered his eccentricities. Others thought they might take him under their care, and direct his studies, with the view of licensing him at some future time, if it should seem best. As I had been invited to sit as a corresponding member, and had introduced Mr. Burchard (although he was known to some of the members, and to all by report) they wished to know my opinion in regard to the matter. I told them he had not passed as good an examination as I had expected, and in the circumstance they could not properly license him, but they could assign to him certain parts of trial which would make it necessary that he should study under the direction of some pastor for six months in a year, and allow him to take charge of religious meetings, as his labors were greatly called for, and in that way he could improve his gifts and do good, and if in that time he pursued the course prescribed, they could, if they chose, give him a regular license. He was a man of some peculiarities but I thought a good man, a man that prayed a good deal, of unusual natural powers as a speaker, and whose labors God had owned. In every age of the church men had been raised up, out of the regular course, to whose labors God had set his seal of approbation, by the success that crowned. In fitting men for the work to which they

were called, the power, the glory, he would show, by qualifications he gave them, were his own. He was licensed for one year, and required to write on subjects of theology and read them under direction of a minister. This duty of directing his reading and assigning him topics to write upon to be examined, they wished me to undertake. I consented to do so. I gave him subjects and lent him books. He supplied vacant churches and labored successfully, prepared some dissertations and read them to me, but they were few and far between; he was too much absorbed in the work of preaching to sit down to study. His habits and inclinations were ill adapted to study, and investigation of subjects. Practice, not theory, or theory learned in practice, was better suited to his genius. For this, as I have remarked, he had a peculiar mind. At the end of the year he met with the Association to obtain a regular license. The Association met in the intervals of the session of the Presbytery as they were all members of the latter body. They were in a quandary what to do. One of them came to me. He said that Mr. Burchard was very popular as a preacher, but he had not complied with directions and they did not know what to do. I replied that was a matter for them to decide. If Mr. Burchard had not fulfilled the conditions on which he had encouragement from them they were under no obligation to license him. I did not feel that the responsibility devolved on me, and I gave no opinion on the subject. They gave him a license again for two years. He then labored in that region, raised up,

through the blessing of God, a flourishing church in an adjoining town, by the side of a Baptist church, planted some other churches, and aided others, went to Artica and aided the pastor in a revival, supplied other churches, and was the means of many conversions. He returned to Jefferson Co. and was received and ordained as an Evangelist by the Presbytery. After I had left Adams, I went up to aid Brother Boardman in a protracted meeting. Mr. Burchard was there, had been invited by Mr. Lew Bertie, a wealthy manufacturer, to commence, through his efforts, a second Presbyterian church. I preached in the afternoon and Burchard in the evening. A good number of souls were hopefully converted. On my way home I stopped among my old friends at Adams. They were importunate for me to stop and aid them in a protracted effort, but neither my time or health would allow of my remaining. They could have Mr. Burchard, but were afraid to trust the management of a revival to him, but they had no other resort. They besought the Lord to guide them, and Mr. Burchard was invited to labor with the pastor. A great work of God was the result. Two lawyers, who were Universalists in sentiment, were converted, and both left their professions of law and entered the ministry. The name of one was Chittenden, who died lately, the other Parker, now the Rev. Orson Parker, who has labored for more than twenty years as an Evangelist, very successfully. Mr. Burchard said he would no longer go on leading strings. He would labor, with the help of God, on his own hook. He commenced

now as an Evangelist. He labored in many parts of the state of New York, in New York City and in Vermont. A great work at Vergennes, at Middleburg, at Burlington, and in other towns, was the result. His wife's labors were very much blessed among children. She was a beautiful and interesting woman, whom he married at Sacketts Harbor soon after he was licensed. They had lost their only child, a little daughter, and Mrs. Burchard was ever after deeply interested in children.

Mr. Burchard had faults in his character, and often in his management of revivals, but he was a man of remarkable power, and has been the means of the salvation of many. He would have perfect command of an audience, and could, for the time, do with them anything he chose. His knowledge of human nature, his power of imitation, and his painting with words, as if the pictures were there on canvas, and presented to the eye, rendered him very interesting. His voice, although sometimes not well managed, was naturally musical, and could be made to touch any key he wished, and convey any emotion that moved his heart. His figures and illustrations were often well chosen and happy. At one time, when he first attended with me, he wanted to convey to their minds the effect of faith. He cited the case of Peter's attempt to go to Christ upon the water. The moment, said he, he put his foot on the side of the vessel and placed it upon the water it was like adamant; it was only when his faith failed that he began to sink. That was a miracle, but illustrates the moral

effect when we trust in God, the promises of God. This was what David meant when he said, "Thou hast placed my feet upon a rock". He was at one time showing how impotent were the efforts of man to produce a revival, and how easy for God. Yonder, said he, upon the lake, is a vessel becalmed, no ripples to be seen upon the waters, the sails hang loosely and the vessel lies like a log upon the bosom of the lake. The Captain becomes impatient, he calls all the hands to the rear of his vessel and sets them to blowing with their mouths against the sails of the ship. No movement is felt. The canvas itself shows no sign of feeling the effect. He begins to laugh at his own folly, and looking in the distance he sees a dark spot upon the waters resembling the shade of a passing cloud. All hands are ordered to their post, and no sooner is the vessel trimmed, and the steersman has laid his hand upon the helm, than the breeze fills the sails and the vessel moves onward, like a bird upon the wing. So when the wind of the spirit, in answer to the prayers of the people of God, blows upon the church, every heart feels its power and the work goes forward.

His illustration of the stupidity and ruin of a careless sinner, by the destruction of a heedless boatman on the Niagara River, I never heard, but it is said to have been startling beyond description. He is represented as lying upon his oars, floating carelessly along, unconscious of danger, and indifferent to the cries of those on shore, who see him every moment going with accelerated motion toward the cataract.

They redouble their cries, as his danger increases; still he pays no regard to their warning, but mutters to himself, "I wonder if he thinks I can't take care of myself, or if I don't know when I am in danger". But he looks toward the shore, and sees what he did not see before, the quick motion of his boat, by the apparent rapid movement the other way of the objects he passes. Alarmed, he seizes his oars, and directing the bow toward the shore he plies his oars with all the power he can summon. For a little while he is able, when pulling all his power, to counterpoise the current and hold his own, but the moment the blade of his oar is lifted from the water, the force of the current pushes him further on, 'till the increasing power of the current, and his exhausted strength, leaves him no hope of self deliverance. He shouts for help, with the sharp cry of a despairing man, to those upon the shore, who, in agony, behold his peril, with no power to give him succor. Onward he is bound, by the resistless and maddening current, toward the fatal precipice. He turns his eye, which had been averted, and looking in vain for help, and seeing his boat, with him, about to make the fatal plunge, rises from his feet, and uttering one wild, despairing cry, is seen no more.

Thus it is with the heedless sinner—the cry of alarm which the gospel utters in his ears, the prayers and tears, and warning of friends, anxious for his safety, he heeds not, the still voice of the spirit whispering in his ear, and saying, in the tenderest accents, "Why will you die", he has long since ceased to

regard, and yet he intends not to perish; he means at the convenient season, to secure his salvation, but time bears him on its resistless current, and ere he is aware he is forced to utter his last despairing wail, as death hurries him down the precipice of damnation. It is difficult, impossible to remember his precise phraseology, much more his peculiar manner of voice and action, all of which were peculiar to him, and deeply impressive. I have dwelt longer than I contemplated on the history of this remarkable man, who still, as I see from the papers, at the age of three score is in the gospel harvest, bringing with him his sheaves of converted sinners.

To return to my history. The work which was on the advance, although not rapid, for some time, continued to increase in interest. In an adjoining town, where Mr. Burchard was attending a meeting, there was the most visible impression, and there I went every week. A young physician, who had just set up practice in that neighborhood, was among the first who manifested a special interest for his soul. When an opportunity was given, near the close of meeting, for any one desiring the prayers of christians to let it be known by rising, he was one of the first to rise. He was a young man of an interesting physiognomy and bearing, intelligent, mild, modest, and solemn. He was a stranger to me, but I soon made his acquaintance, and not long after he gave his heart to God. He soon after came to the village, where he united with the church, and where he still lives, a godly man and much respected as a physician.

He had been brought up a Baptist, but he became satisfied, in regard to the mode of administering that ordinance, about which they are so strenuous. The work spread in the town, and a good number of the youth especially were converted, some who had been trained Universalists. As that part of the town was but three or four miles from Adams most of them united with the church there. The impression seemed deepening at Adams, and numbers were converted, but it seemed to linger specially among the youth. I remarked one day to Burchard, as we were going home from visiting in town, that in a certain town where Mr. Nettleton was laboring, he had remarked that there was one man who stood in the way of the conversion of many in that place. If that man should be converted the spell would be broken, or words like those, and the event proved the truth of his remark. I added, "I believe that we have a similar case. If C. G. Finney (who was then a law student) should be converted the young people in the village, and many others, would give up, for numbers of them are deeply convicted." Among others I mentioned our school teacher, with whom I had conversed, and who was very intimate with Finney. He also had great influence over the young people, and he had been in the habit of making very light of the revival. He led the choir of singers on the Sabbath, and professed, and doubtless cherished, a respect for religion, and was a warm friend of mine, but said he would not go to the prayer meetings in the school house because there were fleas there, and my meetings for

inquiry he called ^uwhispering meetings, and ^hBucktail conferences, and would rally some times those who were serious. I was in the habit of conversing in a low tone with each one at my meetings of inquiry, and the leading politician of the Democratic party, was no speaker in public, but was a shrewd manager, and accomplished his objects by conversing with men in a low voice whenever he met them. The Democrats in New York then went by the name of Bucktails, from some of them wearing an appendage of that kind in their hats, as a mark of distinction. To my surprise, Mr. Finney came one evening late in the fall into my meetings of inquiry. It was either late in the month of October or the first of November. I mention the time as it was reported that Mr. Burchard was directly the means of his conversion. Mr. Burchard was not in town, nor had he been for some five or six weeks. He had left town, at my suggestion, and was laboring in neighborhood towns. I did not need his aid, while others did. I was conversing with Captain, afterward Judge, Goodell, whom I have mentioned, who was at my meeting, bathed in tears. He came in late, had been in the prayer meeting in the other room. I left the Captain, and going to him took him by the hand, and said, looking him in the eye, "You have come in here, I presume, as a spy. You want to get something to make sport of". He looked at me, with an air of solemnity I shall never forget. "No, Mr. Gale", said he, "I have not. I am willing now to be a christian". This he said in alluding to a conversation I had had

with him before, when he made objections on account of the profession he had in view. We sat down together. "Do you think", said he, "there is any hope in my case?" I told him I had not liked his course. I had made up my mind to say to him, when I should meet him, that I considered John Barnard, a man who carried his bottle about with him, as fair a candidate for conversion as he. This was in allusion to the levity with which he treated serious things. I told him he might be converted, but if he were it would be something very similar to God's exercising miraculous power. But whatever might be the result of his present feelings, the case would soon be decided. I knew the character of his mind, and what he did he must do quickly. It was not teaching that he needed. It was compliance with what he knew already. As I had conversed with all present I requested them all to kneel, while I prayed with them as my custom was. He kneeled by my side, deeply impressed. He asked me long afterward if I did not feel the house tremble while we kneeled. He said he trembled so that he thought the house shook. I said I did not notice it. I was not in the habit of replying to that question he put in a manner so gruff as I did in his case, but I regarded him as somewhat peculiar, and I think it may have led to the decision, he so soon after made. This was on Monday evening. I was so much occupied that I thought but little of his case until Thursday evening, when young Sears, the school teacher, came to my house. I had advised him to avoid the company of Mr. Finney and

yield to his own convictions, and he came to inform me, I suppose, of Mr. Finney's conversion. I saw him pass my window, and I said to my wife, who was sitting by, "There comes Sears, and I will not say anything to him on the subject of religion unless he speaks to me directly in regard to his case. I told him I should not the last time I saw him". He came in, and after the usual salutation, I inquired about his school. He evidently wanted to say something on the subject of religion. I simply answered some general questions. He asked me if I had seen Mr. Finney. I told him not since my meeting of inquiry. He replied, "I think you would like to see him now", and, after some few words on different subjects, he left. The next day Mr. Finney came to my house. He came, with tears streaming down his face. I took him by the hand, we were both too full of emotion to say much, for some time. He broke out soon, "Brother Gale, do not hereafter doubt of any one's salvation. I hope God has had mercy on me". He had got the impression, from what I said to him, when I saw him last, that I really doubted of his being within the reach of mercy, and he felt too, like Paul, that he had been the chief of sinners. On the succeeding Sabbath evening, in a full house, I asked him to state what his grounds of hope were, and how he had been led by the Spirit of God. He said that on Tuesday, the day after the meeting of inquiry, when he met me his mind was deeply impressed, but he did not pray, but read the Bible more or less. He had entertained the idea that it was mockery for

a sinner to pray, and wicked. On the day following he felt that he must pray, and he wanted to be alone. About half a mile north of the town was a grove, as they are called in Illinois, a woodland of considerable extent. To this he retired, and that he might neither be seen, nor heard, he went some considerable distance into it, and was about to kneel when he heard a rustling, and walked further. He was about to kneel again when he heard the voice of some one not far off driving an ox team. Again he walked on, when it occurred to him, "How foolish and wicked this is. I came here to pray, and how must such conduct look in the eyes of God. I will pray let who will hear me, but what encouragement have I to pray? At that moment a passage of Scripture, or what seemed as such, came fresh to my mind", said he, "I could not tell where it was in the Bible, nor certainly whether I had ever read it, but it seemed to me to be God's promise in the Bible, and I said I will take God at his word". The passage as he had it in his mind was "In the day thou seekest me, with all thine heart, I will be found of thee". How long, or how loud, he prayed he could not tell, his mind was wholly absorbed, and when he came to consciousness he was directing his steps home, with a mind at ease, his burden and anxiety were all gone. He could not account for it unless he had grieved the Spirit of God from his heart that had been convincing him of sin, by praying according to the sentiment he had held, that it was wicked for an impenitent sinner, but he could not be sorry for it.

When he returned to his office he took up his bass viol and tried to play a tunc, but he was not able to play at all. He then took up the Bible to read, and the tears ran so that he could hardly read. So he spent a good part of the day, praying and weeping. Towards evening of that day two of the elders of the church called to see him, and while relating to them his feelings, he noticed that one of them, a very sedate man, smiled. He was surprised at that, he said, for altho he did not feel as he had felt, yet he considered his case a very dangerous one. The elders regarded it, altho they did not say so to him, a very hopeful one. The following night he could not sleep, and tried to pray that the Spirit of God would not leave him, and that his convictions might return, or, rather, the anxiety and alarm that he had felt, but when he prayed for this, in his imagination he could see a hand pointing him to the place where he prayed, and his burden left him. After a while, his feelings seemed to change. He felt a warmth and a glow about the heart, and feeling toward God such as he had never felt before. He afterwards fell asleep and awoke in a happy frame of mind, but such as he had never felt before. He prayed and wept, but his tears were mingled with joy and hope. One of his friends came to ask him to go to his house. He went, he said, weeping, and to pray, where he had been accustomed to go for mere social pleasure and glee. The change of Mr. Finney, and the decided course that he took, produced an astonishing effect. Mr. Wright, one of the lawyers with whom he was

studying, soon after came out decidedly on the cause of Christ, is still living, and has been for many years an esteemed elder of the church. Young Sears, also, of whom I have spoken, and another by the name of Morton, on the first Sabbath of January, I think it was, among many others there, kneeled before me to receive the ordinance of baptism. Charles G. Finney, Charles C. Sears, and Charles Morton, young men of more than ordinary promise, and very decided and active christians. Charles Morton had been reared a Baptist, and had all the strong prejudices which are usual in that denomination. I invited him to my study, and we examined all those parts of Scripture which bear most obviously upon the controversy, between the advocates of that system and that held by Pedobaptists. He became satisfied in regard to the correctness of the latter, and united with the church. He preferred pouring to sprinkling, and his baptism was administered in that form. He left the place soon after, and after about one year his friends succeeded in bringing him back to the views in which he had been trained. He prepared for the ministry and entered upon it, in that denomination. I have never met him since but have often heard of him as a useful man. Charles C. Sears, at my suggestion, entered upon a course of study preparatory to the ministry, and graduated at Hamilton College. While in college he wrote me that he was short of funds. I sent him some, with the aid of a friend. He taught school in New Jersey after his

graduation, and died there a few years after, I was informed.

Mr. C. G. Finney, so well known to the religious world, was born in Connecticut. His parents moved to Paris, Oneida Co., when he was a boy. Some ten or twelve years after he removed to Henderson, then a new country in Jefferson Co., a Township at the east end of Lake Ontario. Here I became acquainted with the family while on a mission in the fall of 1817. Charles was then absent teaching in the state of New Jersey. When I was preaching at Adams, before my settlement, he was in the office of Wright & Wordwell (?) a student at law, where he continued 'till his conversion in the fall of 1821. He was expecting at the time of his conversion, to be licensed soon in the Supreme Court. He could have been licensed some two or three years before, according to the usages, or laws, of the state, in the court of 'Common Pleas' but he did not choose to do so. He had all the business he wanted, and that was enough to support him, in Justice's Courts. He proposed having all the time he could for study. He was a good student, it was said, and had obtained a knowledge of the law which many practitioners had not obtained in that section of country, and when meeting them as opponents in justice's courts was more than a match for them. He was a young man of clear mind, of quick perception and logical, without much training in the art. He had had but little more than a common education. He had attended an Academy where he got some knowledge of Latin, in addition to his Eng-

lish. He had studied some of the higher branches of English education, but nothing very extensively, I should judge, from what he told me, that his education was about what might have been required to enter college, except that he had not studied Greek. His study of law, however, had given him considerable discipline of mind. He was a young man of strong impulses, great vivacity of spirit, bold and fearless, which qualities are strongly imprinted on his physiognomy, independent and self reliant, but full of kind and tender feeling and strong attachment to his friends. He was a little above the medium size, light complexion and light hair, large and prominent light blue eyes, with his upper jaw a little projecting over the under. His first appearance was not prepossessing, and his manners plain and bordering strongly upon the rough and blunt, but his warm heart, sincere and unchanging attachments, and affectionate manner, made him many friends. His was a guileless, honest, frank heart. He is said to have been a very wicked man before his conversion; that was the common report. He might sometimes when excited have used rough, or even profane, language, but he was not, that I know, addicted to any low vices. He sometimes spoke lightly of serious people, or serious things, it was more in jest than otherwise. He had a respect for good people, and the institutions of religion, and was correct in his religious views. He often asked me questions on doctrines, and sometimes on those that were fundamental. I did know his motive at the time, but I did not know

until afterward that it was only from a desire for information, and to settle the question that was laboring in his mind. The spring before his conversion, he came to my study one day, and as I had heard of his encounter with a Methodist preacher, in which he silenced him on some important doctrines, I inquired of him about it, and of his views in general. I said to him, "Mr. Finney, you have a very correct understanding of the doctrines of the Gospel. Why do you not become a Christian?" He answered me very frankly and sincerely that he thought it would hardly be consistent with the profession he was to follow. It was this to which he alluded when he came into my meeting of inquiry and said, "My objections to being a Christian are all gone. No doubt Sarah would like to have you believe that." He told me, after his conversion, that he could not forget that remark of mine. After his conversion he gave up his professional study and practice. He had no taste for them. The office was a praying room. The officers of the church, private members, and friends, often called and a prayer meeting usually followed.

After a few months, as I had anticipated, altho I said nothing to him, he came to me and wanted to know what I would think or advise in regard to his leaving the law and studying for the ministry. I said, "I will say to you, as an old minister of my acquaintance said to a young lawyer who came to him with a similar question. It may be best but I would not advise you to turn too short a corner, take time to consider." I told him he might resume his study

of Latin and commence the Greek language, and review the studies of moral philosophy and rhetoric, to which he had given some attention. This would do him no harm, but good, whatever conclusions he might come to after he had had time to try his feelings and duly consider the subject. He took this course, and I became his teacher. In the following summer, 1822, the Presbytery met at Adams and I advised him to put himself under their care. I had written to Andover, to Princeton, and to Auburn, to see if they would admit him as a student and aid him from their funds while in the pursuit of his studies, but getting no encouragement I advised him to this course, and to study what should be prescribed, and as long as the Presbytery thought proper. The Presbytery took him under their care, advised as to the general course, and appointed the Rev. G. S. Boardman and myself to direct and superintend his studies. As he had now no means of support, except a little that he had laid up in the practice of law, such as writing, and pleading in justice's courts, which business was now relinquished, I headed a subscription of one month's board in my family. This was followed by others, and provision was made. The order of studies was made out by the committee, and as I was at Adams, where he must remain, it devolved on me more especially to furnish the topics for essays, hear them, and question him in regard to the subject on which he read. He then entered immediately upon the subject of theology, and continued in it until the winter of 1824, when the Presbytery met to dissolve

my connection with the church. He was licensed six months sooner than he wished, or expected to be, that he might supply the pulpit made vacant by my sickness and dismissal. After supplying the pulpit thro the winter, he, by my application, was commissioned by the Female Missionary Society of the Western District to labor in the northern part of Jefferson Co., and in St. Lawrence. These are the points where he did labor. How extensive his commission was I do not recollect. I was able in the spring to ride out, and I went with him as far as Watertown, on his way to Antwerp, the town where he first began his missionary efforts. His preaching was bold and pungent and deeply impressive. Numbers, and many hardened persons, were the subjects of grace. I saw him but once or twice before I left that region in the fall and went South for my health. After my return he met me again in Oneida Co., where the Lord wrought a great work, as I may notice in the course of my history. From this time the character and history of Mr. Finney is too well known to require any record of mine. His peculiar views, adopted since he has been at Oberlin, were no part of his theology at that time, and for a number of years afterward.

To return to my history. The work which had begun in Adams spread thro the country around. I was called to attend a council in a Congregational Church of Lorraine, about six or seven miles south of Adams, which resulted in the excommunication of a member. As it stormed, and we could not return that

night, we held a prayer meeting at the house of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Bliss. In the course of the meeting I took occasion to relate what the Lord had done, and was doing, in Adams. Deacon Grierman, of the Congregational Church in Rodman, a town east of Adams, was then a member of the council. He listened with interest, and remarked, "I shall go home with new purposes". He did so, and as the pastor, my excellent friend and neighbor, the Rev. Mr. Spear, was sick, the Deacon labored day and night, visiting with others thro the congregation, the Lord blessing the efforts, in which the pastor was able, soon after, to unite, and a glorious work followed. The friends and enemies of religion were the subjects. I mean those who were specially so. In the village, which then numbered about fifty families or more, but four or five remained in which the altar was not erected, as I was informed by the pastor, and on New Year's evening, when the young people were accustomed to assemble for a ball, they met for the worship of God, and contributed to the pastor the amount of money they had been accustomed to spend on pleasure.

In Lorraine also a good work commenced from the date of that meeting and in the pastor's family several of his children, some interesting daughters, were the subjects of the work.

Mr. Finney and I went over to Henderson, where his parents lived, to hold meetings. I preached, and Mr. Finney made some remarks and prayed. I urged them then to pledge themselves, by rising up, to labor

for the revival of God's work. There was a considerable number of the Baptists present, as well as Congregationalists. There was some opposition from a Baptist member, not because he was opposed to the thing itself, but there were difficulties in the Baptist church which he thought ought to be settled first. I told them I thought they would be more apt to settle their difficulties if they would get into the spirit of a revival for the conversion of sinners. Nearly all arose, as I put the question, signifying by their willingness and purpose to seek the blessing of God, by prayer and labor in his cause. A good work commenced there from that time. In the course of the year, I think in the summer, early, I went down to administer the communion and receive members into the church, as they had no pastor. Among others received were Mr. Finney's parents and brother. The old man and his son were baptised. I shall never forget as the old man, over three score years, with his naked head, for he was bald, kneeled to receive the ordinance from my youthful hand. The son afterward entered the ministry. When I last heard of him he was preaching in Massachusetts. I saw him in 1844.

But my labors were incessant among my own people. My congregation extended some three, four, even six miles in different directions. In one place, about four or five miles from the village in a neighboring town, near where the work first began, I kept up meetings by the members of my church, who lived in the vicinity, and preached there usually once

a week, or once in two weeks. As there was no convenient place of worship, and no school house, I preached, by permission, in the ball room of a public house. Quite a number here were the hopeful subjects of grace. One man kept as much as possible out of my way when I had attempted to see him. Professed to be a skeptic of some sort, and yet he would sometimes attend my meetings. I was in the habit after the lecture to give those who wished the prayers of christians. An opportunity to manifest it in some way, usually by kneeling with christians, whom I requested to kneel, at the closing of the service, as it was convenient to do so in such a room. I had preached solemnly on the new birth, and at the close, as usual, invited sinners who were anxious for their souls to kneel with us while we prayed. This man thought it was reasonable and he would like to kneel. His mind during the discourse had been somewhat impressed. He looked around, as he afterward told me, to see if Mr. Brown, the proprietor of the house, and the man in whose employ he was, kneeled, but as he did not he thought he would not. While he stood there during the prayer, strange feelings came over him. The room seemed to him full of the fumes of burning brimstone, streams of fire seemed running down from his head onto his breast, and he thought he should sink to the floor. His first thought was that he would leave the room as soon as possible and go to his house, which was not far off, but then it occurred to him that devils who filled the air would carry him off bodily. He bore it 'til the close of the

meeting, and went out as quickly as he could into the hall below, in hopes of speaking with me, or to let me speak to him, as he presumed I would when I came down, and then he could let me know the state of his mind. I remained a while above, to converse, as usual, with different persons, and when I went down he pulled his hat over his eyes that I might not recognize him, and I did not notice him in the crowd.

The next night there was a prayer meeting in the neighborhood and he thought he would go. Then he thought if he did those dreadful sensations he had felt might come upon him again, and he concluded to request his wife to go and he would stay at home and keep meeting by himself. While he was kneeling in prayer in his house alone, he was seized with the same trembling, little fiery streams seemed running down through his head to his heart. He cried for mercy, and while there upon his knees God sent him relief and filled his heart with joy and peace. He then went to the meeting and declared what God had done for his soul. Some two or three months afterward he came forward and was received into the church, becoming, as he did from the date of his hope, a praying, godly man. In 1851, after many years I saw him at . . . ville, a town in Adams, the same man of God, and a deacon of the church. He was glad indeed to meet me, as I also to meet him. I have related this singular conversion as he gave it at his examination and as he before related it to me. It is difficult to account for impressions when the mind is excited under a sense of its sins.

About seven miles from Adams, on the road to Sacketts Harbor, one of my church members lived. He had moved there from Adams. He was an illiterate man, could hardly read, was a Dutchman brought up in the Mohawk Valley, a man of warm feelings and naturally bright, was poor, kept no horse, but, notwithstanding, was a constant attendant at meeting on the Sabbath, walking all that distance. He wanted me to come up and preach in his neighborhood, but having my hands full at the time I could not go. He got one or two professors to join him, and he set up a prayer meeting. It was matter of amusement to some of his ungodly neighbors but he was not daunted. He came to see me again. I told him to keep on as their meetings were increasing and when they began to have a house full I would come up. It was not long before he told me if I would come up I should find the house full. I went and found it so. In the time of the first prayer I heard whispering, or talking. I supposed it to be some one mocking as I had heard it was a very wicked place, but I ascertained it was a young man, who had, up to that time, been very far from anything of a religious kind, praying for himself in a low tone. After the service, and as the meeting was about to close, I observed, as I thought, a good deal of solemnity, and I thought I would test the state of things by proposing that if there were any who seriously desired to be christians, and would engage to seek now the salvation of their souls, they would rise, and thus express their purpose, and their wish for the prayers

of christians. About twenty of the young people arose. After they sat down I addressed the professors of different denominations, who were present, on the subject of their duty, especially in the circumstances, and told them I was about to put to them an important question, which I wanted they should consider for a moment, and then respond to it according to their feelings.

After a few moments, I requested all those who were willing to labor and pray for the salvation of sinners, and especially for those who had signified their wish that evening for the prayers of christians, to rise. Many arose as if they were moved by a common spring, or motive power of some kind. I inquired afterward the result of that meeting, and was told that all those who arose that evening to signify their wish for christian prayers and purpose to seek salvation, professed afterward a hope in Christ. Others also were subjects of grace, and some who had ridiculed the Dutchman's prayer meetings learned themselves to pray. God's strength was made apparent through the weakness of the instrument. After a while, some zealous sectarians raised the question of baptism, and the work ceased. My Dutch friend was very anxious for me to go up and preach on the subject, but some prejudiced and perverted sectarian garbled everything I said and I was not aware that any good was done. From this and other facts, I became convinced that there was a more excellent way to lead people into the truth than by preaching on controverted topics, in such circumstances. But

numbers, a good many souls, were savingly benefitted, I had reason to believe, and joined different churches in their vicinity, either Baptist, Methodist, or Congregational. The Village of Adams was near the south border of the Township, and the society and church extended into the adjoining towns of Lorraine and Ellisburg. South of the village some two or three miles there were a considerable number of my congregation and members mingled with other denominations, and particularly with the Baptists. They feeling some impression, some time after the work commenced, met together in a large school house for prayer and exhortation. Deacon Brown, a very good man of the Baptist church, saw me one day in town and asked me to come over and preach in their school house. To try his feelings I said, "What do you want me to come over and preach for?" "To stir us up", he replied. I remarked "I have too much to do to spend my time in going about to stir up lazy stupid professors. Stir yourselves up. God gives the spirit to those who ask Him. When you get waked up there, and out of the way of sinners that I can come and preach to them with the hope of doing them good, I will come". Some time after I saw him and he said, "Now come over, we have good meetings". I made an appointment and went over afterwards, a number of times. The work of God, through His word, and the activity of christians, went on powerfully. When some forty or fifty persons were cherishing a hope a fine Baptist minister came from a neighboring town, and preached on the subject of baptism,

telling them, as the Jews did the Gentiles, "Ye must be circumcised, you must be immersed, or you cannot follow Christ". I saw Deacon Brown soon after again in town. "Well, Deacon", said I, "Elder Osgood has been over in your quarter, I understand, preaching on baptism". He said, "yes, but he was prudent about saying anything. I knew he did not think it wise". "I am very sorry", said I, "the revival, so far as the conversion of sinners is concerned, you will find ended. I shall not follow his example", said I, "I shall pray about it". A few days after I got onto my horse and rode over, visited families thro that part of my congregation, resolved to say nothing on the subject of baptism, or know that anything had been said, unless questions were asked, and then nothing more than related to the difficulty each might have. There would be other times, and occasions, more fitting to the subject. I wished to keep their minds to the subject of Christian duty. They would be more likely, in this way, to keep in the spirit of the revival, as well as to get at the truth on that subject. On my way home I stopped at the house of one of the Baptist Deacons, who lived near town, and one or two of whose daughters had been at my house. I had been informed of their conversion. I conversed with the girls in relation to their hope, pleasantly, and was about to leave when one of them said, "Mr. Gale, we should like to have some conversation with you on the subject of baptism". I said, "Your parents are Baptists and they might not be pleased". The father was absent, but the mother, who was present, said,

she had no objections. I told them I had no scruples about my duty when questions were asked me on any topic of religion. My duty as a minister required me to impart instruction out of the Scriptures as I understood them. They remarked, "Elder Osgood has been preaching here, and he says, so and so. We want to know your views". They seemed to be inquiring and not satisfied with the views of the Elder.

They, with others, came forward and united with my church. On their parents' account, they said, they preferred to be immersed. They were not strenuous, cared nothing about it, except on their account. I told them they were aware that we held that water administered to proper subjects, and by one duly authorized, in any form was baptism, as it was a mere matter of expediency to gratify their parents I could have no objection. Accordingly, a convenient place in the creek where there was no ice, was found, and I immersed two of the daughters in the month of January. No evils ensued, no colds were taken, by them or myself, but we did not consider that any miracle was wrought.

As the result of the Elder's labors four out of Baptist families joined the Baptist church. The rest, for the most part, united with mine. A few may have gone to the Methodist; if any, but few. One of these a young man, whom the Elder immersed. A son of this Deacon afterward left them, studied for the ministry, after going thro college, and is now, as he has been for many years, a useful minister, Rev. Mr. Dean of Suffolk Co., N. Y.

I will relate one or two other anecdotes, as they will serve to illustrate my manner of doing things.

A couple of miles up the creek a wealthy, miserly farmer lived. The Methodists held meetings in the neighborhood. He, in the excitement, attended, as did his family, sometimes, two young ladies with their stepmother. They all professed a hope. The female part of the family, where practicable, attended my church. The preacher of the Methodist brethren was fishing strongly for Mr. Liske's family, and put up at his house. I called, as I passed around. One day when I called Mrs. Lisk said, "Mr. Gale, I do not like these Methodist preachers. I said to one of them that I did not like their conversation." "Mr. Gale," said she to them, "when he calls inquires how we get along and gives no instruction. He does not talk against Methodists or anybody else, but you are talking about your principles, and against others, and urging people to join your church". She and one of her stepdaughters joined my church. The father, and least intelligent of the daughters, united with the Methodist class. The old man I did not want for I had no confidence in his piety. He had a sort of miraculous conversion. He seemed to base his hope upon a vision he had had. His mind was probably exercised on the subject of religion, and while riding one day alone to Sacketts Harbor in his wagon he told me he looked up to the sky and saw God. He would weep and could say no more. Whether God said anything to him he did not say. As I anticipated, in a few months he quarreled with some of his brethren and

was turned out of the church. That was the end of his religion. The rest of his family gave evidence of a sound conversion.

There was a gentleman of fine appearance, and portly bearing in my congregation, and a regular attendant at church. In the revival he was very much impressed and attended my meeting of inquiry. He had been chosen to the Legislature, and was obliged, in that state of mind, to go to Albany. When he returned his deep impressions were gone, but he was serious and inquiring. His father and friends were Universalists living in an adjoining town. They put Universalist books into his hands. He was a man of good sense, had previously expressed his disapproval of their doctrines, attended my church, and was a warm friend of mine. But he imbibed the poison and based his hope upon it. One day I was in a neighboring town, and an acquaintance was inquiring about the revival, and about Esq. Andrews. I told him Mr. Andrews had come out a decided Universalist, and, I feared, was trying to draw others into the same snare. A short time afterwards I met him in the office of Esq. Bright, who had united with the church. Mr. Andrews was there. Said he, "Mr. Gale, I was informed that you said to a person in such a place that I was trying to proselyte to Universalism, but I have not been laboring to bring others into my views. I presume you were told so or you would not have said it". "I was so informed, Mr. Andrews, and I thought it not unlikely. It is not an uncommon thing for converts to any doctrine to attempt to bring others

over to their views, I am glad if it is so. It is quite sufficient for one man to destroy his own soul, without being responsible for the ruin of others." He said he was not afraid to die, and made remarks to show his confidence in the system. I told him a man being confident of the correctness of his views was no evidence of their truth in itself. The Scriptures assured me that a way might seem right to a man, and yet the end thereof were the ways of death, and that some, we read, were given up to believe a lie, that they might be damned. I told him I knew an Atheist who boasted he had no fear of death and died to appearance unconcerned. I then told him I would tell him my views of what his course would be. If he had not, he would doubtless try to lead as many as he could into his views, as the result of his sentiment. He would almost likely become a dissipated man, fond of his cups (I had a little before seen him tipping the cup in a saloon) and make a wreck of himself and family. He bore what I said patiently, and always remained friendly. When I was sick was more prompt than my church members in sending me things he supposed my family needed. Some months after this his wife's mother died, and he sent to Watertown to get the Universalist preacher to attend the funeral. The church was opened to him for the occasion, and he sent to me a polite invitation to take a seat in the pulpit with Mr. Morse, and assist in the services. I wrote him a note in reply, altho he sent a verbal message, stating that I could not accept of the invitation, not from any disrespect to himself

or family, as he was aware, I presumed, but from obedience to the highest authority referring him to John II, 10-11, Galatians I, 8. I went to the funeral but took a seat in the pew below, and listened to such a discourse as would have made Paul rebuke him, as he did Simon Magus. I said to a friend after I got out, "I believe in future I will let the dead bury their dead rather than countenance by my presence such preaching". My prediction in regard to Andrews proved true. He became intemperate, went into business with his father in an adjoining town. They quarreled, and it was said, fought in a drunken spree, and when I and my wife visited there, a year or two before we came West, we were told that he lived in a log house in a neighboring town, very poor. We rode two or three miles out of our way, when we left Adams for home, to see them, but missed our way and could not find them. I could never think of him, cannot to this day, without feeling sorrow in my heart. But the curse of the Lord is in the house of wickedness, his children are far from safety. Old David J. Andrews, his father, was that man.

In the fall of 1821, the bank having been removed to Watertown, we hired it for a dwelling. It was a double, two story brick building, much larger than we wanted, but as houses of that kind were not often wanted, and we could rent it comparatively low, and there was some good room in it that we could occupy, we moved in. It was near the church also, and in a pleasant part of town. Here my son Selden was born

on the 15th of February 1822. I had been out to preach that evening four miles from home, but found all as well as usual when I got home. I never allowed myself to be away from home over night, unless I was too far off to reach home, all that season, whatever the weather might be. What a mercy, thought I, that I was at home that night. No one but Mr. Finney, who was studying with me, and a hired girl were in my house. The circumstances are not to be detailed. They were distressing and perilous, but all resulted kindly, and the mother and the child did well. He was a large, healthy babe, and we were very happy in this new charge.

About this time the Rev. Mr. Frost having to attend an installation within twenty miles or more of me, came up and spent several days, including one Sabbath, when he preached for me. I had aided him for a week or ten days in a revival in Whitesboro a year or two before, and he was willing to lend me aid, and to see the work of God, and I was glad to rest a while from my labor. Mrs. Gale had not got down stairs. I fetched down our little stranger to show him to my old friend. Soon after my dear friend, Smith of Camden, came. He had been at the same meeting, but spent some time there afterward. I was glad indeed to see him for I had now labored day and night for six months, but he had knocked the skin off from his shin and taken cold in it, and for a while was shut up in the house and could hardly bear his weight upon the limb. He attended a few meetings, and his limb getting no better he set

out in his cutter for home, placing it in a horizontal position. He was confined all winter with it, as he informed me, and came near losing his limb, or his life. But, notwithstanding, his visit was a pleasant one. We laughed a number of times afterward at a little incident that occurred at this time. His appetite was not good, his limb pained him so much. We had some very fine waffles one evening for supper. I said to my wife, "I will go upstairs and see if Brother Smith cannot eat some of these". I ran up to his room and said, "Brother Smith, cannot you eat some waffles?" He said, no, he thought not. "But they were so fine", said I, "I will take some up to him and see". When I carried them in he laughed and said, "I thought you said offals. I did not know what you meant. I concluded I should not like anything that bore that name".

The number of conversions continued to grow less, our meetings were kept up during the week, as well as through the Sabbath, meeting early in the morning as the weather grew mild, but people seemed worn out. It was proposed, about this time, to change our form of church government. I was in favor of it if it could be done unanimously. I suggested it but did not urge it. I explained to them the nature of it, and corrected many misapprehensions in regard to it. I cited to them the fact that they had difficulties in the church growing out of attempts at discipline that had almost destroyed them, before I came, and since I had been with them they spent a whole year on one case of discipline before they

could issue it, and so they might expect it would be. We had a new set of judges at my meeting, the same persons were never all there, and many must be incompetent from age, a want of experience, or from both. After a while they came unanimously into the measure, elders were chosen, and Deacons, and the church came under the care of Presbytery, where they still remain.

At the ordination of the elders I endeavored to show them the scriptural warrant for that class of officers. The people were satisfied and cases of discipline afterward made, which they confessed would have sent them in sunder upon their former plan of discipline.

About the middle of May, I thought it would do me and my wife good to take a journey. I took her and the babe into our buggy, to which I had had a top put, and set off to visit my sister Griffin, who still lived at Springport, near Cayuga Lake, and who had never seen my wife.

We went by way of Oswego. We stopped in Scriba a little while on our way to pay our respects to the family of Dr. Clark. Mrs. Clark had been dead a year. He took us into his garden to show her grave and the trees she had grafted. What desolation in a family does the loss of a wife and mother make! But that desolation, through the appointment of God, I was to experience. Yet thro divine mercy many days of connubial and family enjoyments lay between. We spent a pleasant time with my sister and some friends on the way, especially at Elbridge.

On our return the traveling was so bad by way of Oswego that we hoped to find it better by way of Salina, but we were mistaken. In passing thro the country from Salina north a good deal of the way was frost and it seemed at times as if we could scarce get there. It was a relief to get out of the deep mud upon a causeway, or dog road. While we were stopping at Salina, for Syracuse had not then begun to be, my wife took the child into the kitchen by the fire. A coarse old woman inquired, "Whose child is that". "It is mine", said she. "Your child!" she repeated, "you cannot make me believe that that great fat child is yours". I never thought of this journey with pleasure. The badness of the road, and our narrow escape from being upset several times, and her carrying a heavy child, that then weighed nineteen pounds although but three months old. Yet she never showed signs of fear but once, when she liked to have been thrown, child and all, out of the buggy when we crossed the river at Oswego. We were glad once more to get home in safety. We never ventured again so far from home with a single horse and buggy, or without some assistance.

During the summer I labored hard, with such assistance as Mr. Finney could give, to arouse the church and bring the impenitent to Christ, but it was uphill work and the fruits not abundant. A few were converted.

This summer the Rev. Mr. Kimbal, an Andover student, was ordained at Martinsburg by the Presbytery. I was appointed to preach the sermon. We had

a pleasant season, I recollect, going out into the field to observe the season of prayer that was held daily by the church at home, for the revival of God's work. During all the revival prayer meetings at noon, on the Sabbath, in which old and young, male and female, held separate meetings. The large unoccupied rooms in the house where I lived were seated and made very convenient for the ladies prayer meetings, for the sisters of the church in the afternoon, and mixed meetings in the evening, in and out of the village. This is the most interesting the bright period of my ministerial life. O, that such days could come back again I often felt in succeeding years. So I feel still. These bright days were to be succeeded by those of darkness, and they were many.

I was much worn down with a year's incessant labor, a great part of the time having meetings of some sort, every night except Saturday night, in the week, and often in the day time. My stomach was in a bad state, a candidate for sickness. The synod of Albany was to hold its next session in Plattsburg. In the hope of benefitting my health, and of giving Mrs. Gale the opportunity of seeing her friends at Troy, I procured a two horse carriage and set off. We stayed the first night in Camden and had a pleasant visit at Brother Smith's. He admired our fine babe. He had a daughter, his first born, that was a little older. He said to my wife he supposed we were going to show our fine boy to our friends. He was fleshy and large, weighing then, altho but six months old twenty-five pounds. He had a beautiful head of brown hair that

his mother used to comb on top of his head like coxcomb. Allowing for a father's partiality, I thought I never saw a finer child. He was in striking contrast with his small and delicate mother. I left my wife and child at Aunt Seldens, who, notwithstanding her opposition to our marriage, treated us then, and always afterward, with great kindness. Having provided for the keeping of my horses I set off with some of the members of synod for Plattsburg. At Whitehall we took the steamboat, having traveled to that place by stage. In going down the hill, which for some distance seemed only a narrow, sluggish stream, we had a view of some of the places celebrated in the Revolution, as well as French wars, those that I had heard my father speak of when I used to lean upon his lap. Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Fort Edwin, and Fort Ann we had passed in going up by land.

When I went to my berth in the boat, to rest for the night, I found it occupied by some one. An empty berth I found near, but there was a hole in the window next to it. I thought, however, I could stop it up. When I got into the sheets I found them damp. Still I thought not very much probably I should receive no damage. The next morning I did not feel well, and in the course of the day was feverish. The result was an attack of dysentery, and I had to call a physician. I went into the Synod once but could not sit. I remained there until Synod broke up, confined much of the time to my bed. I left, however, with others, for home. I stayed a day in Whitehall, and fearing I should not be able to ride all the day follow-

ing I started toward night in a private conveyance, and reached Granville and put up at a public house. My complaint seemed checked, but only to make an assault upon another quarter, the kidneys. I sent for the doctor in the morning. He prescribed something, and when the stage came along I got in hardly expecting I should be able to ride to Troy. I found my clerical friend and neighbor, Rev. George Boardman, a fellow student at college, and at the seminary, afterwards a co Presbyter, settled at Watertown, Jefferson Co. He was very social and cheerful, as he always was, and dispelled my low spirits. The motion of the stage coach on a fine road seemed to do me good, and I reached Troy that evening, to meet my dear wife and little son, in better health and spirits than I could have predicted in the morning. After remaining a few days with my friends, and taking some prescriptions of my old physician, Dr. Burnit of Troy, and Clark of Wynantskill, I set out for home, taking Schaghticoke on my way, where my sister had lived and where the family still remained, to fulfill a dying request of my sister that I would take one of the little boys she left and endeavor to bring him up. I then made the best of my way home, but failed of getting home at night as I anticipated, and spent the night at Rutland, about fifteen miles from home, and preached on the Sabbath, which injured me. From the time I reached home, some time in October, I did not preach again until February or the latter part of January ensuing. I had some fever, and my stomach and bowels were disordered. My spirits were

depressed very much and I was confined most of the time to my house. My physician did not seem to know what to do. One of the principal physicians was sick and I went to Watertown for a physician. He came, looked at me over night, and ordered some mucilaginous drink, that acted like a charm. The next morning he came in again and questioned me very particularly, and told me how I felt and described my case better as to my feelings than I could, said he, "You do not need much medicine. You must ventilate your room by letting down those windows at the top, take off your feather bed, eat but very little at a time, and use a little alterative drink, and you will be better". I did so, and soon found me convalescent. I presume, however, that my disease had spent itself, in a measure. My fever was gone and I was in a debilitated condition. My stomach and bowels were prostrated. As I had kept my room warm, and my skin in a state of perspiration, the change was too great. And then the labor of transpiration upon the kidneys, a trouble which I had often experienced in such cases. A physician from a neighboring town, with whom I was acquainted, called to see me, and said I had the Diabetes, a disease which he once had, and there was but one course to be pursued, to effect a cure, and that was by using large doses of laudanum, or of opium, sufficient to produce perfect quietness of the parts, and subdue all pain and uneasiness. I did so, taking a teaspoonful at a time. It vomited me and produced such a prostration of voluntary pus as alarmed me. I continued the course with diminished

doses for some time, however, until I became uneasy and sent to Watertown again for Dr. Burton. He came, and when I told him what Dr. Fisk had said, he replied, "How does he know you have that disease? Has he made any examination, or applied any tests". I replied, "No". "O", said he, "it is all nonsense. It is merely a nervous irritation of the back". I was confident he was right and threw away my anodynes, or rather, had it applied externally to my back. I was soon better and able to remove with my family, a few rods, to our new house, that was just finished. I began to preach once on the Sabbath, as soon as I found myself able to do so, but I could not be satisfied to have my people without preaching twice on the Sabbath, and I commenced preaching twice. I would find my flesh in a tremor after one service, and lying down at noon I would take a dose of laudanum to quiet my nerves, and go into the pulpit.

During my illness there came others into the village, in hopes of setting up their altar. The Methodist brethren had attempted it several times when I was from home. One of the preachers came to me, when I was sick, to know if I was willing he should preach there stately in the school house. I perceived the dilemma in which his question, if not designed, was calculated to throw me. If I said no it would be used to my disadvantage and for the purpose of gaining sympathy. If I should say yes without any qualifications I should be considered as favoring it, or recommending it. I replied, "It is not for me to

say who shall, or who shall not, set up meetings here. We are in a free country, and men have a right to preach where they please, or can get hearers. I have no right to make any objection to your preaching there if you can have the house, as I presume you can. If you hold meetings there I wish you to understand that they are your meetings. Our people will doubtless some times attend, and if you ask them they may take a part, but they will not, I presume, feel neglected if you do not ask them, and when we have meetings then I shall consider them ours, and you must feel, in regard to our managing them and inviting you, as we do in regard to yours." It is best to have an understanding in such things for the sake of good neighborhood. The meetings were set up but they soon failed. No other denominations had any footing in the village 'till after I left. I always treated all courteously, in and out of the pulpit, often invited them to preach as they were passing thro, and gave the use of our house several times for Quarterly meetings.

A noted preacher, whom I had invited, advanced sentiments that were not well received by some of the people. One asked why I did not get up and expose his sentiments. I said to him, "The pulpit is no place for wrangling, or controversy. Besides, I knew him to be a Methodist when I invited him, and so did you when you came to hear him. He preached the doctrines of his creed, and if I wanted to prevent erroneous impressions in the minds of my people it can be better, and more effectually, done

in another way. I can preach sound doctrines, not controversially, and with one discourse in that way remove all false impressions." My successor took a different course, and in a little time a Methodist meeting house was erected on the opposite side of the street, and a considerable number of his congregation, and some of his church members, were drawn away. Many, who had no preference, aided them from sympathy because they thought them not well used.

My indiscreet course of preaching so much before my strength was adequate produced, as warm weather came on, in the summer an entire prostration of strength, so far as pastoral duties were concerned. I was unable to speak so as to be heard at the farther end of the church. It was not a weakness of the lungs so much as of the stomach which resulted in an inveterate dyspepsia. Reading on the Sabbath instead of preaching by Mr. Finney, under my direction, was again the result. In this painful condition I was compelled to remain while I stayed in Adams, or 'till I was dismissed, more particularly, in the ensuing winter. It was painful to be thus deprived of the pleasure of parochial duties, and painful to have the congregation in that situation. I could ride about and visit some, but everything I ate distressed me, and my spirits, as in all such cases, were depressed. As I got no better, and had no confidence in medicine, I concluded, in the fall, to travel. As I had seen a friend at Watertown, who told me that he had been in a similar condition, only worse, but had

been relieved by prescriptions of Dr. James of Albany, I concluded to go down, and I could visit my friend also, at Troy. It was late in September before my new carriage that I had ordered was finished. I then set off, with a young man who was studying with me, and who performed the duties of coachman, leaving my dear wife in circumstances painful to me, altho everything was done that I could do for her comfort and safety. She, like a true heroine, as she always was, did everything in her power to allay my anxiety for her. She showed no distrust of Providence, or anxiety. I stopped and spent a few days with my old friends in Herkimer Co., Mr. and Mrs. Ferris. I felt very unwell when I left them, and soon found that the jarring of the carriage was too much for my nerves, and turned my course to the Little Falls, where I took the canal packet, and sent the young man on by land to meet me in Troy. I stayed in Troy, and with my friends outside, some two weeks or more, in Troy a part of the time with the family of Mrs. Yvonne and with Mrs. Bunit—the doctor had died since I was there, and Mrs. Rice, also Mrs. Bunit's sister. And Dr. Robbins who had been a partner and student of his, with two of her children, then constituted the family. Here I was made welcome and everthing was done for my comfort. Except anodyne, of which I took a little daily, I used no medicine, had lost all confidence in it. Doctor James had removed from Albany, and I concluded to wait and see what time would effect, but I found myself growing weaker

and more emaciated. I began to apprehend that I might never see my home again, and others looked upon it in the same light. I felt the most anxious about my wife, who was near her confinement, and the time had expired, or nearly, that I was to have been home. Mrs. Yvonne suggested that Mrs. Knapp, who for a number of years was her father's housekeeper, and who was in the city, might be induced to go out and take care of my wife, as well as be company for her. William Selden and I both went to see her but she could not go. I then concluded to apply to a physician again. I went to Dr. Robbins, between whom and myself there had been an intimate friendship, and told him how I was, and had been. He said he thought he could help me, unless my mysentary was diseased. From my emaciation he had some fears that it might be. He then furnished me with medicine and I went out to stay with friends at Wynantskill. While there my sister Beckwith and her husband and daughter came. The daughter was ill and died the winter following. She was their second child, a beautiful young lady. Her loss was deeply afflicting. When my sister saw me, so pale and thin, she was startled and spoke as if she thought me not long for this world, and asked how I felt in view of another. I did not, however, despair of being well again. My medicine operated favorably, and I began to feel better. Instead of its giving me pain when I rode it did me good, and my stomach began to assume a more healthy tone. I

then concluded to start for home. Rode in my carriage to Schenectady, and there took the canal packet for Rome, sending the young man, with my horse and carriage by land. Judge Hopkins had moved with his family from Jefferson Co. then, and I went to his house to rest and await the arrival of the young man. I felt weak and exhausted and lay down. I said to my friend, Mrs. Hopkins, that I feared I should never go any farther. She spoke encouragingly and did everything for my comfort. The kindness of this dear family, when I had, at their request, made it my home while a missionary on the borders of Lake Ontario, was very refreshing. She and others of her family felt that under God to me they owed their hope of better things than this world could give, and no kindness could exceed the obligations. It was a most amiable family, and I could not have been happier in any of my sisters' families. The Judge tried to obtain a closed carriage that I might be less exposed to the weather, and be able to return, but he could not. He procured a chaise, and took me on to Vienna, twelve miles. We had hoped to reach Camden, six miles beyond, but could not, the roads were bad. I then got into my own carriage and rode home in two days, enduring the journey better than I expected, found all well, Mrs. Gale in good spirits, and myself gaining a little after I got rested. In ten days after, on the 18th of November, my daughter Harriet was born (1823). We had a good nurse. She got along very well, and altho the weather was quite cold, as might be ex-

pected, she proposed to me in about two weeks to take her out in my carriage. I demurred, thought it dangerous, but she was decided, and at such times I always yielded to her judgment. She rode out, took no cold, and was benefitted. Her babe was fat and healthy. Her mother bathed her daily in cold water. We went out to attend an installation in Rutland in the winter. She went with me and took her babe keeping up every morning the same practice of the cold bath for her child.

Finding myself without any prospect of being able to labor longer as the pastor of the church I requested Presbytery, that held its winter session there, to dissolve the connection, in which the congregation united from the same necessity. But I felt that they ought to have a pastor. At this meeting I suggested the propriety of licensing Mr. Finney, that he might, for a time or until they could obtain a pastor, supply the pulpit, and this was done. Mr. Finney supplied it for a number of weeks, but 'a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country'. Some were not pleased. A Mr. Hopkins, one of the ministers who had licensed me, came along, a candidate for settlement, and I procured from the General Missionary Society at Attica a commission for Mr. Finney to labor in the north part of the county, as I have before stated. Mr. Hopkins supplied the desk for some time, but they did not choose to make him a call. In May following I went again to Cayuga Co. It may have been early in June. Visited my friends, sister and others in Cayuga Co. and brought home my niece

Betsey Goodrich to be company and assistance for my wife, and to go with us on the journey contemplated East. We left home on the last of June in our carriage, with two horses.

I wished to visit Saratoga Springs, and it would give my wife an opportunity of visiting her friends and mine. My wife and Miss Goodrich occupied the back seat and carried the children. I went by way of the Springs, where I stopped a part of the day, and left with the intention of returning, after taking my wife and niece to Troy. I did so, went, with my horses and carriage that I might ride every day. I stayed some two days and thought I was getting no good. I faced home, and returned to Troy after visiting friends there and in the vicinity. I left Betsey, and took my sister, Mrs. Kinney. This exchange was pleasant. She was social and interesting, and while she could be a better nurse voluntary, so far as one was required, would make our visit to our sister in Duchess Co. more pleasant. Our eldest sister was always regarded as the closest link to our parents, and by younger portion of the family as a mother. She had a son living on the west side of the river, some distance below Albany, and we went that way to make him a visit. This was her third son. He had been hopefully converted, and had prepared for college with the view to the gospel ministry, but falling in love with his cousin, Maria Curtis, my sister Rhoda's daughter, had married her and gone on to a farm. He was not blessed. His wife had children but not one lived, and he evidently was not happy.

He had given up the ministry without a good reason and had married his cousin against the wishes of both their parents and all of their friends. He afterwards removed into the country a little west of Troy, there was thrown from his horse, which stepped on him as he fell, and inflicted a wound from which he never recovered. He died penitent, leaving a hope of his souls salvation for his friends. I always felt as if the Lord's frown rested upon him. His name was Henry, his father's name. He was usually called Haney. Maria was the oldest child of her mother, was born at my father's, and as I lived with my sister after his death we were brought up together. She was like a sister to me. I obtained a place for her in Troy in the family of Mr. Rice and sent her to school there for some time. She was a lovely girl, of the sweetest disposition. She survived her husband for a number of years, but died some twenty years ago in the hope of the Gospel. We went from there to Catskill and visited a Mr. Elliotts. His wife was the eldest child of my sister, Phoebe Finch, and bore her name. She is living there still (1855).

We then went to Red Hook and visited my sister there, and then to Stamford to my sister Bartous' and other friends in my native place. My sister Kinney claimed the privilege of carrying our little daughter Harriet, and of taking care of her, as much as her mother would consent to have her. She became very fond of her. She was so quiet and good that she called her little patient Harriet. After a very pleasant visit to our friends, at least as much so as my health would

allow, and still more to those who were well, we returned to Red Hook, where I looked up some farms. I had some thought of buying, but could hardly make up my mind to turn farmer, and I found none to suit me. At Troy Betsy again resumed her seat, and we went on to Adams. I made use again of the mercurial pill, which in the prescription of Dr. Robbins had done me so much good, and although I had received no immediate benefit from the waters of Saratoga they had prepared my stomach for the use of this, and it operated like a charm. I grew better all the way home.

I was not able to preach, and I thought I had better leave Adams. I concluded that a resident minister, especially one who had had charge of the congregation, might be the innocent occasion of trouble, as soon as another pastor was settled. While I was among my friends at Troy I saw a young man, a licentiate, who was well spoken of, and I made to him a passing remark that if he was a candidate for settlement perhaps he had better visit Adams. I had hardly settled at home before I went to admit a person who knocked at the door, and who should I see but Mr. John Sessions, the young licentiate. I was a little sorry to see him so prompt on the slight invitation I had given, but I requested him to make himself at home. I was obliged to leave home again before the Sabbath that I might be at the meeting of the Synod of Utica. I introduced him to the elders, and he remained to preach on the Sabbath. He set off on Monday morning and was at the Synod in

season. He brought a line from the officers of the church informing me that they were pretty well pleased with his preaching, and if I thought best they would make him a call for settlement. I advised him to return and preach a while. As I could not be home 'till after the Sabbath he returned, taking a letter from me, in which I told them that I could not assume the responsibility of advising them to settle any man, but if I knew anything against a man's character, or soundness, my interest for them, and the cause of truth, would lead me to apprise them of it. I knew nothing unfavorable to this gentleman, I had heard some friends speak well of him and he had passed through the regular course of studies at good institutions. They must be the judges of what they wanted, and whether they were sufficiently pleased with him to give him a call, after a fair trial.

After the close of Synod, Brother Boardman and I, each in our separate carriages, started for home, and when we got to Rome we took a new road not usually traveled. I was exceedingly glad afterwards that we did so. A young lady had been taken dead that morning out of the canal, into which she had been seen trying to throw herself, and in trying to identify her person some person said he had seen her before, and she was, he was quite sure, a member of the church at Adams, and a messenger was sent for me, but could trace me no further after I left Rome. She was indeed a young lady who had united with my church, the first winter after my settlement, the sister of the wife of the most respectable physician in the place,

and who had addressed letters to me just before I left home to attend the General Assembly in 1820. It was wholly unexpected by me, and without anything that I had voluntarily done to induce it. The fact of her declarations of regard, expressed in this manner, I communicated to one of the deacons, that if anything should transpire unfavorable to me he might be able to correct any error. I read him one of the letters, under the injunction of secrecy, and nothing ever transpired, to my knowledge. She went to Sacketts Harbor, and there, it was reported, fell in love with a young officer, which was not reciprocated. The result of all was insanity and suicide. She left Watertown clandestinely and traveled through mud and snow to Utica, where she thus ended her unhappy life. Whether I was the innocent cause of any of her sorrows, that ended so tragically, I could

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To have been under the necessity of going back to identify her person would have been a painful office.

After my return I aided in settling the minister, and in making arrangements for a new church edifice. I told the church that I did not think they could prosper with that house. It was not old, it was true, but it was small and badly built. If I was able to remain as their pastor I should not feel willing to do so with that house. If success in any business was expected of a man he must have suitable tools. Skill could avail but little without such. I had been with them several years and although the church

had been more than doubled in that time the congregation had increased but little. They said, at least some of them, that the old house had cost them three thousand dollars and had stood but a few years, and they did not feel able to build. I told them that did not alter the matter, the house was an old one and unpopular, and they were more able to build than to do without one, but some owned pews in the old house, and some did not. It would fall heavily on those owning pews if they must lose them. After some debate a committee who had been appointed recommended that forty per cent of the cost of the slips in the old house should be allowed them in the new house, and the Society could sell the old house for what it would get. A subscription was presented, and signed, by those present. I then took it and rode about. I was soon satisfied that I could not succeed with such a beginning. The Society was called together again, and I told them the tune was pitched too low. They must begin on a higher key. I had some trouble to get two leading men up to the mark I had set, but as soon as that was accomplished I, in a short time, raised three thousand dollars. Many subscribed who seldom, or never, attended church. This amount it was thought would enclose the building, and after the draft was made they could put up the slips at auction, and raise a sufficient sum to finish it. In about a year after I was at Adams the building was completed at an expense of seven thousand dollars, and they had sold slips enough to pay the amount, with some remaining.

They concluded to give Mr. Sessions a call, but they had some difficulty in agreeing upon the salary. They asked me my opinion. I told them they had given me too much. It was more than they would be likely to pay if they promised it. They were aware that they had failed in paying mine. The times had been hard and I had relinquished a part of it, but whatever they did promise they must calculate to pay. Some thought they could not raise over four hundred dollars. I told them they could raise five, a minister could not live on less, and if they paid him promptly it would be better than mine had been, although nominally seven hundred. They fixed it at that sum, and, as I learned afterward, paid it pretty promptly.

I was now ready to leave. A meeting house and a pastor was in prospect. He was not just such a man as I would have selected. I had sold a part of our furniture, and a small part of my library, and as I could not rent my house concluded to lock it up and leave, as I did, on the 9th of November 1824. I went to Mannsville that day and stayed with my nephew, Dr. Roswell Kennet, who had been encouraged to come on and settle there as a physician, and who had married a daughter of Mr. Mann, the sister of Mrs. Wardwell, my old friend. Here I found a man going to Adams who wanted to rent my house for one year. The third day after I left Adams I reached Rome. The road was very bad. We stopped at my friend's in Camden. The covered seat I placed forward for Mrs. Gale, and the baby with me, the other seat I placed behind for my nephew of ten years and my

little son, not three years old, who rode like a little man. I have often wondered how I durst trust him to ride then over such roads. The next day we reached Utica in time to take the packet and make arrangements to have my horse and carriage sent to me at Troy, where we soon arrived, and found our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Yvonne, ready to receive us into their family.

Thus was finished my residence at Adams, where I had experienced many mercies, and where I passed thro sore trials. There I entered upon, and finished, the only pastorate properly so-called, that I ever sustained. I have preached for a time as a stated supply for a number of churches for a season, but my health, or circumstances, or both, would never allow me to settle. I always looked back upon that period as the happiest of my life. I could not but speak sometimes to my friends of the trial it was to me to give up the privileges of a pastor, and indeed of preaching, except occasionally, for eight or nine years. Brother Frost of Whitesboro would sometimes say, for my encouragement, after I had established the Institute, that I had been far more useful to the cause of Christ than I could have been in any other situation.

When I went to Adams the church had had a good deal of difficulty among themselves and with some of their ministers, and some of them would say to me, "Mr. Gale, we are very glad to have you settle with us, but we are sorry for you. You cannot live here without trouble." I was not troubled on that

subject. No people were more harmonious or happy among themselves, or, if I might judge from words and actions, than they were with their pastor. How it might have been if I had lived longer with them I cannot say. Such was their confidence in me that in all the changes of pastors, or any difficulty that arose they consulted me, altho seventy miles from them. Our attachment was mutual. When I visited them in 1851 I spent a couple of days, one of which was the Sabbath, and after an absence of so many years they manifested so much pleasure that the pastor said, "I wonder if I should receive such demonstration of pleasure if I should return to a people I had served, after an absence of so many years." It was the blessing of God upon us that produced, and cemented, this attachment. I was happy, too, in the circle of ministerial brethren. Mr. Samuel Snowden, of Sacketts Harbor, had an air about him that rendered him unpopular. It was the buckram preciseness and aristocratic air of the city where he had been reared—Philadelphia. The fault was more in the man than the place. But he was companionable and agreeable to those with whom he associated. His wife was of the family of Bruses of New Jersey, sister of the Rev. Dr. Bruse, father of the editor of the New York Observer, and of the Bruses of central New York, wealthy families. At Brownsville was Rev. N. M. Wells, a very popular and pleasant man, with whom I often exchanged, his people not being willing he should exchange such except with me. Rev. George S. Boardman, who settled at Watertown

soon after I did at Adams, and whose wife was Mrs. Gales' most intimate associate before her marriage, in Troy, the daughter of Col. Lane, another Revolutionary officer. This was a match of our making. Rev. Mr. Spear of Rodman, a plain but most amiable and godly man. There were others, but these were my near neighbors. I had just got our house finished, our houses, and five acres of land, all fenced in for a pasture, close to the village. My dwelling near the the church within twenty-five rods, my land adjoining my house. My house was a two story half house, rendered every way convenient. The house and the building lot cost us sixteen hundred dollars, beside the field. I got the rent of it one year, with damage to the house, after sueing for the rent, and then, after letting a family in to keep it two or three years, sold it for nine hundred dollars, with long time of payments, so little demand was there for dwellings. But things changed much after that, and the county ranks fifth, in wealth, in the state.

Why I made up my mind to leave I could hardly tell. I have stated, I thought after all I was hasty subsequently. There I had a good house, and many friends. In selling off my furniture and removing I sustained a good deal of loss, but it was of the Lord: He had other designs for me, and important results followed, of which I was directly and indirectly the instrument, as will appear in the sequel of my history; and I have no doubt I should have had the difficulty I anticipated if I had remained. My successor was not the man for them, and some things he was guilty

of, which I know, would have produced great difficulty and have ruined him. The elders, and a few others, were privy to the facts. I met with them, while on business there, two or three times privately, and had the matter settled, until I saw it would result in trouble of a serious kind, and then I advised his resignation, and obtained for them another pastor. My error in regard to myself was too severe labor, and in continuing to preach when I should have been endeavoring to establish my health.

SECTION III.

*From the time of my leaving Adams November 1824
to my going to Whitesboro in the spring of 1827*

After getting my family comfortably situated at our friends, Mr. Yvonnecette's, and making the necessary preparations, I started on my journey South, intending to go, if possible, as far as South Carolina. A ride in that direction on horseback it was thought would be favorable to the recovery of my health. It was painful indeed to leave my wife, and my little son and daughter, but the restoration of my health was important for them as well as for myself. I left Troy in my carriage for Red Hook, where I intended to leave it, about the middle of December. At Red Hook my brother-in-law Beckwith took me into his carriage, and I led my horse, or drove him by the side of his, to Poughkeepsie. Here I put up with my cousin Ira Gale, who had kept a public house many years at Clermont adjoining Red Hook, and who had

often entertained me with great apparent pleasure, and without charge. He was living comfortably, although reduced, and he was no less glad to see me. I never saw the family again. He died not long after. Here I parted with my brother-in-law, as well as with my Cousin Gale, and mounted my horse fully equipped. The first night I put up at a public house in the Highlands, on the east side of the river. In conversation with the old gentleman he inquired my name and said he was well acquainted with my father. The bare mention of the fact helped to dissipate the gloom that seemed to settle upon my spirits at the thought that I had left all my friends behind and was now in the midst of strangers. I felt as if I were in the family of a friend or neighbor. The next evening, which was Saturday, and Christmas Eve, I arrived at Sing Sing on Mount Pleasant, as it was then called, a more agreeable name, altho Sing Sing is not very remotely connected with the same emotions suggested by the other, except when it comes in contact with a heavy heart. As the following day was the Sabbath, and I understood they had no minister, I inquired for an officer, or leading member of the church. I was directed to a good looking house, a little distance from the town or village. The owner I found to be a Mr. Vorhees, a lawyer, whose lady was a member, and he, altho I think not a professor, took a good deal of interest in promoting the institutions of religion. I was received and treated with great hospitality. I preached at the church in the day time, and in the evening at the landing at

the river, two or three miles distant, Mr. Vorhees and his lady accompanying me. My text in the evening was "Why stand ye here all the day idle." He was evidently impressed, and before leaving him in the morning had a serious and interesting conversation with him in relation to his soul's salvation and his duties as the head of a family. I alluded as delicately as I could and be faithful to a habit, the use of intoxicating drinks, which from his appearance I feared would injure his spiritual interests, as well as his temporal. He received the admonition kindly, but the results of this meeting I never knew. I left on Monday morning and never saw the family again. I then passed on to Harlem, where I stopped for the night, and through the city of New York and over the river to Bloomfield, N. J. I stopped over night in the family of my old friend, Rev. G. N. Judd, then the pastor of that church. I left in the following morning after this pleasant interview. I pursued my journey, and after spending the night with friends in New Brunswick, where I had taught two years before, reached Princeton, and putting up at the public house called on old friends, and dined the following day by invitation with my old instructor, Dr. Miller. After spending a couple of days here I went on to Trenton and spent the Sabbath with the Rev. Mr. Tyler. He had been educated by the same Presbytery that had licensed me. I had become acquainted at Princeton, where he had married his wife. He was engaged in teaching a select school, but supplied then the Presbyterian

church that had no pastor. He said he did not intend to give up pastoral duties: he intended, after accumulating sufficient property, to preach again without depending on that for a support. Alas, thought I, how men delude themselves. If you wait 'till that time you will be too old, or will have lost the spirit of preaching. I preached in the morning, on his invitation, in the Presbyterian church from the text "But this I say, brethren, the time is short." It was the first evening of the New Year (1825) and short indeed the thirty years have been since that time. I am spared but how many of my acquaintances, as well as others, have passed beyond the bounds of time, a generation, according to the usual computation, have passed away from earth, a number, including those since born, equal to its entire population. Up to this time the weather had been, for the most part, thro December like April. On that night there was a sudden change from the mildness of spring to the dreariness of midwinter, some snow had fallen. I left in the morning for Philadelphia. Before night I felt a nervous debility of the back, to that degree that I could hardly ride. I rode on, however, to Philadelphia, and called on my old friend, Rev. James Patterson, the well known pastor of the church of the Northern liberties, an Israelite in whom there was no guile, a man of faith, of love, and of charity, and an example of every Christian grace, and of zeal and success in labors, above any other man almost of his time. I had put up with him while at the assembly in 1820. His wife was the niece

of Dr. Coc of Troy, and a worthy helpmate of such a man. I was in a state of mind and body that needed just such sympathy, and which such a family could give, and which I received from them. I had unwisely preached every Sabbath almost after leaving Adams, when I should have wholly abstained, and this, added to the fatigue of traveling, sunk me again lower than I had been for a long time. I ought to have set my face for home instead of going farther, but it was not congenial with my nature to put my hand to the plough of an enterprise and look back. I remained here eight or ten days. On the recommendation of Mr. Patterson, and a letter of recommendation, I called on the celebrated Dr. Physic, his practice to charge clergymen nothing. In this case I got all I paid for and no more, that I could perceive. He told me he could give me only fifteen minutes. I told him I could not describe my case in that time, he said he understood it, after I had said a few things, and made his prescription for the apothecary to fill out. I found myself miserable in body and depressed in mind. I could every night hear the watchman, as he came around crying the hours, and sometimes the firemen with their engines and horses, rattling over the pavement and blowing a blast that seemed sufficient to tear up the foundation of the streets. The noise of the watchman is fresh in my recollection, with the peculiar emphasis and song, as if it were heard last night. "Four o'clock and a cloudy morning." I could eat but little, and sleep less. My friend, Mr. Patterson advised me to purchase a chaise and travel in that,

and he informed me, also, that one of our Princeton students, who was just returning to his home in Washington, would take a seat with me and give me aid as well as company. I did so and left after receiving kindness and sympathy from that excellent family, such as I shall never forget, for Washington City.

We spent a Sabbath after traveling two days with one of my Princeton fellow students in Pennsylvania. I was not able to go out to church and was more miserable than ever. He and the family, as I learned, thought I would never return. I thought, altho it was cold and I was traveling, I would try my old medicine, mercurial or blue pill. It did me good and I began to revive. Had I used it more, and continually, after I left home it would have been better for me, I doubt not. We stayed one night at Columbia, on the Susquehanna. We called for a room and retired early. After we had retired we heard delightful music. A young lady, whom we had not the pleasure of seeing, supposing that we were ministers, played upon a piano forte directly under us, serenading us, with sacred music. My friend took me to his mother, a widow lady in Washington, where I spent the most part of two weeks. He would, on my journey, and at home, endeavor in various ways to divert my mind, sometimes with playfulness and sometimes with music, he playing upon his flute, while his sister, and some others who happened to be present, sang. My depression was not constant. Mrs. Moore, the mother of the young man, said she could always see my low

spirits coming on as evening approached. It was the nature of my complaint. Dr. Collins, whom my friend had requested to call in, asked me if I ever wanted to shoot myself. I told him I had never got so far down as that. He said he had a brother much as I was who said he often felt so. This of course was mere pleasantry. While I was in Washington Mr. Moore rode about the city with me. We visited the tomb of Commodore Decatur, a brave man in his day, who died as a fool dies. We visited the Catholic College at Georgetown. We went a number of times to the Capitol, wandered over that, heard the great men of Congress speak. Clay, Webster and John C. Adams in the house, and others in the Senate, and Lafayette, who was then on his visit to this country, and who was honored with a seat in both the Chambers. I met Mrs. Gen. Wool, an old acquaintance, and called on Major General Brown of Brownsville, N. Y., then Secretary of War. I had often had him for a hearer at Brownsville in my exchanges with the pastor and had been at his house. He seemed glad to see me, but said he suffered a good deal. Just before he left Brownsville, his home, for Washington, or was about leaving, he invited a large company of friends from the neighboring towns to dine with him. He was smitten with a paralytic stroke at the table, the first intimation of which was his knife dropping from his hand. He was laid up for some time and never fully recovered. He died at Washington not long after I saw him. Rev. Joshua Moore, who went on with me from Philadelphia, was a most amiable

young man. He had just come on from Detroit, where he had been preaching for some time. He had lived some of the time in General Cass's family, and he showed letters which he received from Mrs. Cass urging him to return. He had a very high opinion of Mrs. Cass as a lady and a Christian woman; he thought she had few equals. I did not know then, or had forgotten, that she was an own cousin of my wife. Mr. Moore visited me the next fall at Western, and spent a week at my house in the time of the revival. I went with him to Utica when he left. We lodged together, and as he had to start early he arose, and giving me a kiss, as he bid me goodbye in bed, left. I never expected to see him again, but in 1839 I met him in Philadelphia. He was a member of one of the General Assemblies and I of the other. I left Washington the latter part of January, taking provisions with me such as I could eat. I stopped at a public house late on the afternoon and requested a cup of tea, using my own food and apologizing for it that I was ill. I then thought I might as well put up. I inquired of the woman, who seemed to be house-keeper (no man was about) if I could put up there for the night. She said there was an Inn three or four miles on where they could probably keep me. I saw that she was afraid, as I had spoken of coming from Washington and was sick, that she might have me upon her hands, or I might have some contagious complaint. I drove on and reached the place about nightfall. It was a small house but sufficiently capacious for a country where there was so little travel.

I was glad to get by a good fire that was blazing upon the hearth, but I found a current of air pouring upon me from the door. I went to close it and found none to shut. I requested a fire made in my chamber, presuming I should find one there, but I found that in the same condition. The woman brought me a blanket and some torks with which I supplied the place of a door in some measure. I had requested a cup of tea and a little bread and butter for my supper. After waiting a long time the mistress of the family came up herself with a cup of tea and some warm biscuits, saying that her butter had all given out that day and she could not get any. I told her to give herself no trouble, I would get along. The hot biscuit I knew would not do for me, and having some crackers with me I made out a supper with them, and my tea. The next morning I drove on without breakfast and stopped for refreshment at a public house, kept by a widow lady, some ten or twelve miles on. Here I found more comfortable quarters and a very pleasant landlady. But eating, with me, was a small matter as regarded quantity or variety. A few crackers and some fresh meat, a little of it, was all I wanted. I took a box from Washington, some fresh beef and crackers. I tried to get my meat cooked but it was so poorly done that it was of little use. They would sometimes smile at my bringing out my provisions, and it was difficult to make them comprehend the necessity of such a measure. The public houses throughout the South are very different from those at the North, and on a road so little traveled as that from Washington

to Fredericksburg they are good for nothing. The travel is mostly on the Potomac. I reached Fredericksburg early on Saturday, the third day after leaving Washington. It was amusing to see the style of building in a southern city. I had observed the chimneys all running up on the outside of the houses in the country, but supposed I should see it different in the towns, but I found it all the same. I went to the house of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, where I was hospitably entertained, and remained 'till Monday, doing a foolish thing, as usual, preaching on the Sabbath. Mr. Wilson sustained himself, in a measure, living genteely by teaching a school of young ladies in his own house. He had been instrumental in planting that church some twenty years before, and had remained its pastor. I found that the churches of the principal towns of our denomination have been planted in a similar manner. The first church of Richmond by Rev. John H. Rice, and by his brother in Petersburg. They went in without any call, collected the people and preached sometimes, supporting themselves in whole or in part.

I left again on Monday for Richmond. The first night where I stayed I was happily disappointed in finding the family pious, of the Baptist denomination. The gentleman asked me to lead the devotions of the family, and they all joined in singing, in the Virginia style. It was very refreshing to the spirit. The tune and the singing is still fresh in my recollection.

In the afternoon of the third day after leaving I drew up to the door of my friend and fellow student Armstrong, then pastor of the leading Presbyterian church of the city. He met me very cordially, but his family was not in a situation to entertain me. He gave me a line directing me to go to the house of one of his elders in the part of the city called the Rockets. The next day, or the day but one, I went with Mr. Armstrong to the State House where the Legislature were in session, and to see other parts of the city. The day was very cold and I caught a cold that settled on my lungs. I was sick for about ten days, unable to leave my room. I was nursed by the family with the greatest care, and as soon as I was able to ride a carriage, with a servant, was ordered to take me out every day. As soon as I felt able I started on my journey again. I left for Prince Edward Court House, leaving Mr. William Rowlet and his family with regret and grateful recollections.

As I left the city I found the roads horribly bad, but I hoped I should find them better as I got into the country. I inquired of a man coming into the city on horseback how he found the roads in the country back. He dropped his bridle reins, and lifting up both hands, exclaimed, "O, horrible!" Whenever I approached a very bad place in the road, altho the state of my health was miserable enough, I fancied I saw the man with uplifted hands exclaiming "horrible!", and I would laugh almost as loud as he exclaimed. The soil is a mixture of clay and loam and the rain at that season, and nothing done to im-

prove them, rendered them often horrible indeed to the travelers. There are no bridges except over the small rivers, otherwise impassable, and the fording of streams was often no very pleasant affair. Violent showers often for a time prevent travel. I found myself very weak after my sickness, and traveling not a little fatiguing. The second day towards noon I felt very miserable. I thought when I should reach Scottsville, a country seat, I would rest a while. As I passed the first tavern, or, rather, arrived there, I saw more or less people about the door, and I would not stop. I felt as if I did not want to see anybody, and I drove on. Before I had driven the length of the principal street I saw another and no persons above. I went in and found it kept by a pleasant woman who inquired if I was sick. I told her I had been ill for some time, was traveling for my health but I feared I should not gain my purpose, and whether I should be able to travel any further I did not know. "O", said she "you must trust the Lord." This was so unexpected there, and so suited to my state of mind, that while I felt rebuked I felt also encouraged, as if the Lord might indeed be in that place and I might be in good hands if I could go no further. I requested the privilege of a room where I could lie down. After resting the body, and allowing my mind, from the remark of the woman, to dwell on brighter prospects, I arose, ate a few mouthfuls, and went on my way much refreshed. I experienced the truth of the proverb, "A word spoken in season, how good it is," and of the language of Christ, "Man shall not live by bread alone." I traveled on twenty

or thirty miles a day, but solitary, and uniformly, after the food I had taken had time to dissolve in the stomach, throwing it up, leaning over my chaise until the stomach seemingly was wholly emptied, the latter portions being mostly water, so impregnated with acid that it would take the color out of my clothes if it happened to fall on them. It occasioned no sickness but seemed to be thrown off by spasmodic efforts of the stomach for its relief. It was attended with a severe thirst. I often envied my horse the privilege of drinking when he came to a stream. If I drank, as I did sometimes for my relief, or rather to slack my raging thirst, my stomach would seem distended with air and I would gain no relief 'till the same process of throwing up was gone thro' with. I had hoped to reach Prince Edwards before the Sabbath, but found I could not, and stopped in Cumberland Co. at the house of the Rev. Mr. Turner, pastor of the Presbyterian church there. He received me very kindly and entertained me very hospitably. It rained all day on the Sabbath very hard and he himself did not go out to church. In the afternoon he called his family and servants in and we had a season of worship, he wishing me to make some remarks, as I did. He had a small plantation, and a number of slaves, who performed, of course, all the labor, and, as is common among all planters, a good supply of dogs, for the protection of the grounds. He requested me to venture out as little as possible as he feared that one of his dogs had been bitten by a rabid dog a little before. Of course I kept pretty

close, and this, with such a gloomy day, was not adapted to soothe the mind, which, in the best circumstances, was sufficiently inclined to depression. This species of houseguard was to me very annoying. I found it wherever I went but I was told they never assaulted gentlemen. The day after the Sabbath I rode on, but not 'till after dinner, and put up at Farnsville, about seven miles from the Court House. The keeper of the public house was, I found, a member and I think an officer of the church. He entertained me very kindly, and the day following introduced me to a physician living near by, who, being informed of my state of health, and the object of traveling, invited me to go home with him, and bade me welcome to his house as long as I should think proper to remain. I availed myself of his hospitality and stayed with him two or three weeks, except as I went out occasionally to spend a night, as I was often invited to do upon the Sabbath. Dr. Wilson, my kind entertainer, was a man of liberal education and had studied his profession at Philadelphia under Dr. Rush. He was a planter as well as physician. He at one time took me out on to his plantation, where his slaves at that season were employed in preparing tobacco for the market. He was also a professor of religion and an elder in the church at Prince Edward Court House. Mrs. Wilson was a fine woman, a daughter of Col. Venable, who had died a year or two before I was there. Col. Venable had a brother there of the same title but not so distinguished, altho a highly respectable man. Col.

Venable, the elder, was the father of the Hon. Mr. Venable, who for a number of years of late has been a member of Congress from North Carolina. Mrs. Reed, wife of Rev. Dr. Reed of Lynchburg, was sister to Mrs. Wilson, as was Mrs. Wamock, Mrs. Cabal and Mrs. Anderson, widow ladies living near, and all members of the Presbyterian church. The last mentioned of them was the widow of the Rev. Mr. Anderson, who had died a year or two before I was there, an eminently pious man, and brother of Rev. Dr. Anderson of Tennessee. The Venables and many others here were descendents of the French refugees, who were called in France Huguenots, who left their country at the revocation of the famous "Edict of Nants", to avoid the fiery persecution that ensued. The surviving Col. Venable, whom I visited at his request and where I spent a day or two, told me that his Grandmother, who came to this country at that time, he remembered well, she lived to a great age but could never speak any other than the French language. He told me that he had ascertained that between fifty and sixty of the descendents of those persecuted protestants had been members of Congress, and they had filled many important offices in the country. It is a fact well known that they are among the best families of the South, as they are of other states. But what is too worthy of note, they have been generally the friends of religion, and its active promoters. Elias Bondinot and John Jay, men distinguished in the civil, as well as religious, history of our country are examples. So true it is that the

generation of the upright shall be blessed, and that they who forsake houses and lands for the kingdom of heaven's sake shall receive abundantly more in this present life. After I had been at Dr. Wilson's a few days he told me that he had been thinking of my case, and he thought my rejecting my food after eating was owing to a nervous irritation of the stomach, and inquired if I could bear opium. I told him it had a bad effect upon my stomach. He said he would give another narcotic, the extract of Scituta or the Hemlock pill, and I might use the mercurial pill at the same time, and for a tonic make use of the London beer, called Brown Stout, riding out as often as I could or the weather would allow. I followed his prescriptions. When it was known that I wanted the Brown Stout it was sent in to me, in abundance. Such is the kindness and hospitality of the Southern people. I went up with the doctor to the meeting at the Court House, or, rather, at the site of Hampden Sydney College, about a mile from the Court House. A new church had been built here, a brick edifice, which they thought a model of a church, and of which some of the old people complained, as the result of Dr. John Rice's extravagant notions acquired at the North where he had visited so often. It would have been regarded as nothing remarkable at the North, even in the country, at that time. It cost about six thousand dollars. The pulpit was very plain, and it had a sort of slip or seat, without a door, the congregation sitting promiscuously as they could find seats, the females for

the most part sitting on one side of the church by themselves. I visited Dr. Rice, and was invited by him, and his excellent lady, and also by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Paxton, to come up and stay a while with them, which, as I had concluded it was useless to travel further, it being the middle of March, or past, I did. I spent a week or more with Dr. Rice, who had just got his Theological Seminary into operation. He was at the time the only professor on the ground. The building for his accomodation and that of the students was nearly completed. This, as I have remarked, was the seat of Hampden Sydney College, where Doctors Smith, Alexander, and Hoge had presided, men eminent for piety and talents. The old college now was occupied by the theological students, was a very plain building and not very capacious. One wing of the new college had been finished and was occupied. It promised to be a respectable building and was built in northern style and officered with northern men. Mr. Cushing, the president, was from New Hampshire. Mr. Mush, afterwards president at Burlington, was from Vermont, one of the professors and Mr. McVicar from New York. By all these gentlemen I was kindly received and spent a couple of weeks here as pleasantly as one could in my state of health, which, altho improving, was uncomfortable enough. I had frequent invitations to visit and dine with some of them. I complied. Spent one day and night at Col. Maton's, the father of Mrs. Rice. Dined and spent a day at Rev. Mr. Paxton's. My free speech

here about some of their politicians, as well as in other places, had liked to have got me into difficulty, something at the dinner table, at which a number were present, and among them Mr. Car of Charlottesville and his daughter. Mr. Car was the father of Mr. Paxten, was said of Mr. Jefferson. I made some remarks about Mr. Jefferson which were not very favorable to his character. Mr. Paxten laughed and said, "You must be a little careful, Mr. Gale, what you say of Mr. Jefferson. Some of us think pretty highly of Mr. Jefferson." I replied I should be sorry to give offense to any of Mr. Jefferson's friends by any remarks. I was not aware of any such being present, but many of us at the North, while we ascribed to him many important traits of character, and considered him as having performed many services to his country, regarded him as quite defective in other respects. As a politician he was regarded by many as very visionary, to say the least. Mr. Car replied that he was a neighbor of Mr. Jefferson and thought very highly of him, and he hoped I would come up to Charlottesville and make his acquaintance. Should I do so he was quite sure I would be pleased with him. His daughters joined in and gave me a cordial invitation to come up, expressing their great regard for Mr. Jefferson. I dined also at Mr. Venable's, now the Hon. Mr. Venable of North Carolina, and after dinner he and his lady and several others rode in a carriage to see his sisters, Mrs. Cabal and Mrs. Anderson, who were living two or three miles from the Court House, where Mr.

Venable lived. They resided at the place called the Globe Farm. It was the parsonage before the Revolution, when the Episcopal clergy ruled the state under the establishment of the English church. We spent a very pleasant afternoon with these intelligent and interesting ladies. I bade them farewell, and they expressed a deep interest in my welfare. These ladies, as all other families were, were slaveholders, but who could doubt their piety? They expressed a deep interest in their slaves' welfare, asked me if I could not send a missionary for the express purpose of instructing and preaching to their slaves. I told them there was no necessity for that there, the young men students in the seminary could do that, on the Sabbath and at other times, and it would be a great service to them, and they could reward them by taking them into their families to board. They were sufficiently near the seminary, some of them, to do that, and others could compensate them in some other way. Before I left I addressed the young men of the Seminary, and recommended such a course, which I was afterward informed they adopted. While at Dr. Wilson's I was invited by Mrs. Norwalk to come and spend a little time at her house. I told her I would come and spend a night there, but if I did I wanted the privilege of seeing her slaves together that I might talk to them. She said she would have them called together and would be glad to have me do so. I inquired if those of her neighbors could not be invited in. She said she would send for them. I found the house, which was large,

filled, and I lectured to them as well as I was able in my state of health. They all seemed pleased. I mention this to show the state of feeling, in regard to their spiritual interests at this time. Rev. Mr. Paxton liberated his not long after that time and sent them to Liberia. He, Dr. Rice, and the professor in college inquired whether I could send them white laborers and servants from the North. They did not want to hire slaves, much less own them, if they could do without. This, however, could not be said to be the general feeling. Mr. Paxton met with a good deal of opposition from members of his church, and his anti-slavery sentiments led to his dismissal not long after. The warm weather was now coming on and I thought it best for me to return. I sold my horse and chaise to one of the professors, reserving the privilege of using it to go to Charlottesville agreeably to the invitation I had received. Having engaged one of the students of the Seminary to go up with me and bring them back, I left Prince Edward about the 6th or 7th of April, having received letters of introduction from Dr. Rice and President Cushing to gentlemen on the way. I left friends in P., for so I regarded them and such they had proved themselves to be, with the unpleasant thought that I should see them no more. I had afterward the pleasure of meeting Dr. Rice, and his lady too in New York. In 1851 I was at Union College, at the anniversary of their Literary Societies, on the day preceding the Commencement, and was invited by one of the professors living in the city to tea. I

was then introduced to a professor of one of the colleges of Virginia. While at the table he asked me if I had not been in Virginia. I told him I had many years ago. He said he had heard me spoken of. I asked him by whom. He replied by the people of Prince Edward. On inquiry I found that he was from New York originally, had gone to that state after I was there, and had married a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Reed of Lynchburg, whose mother of the young lady was one of the Venable family. They were nearly all living at that time. Dr. Wilson and the ladies of whom I have spoken and I not only had the unexpected pleasure of hearing thus directly from them, but of sending the assurance of my affectionate remembrance.

On my way to Charlottesville I delivered a letter of introduction to the Hon. Mr. Cook, now I believe and for many years the president of the American Temperance Society. He received us with politeness and entertained us with the hospitality which that class of southern gentlemen receive and entertain all who call upon them. His mansion was situated upon the bluff on the north side of the James river overlooking extensive bottoms of the most fertile lands, most of which were his own, and subject to his cultivation. He lived in princely style. His house, which had been recently erected, was said, with its furniture, to have cost one hundred thousand dollars. The marble pieces were of marble highly polished, and some of the floors laid with blocks of marble, black and white alternately. But the thought

occurred to me that for all of this wealth and splendor I would not sustain the responsibility of holding in subjection, as he did, the human beings who cultivated his many acres and performed the menial service of his household. Nor indeed would I, for all the wealth that services bought and sold have ever earned. He was, I have no doubt, a humane master. He spoke, as it is common to do, to northern men against the system. But I inferred that he had more than one reason for it. As I entered his grounds I saw a gentleman on horseback riding about among his field hands, whom I supposed to be him from his appearance and the fact that he was out when I reached his house, fully armed, a long knife hanging sheathed by his side and ready for convenient use. Of course he could at no time feel safe, and the king who to show the man how little he was to be envied for his princely state and house. Set him before a rich banquet, with a sword suspended over his head by a thread, could hardly have done it more effectually than General C did me, by appearing thus equipped among his own field hands. The slavery of the Patriarchs of the olden times must have been of a different cast. ✓

I stayed at Charlottesville several days, and was hospitably entertained in the family of Mr. Carr, who had several daughters, intelligent and social young ladies. While there I visited the University, which had only a few weeks before been put in operation. All the professorships, except that of law, being filled with men from Europe. Heard Dr. Dung-

lison lecture. The instruction was after the European method, chiefly by lectures. The whole plan in all its departments was the product of the great statesman and philosopher Thomas Jefferson. It was designed that there should be no religious exercises, or instruction, imparted in it, and the professors were chiefly of the German school in relation to theology, that school that rejects all that is truly Evangelical. A snow had fallen a few days before I was there, and some one of the professors amused himself on the Sabbath in a game of snow balling with the students, I was told, and another Sabbath they had been taken out into the woods by one of the professors to collect specimens of some kind. The Episcopal clergyman of the town preached a sermon in which he faithfully rebuked this profanation of the Sabbath by the professors, not much to their liking. One of the young ladies, the Miss Cars, inquired of me how I liked the University and whether I thought it would prosper. I told her that externally, and as far as I could see the arrangements, they were splendid, but it would not prosper on its present plan. She said she hoped it would while Mr. Jefferson lived. He had spent so much time, and taken such a deep interest in it; but it did not prosper long. Insubordination, riots, and other evils attending such a system ensued, and they were compelled, after Mr. Jefferson's time, to change the government and establish religious exercises and instruction under the direction of a chaplain, and now it is said that of its three hundred pupils one-third are professors of religion, and in

all respects to be a well governed and disciplined institution, and it is among the appointments of God that literature, and especially literary institutions, cannot flourish except in conjunction with religion, and the more piety the more prosperity in everything. I visited Mr. Jefferson's seat in the vicinity of Charlottesville. I was so unfortunate as not to find him in. He had gone that day to the University. The college library, which had been purchased chiefly in Europe, had just arrived, and he wanted, I was told, to place the works upon the shelves with his own hands, and under his own direction. I met him just after he left his grounds, but the young pastor who accompanied me tho diffident as he was little acquainted with him, did not introduce me. He was a plain looking man, on horseback. I recognized his physiognomy the features, especially the prominent member, which I had so often seen in engravings. We were shown the different parts of the house politely, by his daughter, Mrs. Randolph. The house was antique in its appearance but large on the ground. The first entrance was a large room, a hall, hung around with curiosities from Europe and America, and indeed every part of the world. It was a kind of museum. We had but little time to examine the grounds, but, so far as I could judge, there was nothing very attractive. It is built upon a spur of the mountain. The road passes over the mountain near it, from which, by a circuitous path, or private road, through a grove of native growth. You reached the house, I observed,

as I was in the stage, the other side of the mountain, was quite elevated, and descend at a pretty sharp angle, a stream circling round at its base, giving the mountains the form of a pyramid, as I judge from what I saw. The name of Monticello, given to his seat, is therefore appropriate. The young man returned to Prince Edwards with the chaise and I took the stage for Fredericksburg, near which I embarked on a stream for Washington, passing up the Potomac, near the tomb which contains the remains of the venerable man to whom America, and all the world, renders honor. I could not stop. It would have given me great pleasure to do so. My face was set for home, and nothing but necessity of an imperious kind could detain me an hour from my family. I spent no time in Washington except what was necessary to get a stage to Baltimore. There I embarked on a stream and met my friend Armstrong of Richmond going North to visit friends and divert his mind from the sorrow that oppressed it. Since I had seen him he had experienced the deep affliction of losing his wife. In Philadelphia I called a little while at my friend Patterson's, and then sped my way to my brother-in-law at Red Hook, where I had left my carriage. I there purchased a horse and was soon in the bosom of my family at Troy, all of whom I found well as I had left them. My dear wife had spent her time as pleasantly as could have been expected. The highest pleasure seemed to have been in reading the Scriptures, with Scott's Commentaries, and in attending on Dr. Beman's preach-

ing from both of which she had derived, as she thought, great light and comfort. The absence of her husband had been painful, but she had been surrounded by old acquaintances and friends. I was indeed happy to be at home after an absence of five months to be once more with my family. My health was improved, but I am not sure but it would have been quite as good if I had stayed at home. The fatigue of traveling, and anxiety and pain in being absent from my family, were great drawbacks upon the gain of other things. I got some experiences, but I never looked back upon it with pleasure. I always felt that so much was lost of the pleasure and satisfaction of home, and my wife, though I wrote her often, must have suffered more in mind than she expressed.

After remaining some weeks with my family I found it necessary to attend to my business. At Adams before leaving I had gone into the business of selling drugs, or rather had put in funds with Dr. Webb, leaving him to attend to the business. I sold out to him and attended to other matters. While there I was informed that a house, and a small farm, were to be hired in Western, about nine miles north of the village of Rome. On my return to Troy I went up to see it, but made no positive contract 'till I could consult the feelings of my wife. She on my representation expressed her willingness to go, and I returned, and having made a contract for the house, and superintended some repairs, returned to Troy for my family furniture, some of which was lying at

Rome and some at Adams; the rest, not much, at Troy. We left our friends for our new habitation and entered upon housekeeping again about the first of August 1824.

The valley of the Mohawk here is about a mile, or not far from that the river running through the centre. It grows narrower as you go up the stream, so that in the distance of three or four miles the river seems to have cut a channel through the mountains. The mountains rise to a considerable height on either side, but are in many places cultivated all the way up. This is a beautiful valley, and on the east side of the river, which is the best side, the land was owned chiefly by a few wealthy men. Nearest to us on the south was the residence formerly of General Floyd, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It was now the residence of his widow, an aged lady, and her niece, a maiden woman, Miss Strong. William Floyd, his grandson, occupied a part of the house and the farm. General Floyd settled here soon after the Revolutionary war. A little below Judge Brayton, a gentleman of a good deal of wealth, and the principal merchant in the place. He was a pious man and had a very large and interesting family. Mr. Wager, a wealthy farmer, lived a little below, a man of the world. His wife was a very plain, but a very pious woman. Besides these there were some small farmers and mechanics on this side of the river. On the opposite side there were families with whom I was but little acquainted, many of them. There were a few good families, the rest

were coarse, intemperate, and infidels many of them. The influence of General Floyd had been very injurious to the people. His high standing, intelligence, and wealth might have enabled him to do much for the benefit of the inhabitants of the valley and country around had he been a man of sound religious principles, but he was an infidel, and, what was remarkable, was perverted by reading Thomas Payne's "Age of Reason". When he first came to this country he was a man of sound principles, as well as habits. In going down North since, as he often did to Long Island, his former place of residence, he was looking on the books of the packet, or sloop, in which he went, and saw this book. He remonstrated with the captain for having such a book on board. He replied that somebody had placed it there without his knowledge and he might take it away. He took it and put it in his trunk, to prevent its doing harm, and thought no more of it. It was his design to destroy it, but he concluded to read it as a matter of curiosity, and the result was he became a convert to its errors. That the profane jests and ribaldry of such a man as Payne should have such an effect upon the mind of a man trained to believe in the Gospel, and who professed a high regard for the Christian religion, a man too of education and refinement, and who was regarded fit for a place in the memorable Congress of the United States, that declared our Independence and at the expense of the nation order the Bible printed that it might be spread among the people, is a remarkable circumstance, and one which exempli-

fies the dangerous tendency of infidel books, and the danger of tampering with such publications, as well as the weakness of human purposes in resisting evil. Like those cases where men expose themselves to the temptation of the intoxicating cup, or through curiosity visit houses of ill fame, and are ruined, this example shows the importance of giving heed to the precepts, "Go not in the way of evil, and cease, my son, from hearing the words that cause thee to err from the paths of wisdom."

About ten years only before I went to Western, a Presbyterian church had been formed by a missionary. Such had been the pestiferous influence of this infidel. The Methodists had had preaching there, but had accomplished but little. The Quakers had a small meeting house, in which they gathered on the Sabbath and at other times for worship, but they were few as well as distant from each other. The Presbyterian house of worship was respectable for size and appearance, but needed repairing. The membership was not numerous, and the church was without a pastor. I was unable to preach but I met with them on the Sabbath, had a sermon read, prayed with them, and visited the members, aided also in the discipline of some who had walked disorderly. In this was I enabled to be of some service to the cause. Our house, not far from the church, was very pleasantly situated and surrounded with shade. It belonged to a physician who had lost his standing in the church and his practice by intemperate habits, and moved to a distant part of the country, leaving

his house and grounds unoccupied. It seemed to me, in its connections and results, as a marked Providence of Him who directs our steps and fixes our habitations. The house was two story, with a good wide hall running the length of the house into a wing that served for a kitchen, of good dimensions. There were two rooms in the upright part, a dining room, and parlor. Of the dining room we made nursery, and over it was my study and library, which also was used as a bedroom. Over the parlor was a large parlor chamber. The attic of the kitchen had also bedrooms. There we spent the remainder of our summer pleasantly. The great abatement was my own health, and the consequent deprivation of being able to labor on the Sabbath. Toward the latter part of September I proposed to my wife to go down to Rome and visit our acquaintances there, particularly the family of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Gillet. On our way down I saw a gentleman and lady coming in a buggy from the other direction, and as they came a little nearer I said to my wife, "That is Charles Finney and his wife. They are coming to see us". I said, "I don't but the Lord is sending him to help us. He is just the man to labor in this field." We were soon hold of each other's hands, and our wives were no less glad to see their husbands respectively and each other. Mrs. Finney had been with her sister a good deal, at Adams, before her marriage, and was a most amiable, intelligent, and pious woman. As soon as we arrived at home I spoke to Mr. Finney, as we stood upon the steps before entering, and said, "You

have been sent here I hope to help us. Can you not remain? This is a needy place, I hope you will remain with us." He replied, " I do not know. I have been down to Whitesboro to visit my wife's parents, and I have a commission to labor as a missionary, from the 'Ladies Society' at Utica. I was on my way back to the County of Lawrence, where I have been preaching the last year, and where the Lord has been pouring out the Spirit, and where they are desirous to have me return, but my commission is general; I would take no other. I heard at Rome that you were here, and I turned out of my course to see you. I cannot say what I ought to do. We will pray about it."

After dinner we went down to the meeting house and had a season of prayer. The result was he concluded to remain, a few Sabbaths at least, but as God would have it he stayed nearly three months, he and his wife and child occupying my study and bedroom. The evidence of God's spirit being present soon appeared, and the work continued to spread and increased in power while he remained, and altho, as he said, it was one of the hardest fields he had seen, some forty or fifty were cherishing a hope. I visited with him and aided him what I could. In the family of Judge Brayten all of nine children, except one or two of the youngest, upon their own faith. The two eldest sons, Milton and Harvey, were twins, and both had hopefully experienced religion under the preaching of the Methodists. The next two were very interesting young ladies. Both were brought out very

clear and decided. The elder of these two, Sarah, a few years after, at the instance of Mrs. Gale and myself, became the second wife of the Rev. George S. Boardman, my old friend and neighbor, pastor of the church at Watertown. The second, Cynthia, married Mr. John B. Jervis of Rome, the distinguished engineer of New York. She lived but a few years after her marriage. Mrs. Boardman, after filling the place of a pastor's wife some dozen or fourteen years, followed her sister, to the great grief and loss of her excellent husband, as well as of other friends. There were three younger sons and two daughters. The youngest but one is now the Rev. Isaac Brayton, the esteemed pastor of the first church of Watertown; succeeded the Rev. Mr. Boardman there. The youngest married, and after a few years died. The rest are living, several of them, at the old homestead. Several of Mr. Harris' family, the other elder of the church, were also subjects of the work. In the course of our visiting we stopped on the next mountain at a little house, the dwelling of a Catholic woman, a widow with a number of children about her, most of them grown up, and all but one of them the children of her last husband. We conversed with her, although a mild, pleasant woman, she was firm in her notions of religion according to the doctrines of the church. We conversed with the children and prayed with them. All of them in the course of the revival became hopefully pious and made a profession of religion, some uniting with the Presbyterian, and some with the Methodist church. Patrick Dunn

and John McMullon, the two eldest, united with the Presbyterian church, and after a few years were appointed elders. McMullon came with me to Illinois, and Dunn soon followed. McMullon was for a number of years an elder in the First Presbyterian church of Galesburg, and was chosen elder of the Second when it was formed, a man of but little education but of excellent sense, and unblemished character, as well as of devoted piety. His death was a public loss. Mr. Dunn survived his brother a few years and died recently. There were several other cases of conversions worthy of record, which I will briefly notice.

There was a mechanic by the name of Peggs. His wife was a Baptist. He made no profession and professed to be perfectly satisfied to be what the world calls moral. The anxiety that others felt, and the preaching made no impression apparently upon his mind. More or less conversation had been held with him but all to no purpose. One day after we had been visiting the families and were returning home we stopped in and the family were at dinner. Notwithstanding, Mr. Finney began conversation. He was in the right state of mind for it. He gave him a plain and searching talk. He writhed under it, and once broke out saying he did not want to be addressed in that manner, but that was only the occasion of a closer application of private preaching on the part of Mr. Finney. "There", said he, after we got out, "now let him pick himself up again (suited the action to the word). Some men need to be pulled

all to pieces as they make oakum." The next Sabbath Mr. Peggs was at church and sat in the gallery opposite the pulpit, a very serious and attentive listener. After we got home, said Mr. Finney, "Did you see Mr. Peggs in church?" "Yes", I replied, I think he has some feeling." "Did you see him dodge when I brought down my arm?" I told him I did not notice it. "I did", said he. Mr. Finney often, when applying his subject especially, made very forcible gestures, and although his mind was profoundly exercised always saw everything seemingly that occurred, and marked particularly the effect which the truth made upon his audience. That night he preached some miles from the village and did not return. Near midnight I heard a rapping at my front door and got up. A gentleman was at my door, with a lantern. I did not recognize him at first. "Mr. Gale", said he, "I have come to get you to go down and see Mr. Peggs. He is in great distress of mind. I have been for Mr. Finney who was then staying at Judge Brayten's close by Mr. Peggs' ". I dressed myself and went along. The messenger was Mr. Mills, a near neighbor of Mr. Peggs, not a professor. I found him on his knees with his head bent almost to the floor, in great agony, and his wife on her knees crying and praying at the same time for her husband. Several of the neighbors also had come in. He looked up as he saw me come in. "Oh, Mr. Gale, can you pray for me, a poor sinner. Oh, God, have mercy on my poor soul," he uttered in tones of deep distress and wrung his hands. I requested the doctor to call in Mr. Harris,

one of the elders, living near. There was an awful stillness among those present, and nothing was said except by the wife, who was sobbing and trying still to pray, while the poor man who had sent for me was moaning and wringing his hands in the deepest anguish of mind. Mr. Harris came in soon, and after addressing a few words to the distressed man, I requested him to lead in prayer. After he closed I followed, but just as I was about to close he leaped from the floor, and with both arms extended, as if to embrace someone, exclaimed, as he rushed toward the wall, "Oh, I see Him (meaning Christ) He will have mercy on me," but before he reached the wall he turned short around, and approaching the place where he had been kneeling sat down panting like a person almost exhausted with exertion. He said but little, and for a time all were silent. It was not a time for words. After a little time he became composed, his features assumed a happy expression, and he spoke of the mercy of God. I proposed to them to kneel with me and return thanks for his wonderful interposition of mercy, as we did not doubt it was, for the relief of a perishing sinner. After prayer we sang the hymn beginning,

*"When God revealed his gracious name
And changed my mournful state"*

As I was about to return some one said, "Here is another that needs our prayers." I turned to her and saw that it was the wife of Dr. Mills. Her head being down I had not recognized her. I found her in deep

distress. After a few words explaining her duty, and exhorting her while we prayed to dedicate herself to God, the Elder and I engaged again in prayer, but she found no relief, and knowing it would not comport with my health to continue these exercises and be deprived of my rest, I returned home. The following morning after breakfast I thought I would go down and see Mr. Peggs. As I came near his house I was surprised to see Mrs. Mills coming across the road toward me, with both hands extended to grasp mine, which she did with a face full of joy, altho bathed in tears. Said she, "Mr. Gale, I have seen the Savior and He has mercy on me." I said I hoped indeed he had mercy on her. I asked when it was that she found mercy. "Oh," said she, "not long after you left." I did not doubt her sincerity as she was a very sensible as well as a modest, retiring lady. I have no doubt that the strong feelings of both of these persons made what passed in their minds, and was the result of a strong exercise of the imagination, accompanying faith, but which seemed to them a reality a sensible presentation of faith. They were neither of them of a fanatical turn of mind, nor had the preaching in circumstances been of a character to produce such impressions. I do not remember to have heard them speak of it afterwards. Mrs. Mills became a humble, devoted Christian, and Mr. Peggs an exemplary member of the Baptist church. In 1843 I was at his house, a few miles below the place where he lived at the time of his conversion. He was then

Deacon of the Baptist church and bore the reputation of a very useful and devoted Christian.

The widow of General Floyd, at her advanced age and totally blind, was one of the subjects of this revival. Her niece, Miss Strong, was in the habit of reading to her, and in her awakened state she spent a good deal of time reading the Bible, and such other books as she thought adapted to her state of mind. She remarked, after her conversion, that she thought it had been a mercy that she was blind. If she had had her sight she would have had recourse probably to the General's books to quiet her mind. She did not offer herself to the church 'till some months after. She was taken into the church and the sacrament administered to her early the following summer. It was one of the most solemn, and, to me, affecting sights I had witnessed. After the administration of the ordinance at the church the Elders and some few members met at her house, her daughter, Mrs. Varick, with her husband, Abraham Varick, who had recently made a profession of religion at Attica under the labors of Mr. Finney; Mr. Platt, also a son-in-law. It was toward evening and the sun was shedding a mellow light through the tall poplars that surrounded the old mansion, and there in the parlor, her best room, sat this venerable woman, where no prayer probably had ever been made, or Christ honored, to publicly avouch the Lord to be her God, to confess the Savior before these witnesses, and unite with them in obeying the Savior's last command, to remember Him. While the confession and

covenant of the church was read she gave it her fixed attention, and as it was finished by bowing her head, her solemn assent. After the consecration of the elements they were first handed to her. I shall never forget my impressions, nor the solemn and happy expression of her countenance, as she put forth her pale and attenuated hand to receive the elements. While the eyes of others were suffused her sightless balls were indeed moist, but a dignified and happy composure rested upon her countenance. It was her first and her last communion season on earth. Her next was doubtless in heaven. She did not live to see another here. It was always a happy reminiscence that I was permitted to administer the bread and the cup according to the appointment of Christ to this aged and venerable convert to the Gospel, and thus to see Him honored where He had been condemned. Late in December of 1825, after Mr. Finney had been at Western nearly three months, he met Rev. Mr. Gillet of Rome, and after much solicitation agreed on an exchange with him. It was in the height of the revival at Western. We were very sorry and so was he. He said if I had been with him he should not probably have consented, but he could not alone resist Mr. Gillet. He was a very good man but a very different one from Mr. Finney. Moderate in his delivery and much tied to his notes. We were, however, reconciled to it after reflection. He knew it was wrong to limit God, and to lean upon an arm of flesh. It might result in great good to the people of Rome also. Prayer was offered that God would help

Brother Gillet. He came and prayer seemed to be answered. He preached as if under a new baptism of the Spirit. One woman, who had been deeply impressed for some time, cried out in distress. Mr. Gillet took occasion to address the congregation on the danger and misery of the sinner whose heart was unreconciled to God, and if a slight hint of that condition would make one cry out in distress, as well it might, what would be the distress to him who should see it in all its greatness and reality in the hour when no deliverance could be had. The meeting was a solemn one, and all felt that it was better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. Mr. Gillet returned home, but Mr. Finney did not come back. We expected him on Monday, and still more on Tuesday, but he did not come. On Wednesday morning as we heard nothing I told my wife I would go down to Rome and see what was the matter. I arrived at Mr. Gillet's a little before dinner, when he and Mr. Finney had just come in from visiting. Both expressed a great deal of satisfaction that I had come. Said Finney, "You never saw such a state of things. In some of the families we have visited today some of the young ladies are unable to sit up, and young men and old ones can attend to no business. Last night (after we were alone he told me) Brother Gillet was frightened. After the meeting some of the young people wrung their hands and fell upon each other's necks. We had to send them home." While preaching in Western Mr. Finney had a preaching place at

a little village in the south part of the township known by the name of Elmershill, about four miles from Rome. The young men of the village some times would hire a stage and go up. One of the Deacons informed me that they were not well pleased with that; thought there must be something wrong with the preacher to attract these giddy and thoughtless young men to break the Sabbath in this way, but he said they observed that they seemed to return still and sober. In this way, the minds of the young and others had been prepared for the outburst under the clear exhibition of truth, and the pungent application of it by Mr. Finney. Mr. Finney also remarked, "We have appointed a meeting of inquiry to be held in the large dining room at one of the hotels. We have just sent out to the schools of the village. It is appointed at 1:00 o'clock. It is but short notice but I presume there will be a good many present. We have also requested professors to come into the adjoining sitting room for prayer. I want you to go with me into the meeting of inquiry while Brother Gillet leads the prayer meeting." We went to the hotel at the hour appointed and found many gathering. The professors occupied the rooms adjacent with Brother Gillet, and Mr. Finney and I went into the other room, where I judged, from passing my eye over the assembly there were about seventy persons present of different ages and classes, the youth and the man of years, and men of all occupations, the merchant, the mechanic, and the professional man, the lawyer and the doctor. As many as fifty more came in after

I entered, I should judge, filling the room, in short. Mr. Finney, observing a lawyer present of whom he had heard me speak as an old college mate, B. F. Johnson, Esq., and some others of my acquaintance,* wished me to take that end of the room. After we had had a few words of conversation with each one, and made to each such remarks in a low tone as we thought proper, he addressed them all for a few moments, urging upon them the claims of God as made known in the Gospel, and requested all to kneel while he and I prayed with them. It was an awful moment, overpowering, to see such an assembly of sinners inquiring what they must do to be saved, thus prostrating themselves before God, many of whom had seldom, if ever, prayed. After we arose from our knees, and some appropriate words were addressed to them, they were dismissed, but a large number lingered. Mr. Finney then addressed them again saying to them that God was willing to receive them if they were willing and ready to submit to Him, and if they would kneel down he would pray with them once more, but remember that God was not to be mocked. They must not depend on his or any other person's prayers. God claimed their hearts, their all, and that *they* only could render. The matter was between them and God. They must settle through this grace assisting them, and now was the time while God was moving upon them by His

* Mr. J. was a wild young man in college, fond of a game of chance, and professed skepticism. He was a subject of the revival and a very active Christian for many years.

Spirit. I do not of course pretend to give his precise language at this length of time since, but such was the tenor of his remarks. They kneeled with him, but his prayer was short and scarcely audible among the low utterances that seemed to fill the room. Each one began to pray for himself or herself as if no one was present, so absorbed did each one appear to be in his own case. After he arose many still continued upon their knees pleading for mercy. I returned that night, but as often as I could go down I did. From the day I have named the work went on with power. No room in the village would contain the multitude who flocked to the meeting of inquiry. They were obliged to go to the church, where meetings of this kind were held three times a week. Business for some time seemed to be suspended in the village, and gay sleighs and fine horses, that had been provided and seemed better adapted to parties of pleasure, were daily driven to the house of God filled with anxious sinners, or rejoicing converts. People from the country and from adjoining towns came in to see the work of God, or to share in the effusions of the Spirit. Some brought their children that they might be converted, and in many instances they obtained the blessing. Ministers of the Gospel came in to see the work of God, and returned to their people with a fresh anointing of the Spirit to bless them. The Rev. Henry Smith of Cambden, a friend of whom, I have frequently made mention, who married his wife in Rome, came down. I met him at his father-in-law's, Mr. George Huntington. He

took me into a private room and asked me whether I did not think him far less devoted when I had seen him in late years than he was formerly. I told him that I had seen nothing very marked, but I supposed it might be that the cares of a family might have rendered him less active, or rather might have left him less time to devote to his people: that was common, and in this way he might have less of the Spirit of God. He seemed distressed, spent all night, it was said, in the church, alone. He went home and told his people he was an unfaithful pastor, accused himself of wrong motives, and made very humble confessions in the pulpit. His people were astonished. They looked upon him as a most devoted Christian, as well as pastor, and they said, 'If Mr. Smith has reason for confession how much more have we'; and there were great searchings of heart, and deep repentance among his people, and a great week of grace ensued. Some of his Deacons too had been to Rome to see the displays of grace, and returned with their loins girded for active service. Among these was Mr. Billings Pond, one of his most active and influential men, now the Rev. B. Pond of the Illinois Presbytery, who came into the state to live soon after I did. With little more than a common education he has been a very influential man. At Rome no class or condition of men was passed by in the work. Every lawyer, every physician, and nearly every merchant, as well as men of humble occupations, were subjects. At the Cantonment the principal officer in command kept his room afraid

to go out, and finally left the town. The leading physician, Dr. Blair, told me after his conversion he went from home and was gone some days, but infidel as he professed to be, he had no rest. He returned only to be led captive by the power of grace. His wife was a godly woman and she pled for him night and day to Him who never said to His people, "Seek ye my face in vain". The most inveterate opposers fell before the power of God. One came to the meeting of inquiry at the church some time after the revival had been in progress. He had stiffly opposed the work. He then was filled with the deepest anguish. He wrung his hands as if he would tear the flesh from the bones, and a physician remarked to Mr. Finney that he did not think the man would have lived many hours in that state. He did not seem to know what was the matter with him. He asked Mr. Finney what it was that ailed him. Mr. Finney replied, "You have been denying that there is any hell and God has given you a taste of it, a mere drop." He either at that time, or soon after, gave his heart to God and became an active Christian. I knew the man but was not present at the time. I had it from Mr. Finney.

There was another man, who, although a mechanic had read considerable, and was naturally a shrewd man. He had attempted to show by arithmetical calculations that the idea of the resurrection was absurd, as so many bodies as would then arise if that were true could not stand upon the earth. He had considerable influence, as Demetrius of old,

with his fellow craftsmen. He wanted to go into the meeting of inquiry, not so much to inquire as to cavil. He was soon after smitten with madness. He had tried to kill himself. He was brought to one of the public houses in Rome, when I happened to be there, to be put in jail, or some safe place, where he could not injure himself. While the eye of his keeper was off of him he got a pin and tried to pierce a vein in his neck. He recovered from that, but in a revival a few years after he died very suddenly without any change of character. Like others I have known he was an example of one who seemed to have been left for his wickedness to believe a lie, and perish in his sins.

Mr. Finney after remaining three or four weeks at Rome, went, on invitation to preach at Attica. I was there, and Brother Aiken, who was pastor of the church (First Presbyterian) and some others made a great many inquiries about Mr. Finney. He had heard a good many things said, and some that were unfavorable. I told him that Mr. Finney had some peculiarities, some things that were not practicable that I would alter, but many things said had little or no foundation, that he was a good man and God was with him. "Tell him", said he "I want him to come. A great door is open for him." He soon after prevailed upon him to go, and a great good work was wrought. He was afraid that his refined and literary people would be disgusted with his plain Saxon, and unpolished manners, if not offended and driven away by his direct and powerful

application of offensive truth. But they were pleased as well as impressed by his business and offhand way of presenting the truth, which had more the air of the forum, or the stump, than the pulpit, or rather which resembled the class of orators who address a jury rather than a popular audience. And yet this does not express it fully. He often made strong appeals to the feelings, but not usually until he had endeavored to satisfy the reason of the truth he would enforce. He would select a text that embodied some important truth or duty, and when by exposition and agreement he had got it fairly before the minds of the listeners he would urge it home, not by a tedious and prolonged application, but in thoughts and language that would leave a deep impression of the individuals personal interest in the subject. He usually knew as well as a skilled lawyer addressing a jury, when he had produced the conviction in their minds of the truth, or doctrine he advocated, and in many cases little else was required. I recollect being present at a meeting one Sabbath evening when he took for his text "The carnal mind is enmity against God". The proposition to be illustrated was that unregenerate men were the enemies of God. "This truth some of you do not believe", said he "but before you leave this house this evening you will believe it, whether you acknowledge it or not". And if I could judge from the train of argument, or the appearance of the audience, they did believe it. He took for his text at another time, "I trust in the mercy of God forever". It was aimed at Universalists. They claimed,

he said, that God was all mercy, and this was the basis they said of their hope for their own salvation and that of all men, but he said there was no such thing as mercy in their system and could not be. He possessed a masterly power in unmasking men and systems of false religion. A professor in college, who heard him in several instances expose the absurdity of the Universalist's system, said that his reasoning came the nearest to a mathematical demonstration of anything he ever heard. He was no less successful in answering the cavils of men against the truth. The objection of the Universalist is that it would be cruel, as well as unjust, to punish men forever for sinning so short a time. "How long does it take a man", said he, "to raise his rifle to shoot a man thro the heart? And suppose when he was convicted, and permitted by the judge to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he should plead that he was but a moment in committing the crime, and to imprison for life, or to deprive him forever of life, would be very unreasonable." In his course of argument, or of illustration, he always selected his arguments and figures such as any man would appreciate or understand. He was sometimes very sarcastic. In preaching in one of the cities he took occasion to show the folly and unreasonableness of that class of men who refuse to believe what they cannot comprehend. Holding his hand up before the congregation he said, "Suppose there was an insect moving about upon my thumb nail as if he was inquisitive to know what kind of being I am, and I should begin to tell him what my

dimensions and power of body and mind are, and at the close of my sentence he should say in his insect terms (and here he let his hand fall as if imitating the supposed utterance of the insect) 'I do not believe it, I cannot understand it'. When you had labored long enough to no effect to teach him the facts, and were answered only in the language of arrogance and insult, what would you do with him?" By a sudden blowing with his mouth, and convulsive shake of the hand, he said, "So, would you do with him. And so will God blast the man who refuse to believe truth." He reaches under the proud and arrogant plea that they cannot understand it, when he shall rise to judgment. His language, or manner, or rather as it was then, for they are quite different, I should judge, from what I have heard and seen cannot be described. If judged by strict rules of rhetoric it might sometimes be a subject of criticism, but after a few sentences all criticism would be forgotten by an intense interest in the subject. I have sometimes sat in a sort of tremor, with hot and cold flashes running thro my system. Nobody who heard him could help feeling delighted, interested, or enraged, according to his character or prejudices. He seldom made his audience weep. He said he had remarked that weepers seldom receive any lasting good. Men would often go to hear him full of malice, or with a proud defiance, who would return deeply convicted, and sometimes converted. In the city of Rochester, a few years after, the churches could not hold the multitude who flocked to hear him, and professors, in some

instances, were requested to stay at home, or hold meetings by themselves, that the inquiring and impenitent might have room, and when liberty was given those who wished the prayers of Christians sometimes those who had made up their minds to be Christians to present themselves in the aisles, there would be a rush and the aisles could not contain them. These were not women and children but strong men, educated men, some among them like little children. Lawyers and judges, men of all professions and conditions of life. His revivals were remarkable for laying hold of this class of men. The great secret of his success was that he was a powerful reasoner. Tho he was a bold and fearless preacher of the Gospel he was a man of much prayer, and singleness of purpose. It was to win souls to Christ that he labored. His own reputation, or interest, came in for no share of his aims, any farther than the cause of Christ was to be effected. Like Barnabas, he was full of the Holy Spirit, as well as a good man, and much people were added to the Lord.

During the winter of 1825, after Mr. Finney left, there was occasional preaching, and when there was none we had reading and prayer as before. I aided in this, and also in the examination and reception of members. When those who united with the church were received Mr. Finney was present. The Articles of Faith for the church had been drawn up by me soon after I went there. The old ones were quite defective. In the Articles the doctrine of election, as well as others included in the Presbyterian church,

were fully recognized. This I wished to have understood before they came forward. I had appointed a meeting at the school house for reading and explaining the doctrines of the Confession. Of the doctrine of Election Mr. Finney in his preaching said very little. His reason for it was that he was dealing with the impenitent chiefly, and he thought it was adapted to converted, or the mature Christian, rather than to the impenitent. This I always thought in some degree a wrong judgment. By the grace of God I am what I am, is the sentiment of every young convert. He learns in his own experience, and this grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength, and he should have scriptural recognition of it incorporated in his earliest experience. Nor is it, rightly treated, injurious to the impenitent. It is the foundation of all hope. This doctrine, though much abused and maligned, stands out in bold relief in the Scripture. It is the keystone of the true Gospel system. The denial of it, the *Proten Pseudos* of all eons. Had Mr. Finney taken a different view of it, and dwelt upon it more, his faith would have been more firmly anchored, and he would have been saved from the position in which he has found himself, and some of his converts, and some young ministers, who regarded him as a model, would have done more good. When he was licensed and first labored as a missionary, he was very firm and faithful in bringing out this doctrine. When, therefore, he wanted the candidates for church membership to understand this I was aware that it had not, except

by implication, been exhibited, and I wanted he should do. He at first declined and said I had better do it, but I insisted on his doing it, and he did it well. I performed the service of administering the ordinances, as he was not then ordained. About thirty were admitted, all on profession, a number were baptized. Some came up from Rome to witness the interesting scene.

The next week I think, or soon after, I went down to Rome to assist Brother Gillet in the examination of candidates for membership. About two hundred were examined, and, according to the custom of that church, propounded for admission. When they were admitted I was present also, and Brother Gillet remarked that he wished me to administer the ordinance of baptism to those who were to be received on profession. Some of his people, who had been at Western and witnessed my manner of administering that ordinance he said were pleased with it. I do not know how it differed from his, unless it was in requiring the candidate to kneel. I consented and baptized in succession sixty four persons, from the youth to the man of gray hair, more that I have known to be baptized at any one time in Pedobaptist churches in this country. I have given the number as stated by their present pastor in a sermon preached by him on some special occasion and published by his people. I had it fixed in my own mind sixty-six. That is a matter, however, of no moment. One hundred and seventy were then received on the profession of their faith mostly. There may have been a few who joined

by letter. Sickness, doubts, and various causes, kept back some who had been propounded, who afterwards united with others.

On the 4th of January my son George was born. He was the only child of ours born in this town. I procured an excellent nurse at Rome, and whom I obtained afterwards, whenever I could, on such occasions. I grudged no labor or expense at such times to have my wife well cared for and our early experience of the bad results, of the want of a good nurse, had made too deep an impression on my mind to be soon forgotten. The mother and the child got along well.

The great number of young men converted in these revivals, many of whom tho poor were of promising talents, led me to reflect on what might be done for their encouragement to enter the ministry. The business of aiding such had, as I have remarked, been with me an object of special importance, and now, when I could do nothing else of moment to promote the spiritual interests of the church and the world, I felt it incumbent upon me to do what I could to aid youth, and encourage those who desired the good work and promised to be useful, to enter the ministry. I had known of no instance where the attempt had been made, to unite labor with the pursuit of study; at least, no school of that kind. I had indeed read, many years before, of a college of the Methodists, in the South, in Maryland, I think, when it was said that the leisure hours of the students were spent in some kind of labor, or business, but I knew

nothing of the mode in which it was conducted. Whatever there was, therefore, of good in the system I might justly claim the honor of, as it was as much an invention of my own as the Electric Telegraph was of Mr. Morse, but I never put forth any such claim. When, a few years after, I met Governor John Cotten Smith of Connecticut, and he said to me, "The man who invented that system of education deserves a *civic crown*" I made no reply that indicated any claim to the honor, altho I supposed it fairly belonged to me.*

I took seven young men, with my family, the subjects of the late revival, gave them their board, lodging, and washing, for three and one-half hours a day. I had previously got all the information I could in regard to the expenses. When I inquired of gentlemen what they thought the cost of it would be over the proceeds of their labor I was told by some three hundred dollars; others said one hundred, or one hundred and fifty. I said, in reply, if it does not cost me over one or two hundred dollars over the value of what I shall receive for their labor I shall think the results of the experiment cheaply purchased. As I had not sufficient land, a neighbor, Mr. Wm. Floyd, gave me the use of eight or ten acres, close by my house. I commenced early in the spring, and the amount of product from their labor was about three

*Whether the workshops at Andover, Mass. had been established before this time I do not know but I think not. I had not heard of it, and I did not know of the Institution at 76 offwall ? Lintserland 'till after this time.

hundred and fifty bushels of corn, sixty or seventy of oats, garden vegetables, a surplus of a considerable amount of onions and potatoes, beside the cutting and hauling of a large portion of my summer and winter fuel.

I had a small building near by which had been the doctor's office. This I made the school room. I solicited books for them and taught them making no charge. In the fall they left, after gathering my crops, and engaged in teaching. Some of them went afterwards to Whitesboro, and others to other institutions, and one or two to their former occupations. Several have been ministers of the Gospel, useful men for many years.

Perhaps I ought to say something about the religious character of the young men. It partook of the peculiar notions and habits of Mr. Finney, but more especially of the Rev. Mr. Nash,* who had been

* Mr. Nash had been for many years pastor of a church in the Black River country, as it was called. A plain, good man, but not much of a preacher. After hearing Mr. Finney he experienced a sort of new conversion, and he went about a good deal with him, attending prayer meetings. Mr. Finney did not permit him to preach much when with him, and he did not wish to do so. He thought his gift was prayer. He had great fluency and fervor, prayed very loud, often even in what ought to be called secret prayer. He kept lists of names of persons for whom he prayed, and at times had great distress for souls, which he called spiritual travail. At a prayer meeting which I attended in Rome at the early stage of the revival, he cried out while an individual was praying, it being a private prayer meeting of ministers and deacons, in which prayer was offered for some prominent individuals. "Do pray for Henry Hunting-

much with Mr. Finney. They had been very much with Mr. Finney. They were in the habit of praying very loud, so that at certain times of the day they could be heard all over the premises, some in the barn, some in the carriage house, and wherever they could find a place. They would sometimes have what was called spiritual travail, or travail for souls, and pray so loud in the school room that people going along the street would stop, and sometimes inquire if anything was the matter. Prayer meetings had been set up during the revival in different parts of the town, and these had been kept up during the winter. They attended these meetings, some one or two attending each, but they in their exhortations and prayers would complain of the coldness of Christians, and address impenitent sinners in strong terms, and in a boldness and confidence which neither Mr. Finney or Mr. Nash would have used. The result was that the meetings diminished, and most of them failed for want of attendance. They would often give what they conceived to be the character of individuals in their prayers, which were sometimes slanderous. After a while I called them all into the school room. I had been grieved and mortified with this thing for

ton" (the rich banker of Rome) "I shall slip and fall down upon the floor". He often had impressions with regard to the conversion of individuals, felt assured that they would be converted. This he called the prayer of faith. Great confidence was had by many in the prayers of Father Nash, as he was called. He died in Oneida Co. a few years after this. Mr. Finney thought highly of him, but did not think it best afterwards to have him with him.

some time, and I resolved to check it, if not stop it entirely. I began by telling them that I had wanted to talk to them for some time in regard to their manner of doing things in relation to religious meetings but there was a serious difficulty in the way, but now I had become satisfied that I could not do my duty to them, or the cause of religion, without telling them plainly what I thought of their course. The difficulty to which I alluded was the sentiment they entertained in relation to their own state. They thought themselves far in advance of many in spiritual attainments, that they were in a high degree under the influence of the Spirit of God, and if others found any fault with their action it was because they were not up to their mark, that they were less spiritual. I then read a part of the 14th Chapter of I Corinthians, where Paul corrects the disorders and extravagant notions of the Corinthians. He, anticipating the objections they would make to his remarks, and the justification they would plead for their disorders, viz., that they were prompted in their doings by the Spirit of God, tells them that the spirit of the prophets was subject to the prophets. God is not the author of confusion. The mind doubtless under the influence of the Spirit feels and judges differently from what it does in a different state. Acts also differently, but the Spirit of God does not, in its action, supercede, or impair, the judgment, but strengthens and improves it, and anything which does this is not from the Spirit. God is not the author of it. It is Satan, under the disguise of an Angel's robe. They

were deceived in the course they were pursuing in some instances, pointing out the circumstances that had occurred as examples. They saw, I was grieved with their course. I wished not to check their pious ardor, but to correct it and turn it to the best account. It had a good effect.

When they left me, in the fall, I pointed out the bad results of their course at the meetings, and said, "If I had stopped you you would have thought that I was the cause of preventing the revival here again of the work of God and the conversion of sinners. You now see that no good has followed your course, and wherever you may be hereafter take a different course. Mr. Finney and Mr. Nash erred in their treatment of young men, and young converts generally. In avoiding the error of keeping them back, which they thought was often done to their great injury, they urged them forward, and ran to the other extreme. Many of these youths thought themselves far in the advance of ordinary Christians, and that they had a perfect right to treat, and consider them, as cold, formal professors, who knew but little, if anything, of the life and power of godliness. Others of this stamp, and a considerable number, fresh from the revivals of this time, came to my school in Whitesboro, but there were so many, of a *different* spirit, that it was held in check.

Having made up my mind, if I could get the requisite aid, to establish a school of this kind, I communicated my views to Brother Frost of Whitesboro, and other brethren in the ministry, all of whom

approved of the design. Mr. Frost entered warmly into it, and in the fall of 1826 he and I concluded to make a tour of the West, to make inquiries and observations in regard to a location. We went into the region of Rochester and of Buffalo, inquired about Grand Island in the Niagara, which was then in the hands of Government. While in Rochester we thought best to visit the Mr. Wadsworths of Genesee. Men of great wealth, who from their mansion could look over one of the richest and most beautiful valleys of our country, thro which the River Genesee passes, and call a large portion of it their own. As they professed to be men of public spirit, and were men of extensive means, it was thought they might favor an enterprise of this kind, but they were patronizing some sort of High School about to be built in the town. We perceived that altho they spoke well of the design we had nothing to hope there. We concluded to take a boat and go to Erie in Pennsylvania. Mr. Colt, a man of large wealth, and pious, resided there, and was in some way also related to the Selden family, and he might encourage it. If not we should see the country. The Niagara Falls we had visited, I for the first time. Mr. George Selden lived there also, with whom my wife had lived in Troy before her marriage, as I have related. Mr. Colt was from home. Mr. Frost left me and returned to visit relatives near Buffalo. After spending some days pleasantly I took stage to see more of the country, and returned to Buffalo, where I took the canal packet, and soon after Brother Frost

unexpectedly came on board, to my great gratification. We stopped before we got to Rochester and went out to Riga, where he had two uncles living and where my sister Griffin and her family were living, and spent two or three days pleasantly. I took the packet again for home, and he took some other direction. Our boat was detained, and instead of being at Rome, as I had expected, I found myself seventy or eighty miles from there on Sabbath morning. As I was near Jordan, in the vicinity of which friends lived, I concluded best to stay on board, as we should reach there soon after we breakfasted. I had found some very pleasant company on board the packet, but I told them I must stop according to the commandment to keep the Sabbath. They said they thought we could keep it as well there. It was quiet, and we could have worship on board, I could preach for them, they would probably have preaching where I proposed to stop. I told them I thought otherwise, I had as much reason for going on as any of them. I had been from home near three weeks, and during that time had heard nothing from my family, and of course felt very desirous to reach home as speedily as possible, but I could not break the commandment to sanctify the Sabbath, as I should do by traveling, nor encourage others to do so by my example. After prayer with them, and a few words of exhortation, I stopped, walked up to Elbridge and spent the Sabbath with my friends, left again the next day, and as soon as possible reached my dear family, from whom I had been

separated longer than was intended. I found all well.

In the winter the Presbytery of Oneida met in Rome, and I laid my plan before them. I had become a member of that body. They passed resolutions approving it, and recommending it, and some of the leading members gave encouragement of aiding it, Rev. Moses Frost and Aiken of Attica, and Coe of New Hartford. After maturing the plan I commenced, with the efficient aid of Mr. Frost, to get subscriptions in stock, twenty dollars buying a share. It was to be the property of the stockholders until it should obtain a charter from the state, which it was designed to do so soon as the experiment would justify it. After we had obtained two thousand dollars, which was signed in Rome, Whitesboro, and Attica, directors were appointed, who chose a committee to locate the Institution. There were Judge Cooper of Attica, Dr. Judd of Paris, Hill and the Rev. John Frost of Whitesboro, members of the Board. I accompanied them in all their examinations. We examined farms in New Hartford and in the vicinity of Attica, but decided to purchase that of Mr. Joseph White on the flat between the village of Whitesboro and Sauquoit Creek towards Alica. The farm consisted of one hundred and twenty acres, or thereabouts, and was purchased for forty dollars an acre. It was deeded in trust for the uses and purposes of a literary institution called the Oneida Academy. A few of us had become responsible for the purchase money. Mr. Peletiah Rawson, formerly a teacher in the Academy of the village, but more recently an engineer on

the canal, and who had been a subject of the revival, thro the influence of Mr. Frost agreed to unite his fortunes and efforts with mine in carrying forward the enterprise. All things being ready, and my presence being required for the commencement of the school, I removed, with my family, early in May to Whitesboro, leaving our pleasant home, and a circle of friends to whom we had become attached, not without some regrets. I left Western with my little family, a wife and three children, for Whitesboro. I was acquainted with a number of the best families of this interesting town. I had preached there repeatedly in my visits to my old friend and tutor, the Rev. John Frost, and had once in a revival spent several days there. Mrs. Gale too had become acquainted with several families. It was not, therefore, like going among strangers. The society too was considered the best in the county. It had long been noted as the residence of old Judge White, the first settler of that region, who went there about the close of the Revolutionary war, while the Indian tribes still occupied the country. All the country of the West, as it was called, on western New York, was called Whitesboro, and all north I have been told along Lake Champlain. Being first settled it became the County Seat of Oneida Co. sharing rather that honor with Rome, as the village at Fort Stannix, which was settled not long after, was called. The name of Whitesboro was restricted to White's Township, which embraced the towns of Attica and New Hartford. At that time these three towns formed

almost an equilateral triangle, being distant from each other about four miles. New Hartford was settled about the same time after Whitesboro was, in few years after Judge White came to the country. Attica was the younger of the three. There had been a landing place for boats coming up, and a fort many years before, but Fort Stannix was rather the head of river navigation, or boating, batteaux only being used. Here the canal and Wood Creek formed a junction with it, and these led into the Oneida Lake and thro its outlet and the Oswego river into Lake Ontario, before and during the Revolution. The village of Whitesboro is built on the first rise of land above the flats of the Mohawk river. Back of it the ground rises like terraces, or successive elevations, for some distance, and from the summit presents a most beautiful landscape, the broad flats through which the Mohawk pursues its winding course eastward, and the Sauquoit, a large creek, with its broad interval coming from the South, but lofty hills rising gradually from the river at the north, and more especially north-east, many of them sloping towards the south and presenting, in alternation, wood land and finely cultivated farms. Not only are the beautiful villages of Turkville and York Mills in full view, with their splendid manufacturing buildings, but New Hartford and Attica. As you leave the village of Whitesboro you descend from the more elevated ground of the village to the bottom land of the Sauquoit, which constituted the farm of the Institute, and reaching to the Mohawk nearly. As you rise from this valley

of the Sauquoit, going west on the first point of ground, at the right was the place where Mr. White, the first settler, built his cabin. The first house on this was an old-fashioned building, low, double, and a piazza running the whole length close to the sidewalk. Here Mr. Stenslind, member of Congress for some time, whose wife was a grand daughter of old Judge White, the first settler. She had made arrangements to build on the adjoining point of ground, where her grandfather first built his cabin, but never accomplished it. There was one house between that point and Mr. Steno which was built in modern style, by Mr. William Wolcott, director of the Terkville factory, which I did not think of when I called Mr. Steno the first. Next to Mr. Steno was a fine building, built and occupied by Fortune G. White, Esq., a lawyer, brother of Mrs. Steno. The next, separated by the Deerfield Road, was the orderly, quiet public house of Mr. Beny. The next, with a large court yard in front and abounding with beautiful shade trees, was the stately mansion, built and for many years occupied by Judge Platt, who had lately sold to Mr. Dexter, who then, and still, resides there. Then the next was the house of Mr. Tracy, whose wife was sister of the Huntingtons of Rome. The next, another stately dwelling built and occupied by General Lill, a lawyer of eminence. Between this and the last mentioned, viz., Mr. Tracy's, were the village Academy and the Presbyterian church. Next after that of General Lill was that of Judge Gold, a distinguished lawyer and a wealthy man. For half a mile further

on stores and dwellings were in close proximity, inhabited by excellent and worthy people. Parallel with this main street, there was none on the north, but small narrow farms ran back for a mile owned by those who lived on this principal street. In the rear of the houses, or at the side, were gardens, and fruit and shade.

On the left as you leave the Sauquoit flats going west, next to the street for some distance, was a beautiful open space called the green, and on the bluff, adjoining the flat, stood the old mansion of the first settler inhabited by his aged widow and her sister. The next that of Mr. Bradley, a good house. The next a large but old house occupied by Mr. Ives, and, to complete the end of that side of the green, stood, and still stands, the Court House and Jail. Opposite Mr. Berry's was the store and the dwelling of Mr. Mosely. Afterward the houses of Drs. Peck and Clark, with the Baptist church and some intervening stores then that of Mrs. Ells ? where my family lived for some time, and then the fine two story brick building, with a fine court yard, the dwelling of the Rev. Mr. Frost, built for Mrs. Frost by her father, Judge Gold. This house is opposite that of General Lill, a maternal uncle of Mrs. Frost, and further was that of Major Mosely, where my family lived the last years of our remaining in Whitesboro, and still further, on the corner of a transverse street, the two story house (indeed, all that were occupied were such), built by a Mr. Pease, who had removed to Attica, and who rented it to us 'till he sold it,

eighteen months. Mr. Joel Root, now of New Haven, Conn., and for several years keeper of the Washington boarding house at the Springs, purchased it and resided there. On the opposite side of this, separated by a transverse street, stood the house of Mr. Ellis, next that of Mrs. Mana's, widow of Major Mann, who was brother of my friend Wardwell's wife, and of my nephew, Dr. Kinncy's wife, the next that of Mr. Brainerd, father of the celebrated Dr. B. of Chicago. Parallel to this main street on the south was another street, and next to it, at the foot of the rising ground, on the south, ran the canal. Here were congregated, for the most part, a different class of people. Few more beautiful streets were to be found in any village in the state than this principal street, and few that could furnish finer families. Most of these too were members of the Presbyterian church, the ladies of almost every family, and many of their husbands, and all church going people, many of them educated and refined. In a social point of view we could not have been more happily situated. Village gossip was but little known and contentions and jealousies between families still less. I have been thus particular for the sake of my children, several of whom were born here, and the older spent their early years here. But great changes have passed over it. Some occurred while we remained there, but more since. Nearly all the principal families have died. Mrs. Dexter, Mrs. Frost, a few of less note remain, while, through the oper-

ation of Besiah Green and other causes, it has lost greatly in a religious, moral and social view.

My history from the time of leaving the town of Western, New York, 1827 to the time of my leaving the Institute in the spring of 1834, seven years. In this part of my history, I shall pursue a little different course from that pursued in the former part of my narrative.

CHAPTER 1

This history of my family during the above named period.

As I have stated, I moved to W. in the month of May 1827, and occupied the house of Mr. Pease on Whitesboro Street, and at the corner of the street leading to the canal, and thence toward Westmountain.

It was a good two story half house, the parlour as usual in front and the hall, leading to the sitting-room with a small bed-room at the side of the sitting-room. The kitchen was below which was not so pleasant and the entrance to it from the hall under the stairs. There was a building adjoining with a good sized woodshed attached. There was a good barn and garden. For this we paid a rent of 100 dollars a year, cheap compared with rents in Galesburg now but I was liable to be deprived of it, if a purchaser should appear. I did not wish to buy it as I did not know how long I should want it. I had in contemplation to build nearer the Institute if I should build at all. My study

was the back room in the second story which was used sometimes as a bed-room also. Our hired girl was Anne McMullen who went with us from Western, sister of John McMullen and Patrick Dunn, late of Galesburg.

Mr. Weld boarded at our house a part of the time, and did my chores in the winter, in the summer, John F. Avery, a young fellow about 15 or 16 who came to the Institute and who had been converted under the labor of Mr. Finney at New Lebanon, now Bro. J. F. Avery the revivalist.

In the spring and following summer, Mr. George, a student of the Institute who had been sent North from Georgia, by his father, a wealthy planter to get an education, with a view to the study of the law. He was sent to New Haven, but having acquaintances at Whitesboro he came to reside there and was converted.

When he came to Whitesboro he did not expect to remain there long, but concluded he could as well prepare for college there as elsewhere. After his conversion he made up his mind to enter the University or to get an education with that end in view, and his father on learning his determination refused to help him, and I obtained aid for him from the Education Society. He was very sick at my house and was nursed day and night by Mr. Weld. After continuing with us a year or two, he had news of his father's death and returned to Georgia, taking with him Daniel Ingalls, a young man who had been with me at Western in my family school and had gone

with me to Whitesboro. He said he should have property enough and could educate Ingalls and himself. They both afterward entered college and graduated in Georgia. Ingalls has for many years been a faithful Presbyterian, minister in the South. Whether Mr. George entered the University I do not know. I have the impression that he did but I believe he did not live many years. He sent me the money he had received from the Education Society, with the interest, which I forwarded. Since I have been in Illinois I had a letter from Mr. Ingalls, who passed thro the state, informing me of his welfare, and his regret that he could not call on me, as he had hoped to do.

It was some time in the early part of this summer, that the noted New Lebanon Convention was held. The object of this Convention was to come to a mutual understanding in regard to the measures used by Mr. Finney, and supposed to be sanctioned by brethren in Western and Central New York, where he had labored, and indeed in Troy and New Lebanon, in which places he had labored successfully with the approbation of Dr. Beman and the churches of New Lebanon and in reconciling Mr. Finney and Mr. Nettleton, between whom misunderstanding and alienation existed. When Mr. Finney heard that Mr. Nettleton was in Albany he hastened down there to see him. He had previously been preaching for Dr. B., as well as in different parts of Oneida Co., Cayuga Co. with great success. He had never seen Mr. Nettleton but he had heard me speak of him and

of his success altho I had no personal acquaintance with him. Mr. N. avoided him. He saw him but was very reserved and cold, said nothing to Mr. Finney in relation to his views or measures, but would talk to others warning them against him and retailing stories that he had heard about his preaching and manner of conducting revivals, many of which were the mere fabrication of his enemies or greatly exaggerated. He kept up a correspondence with ministers in the West and in the East, doing what he could to arrest Mr. Finney in his course. He published a severe criticism on one of Mr. Finney's sermons that had been published. Dr. Beecher corresponded with the Rev. Dr. Frost on the subject, and Mr. Frost labored to correct the false statements and views with regard to Mr. Finney.

Mr. Frost, and Mr. Coe, pastor of the church in New Hartford, went down to see Mr. Nettleton at Albany. He showed us many letters which he had received from many clergymen in the West, Dr. Richards of Auburn Seminary and others. These letters were an apology in part for the course he had taken. Some of the facts as they were reported to him were untrue to our certain knowledge, but after we had informed him he still reported them as facts. There still seemed to be a strange perversion in his mind, almost unaccountable, in regard to Mr. Finney and his movements. While Mr. Finney was in New Lebanon he wrote to the Association of Berkshire, urging them to exclude Mr. Finney from the pulpit. At length Mr. Beecher and some of the

ministers at Boston proposed thro Mr. Frost to the ministers at the West to meet the particular friends of Mr. N. at New Lebanon, where Mr. Finney was preaching, together with Messrs. Nettleton and Finney, to ascertain the facts and to come to a mutual understanding of religion. The ministers from the East were Dr. Lyman Beecher of Boston, Dr. Justin Edwards of Andover, Dr. Townley of Weathersfield, and Joel Hawes of Hartford, and Dr. Humphrics, president of Amherst College, and Mr. Nettleton. Of the Western New York men, Dr. Beman of Troy, Lansing of Auburn, Gillet of Rome, Coe of New Hartford, Aiken of Utica, Smith of Camden, and Mr. Frost and myself of Whitesboro, Mr. Churchill of New Lebanon, Mr. Benedict of Canaan, and Mr. Finney.

Dr. Humphrics was chosen chairman of the meeting. The meeting held two or three days and various topics were discussed and resolutions adopted. As to principles, there was no great difference between them, and the discussion led to a better understanding in regard to matters of fact, but no reconciliation between Messrs. Finney and Nettleton. Mr. Finney made no opposition to Mr. Nettleton but went about his business; went soon after to Wilmington, State of Delaware, to aid Mr. Gilbert, the pastor there of the Presbyterian church, where a good work ensued, and afterwards to Philadelphia. Mr. Nettleton went South soon afterward to South Carolina and Virginia but accomplished very little. He was never reconciled

to Mr. Finney. Mr. Nettleton never accomplished much afterward in the way of revivals.

Mr. Finney eased in his measures,—new measures they were called by Mr. Nettleton and all who used them were called new measure men,—but Mr. N. did not take the right course to convert him. I told him, when I had the interview before spoken of in Albany, that I thought he had not pursued the right course to rectify the errors of Mr. Finney. No one would have been so likely to do that as he. Mr. Finney had heard me speak of him and his revivals in the most favorable manner, and he had great confidence in his wisdom and experience. The brethren in the West did not like Mr. Finney's management but God was with him, the work was powerful, and the feeling was such as a professor of Princeton described, when told that some of the students that were not licensed had preached in a revival. "Well", said he, "I would rather have a bone out of joint than a soul lost". Still, it is a matter of question whether we did our whole duty in this matter. Evils that ensued in some instances might have been prevented. These evils, however, resulted more from young men who attempted to follow Mr. Finney's lead, but who went much farther in the wrong direction than he did. But Mr. Nettleton, and other good men who opposed these revivals, erred in the spirit with which they opposed them; gave credit to, and reported matters as facts, to injure Mr. Finney that had little or no foundation. Mr. Finney's friends, knowing this, and that they and their people had

received great spiritual benefit from his labors, stood firmly by him, and gave their sanction to some things which in other circumstances they would not. Mr. Finney kept on his course, great revivals followed his labors at Rochester and in other places, as I have noticed, and Dr. Beecher himself afterwards admitted him to his pulpit in Boston. I have noticed these facts in this connection because they occurred at this time and I could bring them in no place more properly.

On the 2nd of November, toward evening, I went down the street a short distance to the post office expecting immediately to return, and did not think it necessary to say that I was going to the post office. I found some papers I did not often see and sat down and read a while, perhaps one-half or three-quarters of an hour. When I returned to our house I was surprised to find our family physician there and one of the neighboring ladies, and still more to learn that we had another son, and that all was well. We called him Josiah, after my father and only brother whom I lost, as I have related in the early part of my history.

We resided here, and thro a good Providence were favored with good health, for two and a half years nearly. We were visited in this town by my wife's brother, and in the fall of 1827 by my eldest sister, Mrs. Kinney, and by her eldest grand daughter, Araminta Rice. Araminta had been, from the time of her father's death, in the family of Mrs. Willard of Troy, both a pupil and assistant teacher, and she was in

bad health on account of too much labor, in her tender years. Another object, or rather objects, she had in view beside seeing me, and benefitting the health of her grand daughter, they were to visit her son, Dr. Roswell Kinney, near Adams, and to get a younger grand daughter, living with a brother of Mr. Rice about thirty miles west of Whitesboro, on the canal. I put my horse before my carriage, which had the seats, and took her and Araminta to Jefferson Co. to visit Dr. Kinney, and had a very pleasant visit. After our return she and Araminta went for Caroline. I had visited the child a year before, and found the woman with whom she lived a coarse woman, Universalist, a most unsuitable woman to have the training of a child. Mr. Rice, at his death, had given this daughter to his brother without being aware of the character of his wife. After I informed my sister how she was situated she resolved to take her away, and in the spirit of a Christian mother was willing to encounter any trial to accomplish her object purpose. This she did, and taking her back with her placed her, with her sister, at Mrs. Willard's. This was the last time I saw this dear sister. The next March, 1828, she departed in peace to a brighter world.

In the fall of 1829 early our house was suddenly purchased by Mr. Joel Root of Connecticut, and we were obliged to leave at short notice. We could find no dwelling house, and Mrs. Mann, a neighbor of ours (I say Mrs. Mann—her husband was in low health and all business matters depended upon her)

to accommodate us gave up her front room, which was both nursery and parlor. She gave us one or two bedrooms above, and the privilege of her kitchen, but we had to pass through the sitting room, the room she occupied, to get to it. There all our cooking was done, and our food, when cooked, was brought thro into our front room. Few persons would have submitted to such inconveniences without complaining as did my dear wife, who was always equal to the exigencies of the time. I was sorry I had not purchased a house, but I had no idea the house would be sold. Houses were not very saleable in Whitesboro at that time. I had lived in it more than two years, nearly two and a half. When I say few women would have put up with such inconveniences so cheerfully, I may also say fewer still would have so discommoded themselves as did Mrs. Mann for the accommodation of others, but here we remained for six months, or more, without, as I know, an unkind word or an unkind feeling between the families.

Late in the fall Mr. Mann died. I was absent at the time, and Mary, my daughter, was born a little time before. I am not quite certain as to the time of his death. The birth of my daughter was on the 26th of October 1829. Not long after my wife had got about the house we were subjected to another severe trial. Our little son Josiah was a very fleshy child, and he was attacked with croup. It came on very insidiously. Our eldest son, Selden, had been very subject to that complaint, but it usually attacked him in the night, and very suddenly. This

was two days or more coming on. We thought it only a cold. We gave him simple medicines but with no effect. We sent for our family physician, Dr. Clark, Dr. Peck, who was more frequently called, was not in. These gentlemen were in company, and we called sometimes one and sometimes the other. The doctor gave him medicine but it seemed to do no good. He tried bleeding him in the hand and in the foot, but he was so fleshy that he could accomplish nothing. I expected to see him die that night, and the thought of seeing the dear little fellow suffocated was most painful. The doctor said he could open a vein in the neck, he knew of nothing else that he could do. Both physicians were present. I told them if Mrs. Gale was willing, and they thought best, to do so, but it seemed to me like butchery. Mrs. Gale was willing, I told them. I could not hold him but she said she could. My feelings would not allow me to see it, and I went into the other room. A cord was passed around his neck. While my wife held him, and while one of them held the cord and his head, the other caught the vein as it swelled, on the point of his lancet. The blood spurted as from the neck of a stuck animal. At this juncture, feeling for my wife, I came back. She was holding him, but somewhat startled by the sudden flow of blood from his neck. The cord was soon relaxed and the blood stopped, but although faint and languid, the difficulty of respiration immediately ceased, and this medicine upon his stomach began to take effect. He recovered after a short time, but never seemed perfectly well;

was always subject in a greater degree to a cough, as he is to this day. He was but just saved. Whether this will prove to him a mercy I cannot say. If he comes to Christ, that he may live forever, it will. If he does not, better to have gone then, for of such, says Christ, is the kingdom of Heaven.

In the spring of 1829 we obtained the house of Mrs. Eels. Her husband had died not long before. She was the daughter of Mr. Joseph White, of whom we bought the Institute farm. She had no children, and she proposed to reserve one room above, and rent the rest of the house for one hundred dollars a year, and board with us. She did not remain with us very long; took lodgings with some of her friends, and relieved us of the trouble. The house was a two story double house, the hall running through the middle, with a sitting room on one side, and parlor on the other. The hall ran but part way. One door at the farther end, opened into the kitchen, and the other upon the stairway, which was then enclosed. The dining room was next to the kitchen, and in the rear of the parlor a large bedroom opened into the parlor and the kitchen. A door from the stairs also opened into the kitchen. Above we had three bedrooms. One of these I made my study, as well as my bedroom. It was a quite convenient house, and pleasantly situated, Dr. Peck, being on one side of us, and Mr. Frost on the other, with the Presbyterian church nearly on the other side of the way.

While here, and soon after we moved there, we took, or obtained, a girl to do our work, by the name

of Hester Moulton. We were so well pleased with her, and she was so well attached to the family, that she stayed with us three years, and until she married. In that time she also became pious. She was an orphan; her father lived in Ohio and died afterwards in Illinois. She had some very respectable relations tho' poor, but they did very little for her. She was a bright, interesting girl, and was very much attached to the children.

Edgar Leete, my nephew, lived with us a part of the time, and attended the Institute some part of the time.

A young man named Jackson, from Norwich, in Connecticut, had lived as a sort of servant in the family of a wealthy gentleman, who applied to me for him to have a place in our school, and as I thought him a very steady, faithful, and industrious young man I kept him a year or more. I observed he had quite a collection of books of various kinds, some of which he could not understand. I could not account for his having so many books of little present use to him. I concluded that he had a fondness for books and bought probably at auction. He was afterward detected in stealing money from my nephew, with whom he roomed at the Institute, and a variety of stolen articles were found upon his person, or rather, in his possession. Mr. Weld suspecting him, had examined his trunk while he was out, and found, among other things, all the correspondence between me and my wife before our marriage. The money was not found, but he acknowledged the theft.

His books were all, or most of them, probably stolen, and what else he had stolen from us we could not know. We thought him so honest that we would have trusted him with anything. He was not allowed to remain at the Institute. His was not a solitary instance of the kind at the Institute. We found, in a number of instances, that young men, if allowed to keep their own time, would deceive, and sometimes steal books, and some of them were youth who had respectable parents, and who had been piously brought up, and in some cases professors of religion. There were painful developments of character, and a confirmation of the truth, that "The heart of man is evil from his youth."

The second year of our living in Mrs. Eels' house my daughter Margaret was born, December 31, 1831. After my wife had got about she took a cold that seemed to settle upon her lungs. I trusted to Dr. Clark. Dr. Peck had gone away South; had left on account of his health. I did not give her the attention that I should being much occupied at the Institute. I found her one morning on her bed and her lungs seemed very much loaded. I was alarmed, and I am sure she was. I went immediately to Attica and requested Dr. McCall to go up to see her. He was regarded as the most skillful physician in the county. He returned with me. I had said nothing to Dr. Clark about my calling Dr. McCall. I was dissatisfied with Dr. Clark; thought he had neglected my wife, and I never had so much confidence in his skill, and faithfulness, as I had in those of Dr. Peck, and I would

never consent to sacrifice the health of a friend to comply with a physician's whims, or with their rules of etiquette. Dr. McCall, learning that Dr. Clark had had my wife for a patient, called on him and requested him to go in (I ought doubtless to have conferred with Dr. Clark, although I never heard that he complained). He gave her a very quick emetic, that relieved her. It seemed at times as if she would be strangled by the accumulation of phlegm. Dr. Clark was more attentive, and after a little she recovered.

There being a good school set up in Attica I sent my son Selden then, when but eight years old, to study Latin. The price of tuition was high, ten dollars a quarter, but I did not regard the price, but of this I was relieved as Mr. Selden, my brother-in-law, paid it. I had his board to pay. He lived in the family of one of the teachers, but I knew our classical school in the village was not what it should be, and I regarded it as worse than nothing for a child to commence any study with an incompetent or unfaithful teacher, or with one whose hands are so full that he cannot do justice to his pupils. While here, I learned from him afterwards, that he suffered a good deal from the hands of his fellow pupils who were older than he, of which his teacher was probably not aware. From those I mean who boarded in the family with him, but I was more dissatisfied with *his* treatment. He was a very passionate man, and once, for a very slight offense, bruised his hand very badly with a ferule. And he would sometimes lift boys from the

bench by their ears, and once actually tore his ear by such usage. Of this I knew nothing until afterward. My experience would lead me, in similar circumstances, to give much more attention to my children at school. I was greatly occupied by my duties in building, and teaching, at the Institute, and did not give my family the attention due to them, which I have always regretted. I thought if I gave them the best opportunities, placed them under the care and tuition of those who were reported as good instructors, it was all I could do, but children need great care and attention from their parents. I sent my children, the young ones, to the infant school, which at that time was a new thing and very popular, but there was some defect about them. They declined, and were abandoned after a time. I always thought that my children were injured rather than benefitted by them. In the spring of 1832 I took my family to the Institute.

The centre building had very convenient suites of rooms for a family. They were entered from a side hall. At entering, the door at the right opened into a spacious parlor, and the left into a sitting room, and dining room of good dimensions, with a bedroom attached, and over it, in the second story, a parlor chamber. In the rear of the sitting room, in the two story wing, were several bedrooms and apartments for the steward's family. We were comfortably situated for room. The principal cooking was done by those who provided for the dining hall, below, and what we needed specially for ourselves was at-

tended to by the help we kept always for our own family. Here we lived very comfortably. Our steward most of the time, who directed the boarding and farming affairs, was Brainard Orton, now living in London on the Rock River. His wife superintended in the business of the kitchen. Both of them faithful, well adapted, and pleasant people.

The second year of our living there Mrs. Gale was prematurely confined giving birth to a son, which if living at its birth soon ceased to live. She, however, got along pretty well, although her constitution, always frail, I feared was suffering from the duties and cares of a family, with her sufferings at such seasons. Having obtained two gentlemen to perform the duties I had hitherto performed, viz., Besiah Green as head of the literary department, which it was proposed to extend and form into a regular course, and Mr. Rueben Hough of Connecticut for the business department, I concluded to resign my place in the Institute, and either prosecute a scheme I had for some time cherished, of planting an Institution on a larger scale, in the far West, or do something else, as I might be directed by Providence. I had done enough, expended means and labor enough to bring the Institution to its maturity, and test the practicability of combining labor and study, and the carrying forward of the enterprise might now devolve on some one else.

I hired a house in town, near the one I first occupied, of similar form and size, in which my family continued to live, until I embarked for Illinois.

My history, from the time I left the East, will be suspended, for the purpose of giving some account of my labors and success in building up the Oneida Institute.

CHAPTER II.

History of my labor in establishing the Institute.

I. The Buildings.

The first building was an old two story farm house, with two front rooms and a back bedroom, pantry, chimney in the middle. We hired another small house. The upper rooms, as sleeping and study rooms, with some in the attic story. As soon as practicable we erected a building in the rear for kitchen and pantry, using the old kitchen for dining hall. The upper part of the new addition was prepared and used for a school room, chapel, etc. We had more applications for students by far than we could accommodate, and vigorous measures, by soliciting funds, were employed to enable us to build. The students, most of them, volunteered to spend some time in labor during the winter vacation, which was a long one, to give them opportunity, by labor or teaching, to aid themselves. I had donations of standing timber, and stone in the quarry, in the towns of Verona and Rome, near the canal. They engaged in quarrying stone in the winter, and in getting out timber, which farmers had agreed to take to the canal, that it might be brought down, as it was, in the spring. The next summer we commenced, and by winter completed

the erection of our building for the accommodation of students.

Our plan of building, which I drew up, and which was adopted by the Board of Trustees, was as follows:

The buildings were placed on the north side of the road leading from the village to Attica, about midway from the descent from the table land on which the village stands, to the creek which crosses the road, after which the ground rises again. The farm occupied a large portion of the interval, or bottom land, of the Sauquoit, which ran north 'till it joined the valley of the bottom land of the Mohawk. Looking south about forty rods from the road, there was a high embankment and aqueduct across the interval and the creek, made for the canal, so that all the boats as they passed were visible from the building, and they were of course in full view of all that passed over the canal. This was better than any other form of advertising the Institution. The position of the building was as follows: A semi-circle, or some ellipse, was drawn, the base of which was the road to Attica. The length of this base was eighteen or twenty rods, and the apex about one-half the length of the base. Around this was the carriage way, and the area enclosed was designed for a lawn. While I remained there it was used for a garden. A little back from the point of this ellipse stood the centre building, which I have partly described. The front door, exactly on a straight line drawn from the base of this circle through the centre.

This was called the chapel because the chapel was in it. It was forty-eight feet square, ten stories high, built of wood, upon a high basement of stone. A hall ten feet wide ran through the middle. On the right, as you ascended into the hall, by flights of steps, going up on the other side to a platform, was a lecture room eighteen by thirty feet, with raised seats, one rising above the other as they receded from the front, leaving a passage into a room for philosophical apparatus and lectures. On the left side a door opened into the parlor of the superintendent, as described, not often entered from the hall, but which could be. The broad stairway, going into the second story, commenced half way back from the front, leaving a hall, or space, on the right side to pass into the philosophical room, and into the wing, or steward's apartment back, that one in second story as before remarked. Under the broad stairs was a flight of stairs into the basement story.

The stairs turned, as you ascended, at right angles out to a hall above, and into a large room nearly thirty feet square, arranged with seats and aisles used for a chapel, a raised platform and desk for the chaplain being on the west side, toward which all the seats looked. The desk was moveable, and on speaking days it was taken away, leaving the platform for the convenience of the speakers. It would seat nearly two hundred, and two hundred and fifty could be accommodated by crowding.

From the upper hall there was a flight of stairs into the attic, divided into rooms for the accomoda-

tion of students. At the foot of it a door opened into a square room for the use of two students who usually had charge of the chapel and the library, keeping them in order. At the right of the door, into the parlor chamber——

Here the narrative abruptly ends.

Written by his daughter Margaret Gale Hitchcock, at Lincoln, Neb. in the winter of 1881 and 1882.