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BISHOP CHASE'S
REMINISCENCES:

AN

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

SECOND EDITION:

COMPRISING A HISTORY OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN THE AUTHOR'S LIFE
TO A. D. 1847.

WITH A PORTRAIT AND FOUR ENGRAVINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

—◆—
Seventy-first Psalm, 17, 18.
—◆—

BOSTON:

JAMES B. DOW, 141 WASHINGTON STREET.

NEW YORK: STANFORD & SWORDS. PHILADELPHIA: G. S. APPLETON. HART-
FORD: BROWN & PARSONS. RICHMOND, VA.: NASH & WOODHOUSE.
CHARLESTON, S. C.: SAMUEL HART, SEN.

1848.

Barrett

937.09
C3863
Vol. 1

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE writer of the following pages, having been often desired by his friends to note down the various incidents of his chequered life, began, in the winter of A. D. 1840, to write with a view to gratify this wish. The calls of a large correspondence, his duty to his family and diocese, subjected the work to frequent and long-continued interruptions. The moments devoted to it were snatched from hours deemed necessary to healthy repose. It was not his design at first that the result of his labors should be given to the world during his lifetime, but yielding to the suggestion that it would increase the interest which the Christian world were beginning to feel in Jubilee college, he determined to publish what he had written, quarterly, in numbers of one hundred and twenty pages each. This method was then thought necessary, as the work was still unfinished. Its progress was much delayed, and five years passed over before he was able to complete the seventh number. Being published in this manner, and at unequal periods of time, they were a source of expense to him; yet the main object was attained,—a greater interest was felt for the infant college to which he had given, and to which he will continue to devote, his latest energies. In two different instances was it said by those personally unknown to him, “I have read your Reminiscences, and send you *five hundred dollars for your college.*”

The present edition is designed, if possible, to revive and

continue the sympathy hitherto felt for the writer in his public labors.

It is presented to the reader, he hopes, in a form not unacceptable. It will be found to embrace all that is contained in the seven numbers, with several hundred pages added new; bringing down the history of the writer to the time when he plucked the first flower from the rose planted by his own hand, through God's help, and to His glory, in the far west of Illinois.

As the work progressed, it changed somewhat its character. From being simple "reminiscences," in which memory served to guide him alone, he had resort to records which were preserved of the later periods of his life.

In matters where his own character was concerned, he has been more careful to state facts than to draw conclusions.

A large part of this work consists of correspondence. His own letters to his wife form a diary of events as they occurred, and a record of impressions as they were made at the time. Those extracts which he is permitted to give of the letters of his English friends, he considers will give a permanent character and value to the book. Replete with pious sentiments, their fragrance will not die. If any part of the work seems to the reader to be occupied with matters not generally made public, let him remember that the writer has ever relied upon his openness, and the freedom with which he has communicated information concerning his public acts, as well as other testimonies of honesty, to neutralize the evil designs of those who would (had they the power) injure him in the estimation of good men.

It may be that personal friendship will chiefly induce those who take up these volumes to read them through, but at some future day, if not now, many things herein stated will be of interest to those who shall follow, and reap where he

has sown. Let the reader give glory to the Giver of all grace, that He hath crowned the labors of his servant with that degree of success to which he has hitherto attained; that any fortress exists (however feebly manned) in the midst of spiritual enemies, whose great aim is to destroy the faith ere it takes root in our western lands. Let him ask himself if he has done his part, as a good soldier of Christ, towards reinforcing it; at least, let him pray for one who must soon be called to render his account, but is yet spared to give him the blessing of an aged Bishop in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord.

PHILANDER CHASE.





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# REMINISCENCES

OF

## BISHOP CHASE.

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### CHAPTER I.

GENEALOGY—SETTLEMENTS IN MASSACHUSETTS AND ON CONNECTICUT RIVER—THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN ABOVE FORT NO. 4.

AMONG the early settlers of New England were three persons by the name of *Chase*,—William, Thomas, and Aquila.

Aquila was the common ancestor of the writer's family, and, according to common tradition among his descendants, was born in Cornwall, England, A. D. 1618. He came to America in 1640, and resided at Hampton, New Hampshire, five years, when he moved, with his wife Ann, to Newbury, Mass., having been invited thither, on account of his skill in navigation, by the donation of several lots of land in that place. He had eleven children. What part of these were born while he and his wife Ann lived at Hampton, does not appear. He himself died in Newbury, December 24, A. D. 1670.

Moses, the youngest of his sons, was born Dec. 24, 1663. He married Anne Follansbee, Nov. 10, 1684. They had many children. Their first was Daniel, born Sept. 20, 1685. He married Sarah March, Jan. 2d, 1706. They had many children. Their first-born was Samuel, born Sept. 28, 1707, *in Newbury*, the writer's grandfather. Samuel Chase married Mary Dudley. They had five sons and six daughters. Their sons' names were Samuel, Dudley, (the writer's father,) Jonathan, March, and Solomon. Dudley married Alice Corbett, of Mendon, August 23, 1753. Jonathan, afterward known as General Chase, married a Miss Sherman, and, on her decease, married a daughter of the Rev. — Hall, pastor of the Congregational church in Sutton, and father of Dr. Hall, of Pom-

fret, Connecticut. Dr. Nathan Smith, a celebrated surgeon, married Sarah, the daughter of Gen. Jonathan Chase.

March Chase was married twice in Sutton, but had no children. He lived in Sutton till his death, in about 1822.

Solomon Chase was a regularly-bred physician. He married Sarah March.

The parents of the writer, Dudley Chase, and Alice, his wife, lived in Sutton about ten years, and then, with his father and several of his brethren, moved to New Hampshire, where, having obtained a grant of a township of land, on Connecticut river, they agreed to settle, and called it *Cornish*, in honor of a place of that name in England, from whence their ancestors had emigrated.

This happened previously to any settlements being made to the northward of Charleston, then called Fort No. 4, on the forementioned river Connecticut, which divides Vermont from New Hampshire. The writer's father was the first, with his family, then consisting of his wife and seven children, to take possession of the soil, which was then covered by an entire forest of the largest and tallest trees.

When the family, in their painful journey through the woods, arrived at Fort No. 4, it was thought advisable that his mother and children should remain there for shelter, and for their greater security from the Indians. To this arrangement his mother consented, although, as she told him, it was with the greatest reluctance. "I shuddered," she said, "at the thought of being penned up with my precious bairns within the precincts of a narrow fort, rudely built for defence against savages, for a period of time I knew not how long; for it was sixteen miles up the river whither your father and his company of workmen were going, where the land was to be cleared, and the crop for the approaching season was to be planted. But necessity is an imperious dictator, and submission was my duty. It was nevertheless a hard parting when your father pressed his babes to his bosom, and mine to his manly cheek, as he stepped into his canoe, and took command of his little fleet of stout and cheerful men, both able and willing to subdue the forest and plant the virgin soil.

"It was some time in the early spring that this parting

scene took place on the banks of the Connecticut river. The bud was then bursting from its wintry fetters, the birds were commencing their wooing songs, and the wild herbage sprang up all around me. Among these I wandered, admired their beauty, and inhaled their sweets: but all had no charms for me while your father was gone. I tried to banish my fears for his safety when I thought of his defenceless state and the proximity of the ruthless savage; for there was then war between France and England, and no fort between us and Canada. I also endeavored to seek refuge from my painful feelings in employment for myself and children; but our condition in the fort precluded the observance of regularity, and without that, little can be done. So much mingling of contending interests, especially among a crowd of little children, bade defiance to all efforts for order or peace. Days seemed weeks, and weeks seemed months; and scarcely did a sun rise without witnessing my wanderings on the banks of the flowing stream where I had parted from your father and his blithe company of Cornish woodmen.

“It was in one of these walks, that, with my children by my side, I saw, as the day drew to its close, a canoe coming round a point of the river bank above me. I first thought of the approach of savages; but before I had time to flee, I recognized the well-known canoe of your father, and in it our trusty neighbor, Diah Spalding. My heart leaped with joy; and no sooner did the canoe reach the shore than the children were in it and on his knees; nor did they suffer him to stir till they had told him I was resolved that we should all return with him to their father in the woods. ‘Do you know, dear madam,’ said he, respectfully approaching me,—‘are you aware that such has been our anxiety to put in a crop and plant the ground for the coming summer, that we have found no time to erect the semblance of a house? I am come to tell you that your husband is well and all his men are well, and to obtain information of your health and safety, and to carry back with me a recruit of provisions for their comfort; but we have all slept upon the uncovered ground, and as yet have no place to shelter ourselves—much less you and your little ones—from the pelting of the storm; and will you venture with

them into the woods before you are sure of a refuge?' 'I will go, and with all my children endure any storm, if you will give me but a safe and speedy conveyance to my husband. If there be no shelter, or fence, or fort, his faithful arm will guard me, and his trusty men will aid him; and their God, who is above all, ruleth all, and directeth all, will provide.'

"A much smaller degree of sagacity than our neighbor Spalding possessed, would have been sufficient to make him sensible that it was in vain to thwart a resolution so firmly taken; and the speedy removal once determined on, all the force of his ingenious and friendly mind was called into action to make things ready. Such goods as we needed least were secured in the fort; and such as the boats would carry, and we needed most, with ample provisions, were put on board; and the morning sun had scarcely risen, ere the indefatigable exertions of Spalding, and the anxious assiduity of my children, had made all things ready for the voyage. Spalding\* was a good canoe-man; and under the protection of the Almighty, in whom our trust was placed, the exertions of his strong arm, and the industrious aid of my elder sons, made our speed, though slow, yet unceasing; and, in time of war ascending a rapid stream in a frail Indian canoe, we reached before night the little opening among the towering trees, from whence the spot of your father's choice appeared to our longing eyes. 'There they are,' said the mingled voices of my children; 'there is our dear father, and yonder are his men; I hear his voice, and the sound of their axes.' For a moment all was hidden from our view, by the density of the intervening forest trees. This gave me time to utter what was laboring in my bosom,—a prayer of faith and benediction. 'God of our ancestors, bless your father, and me your helpless mother, and you my loved children, now, even now, as we shall, in a few minutes, take possession of this our dwelling-place in the wild woods; and though, like Jacob, we have nought but a stone for our pillow, and the canopy of heaven for a covering, may we all find God indeed to be in this place; and may this

\* The writer has since learned, from his eldest brother, Simeon, of Bethel, Vt., that there was *one other man* sent down with the canoe; the same brother confirmed the truth of this story.



place be to us a house of God and a gate of heaven!' 'What a moment was this to one who had left all for her husband and the future fortunes of her children! The wealth of India would have been meanly estimated in comparison of the endeared spot before me.'

"'With your leave, madam,' said pilot Spalding, 'I think it prudent that your husband come to us, and give orders where he will have his family landed.' Accordingly he made fast the canoe to the willows, and desired us to await his return. Your father could get no direct answer from Spalding as to the nature of the cargo he had brought. 'Come and see,' was all he would say. 'Is all well?' said your father; 'have you brought us a good supply of food?' 'Come and see,' replied Spalding, with animation, and in an instant they burst upon our view; and as your dear father stood on the margin of the high bank, he saw beneath his feet the frail bark in which were his wife and children. The emotion was almost too much for him. I saw this, and sprang forward, the children quickly following. He received us with a mixture of joy mingled with agony: 'Are you come to die here,' he exclaimed, 'before your time? We have no house to shelter you, and you will perish before we can get one erected.' 'Cheer up, cheer up, my faithful!' said I to your father; 'let the smiles and the ruddy faces of your children, and the health and cheerfulness of your wife, make you joyful. If you have no house, you have strength and hands to make one. The God we worship will bless us, and help us to obtain a shelter. Cheer up, cheer up, my faithful!'

"The sunshine of joy and hope began to beam from his countenance; the news was communicated throughout the company of workmen, and the woods rang with shouts at the arrival of the first white woman and the first family on the banks of the Connecticut river above *Fort Number Four*. All assembled to see the strangers, and strove to do them acts of kindness. The trees were quickly felled and peeled, and the clean bark in large sheets was spread for a floor: other sheets, being fastened by thongs of twisted twigs to stakes driven in the ground, were raised for walls or laid on cross-pieces for a roof; and the cheerful fire soon made glad our little dwelling.

The space of three hours was not consumed in effecting all this; and never were men more happy than those who contributed thus speedily and thus effectually to supply our wants. Beds were brought from the canoe to this rustic pavilion, and on them we rested sweetly, fearless of danger, though the thick foliage was wet with dew, and the wild beasts howled all around us, trusting in the protecting hand of Providence, and the watchful fidelity of our faithful neighbors.

“The next day all hands were called to build a cabin, which served us for the coming winter, and in which, cheered by the rising prospects of the family, and the mutual affection of all around us, my enjoyments were more exquisite than at any subsequent period of my life.”

Thus far the story from the lips of his venerable mother. It will serve to show with what unsubdued, pure and patriotic spirits, New England was first overspread with inhabitants.

The names of the children of Dudley Chase and Alice his wife, are as follows:—Before moving to Cornish, N. H., *Mercy, Louis, Abigail, Simeon, Salmon, Ithamar, Baruch*. After coming to Cornish, *Alice, Sarah, Corbett, Heber, Dudley, Rachel, Philander*.

Of these, *Salmon* was a barrister in Portland, Me., of whom the late Judge Dawes, of Boston, was heard to say he “never saw him enter the court but with feelings of respect.” Died in 1806. *Ithamar* was for many years member of the council of the state of New Hampshire. Died in Keene, N. H., in 1819. *Baruch* was solicitor for Hillsborough county, N. H., for many years, and president of Merrimack County Bank. Died March 4, 1841, at Hopkinton, N. H. *Heber* was a physician. Died in 1799, in Demerara, South America. *Dudley* was long a member and speaker of the legislature of Vermont, afterwards chief justice of that state, and senator in the congress of the United States, and of whom the writer has heard the late President of the United States,—the lamented Gen. Harrison,—say, that during the last war with England, while associated with him in congress, he had no friend on whose steady patriotism he could more confidently rely in

that trying crisis. He died Feb. 23d, 1846. The youngest of the whole family, and the fifth educated at college, is the writer of this memoir.

---

## CHAPTER II.

THE WRITER'S BIRTH—EARLY IMPRESSIONS—STORY OF THE PINE-APPLE, OR THE FATAL EFFECTS OF EARLY CHERISHED COVETOUSNESS.

THE 14th day of December, 1775, in his father's peaceful dwelling, on the high banks of Connecticut river, at the south end of Cornish Plain, and precisely three miles south of the place where his mother and seven children were landed, as related in the first chapter, was the writer of this memoir born. His early impressions are deep in his mind. Those of a religious character were chiefly from the mouth of his venerable parents.

### STORY OF THE PINE-APPLE.

This is the title given to a series of facts which the venerable mother of the writer used to tell her children, to illustrate her abhorrence of the sin of covetousness—that sin which, by its idolatrous nature, calls down God's judgments on his people. "Covetousness," said she, "is the child of self-indulgence. It delights in the gluttony of its parent; yet, strange to tell, it never feeds itself but at the expense of others. In the town of Mendon, about fifteen miles from Boston, in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, as that state was then called, about the year 1745, there lived a young man, son of a wealthy farmer, who, with his father before him, had been noted for a stingy disposition.

"Money was an essential ingredient in every feast of enjoyment which their imaginations could picture. No one was esteemed but for his money, and however unlawful the means and small the channels through which it flowed into their coffers, it made no difference. In these sentiments the

young man, heir to the estate, was educated. 'Get money,' his father would say, 'get money; take care of your pence, your half-pence and your farthings, and your pounds will take care of themselves.' These were the lessons which the youth learned from his earliest years, and practising on them as he advanced, he every day grew more and more a *miser*, which, in its origin, means a *miserable wretch*.

"God curses those who transfer their hearts' best love from Him, the author of all good and the giver of all true happiness, to the creature, his gift. All clean beasts seem, by their instinct, to reprove and shame such conduct; the ox knoweth his owner, and the lamb acknowledges the hand that feedeth it. It is the hog only that devoureth what is given it, and then turneth and with ingratitude 'rendeth' the giver. His nose is always to the *ground*, and, as if to reprove a worldly-minded disposition, the speech given to it seems to indicate what predominates in the minds of such as never look up, like the lamb, to heaven for enjoyment. Perhaps it was for this reason that the Jews were forbidden to eat the flesh of the hog, that thereby they might learn in a figure, as we learn from the gospel, to avoid covetousness and other vices which the character of the hog seems to point out. Be this as it may, this young man, whom we shall now call 'Miser Coçhon,' regarded money as his chief good. Whenever his pecuniary interests came in competition with his principles, the latter always gave way to the former. Point out the way to gain money, and the means were but secondary considerations. The young man was taught to restrain himself in company, and to make many professions of honesty and disregard to self-interest; and thus he passed pretty well among those who were not so intimate with him; and beside this he was well-looking.

"Here I cannot but remark, in view of the sad sequel of this story, how foolish it is for young ladies, who wish to connect themselves happily in life, to trust to appearances. This young 'Miser Coçhon' was thought exceedingly good-looking, and his address, when he had a favorite end to answer, was courteous and winning; and his father, who always knew what it was to prepare his beef, pork and

poultry, so as to bring a good price in Boston market, kept his own son in good clothes whenever he went into company with the wealthy ladies of the neighborhood. Under these circumstances, who could look on Mr. Miser with indifference? How much better would it have been for the excellent young lady who accepted the offer of his hand, had she waited a little and studied his character. As it was, she received his first advances, and, because he was wealthy, became his bride. Her fortune was not a mean one—perhaps it was greater than his; but her warm heart threw the whole into his hands without jointure; and so she became the wretched wife of a miser.

“Several years elapsed before the young miser *entirely* withdrew his civilities from his amiable wife. Until her fortune, at the death of her father, fell entirely into his hands, the love of money forced from him some respectful attentions. After this he cut loose from all restraint, and treated her with great neglect. As his landed estate was enlarged, his soul seemed to contract; and not only his wife, but many of his neighbors, saw the baneful effects of his growing *covetousness*. If a poor man were suffered to live on his domain, the favor did not arise from that high and dignified principle which governs Christian bosoms, namely, a consciousness that the richest of us are only stewards in God's household; that consequently what we possess is not our own, i. e., we are not proprietors thereof, but only entrusted with the goods and possessions of our Heavenly Master to give to worthy objects, and be doing good to others as he requires.

“This sentiment never entered his benighted mind; for he was like the unfaithful manager of an estate, who, when money is given him by the owner to feed his hands and make their families comfortable, fancies it all his *own*, and hoards it away for his *own* use. Poor fool! what, think you, would his master, the great proprietor, say to him? But the man Miser Coçhon never thought he had a Master in heaven to call him to account; he never thought (alas! how many there are who never think) that there is a God! If he did think sometimes, he forthwith banished the disagreeable monitor from his mind, and opening full wide the door, received

with complacency the love of money in its stead. This long-cherished inmate growing stronger and stronger, as he was fed more and more plentifully with money, drew tighter and tighter around him the cords of his moral bondage. He could think of nothing, say and do nothing, with satisfaction, but that which related to worldly gain. This one object filled his eye by day, and in robes of golden net-work danced in his dreaming visions by night. To touch the precious metal thrilled through his moral frame sensations of the most exquisite delight. This was mental alcohol to him—the high wine, which alone could rouse and set in motion his otherwise torpid soul. For money, the usual means of comfort in his family were sold. For money, the faithful and trusty horse and modest chaise, which his wife brought him, and the use of which was considered necessary to her health, were (alleging them too expensive) sent to auction; and in this way, and for frivolous reasons, were all the comforts of his wife withdrawn from her. Under such treatment it was no wonder that her health should evidently decline; yet her constitution being naturally good, her disease was slow in its approaches, and as it was unseen, its fatal tendencies were unheeded by all except her own conscious mind. Those moments in which it may be said that the moral affections die with disappointed hope, were to this woman moments of profound secrecy. To God only she poured out her sorrowful heart for the blessing of repentance on her loved husband, and that the grace of resignation might be given to herself.

“Many months passed ere a flower of such prime vigor lost all its fragrance. As it hung its head and bowed to its destiny, the sweetness of its character seemed to be more and more apparent. Her mild and heavenly smiles, which played about her countenance while her cheeks were flushed with the rose color of a hectic fever, gave something angelic to her appearance; so that all observing persons were struck with wonder at the contrast between her and her husband. During her long and lingering weakness it was found that nothing could assuage her never-ceasing thirst so much as the moderate and constant use of fruit. But *to procure it*, such especially as was suited to her peculiar case,—the sweet and

juicy orange and the fragrant and acid lemon, as they were brought fresh in vessels from the West Indies to Boston,—*required money*; and money could not be had except by appealing to the indurated bosom of her covetous husband. Nothing supported her under this necessity but a consciousness of the justness of her claims on his purse, once equally her own, and the absolute *need* in which she evidently stood of something to cool the palate of her parched mouth. She made these appeals again and again, as the arrivals of the fruit vessels were announced; but she made them in vain to a bosom indurated by covetousness.

“The frequent mention of fruit, however, did not pass unheeded by his own self-indulging disposition, out of which the love of money sprung. He was known frequently to go and *look* at the fruit as it lay exposed in market; and as he did so, to manifest evident tokens of a great desire to eat some himself. But the thoughts of *paying for it* could not be endured; so he would pass it by. On one occasion, however, he was observed to eat immoderately of fruit, but on inquiry he was found to be gormandizing from the basket of a friend, who had thoughtlessly asked him to taste a bit. Such are the debasing tendency and effects of covetousness!

“But this is not the end of this tragic story. The sweet suffering wife of this covetous man, having exhausted much of her disposable personal substance in procuring things necessary to her invalid state, and having long since relinquished all hopes of obtaining relief from her husband's purse, had recourse at length to her own manual industry and mental ingenuity. While young, she had been usefully educated, and had learned fine needlework and embroidery. To these useful arts she applied herself now in her day of necessity, and with some success. Having procured from a shop in town the loan of a little muslin and lace, she was in hopes to make an article that would sell again with profit. The design succeeded, and the return sale was in copper coin of royal stamp, of good King George the Second, sufficient to buy one *pine-apple*; and the next step was to send for it and bring it from market. The lady hated concealment. To send by any other than her loved husband for anything of personal

enjoyment to herself, would in her eyes look clandestine. Without further deliberation, therefore, she applied herself in her sweetest manner to her husband. 'My dearest,' said she, 'to-morrow you go to market, and will you have the goodness to attend to a little matter of business for me? Will you purchase——' 'I have no money to make any *purchases* for any one,' said he, turning quickly away. 'But,' said she, laying her soft and trembling hand on his withdrawing arm, 'here is some money, which I beg you to lay out for something that is necessary for my health.' As she spoke, there was an earnestness accompanied with dignity in her manner, which arrested the respect even of a *miser*; and when he heard the sound of *money* in the affair, he stopped and listened; while his wife, recovering her feelings, already lacerated by his rough denial of her reasonable request, went on: 'These few half-pence are my own, the fruit of my own industry. I made a cap, and beside what the materials cost me, and which I have paid for, I have, as the return profits of the sale, what is contained in this little linen rag. Now will *you*,—for I desire to ask the favor of no one else but my husband,—will you, my husband, take it all, more or less, and lay it out in the purchase of some fruit for your faithful wife? My wish is that you buy me a *pine-apple*.'

"Her strength had sufficed to pronounce these words with firmness; but she said not, nor could she say, another! There was something unearthly in all this—a solemn sweetness in her countenance, which stirred up the heart, and drew forth a tear from all. The husband took the money as his wife held it towards him, and though this was in silence he agreed thereto, and ratified the covenant to do and perform the duty expressed by his wife. For a covenant it was, and that a solemn one. God, the avenger of injured innocence, and the protector of all such as put their trust in him, witnessed the covenant, and Miser Coghon was bound in heaven to buy, with the money tied up in a linen rag, and to bring back to his wife, the pine-apple; and if he failed to perform this, the judgments of God would justly be his due.

"Let it not be imagined here, as many foolish, inconsiderate people are apt to imagine, that the smallness of the



sums, or the impotency of the party injured, destroys a covenant or lessens its obligation. God regardeth the small as he doth the great. Treaties of kings and empires, involving the fate of nations, are no more in his sight than the solemn promises of an humble individual to his neighbor. On him who breaks the one, and on him who violates the other, will the righteous Judge pour down his wrathful displeasure. —

“It was a long day that succeeded the heart-stirring scene just described. As it drew to a close, the window which overlooked the road to Boston was frequently visited by the languid eyes of one whom all the household regarded as the most innocent, patient, suffering person in it. The sun declined and her husband did not come. It grew dark and no one made his appearance at the gate. When no object could be distinguished, she left her post, and praying in her heart that her husband might be preserved and herself submissive, she turned to the parlor. At length a wagon was heard — then the hoarse voice of her husband giving orders to his market hands — then he entered and passed unceremoniously to the fire, and stamped his muddy feet. While this was doing, how eagerly did the eye of his wife strain to meet his! But ’t was plain he purposely turned from her. At this, summoning up all her courage, she placed herself directly before him, and asked for his health and success in the business of the day. Monosyllables were all she received in reply. Still the anxious inquisitor went on and said, ‘Were the pine-apples all gone?’ The answer was, ‘No.’ ‘Did you buy one for me?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Where is it?’ ‘It smelt so good,’ said he, ‘I sat down and ate it all up myself!’”

“The frail ligatures that bound the spirit of this poor, suffering woman to her tender earthly frame, at this unfeeling reply gave way. The life-cords of her heart now burst asunder. She fell back in her chair, and as she breathed her last, and rolled her meek eyes to heaven, she pronounced distinctly these words—‘*May you never be satisfied!*’”

“The prayer was a prophecy. Though from her gentle heart the malediction was evidently involuntary, the curse was fulfilled. The mean Miser Coçhon lived a monument of

the wrath of God poured out on covetousness, *always feeding, but never satisfied*. An unrepenting consciousness of sin in being the murderer of his wife, bereaved him of his reason, but altered not his passions. As a lunatic he lost his estate, and all his life was spent in asking for supplies to his voracious appetite. These supplies were given him : still he cried for 'more;' and with a body increased to an enormous size, he sat at the corners of the streets and eagerly devoured the crudities which the thoughtless boys threw into his ever open and craving mouth. God suffered him to live as an awakening example of the divine wrath on the idolatry of covetousness. Avoid it then as the greatest evil."

Thus far the writer's mother.

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### CHAPTER III.

PROVIDENTIAL INDICATIONS OF THE DIVINE WILL — ENTERS COLLEGE AND BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH THE PRAYER-BOOK — GRADUATES AND GOES TO ALBANY — APPOINTED A MISSIONARY — THE POWER OF SYMPATHY, OR THE STORY OF THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

BESIDES the lessons of religion and virtue thus communicated to him immediately from the lips of his beloved and venerable mother, there were others which Divine Providence seemed to teach him through the discriminating judgment and pious mind of his father.

Till he was fifteen years of age the writer had a decided preference for an agricultural and pastoral life. His father, like the patriarchs of old, had, with his children round him, fed his flocks in green pastures by the side of living waters for many years, till he was now old and gray-headed. The most of these children had left him to settle in life; and should the writer, who was the youngest, ever think of leaving him also? The very idea of such a separation seemed maddening to his youthful and filial mind; and for a time he was indulged in the pleasing dream of being the favored one

who should occupy the home farm and minister to the wants and wishes of his parents in their declining years.

However amiable and even praiseworthy such a filial resolution may appear in the eyes of a superficial observer, yet in the judgment of the very parents whom it was intended to please it wore a different aspect. Four sons had been educated at college, and neither of them had entered the Christian ministry and become a preacher of the gospel which they so sincerely loved; and when their last child exhibited no inclination even for a useful public education, his wish to remain with them lost all its endearing features. That God would incline his heart to be a minister, was their constant prayer; and daily would they express their desire to see some tokens of Divine Providence leading that way. Little did they think that their prayer would be answered through some painful accidents which befell their son. Among the rest were two which totally changed the course of his future life. At Bethel, when visiting his sister, he cut with an axe his foot transversely nearly through in the middle. When in the course of a year and more this was healed, he had the misfortune, as it was called, while in the pursuit of his duty in preparing a field for wheat, in Cornish, to break his leg, and otherwise bruise his limb.

The question, wherefore the Lord had brought this great affliction on the writer, never occurred to his mind until long after it had happened. He was carried to the house, his broken limb was set, many sleepless nights had passed, and the pain had become somewhat assuaged, when his venerable father began to direct his mind to the source of all goodness, — to that Being who never afflicts us but with a view to our final benefit. Well does the writer remember his countenance — how it shone with the beams of faith and hope while he endeavored to show that it was his son's duty no longer to pursue an agricultural life, but to abandon all thoughts leading that way, and immediately commence studying with a view to enter college and pursue a regular course. He did not add, "for the ministry," but the writer saw it was so implied, and listened with deep attention. "Do you not see," said he, "that all God's providences in thus afflicting you are meant

to draw you from the thoughts of being a farmer? If this be plain to your mind, what should hinder you from beginning your studies for college immediately? Your brothers, who are just now graduated, will, while they remain with us a few months, assist you to commence; and 'well begun, is half done.' The plan, if pursued with a good will, may assist in causing you to forget the pains of a long lameness."

The work of hard study was commenced, and in less than one year the writer passed his examination. In the fall of 1791 he became a member of Dartmouth college—an institution twenty miles up the river, founded by Eleazar Wheelock, with donations collected from England, especially from Lord Dartmouth, after whom the institution was named.

In the year of our Lord 1793-94, while he was a member of the sophomore and junior classes, he became acquainted with the Common Prayer-Book of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America. This circumstance formed an important era in his life and that of his venerable parents and beloved relatives in Cornish, New Hampshire, and in Bethel, Vermont, where they resided. Hitherto they had all been Congregationalists, and as such, had much ignorance and many prejudices to overcome in conforming to the worship of God as set forth in that primitive liturgy. The more, however, it was examined and compared with the word of God, the more forcibly did its beauties strike their minds. Amidst the manifold divisions, not to say schisms and heresies, by which they were circumstanced and to which an extemporaneous mode of worship had evidently led, the Prayer-Book seemed a light, mercifully designed by Providence to conduct them into the path of peace and order; and then the holy faith which it was designed to preserve, as the vessel preserves the oil from being spilled and adulterated, how pure and undefiled did it appear! How primitive when compared with the multiform articles of belief which had grown up, and still continue to grow up, all around them! These considerations respecting the liturgy of the church, joined to her well-authenticated claims to an apostolic constitution in her ministry, were among the principal reasons which induced so many of his relations to conform to the

Protestant Episcopal Church, and instead of repairing the meeting-house, where both his grandfather and father had officiated as Congregational deacons, inclined them to pull it down and erect on its spot an Episcopal Church. This was effected in great harmony; not a voice was raised against the measure throughout the neighborhood. As it respects himself, having become ardently desirous of entering, when qualified, into the ministry, the question, who had the divine power and authority to ordain him and thereby give him an apostolic commission to preach and administer the sacraments, became a matter of the utmost consequence, affecting his conscience. How this was answered, his course of life has shown. As he depended not on others' opinions, but examined for himself, even so let others do; always remembering that *truth* doth not depend on man, but on *God*.

At the time of which the writer is now speaking, there were two Episcopal clergymen who occasionally visited Cornish and Bethel. The first was the Rev. J. C. Ogden, a man of good talents and an excellent preacher. His wife, the daughter of Gen. Wooster, of the army of the United States, resided in New Haven, Connecticut, with her young daughter, Miss Polly Ogden, afterwards so well known for her benevolence, and now so much in *memory* revered for her munificence to the Episcopal Church in that city.

This reverend gentleman used to visit occasionally, in passing Dartmouth college, the retired study of the writer, by which means he became acquainted with an instance of self-denial and zeal for the spread of the truth, in the gentleman referred to, which is seldom witnessed. Jones' (of Nayland) Essay on the Church had just been published in England, and a few stray copies had found their way to Vermont. With this little work Mr. Ogden was so much pleased, and so desirous to do good with it to others, that, poor as he was, he determined to pass an edition through the press at his own expense. He had obtained money, he said, to buy him a new coat, of which he stood greatly in need; but this he could give to the printer, and, to keep himself decent, would *turn his old one*. On the first mention of such a singular instance of self-denying humility to serve the cause of what

the gentleman supposed to be the truth, it was regarded as belonging to the region of romance, instead of sober reality. Yet it really took place. The printer was spoken to, and agreed to publish the little "Essay on the Church;" but for the given sum offered, could do it only by making it come out in 16s—a square form—instead of the more comely form of an oblong octavo. The little, short, thick tract was printed, and much good did it do. It told us what the world is, and and what the church of God is—how to find the latter, and how to know the wicked nature of the other. Of the good effects of this book, long after the zealous publisher had gone to his high reward, something more will be said in this memoir.

The Rev. Bethuel Chittenden, brother of the governor of Vermont, was the other of the voluntary missionaries who visited Bethel and Cornish. For the most part, Mr. Chittenden officiated at Shelburn, Vermont; and being invited, he came across the Green mountains to preach and administer the ordinances in Cornish, where the writer and his friends lived: and it was at the hands of this pious ambassador of Christ he received, for the first time, the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of Christ. Never will the impressions, made by the solemnities of this divinely-appointed means of grace, be obliterated from the writer's conscious mind. What added to his joy and comfort was, the circumstance that his parents and uncles, his sisters and brothers, and many other relatives, were kneeling by his side; and although the most of them had been communicants among the Congregationalists, yet they seemed one with him in Christian love.

From that day, the writer felt "strengthened and refreshed," to go on his way rejoicing. By the advice of the clergy named, he read prayers and authorized printed sermons in Hartland and Bethel, Vermont, and in Cornish, New Hampshire. The conformists to the church in all three places were considerable, particularly in Bethel, thus laying the foundation of the largest communion in that diocese. These efforts to build up the primitive Church of God were made when he was in college, and principally in the times of vacation and of being permitted to visit his friends on Sundays. In the summer of

the year of our Lord 1796, the writer was married, in Bethel, Vermont. The name of his wife was Mary Fay, the daughter of Daniel and Mary Fay, of Hardwick, Massachusetts, where their first children were born and bred. Mrs. Fay's maiden name was Page, and was sister to Timothy Page, for several years a member of the legislature of that state. Mr. D. Fay's brother was named also *Timothy*. He was a respectable yeoman of Hardwick. The surviving brothers of his first wife, are Dr. Jedediah Fay, of Owego, New York state, and Dr. Timothy Fay, of Stockbridge, Vermont, and Cyrus Fay, merchant, Columbus, Ohio.

He was graduated in the degree of A. B., 1795. Soon after this, he attended a convention of a small number of Episcopals, on the west side of the mountains, in Arlington, Vermont. Here he received such information as induced him, contrary to his expectation when he left his friends in Cornish, to go on as far as Albany, in the state of New York. His object was to see and obtain advice of an English clergyman, who was said to reside in that city.

To an inexperienced young man, without letters of commendation, this going to Albany was an enterprise of no small importance; and his feelings on that occasion will never be forgotten. Hitherto he had been conversant with pastoral life, and with the inhabitants only of villages and hamlets. He had now to enter a city with crowded streets and bustling with business. To add to his embarrassment, he knew not a soul in it, nor how to get intelligence of the person whom he wished most to see; and still further to depress his feelings, he had but one crown of money in his pocket; so much more had his expenses already been than he expected when leaving his friends in Cornish. He pressed, however, fearlessly forward: God was with him, opening his way and directing his steps.

Having passed Market, he entered Court street, and, stopping at "Wendal's Hotel," inquired, "Where lives the Rev. Thomas Ellison, the Episcopal clergyman?" "What, the English Dominic?" replied a friendly voice; "You will go up State street—pass the English stone church, which stands in the middle of that street, and as you go up the hill, turn the second corner to the right; there lives the English Dominic,

the Rev. Mr. Ellison, in a newly-built white house, the only one on the block or clay bank." It was indeed just so; and the writer mounted the plank door-steps, and with a trembling hand knocked at the door of the rector of St. Peter's, Albany. "Is this the Rev. Mr. Ellison?" said the writer, as the top of a Dutch-built door was opened by a portly gentleman in black, with prominent and piercing eyes and powdered hair. "My name is Ellison," said he, "and I crave yours?" Giving his name, the writer said, "I have come from New Hampshire, the place of my nativity, and being very desirous of becoming a candidate for holy orders, I will be much obliged for your advice." Mr. Ellison then said, "God bless you! walk in." This was a crisis of unspeakable importance to the writer. Verily doth he believe that, had the reception now given him been otherwise than that of marked good will and condescending kindness, the whole course of the writer's life would have been changed. A rebuff would have turned his face another way.

As it was a plain story, answering the taste of a candid, upright mind, all things assumed a pleasing aspect. The offer of an appointment as a teacher in the city school, just then opened, and the free access to a well-chosen theological library, made the writer by this pious and learned gentleman, are instances of a merciful Providence never to be forgotten. What rendered the mercy the more signal was the then entire infant state of the Church in America, as to any means of bringing forward her candidates for holy orders. No societies friendly to this great object then existed: no theological seminaries then were thought of; and no sense of duty then was impressed upon the minds of the more wealthy members of our communion, to aid young men striving for the ministry. The offer made by Mr. Ellison, notwithstanding its being accompanied by the onerous duty of a school-master, was esteemed by the writer as the greatest privilege. It kept him from despair; it gave him his whole evenings for study and meditation; and, to crown all, promised the society of a finished scholar and pious clergyman from England.

Mr. Ellison was but one of the three trustees; of course the



appointment could not be considered certain till confirmed by the board: and in the interim to be on expense in the city would not be advisable. "A Sunday will intervene," said he; "and as you say you have been accustomed to read the service among your friends in New Hampshire, why not do the like in this neighborhood? There are a few Church people in Troy; suppose you spend the Lord's day there as a *lay reader*? Your commission so to do will be not inferior to that of others. Take a manuscript sermon of mine, and if you can read it, do so." This address and proposition to the writer was truly affecting. The remembrance thereof is still fresh on his mind. That it should be offered by a venerable and experienced gentleman to a stranger who had little or nothing to commend him to his favor, and that it should be made at a time when no other way was opened to defray inevitable expenses, was truly strange.

In a few hours the writer was in Troy; and being furnished with a letter from Mr. Ellison, soon found himself among friends. Dr. Lynson, whose widow afterwards married Jesse Oakley, of Poughkeepsie—Mr. Williams, subsequently Judge Williams, of so much worth in Utica—and a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hubbard, the then faithful rector of Trinity church, New Haven,—were the persons whose civilities the writer enjoyed in this first visit to that dear place now called Troy, the favorite city for benevolence in New York.

All denominations then met in one house, and the afternoon of Sunday was assigned for service of the Church, to be conducted by the writer. The assembly was large and decorous; and though he was but the organ of others, yet the writer saw, from the specimen before him, what opportunities God might give him of doing good, when duly qualified and authorized to perform the sacred functions. This encouraged him to proceed with more confidence in the goodness of Providence.

In the coming week the trustees of the city school in Albany met, and appointed the writer one of their teachers. His salary was four hundred dollars per annum. The school was kept in Maiden lane, in an old Dutch house in the rear of the mansion of Philip Van Rensselaer, afterwards the most

esteemed Mayor of the city of Albany. Here, his wife having joined him, the writer lived, and studied his books from Mr. Ellison's library. Here his first son, George, was born, and, in the view of his obtaining orders soon, his wife returned to her friends in Vermont.

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ORDINATION AND EARLY MINISTRY.

The time thus employed rolled swiftly away. On the 10th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1798, in St. George's chapel, in the city of New York, the writer was ordained deacon, by the Right Rev. Samuel Provost, bishop of that diocese, in company with the Rev. Robert G. Wetmore, who was raised to the order of priests. This event took place more than forty years ago, and yet the writer has cause to bless God in that he feels its importance and values the honor and privilege conferred on him, though so unworthy. If to be the servant of the best and most puissant of earthly potentates be deemed honorable and much to be desired, how doth the privilege rise in magnitude and value, when a poor, undeserving worm is admitted to the dignity of being reckoned among the lowest servants of the King of kings and Lord of lords! Nothing mars the brightness of this great honor, but the very deep consciousness in the writer's breast of his own unworthiness, and the remembrance of the very little he hath done to advance the kingdom of the Redeemer, and the worthlessness even of that little, though protracted during the ministry of more than forty years.

When this event of the writer's ordination took place, there were but very few *clergymen* in the Episcopal Church of New York. If we except the Rev. Mr. Sayers, who was about removing from Poughkeepsie to Port Tobacco, in Maryland, and the Rev. Mr. Van Horn, who officiated but seldom in Orange county, and the Rev. Mr. Wetmore, who had just come off the mission, and was, as before mentioned, admitted to priest's orders, there were but the following clergymen above the Highlands, viz.:—Thomas Ellison, at Albany, Daniel Nash, in Otsego county, — Urquhart, officiating a short time in Johnstown, and one other minister, afterwards degraded.

Compare these few clergymen and their very limited congregations, with the army of faithful pastors and their numerous flocks which now spread over northern and western New York, and who will not acknowledge the difference of encouragement presented to the mind of a young and inexperienced clergyman of the Episcopal Church at that day, and that of a candidate now for our primitive ministry in that flourishing diocese?

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STORY OF THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

Immediately after his being admitted to deacon's orders, the writer was appointed an itinerant missionary in the northern and western parts of New York, and forthwith endeavored to enter on the duties assigned him. At that period of time, viz., in the year 1798, the travelling by land from New York to Albany was so difficult and tedious, that many preferred to take the precarious chance of going in the small sloops by water up the North river. These little craft were illy provided, and the winds were so often adverse, that the time in getting from one place to another was frequently more than a week. Every tide, however, set them forward a little, even with the wind ahead, and so the voyage was not hopeless. The writer remembers the passage he made in one of these vessels from New York to Albany, immediately after his ordination, with singular minuteness, in that the occurrences thereof afforded an example of the power of sympathy, more remarkable than he had hitherto ever witnessed. The story, though long, may prove useful to others, as, he trusts, it has been to him.

The sloop, on board of which he paid his fare to Albany, had but few passengers except a large company of Highland Scotchmen, who, in their native dress, had taken their stations in the hold, with the privilege of coming on deck at their pleasure. They all spoke to each other in the Highland language, and this circumstance kept them aloof from the cabin passengers for some time; till one day, the only individual among them who could speak English, addressed the writer in respectful terms, and inquired as to the best ways and

means of getting a livelihood in America. In answering so reasonable a question, made in behalf of so many simple but able men just arrived in this country, it was evidently necessary to know whither they were going, and what their occupations. The reply was, that they all designed to stop at Albany but one, who wished to go to his brother, living on Merrimack river, in New England. To this it was replied, that the person mentioned ought to have gone to his brother by the way of Boston to Newburyport, which last place was situated on that river. This being reported to the company, they all gathered around the writer, and, through their interpreter, asked many questions, which resulted in the advice that they should all keep together till they arrived in Albany, where they might find some one who would address a letter to their countryman on Merrimack river, and there wait his reply; in which, doubtless, there would be directions as to the best way of getting to him; and, moreover, perhaps he himself, on hearing that so near a relative had actually arrived in America, would come in person and bring him to his home. This advice was most satisfactory to all, especially to the young Highlander, who immediately, and with many gesticulations denoting great earnestness, begged the writer himself to frame the letter to his brother, that he might have it ready for the post on his arrival at Albany. It may be reasonably supposed that a request so proper in itself, and so pathetically urged, would not be disregarded, especially as there was leisure, and the time hung heavy in a protracted passage. Having learned the names and residence of his parents, and heard him feelingly respond to all questions relating to his brothers and sisters, and other old friends in his native land, the letter was duly prepared, and the young Highlander called to hear it interpreted to him. And here the writer cannot but pause and be deeply affected, as faithful memory brings to his mind the countenance and gestures of this extraordinary person, as he drank in the words and felt the sentiments of this simple and affectionate epistle of a *brother* to a *brother*. It seems he had thought it more than human, that any one could know the feeling of his fraternal bosom, or that a person, who had no actual acquaintance with the objects of his affection, could

describe them in the same lovely features which his imagination had portrayed for a continual feast for his own eyes.

During the process of interpretation, (which perhaps was done in a language far more expressive than anything the writer had used,) he would seize his hand and embrace it, and then kneeling, would burst into tears as of grateful astonishment at hearing with his ears the words which represented so exactly what was at that time felt in his own heart. All this was noted at the time as very remarkable; but no thought was entertained of the effect which this excess of passion would produce in case of disappointment. The result will show that our feelings, even those of the tenderest class, need the governing, overruling hand of religion and the fear of God, to make them subservient to our real good. Like the elements, they are useful when governed; but left to themselves, unsubdued by a holy fear and devout submission to our Holy Father's will, they break forth, and with resistless force consume or overwhelm all we hold dear. The sequel of this story will make good this remark.

Business detained the writer in Albany several weeks, when, as he was walking by the house of a Scotch friend, he heard the bell of the church to which that friend belonged, tolling as for a funeral, and stopping at his house, inquired who of his congregation was dead? "A young Highlander," said he, "who lately died of mere grief and disappointment." And then he proceeded to relate the main parts of this story:—how that he had come all the way from Scotland to find a brother—had missed his way and come to Albany, instead of going directly to Merrimack river, where his brother lived—how that some one had written a letter for him to send to his brother—that he had waited and waited for an answer, till a day or two ago it arrived; but alas, instead of bringing good news from his brother, it brought the intelligence that he had been dead for several months! "O sir," said he, "this is not all: the poor young man, on hearing that his brother was indeed dead and that he should never see him again, was so overcome with grief, that he dropped dead on the spot himself! This is the funeral which we Scotchmen, who love one another better than you Yankees, are now called on to attend."

So saying, he left the writer to his own sad reflections. The worthy citizen here spoken of lived in Maiden lane. His name was James Barkley. If he be now living, he is near eighty years of age. If not, his relations may call to mind this sad story.

The writer may truly say that the facts, as here recited, made a deep impression on his mind, and during the lapse of many years, have never ceased to produce very serious reflections on the uncertainty of human life; and above all, on the bounden duty of holding ourselves obligated, as with an oath of fealty, to submit to God's will in all our plans and expectations of happiness, and never to weave the web of our expected enjoyments with our own hands, and so intensely as, when broken, will leave us without resource and plunge us in despair. 'Tis in mercy and for our own interest, as well as a dictate of necessity and duty, to say to our Heavenly Father, "THY WILL BE DONE."



## CHAPTER IV.

### HIS MISSIONARY LABORS IN NEW YORK STATE.

THE Missionary Society of the diocese of New York, the first, the writer believes, that was ever organized in the Episcopal Church of America, had employed the Rev. Robert Griffith Wetmore as the first laborer in the field already whitening unto harvest in the western parts of that state. With great fidelity, as the writer afterwards had abundant evidence to believe, had he performed his duty, on the head waters of the Delaware and Unadilla rivers, in Paris and Duanesburg. But his feeble health incapacitating him for undergoing any longer the fatigues incident to a missionary life, he was settled at Schenectady, and the writer was named to take his place.

The first sermons he ever preached, besides that in New York city immediately after his ordination, were in Lansingburg and Troy, and the first baptism he ever performed was

in Albany. This was the case of a young lady of a distinguished family, who now resides in Otsego county. She was then judged to be truly pious, though never ostentatious. She has lived, it is well known, in strict accordance with her baptismal vows, the life of an exemplary Christian for more than forty years, — the friend of the poor — the protectress of the helpless — the instructress of the young and ignorant — and the never-failing supporter, by her wealth and sound advice, of the ministers of the church of Christ.

The writer would not mention this but for the great encouragement which it, with many other similar instances of true conversion, gave to his feeble ministry. The Episcopal Church was then in her infancy; hardly had she begun to rear her head or make her voice heard among the daughters of Zion; and the writer — who was he? The most inexperienced and least learned of her ministers. Instead of being held up by the encouraging voice of numerous congregations of firm and experienced Christians, among whom he might go in and out, he found literally no people as yet gathered together to bid him even welcome. And yet God was gracious to him in giving him favor in the sight of a few faithful disciples, who understood the word of God and the doctrine and discipline of his primitive Church; and often was he called to the great honor of admitting by baptism many lambs into the fold of Christ, and of planting many scions in his vineyard, which have since borne much fruit.

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TROY.

As already observed, his first essays in the ministry were in Troy and Lansingburg. Here he became acquainted with some families, afterwards eminently distinguished as the friends of the Episcopal clergy and the munificent benefactors of the Church. Most of them have gone to their high reward; but some yet remain. Would that the writer could here record their names, in testimony to their worth, and his gratitude for the many favors they have shown him through the vicissitudes of his painful life; for he has met them in the days of his pilgrimage since, in many places, with the joy that the

benighted and weary traveller experiences when suddenly introduced to both light and shelter.

From the last-named places and Waterford, the writer, in the pursuit of his duty, proceeded to preach at Stillwater, Fort Edward, Kingsbury, and Lake George; also at Therman's Patent, a region of country just settling west of that lake, where he instituted a regular parish. At Hampton, on the borders of Vermont, he tarried several weeks and organized a parish.

Returning to Albany, and taking sweet counsel with the worthy Mr. Wetmore at Schenectady, the writer set his face towards Utica. On his way thither he preached at a church built for the Indians in Canajoharie, at the expense of the venerable "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." It was then much dilapidated, and there were but few left even of the white inhabitants of the place who could respond in the solemn services which before the revolution had gladdened the hearts of so many of the sons of the forest. Although some distance out of his way, he could not deny himself the pleasure of going to Johnstown, to visit his fellow-laborer in the gospel, the Rev. Mr. Urquhart. Here he had the pleasure of beholding a goodly stone Church, with an organ, built by Sir William Johnson, and endowed by that munificent person with a glebe for the support of an Episcopal clergyman. The Church had been recovered by an appeal to the legislature, sitting in Albany, as the writer had witnessed when a student for orders in that city; but the glebe was still in the hands of those who had seized on it in the time of the war, when so many prejudices for political reasons had been excited against the Episcopal Church. While the Presbyterian minister was maintained in comfort, Mr. Urquhart received the support only of the few remaining Churchmen whom poverty had detained in the place. Whether this blot on the Christian name has ever been wiped away or not, the writer has never heard.

In passing from Johnstown to Oneida Castle, the writer remembers to have met a company of natives in a rude sled, drawn by two hardy horses. They were chiefs of the tribe, going on a visit to Johnstown. It was winter, the snow



nearly two feet deep, and as the wind swept across the cleared ground, he remembers with what pleasure he drew near the little cabins of the Mohawks and Oneidas, now dwelling together in peace. Shenandoah and his warriors were from home; but the Queen and Queen-Mother, and the Princess, were there, in a little but neatly kept home, sitting round a fire on a clean swept hearth, the smoke issuing through an aperture in the roof without a chimney. How cheering was the comfort to the writer as he was permitted to seat himself in this peaceful dwelling! The bags of grain, to appearance food in plenty for the whole tribe, were placed round the room, and pieces of meat, hung up for drying, were pendent from every peg and pin and pole.

As the royal dames sat round the boiling pot, making strings and garters, and the Princess affixing brooches to a blue piece of cloth, wound around her person, the writer could not but revert to what is related in history of our British ancestors, when first visited by the Romans, or when great Alfred, by his genius and wisdom, blessed as he was by gospel light, civilized the English nation.

Besides the family of Shenandoah, the writer visited another dwelling, in which a worthy Indian was on his death-bed. This person had been educated at Dartmouth college, but his name has escaped the writer's memory. He lay on a bed of skins, and some curtains of the same hung between his face and the fire. He spoke, in good English, words of kind civility, and bid the writer welcome. All that he said on the subject of religion bespoke the true Christian, who hopes for salvation only in the name of a crucified Lord. He died soon after, and the tribe was left for a time without a Christian interpreter.

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UTICA.

The writer proceeded on his journey from Oneida to Utica, which, foreseeing its important locality, he approached with great interest. This now most flourishing city was then but a small hamlet. The stumps of the forest trees were yet standing thick and sturdy in the streets, if streets they may

be termed, where scarcely two of them were fenced out. Even Col. Walker's house, for some time the best in the place, was not then built. That worthy Christian gentleman, long the friend and secretary of Washington, received the writer in a small tenement which he then occupied, as you approach the site of the town; and it was by his encouragement that the writer succeeded in organizing a parish, according to the act of the legislature which the Rev. Mr. Ellison had, at the request of the clergy in New York two or three winters before, drawn up and procured to be passed by that honorable body.

The parish was named "The Rector, Wardens, and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, Utica." Situated as that little place then was, when so few things seemed permanent, when all were going and coming, and scarcely a plurality of persons thought and acted together, this was indeed the "day of small things," which, not being "despised" or neglected, God hath blessed the means since used by abler hands, till the well-fenced fields are indeed white, and the harvest plenteous. Blessed be His holy name that the writer has seen this before he dies!

Soon after the organization of Trinity Church, Utica, the writer visited Paris, in the same county. Here he found the principles of the primitive Church had taken deep root in the hearts of several, among whom were the families of the Blakesley's, the Seymour's and the Doolittle's. He officiated there several Sundays. They met in a small room in a private house. Their first thought of being gathered together as a flock was suggested by a Mr. Aiken, who, while the writer was a student for orders with Mr. Ellison, had applied in Albany for directions and books. The parish formed by his fostering care, though a layman, appeared of sufficient importance to attract the notice of the missionary, the Rev. Mr. Wetmore, who ministered some time among them. The whole shows what may be done by the piety and determined zeal even of one or two individuals. Let those who are similarly situated with these worthy people, take example from them.

## AUBURN.

In passing through Onondaga county, the writer remembers that the places which are now occupied by those flourishing and busy villages, Salina and Syracuse, were but one dreary salt marsh. Except two or three cabins for boiling salt—most unsightly and uncomfortable because tenanted only in the winter—there were no appearances of civilized men. In the neighborhood where Auburn now stands, the writer was induced to tarry some time. A Mr. Bostwick had then just moved from Lanesborough, Massachusetts, and with his young and interesting family, had fixed himself on the public road in a small cabin. Here the divine services were attended by a number of inhabitants, just opening their farms in the woods at some distance on each side of the road. Several children of Mr. Bostwick and others were baptized; so that soon there were many hearts to unite for the formation of a regular parish.

Never will the writer forget the pleasure he experienced when this event took place; for plainly did he perceive that among this people piety was united to knowledge; and where these go hand in hand with prudence, permanency in Christian institutions may be expected. Since the formation of this parish, the writer has passed twice through this lovely city of Auburn. In 1823 he called on his friend Mr. Bostwick, then living in one of the principal streets. "You hardly know this place," said he: "the little one has become a thousand." "Where was the cabin in which I baptized your dear family?" "I will show you," said he, taking his hat and a great key: "we must stop at the Church as we go along." And so we did. There it stood, where the tall trees so lately occupied the ground and shut out the light of heaven. It was a beautiful edifice, well finished with pews and galleries, an organ, pulpit and altar. "This is the tree which you planted: may it bear much fruit acceptable to the Heavenly Husbandman!" "But where," asked the writer, "is the place on which your cabin stood?" "I will show you," was the reply. We walked some distance beyond the Church, and found ourselves in the bustle of business;—warehouses on each side,

lofty and well supplied—streets paved, and sidewalks flagged. "Here," said he, "here is the exact spot. But stop; let those coaches pass," at the same time pulling the writer by the arm. "Here," placing his staff on the ground, "here is the spot where my cabin stood, and in which you baptized my children, preached to us, and incorporated our parish." What reason we had for mutual congratulation and for praise to Him who alone gives the power and the grace to do his will, the reader may imagine.

It was in the winter of 1798-99 that the writer paid his first missionary visit to *Canadahqua*, for so it was called by the Indians, who then were lingering in great numbers, as if loth to leave this lovely place, the home of their fathers. He remembers to have been most kindly received by the Hon. Moses Atwater, Mr. Sanburn, and others, who had just begun to occupy their partially finished dwellings on that beautiful street which gently ascends from the lake for nearly two miles. The court-house was then recently built, and so far finished as to accommodate a worshipping congregation. Here the villagers met for several Sundays, and witnessed and joined in the solemn services of the Church. The result was a regular organization of an Episcopal parish.

Proceeding westward, the writer preached at Bloomfield, and on the banks of the Genesee river at a place since called Avon. At the latter he received many civilities from the Hosmer family. There being then no road to the west except an Indian trail through the Tonewanta plains, uninhabited even to the Niagara river, the writer returned by the way he came, visiting the congregations he had planted at Canandai-gua, Auburn and Utica. Thence he proceeded to pay his respects to the good Mr. Nash, at that time living in the township of Burlington, Otsego county.

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FATHER NASH.

The writer does not pretend to more sensibility than falls to the lot of most men, but there was something in this meeting between Mr. N. and himself of a peculiar character, and calculated to call forth whatever of moral sensibility he possessed.

It was a meeting of two persons deeply convinced of the primitive and apostolic foundation of the Church to which, on account of its purity of doctrine and the divine right of its ministry, they had fled from a chaos of confusion of other sects. They were both "missionaries," though the name was not yet understood or appreciated. The one had given up all his hopes of more comfortable living in the well-stored country at the east, and had come to Otsego county, to preach the gospel and build up the Church on apostolic ground, with no assurance of a salary but such as he could glean from the cold soil of unrenewed nature, or pluck from the clusters of the *few* scions which he might engraft into the vine Christ Jesus. He lived not in a tent, as the patriarchs did, surrounded with servants to tend his flocks, and to milk his kine, and "bring him butter in a lordly dish;" but in a cabin built of unhewn logs, with scarcely a pane of glass to let in light sufficient to read his Bible; and even this cabin was not his own, nor was he permitted to live in one for a long time together. All this was witnessed by the other, who came to see him and helped him to carry his little articles of crockery, holding one handle of the basket and Mr. N. the other, and as they walked the road, "talked of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God."

The writer cannot refrain from tears in bringing to mind the circumstances attending this interesting scene. That man, who was afterwards most emphatically called "FATHER NASH," being the founder of the Church in Otsego county—who baptized great numbers of both adults and children, and thus was the spiritual father of so many of the family of Christ, and who spent all his life and strength in toiling for their spiritual benefit—was at this period so little regarded by the Church at large, and even by his neighbors, that he had not the means to move his substance from one cabin to another but with his own hands, assisted only by his wife and small children and a passing missionary. Well does the writer remember how the little one-roomed cabin looked as he entered it; its rude door, hung on wooden hinges, creaking as they turned; how joyful that good man was that he had been mindful to fetch a few nails, which he had used in the other

cabin, just left, for his comfort in this, now the receptacle of all his substance. These he drove into the logs with great judgment, choosing the place most appropriate for his hat, his coat, and other garments of himself and family. All this while his patient wife, who, directing the children to kindle the fire, prepared the food for—whom? Shall it be said a stranger? No; but for one who by sympathy felt himself more their brother than by all the ties of nature, and who, by the example now set before him, learned a lesson of inexpressible use to him all the days of his subsequent life.

Besides Burlington, the writer visited several other places in which good Mr. Nash had his little congregations of Christian worshippers. Among these were Butternuts and Ridgefield, since become so numerous and respectable. Thence he proceeded alone to the Susquehannah river, where at Ocwaga he instituted a regular parish of Church people. The two families who paid him most attention, and by whose assistance and encouragement he proceeded in this important business, were those of Messrs. Homiston. There lived not far from them the Harper family, even then friendly to primitive truth and order, being among the chief and most respectable settlers of the country. This parish, sustained by the blessing of God on the pious use of the liturgy, survived many years of neglect, till visited by that indefatigable diocesan, Bishop Hobart, by whose fostering care, and that of his worthy successor, it has arrived to considerable usefulness, as the writer has from time to time been informed by many who have emigrated from it to the far west.

Stamford, on the Delaware river, was the next place where the writer made a stand. Here he preached several Sundays, and was kindly treated by the family of Andrew Beers, the astronomer. So interesting were these people, that the writer was well-nigh induced to take up his residence among them, and with that view assisted them, by the contribution of a hundred dollars of his salary, to erect their Church. But God in his providence had appointed it otherwise. He went on in the pursuit of his missionary duties to the township of Freehold, in which was a place then called Batavia. Here Mr. Gunn was his chief friend and supporter in forming a parish

—the same friend who moved to Portsmouth, Ohio, and assisted him in the like duties there, many years afterwards.

The few Episcopalians who resided in Hudson, Lunenburg, (now Athens,) at New Lebanon Springs, and in Putnam county, were not neglected; so that it was quite in autumn of the year 1799 before the writer reached Poughkeepsie, Dutchess county, where, and at Fishkill, he was invited to fix himself as a stated pastor; in order to which it was necessary he should be ordained priest. This solemn event took place in St. Paul's Church, New York, by the laying on of hands of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Provost, on the 10th day of November, 1799.

By a reference to the history of that dreadful disease, the yellow fever, it will be seen that it raged in the city of New York, in both the years 1798 and '99, to an alarming degree, even so as to prevent the stated meetings of the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church. This fact accounts for the deficiency of all public records of the missionary services rendered by the writer as above stated.

The importance of missionary services in the destitute condition of Western New York, could not but occupy the mind of the writer, although his duty to his family compelled him to become a stated pastor in Poughkeepsie. The little missionary fund had been exhausted, even by the small stipend afforded him and his predecessor. To replenish this by appealing to his people, was at once his pleasure and his duty; and although the contributions were limited, yet he never presented them but with a humble prayer that God would bless the day of small things to his own glory.

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## CHAPTER V.

FRAGMENT OF A SERMON—REV. DAVENPORT PHELPS RECOMMENDED  
BY THE WRITER TO HOLY ORDERS—STORY OF THE YOUNG LAW-  
YER.

In the absence of all historical records of merit, it is lawful to make use of such as are of an indifferent quality, provided

the facts mentioned be of unquestionable veracity. Let this sentiment be an apology for inserting here a fragment of a youthful sermon, found among some old papers, preserved through many vicissitudes and disasters,—a shipwreck and a fire. There is not an additional word to the original copy, though there are some omissions of things irrelevant.

*A fragment of a missionary sermon, delivered by the writer, then Rector of Christ Church, Poughkeepsie, in the year of our Lord 1801.*

GAL. vi. 10.

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

\* \* \* \* From the duty incumbent upon all Christians to support the Ministers of Christ in general, we may transfer our thoughts to a *particular* instance of it, which was designed to be the subject of the present discourse. I now mean the supporting of Missionaries in holy orders, who are to travel through this state, to preach the gospel in the new settlements and on the frontiers—to gather in the lambs now without a Shepherd—and to feed them with the food of eternal life.

To call your attention to the present performance of this duty is the design of what is to follow. And that all may do it with as much cheerfulness and satisfaction to themselves as possible, it may be proper to insert some account of the PLAN itself, as pursued by the Convention, together with a brief sketch of what hath already been done, and of what, with God's blessing, is designed to be done, to carry it into effect.

In October, 1796, the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of New York, influenced by a desire to promote the glory of God in building up his Church, passed the following canon :

“It is hereby ordained and directed that a committee, consisting of three clergymen and three laymen,—of which the Bishop of this Church, for the time being, shall be chairman,—shall be elected at each annual Convention, and shall continue in office until their successors shall have been appointed. They shall be styled ‘The Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the Propagation of the Gospel in the State of New York,’ and shall have power to dispose of all such



moneys as now are, or hereafter shall be, contributed for the purpose aforesaid, in such way as they may judge most expedient, or according to such directions as may hereafter be given them by the Convention—making report to each annual Convention of their proceedings and of the state of the funds. And the Ministers of this Church are hereby required and enjoined, in the month of September in each year, to preach a sermon and make a collection in their respective congregations, for carrying this laudable plan into effect, and to transmit the sums collected to the treasurer, who shall be appointed by the committee.”

Agreeably to this canon a committee was from time to time appointed, and during several years collections were made in the congregations throughout the state, with the fruits of which two missionaries were successively employed, who travelled in the remote and unsettled parts, and visited the vacant parishes, throughout the state. The first of these, the Rev. Robert G. Wetmore, travelled 2386 miles, performed divine service and preached 107 times, baptized 47 adults and 365 infants, and distributed among the indigent and deserving a number of copies of the Book of Common Prayer. To learn what good this pious man did by his ministrations through the state, one must travel where he travelled, and converse with those with whom he conversed. The benefits arising to the Church of Christ and to individuals were apparently many and great. He exhorted the indolent, comforted the desponding, and awakened the careless: in short, he so roused the people from their lethargy, and excited them to a sense of their religious duties, that in the year following there were incorporated in the state seven new congregations, and divine service began to be performed in many places where people had never attempted it before.

The person who succeeded the Rev. Mr. Wetmore was the present speaker, who travelled above 4000 miles, baptized 14 adults and 319 infants, performed divine service and preached 213 times, and distributed many Prayer-Books, Catechisms, and other pious and useful tracts among those whose remote situations and contracted means of subsistence precluded them opportunities of being otherwise supplied.

It may here be asked, What is the reason which prevents the continuance of such a pious and benevolent work, and wherein so much good was daily resulting to the Church of our blessed Redeemer? The only cause that can be readily assigned is a general one:—that, by reason of the sickness in New York, one Convention was prevented from meeting, and so a mutual concert among the different clergy and congregations being destroyed, the collections to keep good the funds of the society were neglected.

At length it hath pleased Almighty God again to permit the Convention to meet, and, under the most auspicious circumstances of harmony and brotherly love, to consult for the good of the Church in general, and to determine upon measures which they deemed most salutary towards carrying into speedy effect the plan now under consideration. The clergy pledged themselves to the Convention, that soon after their arrival in their respective parishes they would, in a sermon and otherwise, exhort their congregations to a liberal contribution, worthy of the magnitude of the design, and thus in some measure compensate for the late deplorable neglect.

None but those who have travelled through our country, and, under the influence of religious reflections, have considered the state of society in the remote and western parts of the state, can be able to form a correct and adequate judgment of the importance and necessity of sending ministers of Christ to preach the gospel and to disseminate the seeds of religion and morality among the people. Human society is like rich and fertile soil: it will seldom remain in a negative state. The weeds of error, of sin, and of bad habits, are sure to vegetate, where the salutary seeds of religion, morality, and good order, have not been sown and cultivated. This remark will apply, with an unusual degree of propriety, to the subject in question. The most of the settlements at the west have been made with a rapidity that is rarely equalled in the peopling of any country. Allured by the perhaps exaggerated reports of the goodness of the soil and the cheapness of the lands, they have flocked, in great numbers, to locate their farms in an uninhabited wilderness. The poorer sort, who are by far the most numerous class, find themselves greatly disappointed in their

expectations, and instead of the fancied affluence and ease which their imaginations had pictured, they are surrounded by want, and often an unhealthy climate, requiring much time before the acquisition of even a comfortable living can be rendered easy.

These things, together with the want of public buildings, such as mills and other factories, and the time which is required to erect them, procrastinate the period when anything like organized society or religious institutions can be maintained. For in these days of falling away, religion has unhappily changed, and instead of being the *first*, is now the *last* thing to be sought for to fill up the cup of man's blessings.

In times like these, when religion is neglected, and the regulations of civilized societies are no longer in action; when every man does what is right in his own eyes with impunity; it would be contrary to reason to suppose that the enemy to religion and to the happiness of mankind would remain idle, or suffer the opportunity to go unimproved. Where there is not a tendency to good, there is always a tendency to evil. Man is an active being, and seldom will remain neuter. Hence it is, that, in these new settlements, religion and good habits being neglected, irreligion, profaneness, and licentiousness, are sure to be promoted in their stead.

It cannot be otherwise in this world of trial. If goodness sleeps, wickedness wakes; if virtuous habits decay and cease, vicious ones are sure to increase and domineer; and the opportunity afforded the latter of these to triumph in the times we are now speaking of, in the new settlements, is very great. The hand even of civil law, in matters that relate to religion and morals, is but very feeble. The wicked man does what is right in his own eyes; and the public barriers to vice being never set up, even the good are in great danger of being brought into an agreement with sin, and to think no more of God, virtue or religion. Or if this be not the case with the latter sort, who have learned elsewhere to fear God, none can deny the liability of the young and rising generation to be poisoned and undone.

I have almost invariably found, in visiting the settlements

at the westward, that in neighborhoods where poverty, disunion, or other causes, had prevented the procuring of regular preaching, and the performance of regular prayers, and the administration of Christian sacraments, there vice was always most vociferous, and infidelity most impudent, conceited and domineering; and every day seemed to carry them further and further from the probability of ever having religious regularity established among them.

I mention these things to show how necessary it is for all good people to use their utmost endeavors to send the ministers of God among these sheep in the wilderness, and, by the blessing of the same Almighty Being on their exertions, to reclaim those who are wandering from the truth, to confirm the wavering, and to build up those who are already in the faith. For our encouragement in doing this, we ought to be put in mind that there is every reason to hope that much good will be done to the Church of Christ and to civil society in this way. For although the missionaries are directed to tarry but a few Sundays in each place, that they may make their usefulness as extensive as possible; yet enough may be done, even in this short space of time, to animate the hopes of Christians, and to unite the endeavors of the well-disposed in setting up the worship of God on the holy Sabbath, and in the reading of such pious sermons as will serve to inflame their zeal, correct their judgments, and meliorate their manners.

The services of the Church are now constantly performed — the word of God is purely preached — and many persons are now trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, — in places where the beginnings were no greater than these. The blessing of our heavenly Father most invariably attends the endeavors of those who work with him for the good of the souls of men. Instances of this kind have taken place even since the present society for the propagation of the gospel in this state have begun their exertions; and surely none want to be informed of the numerous instances of this nature which occurred during the pious and benevolent labors of the society of the same nature in England. Even the flourishing Church of Christians in the place to which we have the happiness of belonging, perhaps never would have been able to sur-

mount the difficulties of its first establishment, had it not been for the contributions which that society yearly afforded.

We therefore must feel ourselves bound, by the principles of gratitude, to contribute to the necessities of those who are now in the same situation from which we have been raised by the bounty of others. So that we are not only *encouraged* to give of our abundance towards the support of the ministers of God who are to be employed in this itinerant plan, from the well-grounded hope that they will meet with success; but we are *obligated* to do it by the consideration of the benefits which we ourselves have received, by the goodness of God, in a similar way.

We all profess to thank God, every time we meet together in this holy Church, for "*the means of grace*" — by which I suppose we mean the preaching, prayers, and sacraments of his Church. But in what way can we manifest that we are sincere in these devotions and thanksgivings, better than by using our endeavors to extend them to those who are destitute? Can the rich man be supposed to be earnest, in returning thanks to God for the bountiful supplies of food

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[The remainder of this sermon is lost. On the outside of the original MS. are these words and figures, which the printer copies literally :

"This sermon was preached in Poughkeepsie, the 27th of September, 1801. The collection made thereby in Christ Church, was \$19 32-100, and 75-100 of Miss Phebe Mesier, making in all, \$20 7-100.

"Preached at Fishkill, October 11th, 1801. The collection amounted to 13 dollars and five shillings and 3 pence.

20 07

13 65

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33 72

"Thirty-three dollars and seventy-two cents — to be sent, on the first opportunity, to the treasurer of the committee of the P. E. C. for the propagation of the gospel in the state of New York."]

At the resignation of Bishop Provost, the writer had assisted in electing that most amiable of men, Dr. Benjamin Moore, to fill the Episcopate of New York. This was in the year of our

Lord 1801. Being consecrated, that pious and worthy prelate took great interest in the success of the Diocesan Missionary Society, and never seemed more happily engaged than when conversing with the writer about the sheep and lambs in the wilderness, whom he had been the humble instrument of gathering into the fold. But where could there be found a proper person to go among them, to take care of them, and feed them with the bread of life? This devout wish was soon answered. The writer returned to Poughkeepsie, and as he was sitting quietly in his little dwelling in Canon street, in that village, a loud rap was heard, and the name of Davenport Phelps was announced. This gentleman had been long known to the family of the writer's father, and much esteemed in the neighborhood of Dartmouth college—being nephew to the president and grandson of the founder of that institution, Dr. Eleazar Wheelock.

“You know,” said he, “I have long been attached to the Church; how I love her doctrines and esteem her discipline. I now tell you, that I feel it my duty, if found qualified; to seek for holy orders. I am uninformed how to proceed, having never seen any rules on the subject; but do you think that the Bishop of New York will ordain me?” None but such as knew the person speaking, and the necessities of the Church at that day, particularly at the west, can imagine the feelings of pleasing surprise which the above address occasioned. His suavity of manners, his more than ordinary abilities, and very respectable acquirements, and, above all, his character for true piety of heart and holiness of life, seemed to constitute him a God-send to the Church, and most gladly was a letter written to the Bishop, telling him the whole story, most earnestly recommending Mr. Davenport Phelps for orders, and that he might be appointed to minister in the field of labor so widely spread in the west.

This letter met with a favorable reception, and that respected gentleman returned to Poughkeepsie a clergyman in full orders, and with a missionary appointment for the western part of New York. What followed in that good man's useful life, is recorded in the history of the Church, and in the hearts of many now living.

## STORY OF THE YOUNG LAWYER.

There lived in Poughkeepsie, at this time, a venerable lady and her talented son-in-law. The former was exceedingly anxious about the latter, because of his loose and infidel opinions on religious subjects; and yet few men were more amiable in manners or more sprightly in conversation. "O, sir," said the lady to the writer, "I wish you to have a serious conversation with my son-in-law, on the subject of Christianity. Perhaps he may hearken to you, though to all of us he turns a deaf ear whenever we speak on the Holy Scriptures."

A proposal of this nature seemed to be identified with the writer's profession. Accordingly a day was appointed when the lady would spend a social afternoon with the writer and his family, there being no doubt that the interesting young lawyer would, if properly invited, join the party at tea. The interview took place as was expected, and, in the full flow of talk, something was designedly introduced touching the Christian religion. Contrary to the expectation of his relative and friends, this interesting gentleman did neither evade nor oppose what was said, but candidly confessed he was differently impressed on that subject from what he had been. "Till a few days ago," said he, "I should have brought forward my *preliminaries*, and before the threshold of Christianity were passed, I would have insisted that they be all satisfactorily answered; but at present I feel differently disposed." "And what has wrought the change?" asked the writer. "O, sir," said he, "I must tell the whole story — it relates chiefly to *General Hamilton*."

"You know," said he, "that preëminent character — how that he is not only the greatest in the field, in the senate, and at the bar, but also the most agreeable man in social intercourse. In pursuit of his professional duties, he passes from New York to Albany to attend the higher courts, and Poughkeepsie is his stopping-place for rest and social chat. We young lawyers delight to meet him at Hendrickson's tavern, and there breathe together the atmosphere of wit and satire. Not long since he passed by; we gathered round him, and he

greeted us with his usual cordiality. But there was something altered in his wit — it was solemn, yet more affectionate. At length, to break the spell, *I* ventured, as erst, a story, the edge of which was ridicule against Christians and their creed. As I finished the anecdote, instead of the loud laugh and responsive tale, the General gravely asked me, if I knew what I had been talking of? Confusion is the best name I can give my feelings and behavior before the great man, at such a question from his lips. Seeing my embarrassment, he said he did not design to give me pain, but by his question to call my attention to his own case.

“‘Not many months ago,’ said he, ‘I was, as you are, doubtful of the truths of Christianity; but some circumstances turned my thoughts to the investigation of the subject, and I now think differently. I had been in company with some friends of a similar sentiment in New York. I had indulged in remarks much to the disadvantage of Christians and disparagement of their religion. I had gone further than ever before I had done in this way. Coming home, I stood late at night on the door-steps, waiting for my servant. In this moment of stillness, my thoughts returned to what had just passed at my friend’s and on what I had said there. And what if the Christian religion be true after all? The thought certainly was natural, and it produced in my bosom the most alarming feelings. I was conscious that I had never examined it — not even with that attention which a small retaining fee requires in civil cases. In this, I hold myself bound to make up my mind according to the laws of evidence; and shall nothing be done of this sort, in a question that involves the fate of man’s immortal being? Where everything is at stake, shall I bargain all without inquiry? Wilfully blinding my own eyes, shall I laugh at that which, if true, will laugh me to scorn in the day of judgment? These questions did not allow me to sleep quietly. In the morning I sent to my friends, the clergy, for such books as treated on the evidences of Christianity. I read them, and the result is that I believe the religion of Christians to be the truth — that Jesus Christ is the Son of God — that he made an atonement for our sins by his death, and that he rose for our justification.’”



“This is the substance of General Hamilton’s declaration to me at Hendrickson’s, and you may judge how I feel since. As I have followed the General in many other respects, so would I imitate him here. Will you lend me books, that I may read as he did, before I give my opinion?”

The books were accordingly taken to his house, but he never read them. A press of business intervened. He put off his duty till a more convenient season; that season never came till it was too late. A sudden disease deprived him of reason and of life. Thus this talented and interesting young lawyer passed from a temporal to an eternal state—and let the word of God tell the rest. The story of General Hamilton, which this lamented person was the means of communicating to the writer, ought not to be forgotten. It was, from the time the writer heard it, of the deepest interest; and when the tidings came of the General’s death, it formed the basis of a sermon preached in Poughkeepsie, on the 2d day of July, 1804. This story is recorded here, because it forms a part of the writer’s *Reminiscences*. And it is because he feels bound to leave to future generations his decided testimony against the practice of duelling, that he inserts in this place the sermon itself.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### DISCOURSE ON THE DEATH OF GEN. ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

*Delivered in Poughkeepsie, on the 2d of July, 1804, by the writer of this memoir, now first printed from the original MS. without alteration.*

#### LAMENTATIONS, v. 15, 16.

The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning. The crown is fallen from our head: woe unto us that we have sinned.

THUS does the pious Jeremiah lament the fate of his unfortunate country—thus does he mourn over the sorrows of his people, while he acknowledges the true cause by which they had been produced. His countrymen were in chains under the proud tyrant of Babylon, deprived of their liberty, of their

city, and of their religion, with nothing to console them but the remembrance of glory lost, lost by their own wilful and obstinate transgression of the will of Heaven. He takes up the song of lamentation, and uttereth his words among tears of sorrow: — that sin had entered into the world, and its footsteps were marked with misery and blood — that the certain consequences of it, the wrath of an offended God, had fallen on his brethren, and kindred, and nation. He feeleth as every good man would feel, and poureth out his wounded heart in the words of the text:

“The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning. The crown is fallen from our head: woe unto us that we have sinned.”

That the same language may be adopted by every American who feels for the honor of his country, we shall see by recurring to the solemn occasion which has this day called us together. Our country now sits on the grave of one of her greatest sons, and mourns the death of one, who, under a smiling Providence, had a principal agency in conducting her to domestic prosperity, to honor and glory, among the nations of the earth. She calls on her surviving children to gather round his grave to commemorate his heroic achievements — to celebrate his virtues — to drop the tear of pity over his fate — to cover his failings with the mantle of charity, and to deduce such reflections as are calculated to make them wise and virtuous.

This then be our employment — this be our present work! — And may God grant us his grace, rightly to judge and to discriminate between the good and the evil, and to improve all to our eternal benefit, and the glory of His great name.

This great man, whose death we now deplore, was distinguished for his talents and magnanimity in the early stages of his life. In more advanced periods, he shone as a *soldier*, a *statesman*, and *orator*. The walls of Yorktown can bear testimony of his military skill, intrepidity and valor, when engaged in defending his country's cause. He enjoyed the full confidence of our great Washington, the man whose deeds shall be had in everlasting remembrance. He fought by his side in the field, and assisted him by his counsel in the camp.

When the din of war was over, he exchanged the coat of mail for the garb of peace and the gown of state. Our constitution was framed and carried into execution by the assistance of his discerning mind and powerful arm. Under his auspices, public credit was established and commerce poured in her treasures upon us.

As an orator in the cause of truth and private right, he shone with distinguished lustre. The friend of man, he defended the cause of the oppressed, and made the heart of the orphan and widow to sing for joy. He disdained duplicity, and was above the arts of fraud and deception. Malice and revenge dwelt not in his bosom, while his heart, with his hand, was given to his friend. In short, he was revered and beloved by all who knew his worth; he was feared by his rivals, and hated only by the wicked, the malicious and irreclaimable. On him had a grateful country already fixed her eyes, as on one in whom she could most implicitly rely in the day of trouble and extremity.

But alas! with too much truth can her sons now take up the plaintive song of the prophet, and say with him, "The joy of our heart has ceased; our dance is turned into mourning." The *great man*, whose talents we admired, whose virtues we revered, and in whom we confided as our best earthly stay in time of need, is now no more. Death has dropped the curtain which separates him forever from time. "He hath gone to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

Would to God we could stop here, and see nothing but the hand of God taking him, by a common death, to himself! But in this we are not indulged. As much as we revere his name, esteem his virtues, and lament his death, yet let us not be so lost to virtue and the principles of our holy religion, as to pass over, without the most pointed disapprobation, the barbarous, the inhuman and wicked practice, by the compliance with which he was brought to an untimely end. Little did our Washington, the father of his country, think, when he refused to enter his name on the list of duellists, that the man whom he delighted to honor, who shared his warmest friendship, would so soon fall a sacrifice to this abominable practice. Were he now among us, he would cry out, in the language of

David, the defender of Israel, uttered at the fall of Saul and Jonathan, their King and Prince — "The beauty of Israel is slain in high places! How are the mighty fallen: tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph!"

A sad comment on the dreadful consequences of duelling is now before us. You behold a man, the ornament of the age, and the pride and boast of his countrymen, snatched away, by a violent death, amidst all his usefulness, and when in the full career of his greatness; torn from the arms of a tender and amiable wife and young and numerous family, who now more than ever need the counsel, the direction and love of a husband and father. O, honor, honor! false and mistaken principle! If these are thy trophies, what but a heart of stone could cherish thee!

If we could be permitted to see, at one view, the dreadful effects of the practice of duelling; if we could add to the many losses which the public frequently sustains, the distresses which it occasions to private families; if we could draw aside the curtain of domestic retirement, and hear the heart-rending sighs, and feel the full weight of the agonizing sorrows, of a wife and mother, weeping over her shrieking and orphan children; if we would contemplate those children, from affluence and high expectations reduced to want and penury:— on the other hand, if we could, in casting our eyes on the victorious combatant, look into the recesses of his heart, and behold it devoid of all that feeling and sensibility which designate a man from a demon, or torn to pieces and blackened with the remorse of a murderer; if we could see him, even amidst the flattery of his sycophants or the caresses of a wicked world, feeling like a second Cain, the murderer of his brother, a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth;— it could not fail of rousing every honest sentiment of our hearts, and calling forth every energy of our minds, in detesting and discountenancing the practice. Barely the mention of it would be enough to chill the heart of sensibility, and make us fly with horror from the man who would uphold it in society.

Such would be the result of a due and thorough considera-

tion of the baneful effects of this custom, even with regard only to *this world*. What then must be *his* sentiments of it, who, to all this, adds a firm belief of an eternal world and future retribution? The dread command and awful denunciations of an Almighty Jehovah stand ever before him — “Whosoever sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed.” — “Thou shalt do no murder — ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer.” — “No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.” — “The murderers shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.”

And by these mandates and tremendous threatenings of the God of heaven, the man of principle can see no difference between him who murdereth his friend on the weak laws of worldly honor, and him who stabbeth him in secret. Let subterfuges be raised without number — let the wicked custom be sanctioned by all the force which a deluded world can give it — let the mighty men of the earth combine and frame laws to systematize the practice — yet the God who reigneth above is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. With him there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. His ways are equal in all ages, and the judgment of his mouth remaineth forever. No man can rush himself, or send another, uncalled, into His presence, without coming under the dread sentence of His law. The crime before him admits of no palliation but that which is effected by the tears of repentance through the atoning blood of a Redeemer.

This is the testimony, this is the judgment which our holy religion pronounces against the principles of duelling. Would to God that our countrymen could feel its importance, and be governed by its force. The cobweb justifications of it, now held sacred by men of honor, would then be dispersed, and vanish like mist before the early breeze and morning sun.

After what has been said, who can return, without the most painful sensations, to the sad reflection, that the great man whose death we this day deplore, fell in the very act of giving support, by his example and compliance, to this inhuman and unchristian practice! A conscious blush must suffuse the cheek of his panegyrist when he sees that the man

who, in many things, "*stood alone*" in greatness and magnanimity, bowed to the idol, and gave up his body as a victim on the altar of the bloody Moloch of this world. O, weak and imperfect man! how do thy laurels fade and thy honors wither, when thou treadest on forbidden ground!

Every man of principle must condemn the act, while he must acknowledge that it was attended with all the circumstances which are calculated to soothe and comfort the hearts of his friends and countrymen. The extreme reluctance which marked his every step in his progress toward this dreadful deed — the anxiety which he discovered to have the unhappy difference amicably adjusted — his solemn declarations which accompanied his will, that he was opposed to the practice of duelling from religious principles, that he bore no enmity to his antagonist, that he meant not to injure him, let what would be the consequence; all this, added to what passed just before his death, almost too affecting to be mentioned, seems to dispel the gloom that hangs over this bloody transaction, and to spread around the bright rays of Christian hope — hope which attends the soul of the deceased through the dark valley of the shadow of death, to the radiant throne of a merciful Saviour, who died to save repenting sinners.

Blessed be God that, though the name of Hamilton be added, contrary to his heart's intentions, to the catalogue of duellists, (for which all good men lament,) it is also added to the host of martyrs and apostles who, with their last and dying breath, have borne testimony to the truth of the Christian religion. You that have read the letter of our great and pious Diocesan, Bishop Moore, will feel the force of this remark and do justice to the memory of the deceased.

Let infidels hence be reminded that they but expose themselves to shame and infamy in pleading the cause of deism, when the opinion of this great man, founded on strict investigation, appears against them. Little will it avail in the mind of every considerate person, to hear the weak cavils of those infidels who read a little, think less, and talk a great deal, when he considers that the comprehensive mind of this great master of reasoning gave its full assent to the truth of our holy faith.

The great lesson we all have to learn is, to make use of our united efforts in discountenancing the barbarous practice by which we have been deprived of so much worth and greatness. Let us raise our voices against it; and by every means in our power relieve our country of its galling chain. Let us shun the man who would justify it, that our children, and the world, may know the force of that abhorrence in which we hold it. Though our country *has sinned*, perhaps irreclaimably, in that they have not opposed, by a just execution of the law, the first inroads of this practice, yet let it not be said that we have been wanting in our duty. Let us arise like a band of patriotic Christians, and drive from our society the bloody Moloch. This will be doing that which our Hamilton, on his dying bed, pledged himself to God and man he would do should his life be spared. May his *intentions* be fulfilled by us and all his beloved countrymen.

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## CONSCIENCE ITS OWN ACCUSER.

In the year 1803 or 4, the writer taught the academy in Poughkeepsie, New York. About half his pupils were well advanced youths, and the other half were small boys of seven or nine years of age. Among the latter were three sons of a rich widow lady in New York, who, to show her love to her departed husband, lavished her bounties on her little boys, who were the smallest and youngest in the school. Among other things of great extravagance, she would insist on their sleeping on a better bed than the rest of the students, and the bedstead also must be of a better quality.

"I will purchase a new bedstead," said she, "and send it to you from New York; there is none here fit for my precious babes to sleep on." Accordingly the bedstead came. It was indeed a splendid affair for those days—large, wide, and having a canopy. What distinguished it particularly were wide embossed brass ornaments, which were made to cover a much larger space than usual, concealing the ends of the screws that kept the bedstead together. These were fixed to the upright posts by one small screw, perforating one side, or rather the neck, of the shining ornaments. The bedstead

stood in the best room in the second story, and the door opened directly into the hall. There were many who looked in on this new comer: the splendid bedstead and superior bearings were observed by nearly all the boys. Some asked if good and costly bedsteads made boys sleep sweeter than plain ones, or even strong and clean cots, with coarse-covered pillows? And some little boys said they wondered if their papas and mammas would not give them some bright and shining ornaments to glitter when they passed them with a candle. All the boys from the country thought that New York mothers must be rich and happy who could send their children such rich bedsteads.

One morning, immediately after prayers, it was whispered round among the boys that the little fellows from New York were weeping immoderately. "What for?" "The brass screw-covers are broken off," said one. "Yes," said another, "I thought they would not stand the racket made about them long!" "Who has done this envious deed?" said another. "It is a mean trick," said a fourth; "the preceptor will surely find him out." By this time the fact was fully known, and the writer saw with his own eyes, that the embossed brass covers to the bedstead screws were indeed broken off and purloined. That it had been done by a silly child, was evident from the fact of their having been broken, not released by unscrewing from the bedpost.

And who the child could be, was now the painful question. That he belonged to the family there could be no doubt, for no one from any other house had entered the academy since the bedstead had been brought in. How could the rogue be discovered? The boy that did it would deny the deed; it was, therefore, of no use to make inquiries—it would but give occasion to add crime to crime by tempting them to lie. Nothing, therefore, was said. All looked on the teacher with eager eyes, for all expected some positive and decisive step would be taken to discover so great a sinner as he must be who would perpetrate so mean an act as this.

The writer stepped to his study, and having prepared them, returned with a handful of splints of pine, about the size of matches, but all of the same length, being split from one and



the same block or piece of board, two and a half inches in length. These he held in his hand concealed from every one. He then ordered the parlor to be darkened by closing the shutters. "Are all the little boys here?" said he. After a little space of time it was answered, "Yes, sir." "Shall I call Bill?" said one next the door. "Yes," said the writer—"yes, come, Bill, come all the little boys."

Now this boy, Bill, was not one of the scholars, but a yellow servant that waited on the tables, and about the oldest of the whole number present. Bill came slowly in. "Shut the door and lock it, that none may escape. Now, my dear boys," said the writer, "remember what is said in the blessed book, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion.' Don't fear, you that are innocent; the boy that broke off the brass, he alone should tremble. Here, form yourselves all in one round ring; let none fly from the ranks. You that are next me give me your hands." It was done. "There, *hold fast all I give you!* fast in your hand, and your hand hold fast in your bosom, till I bid you return me this." While this was saying, the writer put into each boy's hand one of the cuts or splints just mentioned, all being of equal length.

Each boy received his splint, and put it, with the hand that held it, into his bosom, and as he did so, passed by the teacher; and then another came, and so they all did, until each had received his cut or splint into his hand. Thus all went round and returned into the place which they at first occupied. Nothing was heard during this scene, but the one sentence, "*Hold fast all I give you.*"

When the ceremony was over and all were waiting the issue, they all heard distinctly pronounced, "*He that hath the longest splint is the guilty boy!*" They all then returned their splints as they had received them, in perfect order. The cuts all remained as they were but the yellow boy, Bill's; his was broken short off, leaving a little more than half in his hand; the rest he had thrown away! The writer seized hold of him, and, ordering his trunk to be searched, found the articles in it!

## CHAPTER VII.

## REMOVES TO LOUISIANA—ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS OF THE FIRST PLANTING OF THE CHURCH THERE.

THE salary afforded by the parish in Poughkeepsie being inadequate to the writer's comfortable support, he had recourse to the common expedient of school-keeping. At first this was in a private way; but being earnestly solicited, he at length took charge of the public academy in that place. His pupils were numerous, and from the most respectable families in New York and other places. The duties of so large a school were of themselves most arduous, and, blended as they were with those of two parishes, Fishkill and Poughkeepsie, they became insupportable. Nothing but the strongest constitution and the hope of better times, under the sustaining hand of a merciful Providence, kept him from sinking. To add to the load that bore heavy on him, it pleased God to threaten his beloved wife with consumptive symptoms, so that if she recovered it must be under the influence of a warmer climate.

Accordingly, in the year 1805, the Bishop of New York, having been apprised of his wishes, and having received from New Orleans the invitation of the Protestants in that place to send them a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, appointed the writer to go thither, and see what could be effected in the permanent organization of the Church in that city, then, with the whole territory, just ceded to the United States.

So undefined, however, were the means of support offered, and so expensive was said to be the place for the maintenance of a family, that it seemed hazardous to move even his wife with him at once thither. He saw no way but to go first himself and see what could be done, and return for his family as soon as possible. Accordingly, in the month of October, in the year of 1805, he set sail in the brig *Thetis*, Capt. Richard Bowen. It was the first time he had been on the waves of this mighty element, and the sea-sickness, the running of the vessel on the hard sands which surround the Riding Rocks, the being driven by contrary currents across the Gulf Stream

to the Florida shore, and thence pursuing the tedious course around the Tortugas, rendered the voyage most unpleasant. Nothing but the kind treatment of the captain, whose civility, even temper, and uncommon good sense, were acknowledged by all the passengers, could reconcile him to the evils of a *first voyage at sea*.

Entering the mouth of the Mississippi, the vessel passed up to the *English Turn* without difficulty. Here, of course, she was obliged to stop for a change of wind; and to avoid much delay, the writer, with his much esteemed friend W—— D——, walked up, about ten miles, to the plantation of the Hon. B—— P——, then Judge of the newly ceded city of New Orleans. Never will the writer forget the civilities which he received from this most amiable family. The house was on the banks of the Mississippi, nearly four miles below the town, and seen distinctly from it. The gardens were well laid out, and divided with orange-trees, then bending with their golden fruit. The whole plantation seemed well conducted, and the owner, though just recovering from an attack of the fever, appeared happy. His kindness to the writer was in accordance with his general character; and soon were the courses marked out, and the ways and means provided, for the introduction of the first Protestant minister that had ever preached in Louisiana.

After a due notice in the American paper, then printed by a Mr. Bradford, the first divine services were held in the *Principal*. Those who attended were numerous and of the most respectable Americans, and very decorous in their deportment. An act had previously been passed by the territorial legislature for the formation of a religious society of Protestants; but on examination, it was found inconsistent with the usages of the Episcopal Church. At the request of the writer it was altered, and under its amended form, he assisted in organizing a corporate body by the style and title of "the Rector, Wardens, and Vestry of Christ Church, New Orleans, in communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." Till a Bishop should be consecrated for the diocese, the minister officiating and enjoying the privileges of this act was made subject to the Bishop of New York, all

of which will more fully appear by perusing the following memorandum of events and record of original letters taken by the writer at the time, now more than thirty-five years ago.

No apology is needed for inserting it entire. Being the first attempt to introduce the Protestant and primitive faith in the state of Louisiana, it deserves a place in history, and the more minute in its statements the better.

It was preserved among the choice papers of the writer, and, in a small box, saved from conflagration by the hand of his wife, as will be hereafter related.

The Right Rev. Benjamin Moore, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of New York, some time during the month of September, 1805, received the following letter from New Orleans.

*“New Orleans, August 12, 1805.*

“SIR:—We have been instructed by the Protestant citizens of this place, to lay before you the substance of the resolutions entered into at the several meetings for the purpose of encouraging the establishment of a Church in this city, and to interest you in the recommendation of such person as you may think qualified to maintain the respectability of the Church, and, as a minister of the gospel, to conciliate the regard of his congregation.

“It has been determined that he shall be of the Episcopal denomination; but it is to be recollected that his supporters are not only of his own persuasion, but also Presbyterians, Catholics, &c.

“From the resolution of the last meeting, we are authorized to say, that our subscriptions for the annual expenses of the Church, amount to upwards of two thousand seven hundred dollars, with a probability of a considerable addition; that in consequence of the liberality we have experienced, the unanimity that seems to prevail on the subject, with the great desire manifested by every class of people to see our object carried into effect, we may declare that a salary of no less than two thousand dollars will be given as a compensation for the services of such a person, who may be chosen to reside among us.

“We presume the objects we have in view would be suffi-

cient to recommend our interests to your attention; but the acknowledgments of the congregation will be your due, if you will be so good as to point out such suitable characters, as are within your knowledge, to correspond for this purpose with such gentlemen as you may deem proper.

“We beg leave to request your early attention, and to hear from you as soon as convenient. We are, sir, with much respect, your humble servants,

“JAMES M. BRADFORD,

“JAMES C. WILLIAMSON,

“EDWARD LIVINGSTON.”

Pursuant to the contents of this letter, Bishop Moore thought proper to recommend to the notice of the Protestants in New Orleans, the writer. The great importance of establishing as early as possible the Protestant Church in the extensive territory of Louisiana, joined to the opinion of medical men that his wife's health required a more southern climate, were the chief reasons of his ready consent to relinquish his situation at Poughkeepsie.

He arranged his affairs as well as the suddenness of the call would permit, and after receiving proper testimonials, as well from his brethren the presbyters as from his Bishop, he set sail, on the 20th of October, 1805, and arrived in New Orleans city on the 13th of November.

His reception was marked, on the part of those who had been the instruments of his coming, by politeness and the manifestation of a great desire to render his errand successful and himself happy.

Although the Protestants had obtained of the territorial legislature an act of incorporation, yet they did not proceed to organize their vestry until the 16th of this month — November, 1805. On this day they met, and, agreeably to charter, elected the following persons, viz.: J. B. Provost, D. A. Hall, Benjamin Morgan, Joseph Saul, Wm. Kenner, Joseph McNiell, George T. Ross, Charles Norwood, Andrew Burk, R. D. Shepherd, Richard Relf, Edward Livingston, J. McDonough, John P. Sanderson, and A. R. Ellery; of whom Joseph Saul and Andrew Burk were afterwards elected wardens by the members of the corporation.

On Sunday, the 17th of November, at eleven in the morning, divine service was performed, and a sermon preached by Mr. Chase, in the Principal. The Protestants generally attended. On his return to his lodgings, Mr. C. found the following note on his table: —

*“Protestant Meeting, November 16, 1805.*

*“Resolved unanimously, That Mr. Chase receive the thanks of this meeting for the readiness and zeal he has displayed, in the early tender of his services as a minister to the New Orleans Protestant Church.*

*“Resolved unanimously, That J. B. Provost communicate this resolution to Mr. Chase.*

*“Extract from the minutes.*

*“JAS. BRADFORD, Clerk.”*

On Wednesday, the 20th of November, the vestry of the Protestant Church in New Orleans met for the first time as a corporate body, and the next day Mr. Chase received from them the following letter: —

*“New Orleans, November 20, 1805.*

*“TO THE REV. PHILANDER CHASE,*

*“SIR: — We have the honor of communicating to you a vote of the vestry and wardens of the New Orleans Protestant Church, by which a salary is offered to you at the rate of two thousand dollars yearly, for your services as a minister of the gospel for this Church, to be reckoned from the time of your departure from New York until the first day of May next.*

*“At the same time, allow us to return you our thanks for the readiness you have displayed in the early offer of your services for the furtherance of the views of our establishment; and we persuade ourselves that nothing will be wanting to render your ministry agreeable to yourself and useful to the Church.*

*“In behalf of the vestry and wardens,*

*“BENJAMIN MORGAN, Chairman.*

*“A. R. Ellery, Secretary.”*

To this Mr. Chase returned the following answer: —

“NEW ORLEANS, NOVEMBER 22, 1805.

“*To the wardens and vestrymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New Orleans.*

“GENTLEMEN:—I received your favor of the 20th instant, containing the substance of a resolution of your board, by which a salary is offered to me at the rate of two thousand dollars yearly, for my services as a minister of the gospel for this Church, to be reckoned from the time of my departure from New York until the first day of May next.

“I tender you my sincere thanks for the honor you have done me in this offer, and in the subsequent expressions of friendship and kindness.

“If the vestry meant, by limiting the time in which the salary is to be paid to the first day of May next, to signify that the intermediate space is to be considered as a time of trial only, and it then to be a matter of uncertainty whether anything further will be done, I beg leave to observe, that my present affairs will not admit of my being in that situation for so long a period. My excursion to this place is considered by the congregation and institution of which I have the honor to be rector and principal, as a visit in obedience to the orders of my Bishop, and in the light of a temporary mission. In this way I left them, till they should see or hear from me again, which should be by the return of the vessel on board of which I embarked. If I were to give up that, my establishment, for an uncertainty, which would be in effect the case by too long delay, I should act contrary to the intention of the worthy gentleman by whose directions I came among you, and do, perhaps, a lasting injury to my dear family.

“To put this matter beyond the power of misapprehension, and to act with that candor which becomes our profession, I will take the liberty to state the conditions on which the business in question can be conducted and accomplished.

“If it please God, I will come and reside with you as the permanent rector of your Church, and as a minister of the gospel, and fulfil, to the utmost of my power, the duties of that office, on the following terms, viz. :—

“1st. That an annual salary of \$2,000, and a convenient and comfortable house, be granted me; the salary to com-

mence from the time I left New York to come hither, and to include the time I shall necessarily be absent and on expense, in bringing my family and in bidding adieu to my parents and friends.

“2d. That my induction take place agreeably to the forms already established in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. The vestry have from this time to the sailing of the brig *Thetis* for New York, to make up their judgment.

“With every sentiment of esteem and friendship, I am, gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant,

“PHILANDER CHASE.”

On the morning of the 11th of December, Messrs. Burk, Saul, and Ellery, called on Mr. Chase, with the following letter from the vestry:—

“*New Orleans, December 11, 1805.*

“REV. SIR:—The vestrymen and wardens of Christ Church have taken into due consideration your letter of the 22d of November last, in which were contained the terms upon which you were willing to be established as the minister of the gospel for this Church. Some delay has unavoidably intervened and retarded their answer. It was necessary to ascertain the extent of the funds upon which they could rely, before they could, with propriety, either accept any proposals, or make any overtures, for a permanent arrangement. I now, agreeably to directions, communicate the result of their deliberations, as contained in the following resolutions:—

“*Resolved*, That the Rev. Philander Chase be offered an annual salary of two thousand dollars, to be paid quarterly, and to commence from the time of his departure from New York to come here, and also to include the period of his absence necessary in visiting his friends, and bringing his family to this country.

“*Resolved*, That he be also offered the use of a house in this city, or three hundred dollars yearly in lieu thereof, and in addition to the above sum and salary of two thousand dollars, at the discretion of the vestry and wardens of the Church.



“*Resolved*, That his induction take place agreeably to the forms of the Protestant Episcopal Church, so far as they may be consistent with the act of incorporation of this Church.

“With every sentiment of friendship and esteem, I am your most obedient servant,

“A. R. ELLERY, Sec. of the vestry.

“*Rev. Philander Chase.*”

To this letter the following note was returned in answer:—

“NEW ORLEANS, DECEMBER 12, 1805.

“*To the wardens and vestrymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New Orleans.*

“Mr. Chase presents his respectful compliments to the wardens and vestrymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New Orleans—acknowledges the receipt of their letter of the 11th instant—accepts the call therein contained, and will interchange articles of agreement as may suit the convenience of the vestry.”

Soon after this note was received, a committee, appointed by the vestry, called on the Rev. Mr. Chase; and after mutual interchange of friendly sentiments, found that the act of incorporation was inadequate—that an alteration thereof was necessary, and that the signing of articles of agreement with the clergyman had better be postponed until such alteration could be effected. The following letter was therefore addressed by Mr. Chase, in form, to the vestry:—

“*To the wardens and vestrymen of Christ Church, New Orleans.*

“GENTLEMEN:—Since my last communication to the vestry, several things have occurred to my mind, which, now their committee have done me the honor of calling on me for the purpose of interchanging articles of agreement, I think proper to offer to the board, by way of apologizing for not immediately complying with their wishes:

“There are some particulars in the act under which the vestry are a body corporate, which are not altogether so agreeable to the ancient usages of the Church as I could wish all things to be in a congregation with whom I am to make an agreement to spend, probably, the remainder of my days, and

whose proceedings, being the first in the territory, will be considered as models for all succeeding corporations.

"1. The act above mentioned is so worded, and I understand has been so interpreted by the vestry, as to exclude the clergyman from being a chairman, or, indeed, as having anything to do with the vestry; and may, I think, with equal propriety, be so construed as to render the name of *rector*, not only a nominal but an inconsistent title. This, in my opinion, is in no respect agreeable to ancient usage.

"2. The time of election of Church officers is, by that instrument, fixed on the *first of May*; whereas it has ever been the Monday or Tuesday in Easter week.

"3. The wardens, by the said act, are to be chosen from among and by the vestrymen. The usages of the Church require that they be chosen by the congregation immediately preceding the choice of the vestrymen.

"4. The name, style, or title, is not such and so specific as to ensure an orthodox communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church.

"If in these instances a favorable alteration can be obtained, I believe that the peace and prosperity of the Church, not only here, but throughout the territory, would be better secured, the customs of the primitive Christians more respectfully observed, and the end of my coming here, as an Episcopal clergyman, more fully answered.

"Should the vestry think proper to petition for, and obtain from the lawful authority, these alterations, they may rely on a prompt attention to the exchanging of proper articles of agreement from their sincere friend and very humble servant,

"PHILANDER CHASE."

It seems that the object of this letter was partially misunderstood, insomuch as, at the next meeting of the vestry, the following resolution was taken in consequence thereof, and communicated to Mr. Chase, on Wednesday, April 2d:—

*"New Orleans, April 2, 1806.*

"TO THE REV. MR. CHASE,

"SIR:—I beg leave to communicate to you the proceedings of the wardens and vestry, at a meeting held on the 22d March.

“A letter being read from the Rev. Mr. Chase—‘The vestry have no objections, and will endeavor to gratify him in what he asks, provided his continuance as minister still depends on the congregation.’

“With much respect, I am, dear Sir, yours,

“JAS. C. WILLIAMSON, Secretary.”

This produced from Mr. Chase the following reply:—

“NEW ORLEANS, APRIL 2, 1806.

“*To the wardens and vestrymen of Christ Church, New Orleans.*

“GENTLEMEN:—A transcript of a resolution of your board, of the 23d ultimo, was this day communicated to me, by your secretary, Mr. Williamson. In answer to which I beg leave to observe, that if I adhere to determinations which I have never ceased to entertain, I shall not become the rector of the Church in this city, but with all such privileges as are enjoyed by all other rectors in communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

“The paper\* which I have already transmitted to the secretary, Mr. Williamson, contains the *proposed alterations* in your act of incorporation, by which an establishment of a rector on these principles can be accomplished.

“If a desire still remains of constituting me rector of Christ Church in the city of New Orleans, the vestry will petition and obtain such alterations; if not, I must, however reluctantly, *depart*, I hope *in peace*, with such compensation for the sacrifices I have made as the vestry shall think proper.

“I am, gentlemen, your friend and humble servant,

“PHILANDER CHASE.”

The reply of the vestry was as follows:—

“*To the Rev. Philander Chase:—*

“At a meeting of the wardens and vestrymen of Christ Church, held the 2d day of April, 1806—

“Present, Joseph Saul in the chair; Andrew Burk, warden; George T. Ross, Richard Relf, Charles Norwood, Joseph McNiell, John Sanderson, William Kenner, vestrymen; and James Williamson, secretary—

\* This paper contained the alterations of the charter as they now stand in the amended act, passed in the winter of 1806-7, by the Orleans legislature.

"The proceedings of the former meeting being read, a letter was laid before the vestry from the Rev. Philander Chase, accompanied with the constitution and form of induction of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States; and having been taken into consideration, the propositions of Mr. Chase were considered to be conformable to the order and regulations of the said Church by fair construction. Therefore —

"*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to present a petition to the legislature of the territory, so to amend and alter the act incorporating the Protestant Episcopal Church of this city as to admit of their receiving the rector as a member of the corporation, and make such other alterations therein as may be conformable to the constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

"*Resolved*, That Edward Livingston, George T. Ross, and Richard Relf be a committee to draft a petition to the legislature, agreeably to the foregoing, and report.

"*Resolved*, That agreeably to the proposition of Mr. Chase, the rector shall be subject to the ecclesiastical government and direction of the Bishop and convention of the state of New York, in all things, as if he were a presbyter belonging to the said diocese, until there shall be a diocese formed in this territory, and a Bishop consecrated according to the canons of the Episcopal Church, to take charge of the same.

"*Resolved*, That the foregoing be communicated to the Rev. Mr. Chase. A copy from the record.

"JAS. WILLIAMSON, Secretary."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

RETURNS FOR HIS FAMILY — ISLAND OF ABACO — EXCESSIVE TENDERNESS — SHIPWRECK — ENGLISH PATRIOTISM — THE WRITER COMMENCES A SCHOOL — NEGRO JACK.

AFTER officiating in New Orleans for about six months, and having received the assurance of a competent support, the

writer returned to Poughkeepsie, New York, for his family. His wife, by much care and the Divine blessing, had suffered but little through the inclemency of the climate, and was able to make a journey to Vermont and New Hampshire, to bid adieu to her relatives and friends. Yet such were her impressions of the shortness of time she had to live, that she consented to leave both her sons at school in Vermont, under the care of their uncle. The elder had been with him already for several years; but in consenting to part with the younger, (whom, in packing up his clothes in Poughkeepsie, she expected to take with her to the southward,) the pang was great. This whole plan, with the scene now alluded to, was exceedingly affecting to the writer. It seemed, however, for the best, that the health of the children should not be endangered by the means taken to prolong the life of the parent. The boys, therefore, were commended to God, and the care of the best of men, in the person of a beloved uncle, for their education, and the father and mother tore themselves from their warm and tearful embraces.

It was on the first day of September, 1806, the warmest day ever noticed, when the writer, with his beloved wife, wound his way under the hills by the side of that beautiful stream, White river, on his way through Hanover, the site of Dartmouth college, and thence, through the evergreen woods and rocks, to Hopkinton, New Hampshire. Here he baptized his nephews, the sons of B—— C——, and thence proceeded to Boston. At a sweet little village, a short day's ride before he came to Haverhill, on Merrimack river, he stopped for the night; and here it was that his wife was seized with one of those seemingly fatal symptoms of her complaint, a copious bleeding from the lungs. A Doctor Kitteredge was called, and by his skill gave instantaneous relief. If this excellent gentleman be yet alive, let him be hereby assured that his kindness has never been forgotten. What a blessed profession that must be which imitates the Saviour of a sick and a dying world, in doing good and healing the wounds of our afflicted nature!

The writer's stay at Boston was but short; he was, however, present at the meeting of the *Johnsonian club*, where the

learned and men of genius assembled, as did Goldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds, to hear the wise sayings of the great moralist and master of our language. They met then at the house of Judge Dawes; and there he saw the Elliots, the Dexters, and the Warrens of the day, most amiable in their manners and learned in their converse. These ornaments of their country are now nearly all passed off the stage of life. Whether their places be supplied by men of equal moral worth, others must judge.

The first autumnal month had passed before the writer, with his invalid companion, could reach New York, whither he had ordered all his goods, and where he expected to embark for New Orleans. The brig *Friendship*, whose captain, Don, had shown him great civilities in returning from New Orleans, had been selected to convey his family thither; but on his arrival at that port, she was found to have *cleared*, and all ready for sea, and none of the goods could go on board; they were, consequently, left to come out by the next vessel up for that place, the brig *Polly Eliza*. This circumstance is mentioned here for the reason of the loss of that vessel and all its cargo, as will be related hereafter. Had the writer missed the opportunity of carrying his invalid wife in his arms on board the brig *Friendship*, to all human view, she would have perished. But more of this in its place.

When the *Friendship* set sail, the wind was favorable, but much stronger than was desirable by young sailors. She was, therefore, soon out at sea. The waves ran high, and the vessel, being but small, was quickly and violently agitated. The wind increasing, the writer was prostrated with sea-sickness, and remained during the storm of nearly two days insensible of everything. But how fared his invalid wife during this contention of the mighty elements? Up and doing well on ham, and mustard, and crackers! The bracing benefit of the moist sea air, and the deterring of the sympathies of nature from the lungs to the stomach by the motion of the vessel, are very apparent in certain stages of pulmonary complaints. It was certainly so here. She who lately was so languishing under the effect of that wasting disease, was now on a sudden in fine spirits, able to comfort those who had just

been ministering to her, cheering all around her by her smiles, and ready and alive to admire the wonders of the deep. When the weather grew milder and the vessel approached a warmer climate, how sweet were the moments contrasted with the past! And is not this an emblem of the joys in Paradise? There all will be serene and mild; pain will cease and sickness be no more. A retrospect of past troubles will enhance the enjoyment of present bliss.

The "Hole in the Wall," a great natural curiosity at the south-east end of the island of Abaco, attracts the attention of all young travellers on the ocean. It seems like a grand portail in the wall of a mighty castle, through which vessels, instead of chariots, may pass under the vast incumbent rocks. This, however, is never attempted; for the ships may sail round the head of the mountain, and so behold in a short time both sides of this wonderful excavation. It was a pleasant day when this was effected; but the wind freshening of a sudden at the doubling of the cape, the lady lost her bonnet, and so the further enjoyment of the scene was over till female ingenuity supplied its place.

The island of Abaco is covered principally with that sweet-scented and much valued plant called the geranium, in all its innumerable varieties. Of this the writer was informed by his valued friend Mr. Galbreath, a merchant from London, who had been cast away on its rocky shores. He said he had wandered from one end of it to the other, and found no inhabitant except one lone family, living between two prominent rocks, sheltered by an old tattered portion of a sail, and subsisting on sweet potatoes, and what the man could occasionally bring home from the avails of his occupation, which was that of a *wrecker*. The whole story of Mr. G. was most interesting, and it may not be amiss to record it here as a set-off for the fine-spun but deceptive theories of St. Pierre and others, who have tried to amuse the world with the idea that human nature, without education, is susceptible of refined enjoyments.

Mr. G.'s account was, that he saw in the family above alluded to, a young female grown to maturity, who had never seen any of her sex but her mother. She was not wanting in

natural proportion of person or comeliness of face, but seemed, from mere want of cultivation of intellect, a fool. She would, while sitting in the dirt, try to amuse the company and visitants with the writhings and distortions of her body, and in catching and tormenting a cat, and all this as regardless of modesty as the brute creation. "Never," said he, "shall I cease to shudder when calling to mind this disgusting spectacle, nor to be grateful for the blessings of Christian civilization, which has made the difference between this poor, degraded creature and the polished and pious ladies of Europe."

Nothing of consequence is remembered to have occurred in performing the remainder of the voyage to New Orleans, except the merciful continuation of the convalescence of the invalid. By the time we arrived in that city she seemed quite recovered, and the writer commenced his sacred duties under favorable impressions and with flattering prospects. The United States court room in Royal street was obtained and fitted up for a Church, and regular and well-attended services were held there every Sunday. A communion was instituted, and several devout persons of both sexes attended. All this took place while the writer was in lodgings at the house of a friend, every day in expectation of the arrival of the vessel bringing his furniture, library, and other substance.

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#### EXCESSIVE TENDERNESS.

During this period of delay, which was much longer than was expected, there occurred one of the most distressing scenes the writer ever witnessed, and which he would fain cover with the veil of oblivion, did he not deem it his duty to record it, as he did the story of the Highland Scotchman, to enforce the warning advice to all who find in themselves a tendency to excess of passion, even in the exercise of the more amiable affections, to beware how they give way to their unbridled indulgence, and constantly and habitually implore, through the intercession of Jesus Christ, the *grace of God*, without which poor human nature has no strength.

The host and hostess of the writer were esteemed by all who knew them as among the best of people;—the former for



his benevolence, integrity, and uncommon sensibility; the latter for her purity, good sense, and Christian loveliness in all the relations of life. They were the parents of two daughters, the younger an infant of exquisite sweetness and beauty. On this child the father lavished all his endearments and seemed to give it all his heart. As all participated in the enjoyment of the fragrance of this sweet rose-bud, the father's extreme fondness was not noticed as anything strange or censurable, till the lovely flower began to fade and give evidence of premature, perhaps hasty, decay and death. It was then that the writer noticed something like lightning in the dark cloud — a species of wildness in his deep melancholy. This was observed also by the grandsire, who was an inmate of the family, and who earnestly entreated the writer to speak to his son, and try to awaken in him a due sense of the duty of submission. He did so, but to no good effect. Selfish sorrow for disappointed love had gone too far, and been too long uncontrolled by the fear of God, to be now restrained. The great first duty of submission to the Almighty Creator's sovereign will could not now begin to be inculcated. As well might the frame of an edifice be raised in a whirlwind. The storm in his breast raged too vehemently to permit him to listen to the voice of duty. Not a word of prayer — no AMEN to the heart-touching collects of the Church for the grace of submission to the will of Heaven. The crisis was awful. The blood rushed from his heart to his head, and (in charity to his soul, it is believed) deprived him of responsibility by dethroning his reason. Hardly had the lovely infant begun the struggles of death, ere the frantic father was seen to dart from the apartment, and as soon return, bearing in his countenance a ghastly look that can never be forgotten. As he strode across the floor he cried in an unearthly voice, "I will follow my child! I will die with my babe!" Too well did the agonized mother comprehend what her frenzied husband had uttered. She also shrieked, and in shrieking said, "He has taken laudanum — the large vial was in my room on the mantle — go and see — see!" It was indeed so. The cork was forced in, and more than three ounces of that fatal drug were gone. Medical assistance, therefore, was of no use,

though exerted to the utmost. The father and his idolized child were laid in one grave.

It would be departing from the object of this memoir to go into the history of the chief sufferer of this tragic scene; but it is due to her memory, and to a just estimate of the efficacy of that religion of which she was a professor, to say that *she never murmured*. She wept, as did her blessed Lord; but, sustained by his grace, she raised continually her meek eyes *above* the rod which chastened her, even to Him who guided it and who inflicted the blow. In her countenance he saw verified the words, "*Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.*" She lived about two years after this melancholy event, when the writer witnessed her triumphant death, and consigned her, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, looking for the general resurrection in the last day, when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Jesus shall rise and be made like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself." And he may truly say of this true history of this excellent woman, — the wife of *Andrew Burk*, — that if there were no other similar, (and there are millions,) this one example of the sovereign power of faith in sustaining the soul in the deepest distress, would commend the religion of Jesus, through whose grace that faith is attained, to all reasonable beings.

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#### SHIPWRECK.

But to return. The writer was anxiously waiting the arrival of the brig *Polly Eliza*, on board of which his goods were to be shipped soon after he left New York. It had now been so long since she was to have sailed, that strong fears, in the absence of all intelligence, were entertained of her being lost, perhaps foundered at sea. It was, he thinks, in the month of March, that the writer was walking on the *Levee*, when a little boy threw himself in his arms. He was clad in the garments which the writer's little son used to wear, and which, from something peculiar in their shape and color, were

immediately recognized, and, what is more, the boy himself had been his pupil when in Poughkeepsie. "Richard Fowler, is this you?—How came you here, and how came you in the garments of my son?" Here the writer recollected that the clothes were boxed up with the other articles from Poughkeepsie, before visiting Vermont, and there determining to leave the children, and the conclusion was irresistible that little Richard F. was one of the passengers of the long-expected vessel. This proved to be the fact. The lad was so affected that he could hardly begin to tell the disasters which had befallen him, ere his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, and six children, Mr. F.'s sister and two daughters, and a Mr. Perry, made their appearance. The meeting with this worthy family, well known to the writer while in Dutchess county, was a mixture of joy and sorrow, occasioning the deepest sympathy; and as the whole story, gathered from Mr. F. and his fellow-passengers in subsequent moments of retirement, is full of incident and providential mercies, and somewhat connected with this memoir, it may not be irrelevant to recite it here.

"Your goods," said Mr. F., "were put on board the brig Polly Eliza with mine, and I felt myself equally the guardian of both. The vessel was a good sea-boat, and we passed the Bahama banks in safety and with much speed. The wind increasing as we drew near Matanzas, the captain expressed fears that the brig, having but a shallow keel, and being made to sail in shoal water, would with difficulty "claw off," unless the gale abated. These sad forebodings were soon realized. As all vessels are obliged, on leaving the Bahama banks, to make directly for the Cuba shore, in order to avoid the force of the Gulf stream, which sets to the northward at the rate of five and six knots an hour, in so doing we found we were too near that island to afford us room to keep clear of the shoals of Point Jacco. The danger was discovered, and found inevitable. In the dead of night the captain came into the cabin, and in no whispering accents told us that he had put the vessel directly before the wind, with her head on shore, and expected she would strike in a few minutes. Hardly were the words out of his mouth before she struck indeed;

and such was the concussion with the hard beach, that most of the children were thrown from their berths. She rose on the wave, struck again, and the third time was fast. Happily for us, the heaviest and most dangerous of the seas did not reach us, being broken by a sand-bank, the point of which we had providentially escaped in running in the vessel. Sea enough, however, was left, soon to break the brig in pieces, yet not so quickly as to prevent the escape of all the crew and passengers, who were lowered into the boat, which, being at the leeward, passed, not however without great danger, several times to the shore, till all were safe.

“Nothing can exceed the joy experienced on this dark night, when, calling for my babes, sister and nieces, I found them all to answer to their names. But what now was to be done for shelter or even for clothing? The children had nothing about them but their night-clothes, and the ladies were in little better plight. O, sir,” continued Mr. F., “had it not been for the clothing which you had put up in tight and light boxes, and for the food, the keg of buckwheat meal, and another of corned beef, and a barrel of hams, which you had laid in for your winter stores in New Orleans, we all should have perished. These boxes and casks came in, being driven on shore by the wind, one after the other, day after day, and thus afforded us subsistence.

“The place where we were was an *island beach* of sand, out far from shore, and that shore so beaten upon and bold as to forbid the landing of the boat. With the spars rescued from the wreck, we hoisted a signal of distress, and, with others, put up a frame, making a rude shelter with the sails of the vessel. In this we made apartments for the ladies and beds for the children, so that in a few days we were comfortably fixed. But it was a gloomy prospect at best, from which the hand of God only could, as it did, relieve us.

“But before I relate to you how we were most mercifully visited by a vessel, which took us off and carried us to Havana, one circumstance demands particular notice, as it cheered the aching bosom of an Englishman. When we left New York, all were foreboding the downfall of my native

country.\* The whole world is combined against her, and the Corsican is everywhere successful, and they say, England must fall, England must fall! But England is not down yet," said he; "and I'll tell you what makes me think she will survive and rise above all her troubles. Do you wish to hear what became of your pair of globes, which you had boxed up with such care? This box had, by some flaw of wind, been driven out at sea, and it was some time before it came so near as to be taken, as many other things were, by persons standing on the beach. At length it approached, and by little and little it came within our reach. On breaking the box we found the water had filled the open space, and had remained there so long that the whole seemed a mass of pulp. No traces of continents, countries, or islands appeared; all was obliterated by the softening action of the water. One lone exception — little Old England!" — and here Mr. F. rose as if rapt in ecstasy by the joyous thought: "Little Old England rose as a bright star from chaos! My country! O my country! God will preserve thee!" There was so much patriotism mingled with piety, and the appearance of providential help afforded in deep distress, in this whole story, that the writer could not forbear giving it a place in this memoir.

The rest of the history of Mr. F. and family was but a detail of ordinary difficulties in being taken off the Point Jacco and carried to Havana by the Cuba wreckers, and in staying a long time in that city for a passage to New Orleans. One circumstance is worth relating, as evincing the fact of there being some sense of a merciful Providence even in the breasts of Spanish wreckers. "These rude and prowling people," said Mr. F., "when they had learned that none had perished, though driven on shore in the gale, inquired how it happened. 'The vessel just doubled the cape of sand which warded off the main breaker,' replied one of the hands, who spoke Spanish. 'And who told you of that channel?' asked they. 'There being no answer given to so strange a question, they

\*The reader is referred to the history of the war between France and England in the year 1806. Bonaparte was then carrying all before him, and an invasion was daily expected.

replied to it themselves—' *It was Jesus Christ* who led you through it, and thus saved your lives.' ”

Mr. Fowler had other funds, with which he purchased a plantation in West Florida, on which the family moved in due time and enjoyed many comforts. But the writer in the late disaster had lost his all. His library, globes and maps, his bedding, clothing, furniture and stores—all were gone;—his purse empty and his salary quite anticipated in expensive lodgings; no resources from abroad, nor in the land from which he came; for at that time there were no benevolent societies nor generous missionary spirit to lift up the drooping hands and strengthen the feeble knees. Under God he had to depend on himself and his own exertions.

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#### NEGRO JACK.

A school being much wanted among the Protestants, the writer hired a small house a short distance below the town, borrowed money of his friends to commence housekeeping, and began to receive pupils. In this undertaking the greatest difficulty that presented itself was the want of domestic servants. Where all are owners of slaves, no man can keep house without them. He must own them himself, or hire those belonging to others. The latter expedient was tried by the writer, both from inclination and for the want of means to purchase, but it was found impracticable. No one would hire out good servants; and those of a different character were not worth having. To borrow money and purchase was the only way left, except to give up and quit the country.

At this juncture the writer possessed the friendship of Dr. Robert Dow, afterwards one of the wardens of his Church. He was a native of Scotland, and had been long and most esteemed in New Orleans and throughout the country. Uniting the kindness of the best of friends with the character of a family physician, he saw the difficulty, and advised an immediate application to the bank for funds, which would soon be repaid by the avails of the school.

In following this advice, a slave presented himself of peculiar qualities. His name was JACK, and his age about nine-

teen. He said he was from Baltimore; that his master had met with misfortunes, and was unable to keep him in decent clothes, (for he was very poorly clad;) but that, if the writer would buy him, he would serve him faithfully and be grateful for a decent and quiet home, to which, till his removal hither, he had been accustomed. His master was consulted, who confirmed what the lad had said, and the purchase of the slave was soon completed by the payment of five hundred dollars. This event took place in the year 1807, which date, for reasons which will appear in the course of this narrative, ought to be remembered. The slave being put in good clothes as a house servant, soon became noted for his manly yet modest deportment, and waited in the family for about three months, when he shipped himself on board the *Thomas Jefferson*, just ready to sail for Liverpool — went with a fair wind and swift current down the river, and out to sea — and the writer never saw him more.

And here a few reflections suggest themselves. The first is, that all the events of our lives, being under the superintending direction and care of an Almighty and infinitely wise Creator and Judge, who will make all things work together for his own honor, the utter folly of complaining and fretting at his providence must be apparent. And yet who is exempt from this folly! The writer at that time thought it peculiarly unfortunate, hard pressed as he was, on all hands, for means to get on, and do his duty in that expensive place, *to be so deceived by a slave*. Little did he think how mature reflection on the evils of slavery would heal the wound; and above all, how this event, insignificant in itself, might, in his subsequent life, raise him from deep distress, and be the means, in the hand of God, of greatly benefiting his Church, in founding an important institution of religion and learning.

But to return. The school increased, and, for greater facility in the attendance of pupils, proposals were made for moving into town. But before this took place, an excursion was suggested by a dear friend, across the lakes Pontchartrain and Maurepas, for health, after the confinement of school-keeping and public duties. In relating the incidents of this trip, the writer feels some diffidence, as it was aside and apart from the

path of professional duty. As such he reflects upon it with feelings of regret and sorrow; though the merciful dealings of Providence, in saving his life and that of those with him, are remembered with the most heartfelt gratitude.

The design was to visit Bookter's spring, a fountain of water boiling from the earth;—a rare object to look upon among such as dwell upon the banks of the Mississippi, in southern latitudes. Few who are accustomed from their infancy to drink of the pure stream gushing from the living rock, can at once content themselves to quench their thirst always with the muddy water of the great Mississippi: for even though clarified by filtration or other means, it wants the ideal blessedness of flowing immediately from the hand of our Heavenly Father, through the kind bosom of our Mother Earth.



## CHAPTER IX.

### A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

It was in the month of May, 1808, when, according to a previous arrangement, the writer, with one hired servant, named Jim, called on his friend, Captain W— C—, in the city of New Orleans, to bear him company in a short excursion across the lakes to Bookter's spring, which was said to be some short distance from Tickfah river, which empties itself into Maurepas lake. Capt. C. said he had just received a letter from Mr. D—, who lived on Bayou Barbara, some distance up the Amite river, in which Mr. D— requested him to bring with him his servant, then waiting in the city for an opportunity of coming to his master. "This circumstance," said he, "will afford company for Jim, and serve to lighten his burden of duty in waiting on us." Taking all things necessary to make us comfortable, even though we were to find no houses of entertainment, such as a tent, cooking utensils and provisions, we proceeded to the lake through Bayou St. Johns.



The post of that name at the mouth of the Bayou was in the keeping of the American officers, who treated us with great civility, as did the captains of the gun-boats which lay off in the lake. With these warm-hearted gentlemen, we passed the night on the peaceful bosom of that charming sheet of salt water, being a part of the gulf of Mexico. The white sand at the bottom makes it perfectly transparent. It abounds with fish of the finest quality, particularly the sheepshead, which are transported alive up the Bayou to New Orleans market, and sold at a lower rate than in any of the northern states. Thus benevolent is the hand of Providence to this great city, situated more than an hundred miles above the mouth of the father of waters.

Soon after breakfast we went on board of a small schooner to Rome, a little place just beginning to rear its head on the Tickfah river, a few miles, say ten or twelve, from its mouth. A fine wind soon carried us through the pass into the lake Maurepas, and thence to the mouth of the river. Its water was deep and black, and overhung with the boughs of the cypress trees, which were loaded with long moss of a gray color, and hanging even from the topmost limbs. We were amused, in making the vessel fast alongside the muscle-shoal banks, by pulling down the vast sheets of moss that overshadowed us. The fact is almost incredible by those who have never seen it. It seems strange that a vegetable substance should grow from the tops of trees forty and fifty feet high, nourished only by the moisture of the atmosphere,\* and be of a strength sufficient not only to sustain itself, but the weight of several hanging on it. This was proven by experiment. By winding together a mass of it, we could, but with much difficulty, pull it down; and when it did come, it brought many limbs of the tree with it, in all sufficient to

\* This same species of plant (may it not be called the *epidendron*, or *flos aris* of *America*?) is found in great abundance on the rich grounds of Illinois, only in a more humble form. About midsummer there appears a bright, almost reddish yellow vine, of the size of a small wire, spreading itself on the top of the large and thick weeds. This vine increases not in size, but in the number of its branches, till there appears a mass, for many yards around, resembling a web of cloth. On examination, these vines are found never to spring from the ground; but the commencement is a twist or quirl of the vine round the stem of a weed, a foot or more from the ground, resembling the worm of a cork-screw, with the wire broken short off.

cover the deck of the schooner. This is the vegetable that proves, when the bark is rotted off the fibre, so extensive and useful an article of commerce for upholsterers. Its fibre is strong, and almost equal to the best of animal hair.

Rome had but few cabins in it, and these were of so uncomfortable an aspect as to make us prefer the conveniences of our tent, which we pitched near the banks of the river. As the vessel proceeded no further up, our object was to make inquiry as to other means of getting to Bookter's spring, which we found was at a greater distance than we expected. While waiting, some persons called in to see us, and among the rest a Mr. J——, who, as he will prove a prominent character in the *dramatis personæ* of the following distressing narrative, some attempt will be made to describe him.

First, his personal appearance; and secondly, some of his moral qualities. Imagine a man five feet six inches in height, small black eyes rather depressed between prominent eyebrows, high cheek-bones covered with a good share of flesh, and fine skin as red as a blaze, evidently occasioned by frequent potations of ardent spirits; his neck rather short, around which was tied a black silk kerchief, pretty well adjusted after recent use of the razor; a blue roundabout, of tolerably fine wool and texture, thickly studded with small yellow buttons; a pair of pantaloons of the same, and similarly trimmed; his shoulders broad, but rather stooping; his manners indicating both obtrusiveness and affected civility—attempting much respect for those whom he would address, yet anxious to make an impression of his own consequence at every favorable turn of the conversation. He talked very fast, and evidently would do so all the time, were it not that he must listen to gratify his own curiosity as to who you were, what your business, whither you were going, when to return, and, above all, to settle the important point whether you could be induced either to buy some of the lands of which he was the agent, or to recommend their good qualities so as to induce others to do so. He seemed to take great pleasure in mentioning his connection with great men, such as Daniel Clark, who had possessed himself of so much lands in the time of the Spaniards, and Mr. M'D——, to whom the said Daniel had

given so much of his lands, of which this Mr. J—— had become part owner and principal agent.

Just as he had finished one of these long sentences of self-recommendation and panegyric on his lands, Mr. D—— approached in his hunting-shirt and with his rifle gun. He had come across from Bayou Barbara, eight or ten miles distant, in quest of some provisions. The meeting with Capt. W. C—— was rather fortunate, as the servant was transferred from one to the other without any further trouble. "But whither are you going?" said Mr. D—— to Capt. W. C——. On learning our destination he smiled and shook his head, while he intimated that little pleasure might be expected from the jaunt. Alas! how wise we are to discover the wrong courses of others in the pursuit of happiness, yet how blind to the tendency of our own! The truth of this will soon be seen.

"You will have no satisfaction," continued Mr. D——, "in trying to visit Bookter's spring. Why not go with me to my plantation, the only one fairly begun in all this purchase? Indeed, I am the first settler, and *claim* your company." Capt. W. C—— said he had some business at the spring; but as the means of getting there seemed difficult, he thought that his fellow-traveller (meaning the writer) would find it for his comfort to accept of the invitation, and stay in the neighborhood till his return. This reply gave additional force to Mr. D——'s importunities, and the project of going to Bayou Barbara was assented to; and Mr. J——, hoping to point out some great excellences of his lands, kindly offered to go along himself, with his two horses, to lighten the tediousness of the walk. "I will pilot you," said he, "and by a much nearer way." This proposal was of little consequence, as the distance was not great. "I will go, and by my compass will show you a new and nearer way to Bayou Barbara." This was said with an air of great consequence, and with an evident reliance on his own wisdom and knowledge of the country; so that the thing seemed settled in the mind of Mr. D——, whose uncommonly prepossessing appearance made the project to which *he* should assent agreeable to all others. This gentleman was a native of North Carolina, well educated,

and a member of the Episcopal Church. Under such circumstances it is not strange that the writer should feel himself honored in being the first visitor and tasting the first hospitalities at the Bayou Barbara plantation. Accordingly the plan was arranged and the order of march taken up. First came Mr. J—— on horseback, with a bag of Indian meal under him, and his compass in his hand; then followed the servant man of Mr. D——, with a ham on one shoulder and an axe on the other; then the hired yellow man Jim, with a blanket, a large tin cup, knife and hatchet, and flint and spunk to strike fire.

This is mentioned for reasons which will appear afterwards. Jim, though the slave of another, was not wanting in natural understanding, or in powers of keen discernment. From the boasting conduct of Mr. J——, and from his proposing to go some *new way*, he suspected his designs were to show the quality of his lands, and in so doing lead the whole party into some dismal predicament. Whatever regularity there might be in this train of thought, one thing is certain—he had prepared for the worst. The rear was brought up by the writer on horseback, enjoying the pleasing conversation of Mr. D——, who was in high spirits, walking with his rifle on his shoulder.

If the reflecting reader would take a birdseye view of this imperfect description of the scenes of the morning, connecting them with the events of the tour, as they will be faithfully related, he will see an exact resemblance of human life. The whole comports so precisely with the history of the writer, that he notes it with melancholy pleasure. The morning had been spent in ideal plans of earthly comfort, blindly confiding in the boastful pretensions of others, as having in themselves the resources necessary to ensure success, regardless of the Power who alone can direct our steps and crown us with his blessing. Thus far is represented infancy and childhood. The time (about 9 A. M.) in our present narrative, represents youth opening on us in brilliant hopes, anxious preparations, and busy arrangements for future progress; God smiling on us, though we are regardless of him; the air mild and the sky serene; and the bright and genial sun giving beauty to every

object, vigor to every plant, and fragrance to every flower. Let every old man, like the writer, take a retrospect of his days of childhood and youth, and behold the resemblance! How far it will hold between his whole life and the events of this short tour for pleasure, the reader will judge when all the numbers of these Reminiscences shall have been published.

Our guide, Mr. J——, went fearlessly onward, all the company following in mute obedience; for the action of the lungs yielded to the rapid motion of the limbs. At length fatigue brought on thirst, and this must be quenched with water, which everywhere abounded, a copious rain, a few days before, having saturated the earth. About this time of stopping to drink, not far from noon, we passed a ravine, which, though not deep, was somewhat singular in so level a country. Whether Mr. D—— observed it at the time or not, the writer does not remember; but he frequently said that we had gone far enough to have passed the Bayou Barbara. Whenever he did so, Mr. J—— laughed him to scorn, and obtruded his own self-confident opinions and bold assertions with so much force, and mingled with such contempt of the privilege to think in others, that poor Mr. D—— seemed to quail and give up all right to judge for himself.

These were the first moments of pain in the bosom of the writer. But what did they avail? Mr. J—— was always with his compass ahead, calling out, "Come on; here's the course; we shall soon be there." Thus the whole day was spent. The cloud, which for some time had covered from our view the progress of the sun, could now no longer deceive us with the fond hope that he yet lingered in the skies. Night came on, and spread its sable mantle on all around us. "We can go no further," was the cry. "Here is water, and a dry place on the fallen leaves of last year on which to repose ourselves for the night." All threw down their burdens: the horses were "spanceled:"\* Jim struck fire from "the faithful flint," (for loco focos were not then invented;) and, assisted by Mr. D——'s servant, soon collected dry limbs of trees, when a cheerful fire "beat back the darkness," which so soon after sundown in this latitude (31° north) "comes

\* A word commonly used to signify the tying of the fore legs together.

pouring on." We all looked upon each other with silent astonishment, Mr. J—— excepted, whose mouth now was indeed open and pouring forth a flood of *excuses without concessions*. The difficulty with him was to preserve the character he had assumed as the most sagacious of men, while duly accounting for the blunders he had made through conceit or design, neither of which, for the whole world, would he have imputed to him. He yet "knew all about it, and would rectify all things in the morning, bringing us all in a few minutes to the place where we would be." This was urged with so much earnestness and confidence, that at the end of his several harangues, (and they were frequent,) he would pretend to listen and actually hear the dog bark, or the servants laugh, that belonged to the Bayou Barbara plantation. As no one answered him a word, he seemed to think his point was gained, and "growled himself into something like repose."

"But what are we to do for bread?" said one of the company, as one of the servants was cutting the ham. "Jim is providing for that," said Mr. D——; "look at him." Conscious that every one should be assured of the neatness,—say rather cleanliness,—with which his food is prepared, Jim had taken the precaution to roll up his sleeves and wash his hands in the face of all the company, and then to cleanse his tin cup, fill it with meal, and wet the same with pure water. He then plucked the largest leaves of the magnolia trees, which grow in that region in abundance, and laying on the ground several of them, the one atop of the other, he turned his cup of wetted meal on them. The leaves were then drawn around and others added, and the whole buried in the fire of coals, and dry wood heaped over. The time of keeping this in baking was about an hour, when the fire was dashed aside, and the cake taken out. The innermost leaves, by reason of the steam from the wetted meal, were not even scorched, and when peeled off by the skilful hand of Jim, the pure bread appeared most inviting, and greatly to be desired, by reason of its uncommon fragrance, a quality peculiar to bread from Indian corn. It need not be said how grateful was this food, in connection with broiled ham, to the fasting appetites of the

wearied company. Even Mr. J—— seemed to forget that he was commander-in-chief of the little army, and partook, in common with the less worthy, of the delicious food.

Jim's fidelity and expertness in his way had, before we began to think of it, provided a comfortable place of repose for the night. Some stakes were stuck in the ground, transverse pieces were laid across them, and branches of trees in full foliage covered all, and hung down on all sides but that towards the fire. Thus everything seemed to promise comfort but the mosquitoes. To obviate this difficulty, the preparation of much moist fuel was made, and the smoke rolled round us in volumes. The night was spent with our feet to the fire, a salutary precaution to all those who happen to be similarly situated, according to the sententious adage of Boerhaave, "Keep your head cool and your feet warm."

The dawn of the morning was ushered in accompanied with the shrill voice and boastful language of Mr. J——. He addressed himself chiefly to Mr. D——, who, under the powerful effects of his oratory, seemed to lose all command of himself. The company arose, and feeling feverish, with little appetite for an early breakfast, the camp was soon broken up, and Mr. J—— on horseback called out for all to follow him. They obeyed; for how could it be otherwise? He had the compass, the two horses were his, and Mr. D—— was under his control even to infatuation, being entirely bewildered. The open woods began to be covered with briars of the most obstructing and pain-giving qualities. These catching in our clothes, tore them in pieces; and the naked skin being in many places exposed, the trickling blood began to show that we were all in most piteous plight. The only thing that comforted us was the frequent opportunities afforded to soothe our parched mouths with the delicious berries which grew on our annoying enemy, the briars.

It will be recollected that it was in the month of May when these events occurred, and thus early do these blackberries come to perfection in West Florida. That they are nourishing, as well as pleasant to the taste, is not questioned; but it is their aperient quality which rendered them of most providential benefit to us in the case in question, for without this,

a fever, doubtless, would have followed our most violent exercise and exposed condition. How evidently doth the good Being who ruleth our destinies watch over us in mercy, making the very thorns that wound us the instruments of our health!

But why was there no halting this day for consultation? Answer: There were frequent attempts this way by the writer with Mr. D——, but to little purpose. His reply was, that he was "lost," and that Mr. J—— had the compass and was the commander-in-chief, and knew the country better than he did, especially now in a bewildered state, and that we ought to trust all to him. At this, which was frequently said, Jim seemed much distressed, but said nothing. Thus, after eating a morsel, the day rolled on through a sea of incessant pain and trouble, and not even a star of hope to cheer us. It was past three o'clock when we came to a windfall of trees, where we had to jump our horses over some large logs, situated in moist ground, thus making a track with their feet plain to be seen,—a circumstance that was shortly of great service.

From this place we went forty or fifty rods, and came into open ground, made so by a late fire burning off the brush and briars. Here, fatigued and in evident despair, poor Mr. D—— sat himself down, as did also the servants. Mr. J—— all on a sudden mounted his horse and rode off to the right in full speed, in search, he said, of *Cow Bluff*. What and where this place was, no one could tell; but the flourish was evidently intended to keep up, in the minds of the party, the idea of his own consequence as to a knowledge of the country, and his ability still to conduct their destinies. Vain effort! The writer saw the time had come in which to determine for life or death. He had made himself just before the keeper of the compass for a short period, and this he was determined not to surrender. To seize the property of another, and to detain it contrary to his will, is confessedly wrong: at the same time, life is dear, and the consciousness that by so doing he might save, not only himself, but the lives of all the rest, convinced him that he should obey the spirit and not the letter of the law—to save and not to destroy. But before



any good could easily result from a determination of this kind, it was evidently 'necessary that the confidence of Mr. D—— should be won. How this could be effected, when he seemed so completely the dupe of Mr. J——, did not as yet appear; but what man could not achieve, the good providence of God effected, and that very shortly.

The writer's coat was torn almost to rags; but the pockets, being of strong, coarse linen, remained entire, and in them was found a pocket-book containing, folded up, a sheet of paper and a pencil. This circumstance was of most signal use at this juncture; for with these materials he delineated, from memory, a map embracing the country in which we were so unhappily bewildered, as the same was connected with parts adjacent, and particularly the rivers Amite and Tickfah, somewhere between which we were then wandering. In laying down the Bayou Barbara, the writer asked several questions of Mr. D—— as to the direction it came from before it reached the neighborhood of his plantation, all of which he answered with complacency, and then appealed to him and to the memory of the servants as to the points of compass we had from time to time steered, or seemed to steer, and the distances we had travelled during the time of each direction. All this was marked down rapidly on the map. The whole made but a sad figure, resulting in the fact that we had come above thirty miles from Rome, and had passed the source of Bayou Barbara nearly twenty miles behind us. This could not be credited by Mr. D——, and yet he gazed upon it with eager attention. "Is it so?" said he. "Yes," said the writer, "and the only way of extricating ourselves is to steer directly for the Amite river, not turning our course till we are on its banks, and then descending it, reach your plantation before we perish." To the correctness of this plan he seemed for a moment to assent, and at this Jim leaped for joy.

Just at this point of time Mr. J—— appeared, flushed with new confidence in the correctness of his opinions, and immediately proposed a course of march directly contrary to that fixed on by the writer. He now *knew* where we were, and by following him, we should soon be extricated from all our difficulties. "Mr. J——, will you be kind enough to cast

your eyes on this map?" He did so, but said abruptly that he had no confidence in it. "The way you propose to go," he added, "would be the way we came, and to proceed in it would carry us back again into all the difficulties from which we have just escaped." "Not so," said the writer, "for we came from that direction," pointing to the fallen trees over which we had just jumped our horses. This he flatly denied; so the matter was brought to an issue, and the whole question was to be settled by an appeal to our senses.

Solely from the wish to settle Mr. D——'s distracted mind, was it urged by the writer that we should all go to the place where we had leaped our horses; and yet, while on the way thither, he pleaded fatigue and sat down, saying he had no doubt Mr. J—— was right, and that he would trust himself to him without examination. Stung to the heart by this failure, the writer insisted that Mr. J—— should accompany him. Arriving at the spot, there were plainly to be seen not only the prints of the horses' tracks, but those of the travellers on foot. "Are you now convinced I was right and you wrong in your assertion?" said the writer. He replied, "Yes." Then said the writer, "Will you own to Mr. D—— that you have been mistaken?" "No," was the reply. "You *must* do so." "I will never own myself to be in the wrong!" — and here followed language too unbecoming to be recorded in this memoir. It was filled with profane vainboasting and abusive epithets. Passion even to madness seemed to shake the frame of this wretched man. Happily no blows were necessary, though an *expectation* of immediate chastisement only brought him to reason. In a moment he cooled down, said he had been in the wrong and would tell Mr. D—— so, and that he was willing the writer should carry the compass and direct the course of the march. This promise he fulfilled on returning to Mr. D——, who now began to be himself again. Jim, whose life was doubtless as dear to him as was ours to us, was evidently much pleased, and became more cheerful and attentive to his duties.

But as we were all to live or die together, it was reasonable that all should know the plan of proceeding and the exact point we were to steer to gain the Amite river, that all might

coöperate in pursuing steadily one course, veering neither to the right hand nor to the left. It was now about 5 P. M., and time enough was left to travel some miles before dark. We set off with renovated spirits, though somewhat faint with hunger. The briars soon became less and less annoying, and before dark we struck into a thick wood. As it began to be dark, thunder was heard and the clouds thickened. We immediately halted, and a brisk fire was kindled; after which both servants went cheerily to work in peeling large sheets of bark from the trees, to shield us from the expected rain. The trees were generally more than two feet in diameter; of course the bark, if kept entire, was six feet wide and upwards, and rather more in length, as the person could reach some eighteen inches above his head in cutting the upper circle, and needed to cut the lower end only about twelve or fourteen inches from the ground. Jim was an adept at this business, and it was astonishing to see how neatly he would bring off the expansive sheets of bark to make our shelter.

At this place we scraped the bone of our ham, and baked a little meal. Jim doubled his assiduities in keeping off the musquitoes. The rain did not fall in so great quantities as expected by reason of the loud and long thunder, and we rose in the morning dry and refreshed. How good is God, in judgment, to remember mercy! The morning dawned and we pursued our way. About seven o'clock we fell in with a track of a human being, and it was particularly gratifying that this cheering index pointed very nearly the same way we were steering, varying only one point and a half of the compass on which we had fixed, and from which we had determined not to depart. Observing this, a consultation was held, and all were agreed to follow the Indian track. A rapid pace for a short time brought us to an encampment of the natives of our land. All were gone, but evident signs were seen of their having passed the night there, their fires being still burning. The whole was an object of curiosity.

The country being flat, and subject in rainy seasons to dampness and standing water, the Indians had obviated the difficulty by raising the earth a little, say three or four feet, in a circular form, the diameter of which we judged to be between

thirty and forty feet. This mound was indented in the middle like a dish, in the centre of which was the fire and a large heap of ashes. Around this fire, and within the periphery of the highest part of the mound, the Indians, evidently, were wont to repose, the feet inward and lowest, and their heads outward and highest, yet not so high as to reach the highest part of the circumjacent earth. This indicated skill in providing against the moisture from beneath, and the cold wind from without, next akin, and a small degree below, that which raises a wigwam. Too lazy to reach the latter, their ancestors, at least, had kept to the former degree of providing for the necessities of man.

What assured us of the antiquity of this encampment and this rude way of securing comfort was, the magnitude of the trees standing on the mound. Indeed, the mound appeared to have been made before there were any trees—when the whole country was a vast prairie, open to the keen blast of the wind from every quarter, and this supposed fact may account for the elevation of the periphery just described; for there was no difference in the size of the timber, whether off or on the mound; all, evidently, had begun to grow at the same period of time. The vast quantities of fragments, both of bones, and skins, and hair of animals, indicated the long residence of this little tribe or family of Indians in this lone place, far removed from any white man's settlement. Those of hogs were particularly noticeable; which circumstance convinces the writer that this species of animals run wild in greater abundance in this latitude than is generally believed. Even further northward this sometimes takes place, being fully able to defend themselves against the rapacity of the wolf and bear, their natural enemies; and here, in the warmer regions, they must increase both in numbers and strength.

At this lonely encampment, evidently so long occupied by the natives, we ate a little of the remaining meal, and set our compass according to our previous resolution. The Indian path of egress was nearly opposite that by which we had entered the camp, and led in the same direction we were steering. This was cheering, but we had not travelled far before it turned short to the left. However enticing this well-

beaten path seemed to a company of lost travellers, yet it did not cause the least deviation from our course, which, being faithfully kept, brought us in a few miles to an open field, evidently once enclosed and cultivated. The place where the house had stood was plainly discernible. It was situate on the margin of a dark, deep water. The plum trees were growing all around, and many of the materials of which the house had been built (all of cypress, the most lasting wood) were still in being, though much decayed, and many large spaces of the farm were covered with tender grass, fit pasture for our wearied horses. The river, if it could be called such, was evidently not the Amite, whose waters Mr. D—— knew to be of a different color. Perhaps it might be a branch of that river. It was so overgrown with tall trees, covered with moss and luxuriant foliage, and so winding withal in its course, that we could see but a little way either up or down the stream. By this stream we were stopped in our journey to the Amite, and nothing remained for us but to suppose it led into it, and try to build a raft to float us thither. For this purpose we had recourse to the decayed remains of the cypress house and fence; but soon perceiving they were too porous and imbibed too much water, a kind of *despair* seized the whole company, which led to silent agony of thought and sincere prayer to God.

As a last resort, it was suggested that perhaps we were not so far from some human beings, either civilized or savage, as to prevent our being heard; some signal of distress, therefore, ought to be made. Accordingly the rifle was loaded deep as it would bear, and one of our number appointed to give, immediately after the discharge, the loud *whoop*. This was tried, and, after the third repetition, we all distinctly heard an answer, and this gave reason to hope that relief would come to us. It behooved us, therefore, to wait patiently. It is not in the power of a common mind to conceive the intense anxiety experienced by our little company, during the few long moments which intervened between the last answer of the unknown being and his making his appearance.

At length, from around the point of thick trees, borne along on two short pieces of large logs, tied together with large

hickory withs, came our deliverer. It was with the utmost difficulty he could propel his unwieldy craft through the water, sluggish as was the stream. At length, by the help of the limbs of the overhanging trees, he brought to our landing-place that which was more welcome to us than a vessel laden with the wealth of the Indies.

"What stream is this?" said one of our company. "It is Bayou Cotohel," said the man. "I live on its banks, a piece down, where I heard your gun and whoop, and I should have been here sooner had my canoe been at home. I had nothing left, since my wife has gone to Galveston, but this raft of logs, which some Indians left tied to the shore the other day; so I must needs take it, or not relieve you." "Galveston! your wife gone all the way to Galveston! how far is that from this?" "About ten miles," said he.

Here let the reader cast his eye on the map of Louisiana, and he will have some idea how far we had wandered from the place whence we started, (Rome,) and from the place whither we were going, (Bayou Barbara,) — more than fifty miles, not including the deviations. "Where is the river Amite?" said the writer. "About one mile below my place," replied the man. "Will this raft bear us?" "Yes, I think three of you can get on; the other two can go down a piece to the point, and I will come back and take them also."

We then embarked, and bade adieu to the horses, feeding in the green pasture field. A little current, with our united efforts, soon brought us to the poor man's plantation, when he immediately returned for the servants, who having joined us, we all went up to the house, built like a tent, with poles stuck in the ground, and centring at the top, covered with palmetto leaves. It had no floor, yet the ground answering for one was well compacted and clear of dust, and every article of furniture was in its place. There was a sick child on a bedstead built of canes or large reeds. For this child the mother had gone for medicine. The accommodations were too small for half our company; the day was nearly gone; our kind deliverer said his provisions were nearly exhausted, since his wife, by whom he expected a supply, had overstayed her time of absence. We all looked at each other, and

asked the man how far it was to the next house. "O," said he, "it is not more than a mile, but you'll have to cross or wade a bayou up to your waist, and it is growing dark; but if you'll light each a piece of candle wood, of which I have plenty, and keep close together, holding up your torches, the alligators will be frightened and not touch you." "How far is it across the bayou?" said one of the company. "Not more than forty yards," was the reply. "There are some deep holes, but none above the midriff." This was dismal comfort at best; but there was no alternative. We gave the man the remainder of our meal, received his 'lighted torches, and took up the order of our march. A trail led us to the margin of the bayou. The black waters reflecting the light of our torches, which again was reflected from the impending foliage of huge trees growing all around in the water, showed that indeed the bayou was there, and at the same time sent a thrilling sensation of horror through our frames at the bare thought of our wading through it. Nothing had been experienced of mental agony like this! Yet holding our torches up, we plunged in, as if to dispel terror by temerity. The black water came first to our hips; anon it reached to the breast of the tallest; and now the snorting of the alligators, and the consequent shrieking of the company by way of keeping them from us;—how could such things fail of making a deep impression on the writer's mind?

On passing into the Amite river, we saw the tribe or family of Indians, who that morning had left their camp, as before described. Here they were, men, women, and children, all seated round a recently kindled fire. They immediately gathered round us for powder and shot. Giving them what we had, we bade them adieu, and went forward to Mr. Bowser's. Here we found every means of refreshment necessary—a good supper and a quiet night's rest on beds of the dry husks of Indian corn. In the morning we chartered a canoe, and descended rapidly the Amite river. The rest of the journey to Bayou Barbara, and thence to Rome, may be easily imagined. At the latter place we found the writer's friend, Capt. W——C——. He had returned from Bookter's spring as arranged, and spent his time in much anxiety, approaching

to despair, about us; for he heard frequently from Bayou Barbara, where neither Mr. D—— nor his friends had been heard of since they started. The news of this was spread, and many had agreed to go the next morning in search of the wanderers. The trouble of so doing was now saved. A change of clothes from the wardrobe brought with us from New Orleans was now peculiarly refreshing, and, an opportunity of crossing the lakes soon offering, we were once more safe in the bosom of our families.

On closing this narrative, the writer desires to reiterate the assurance, that he would not have left it on record but from a desire to publish the undeserved mercy of God, in watching over him for good, and extricating him from difficulties, even when not in the pursuit of his bounden duties. If there is pleasure in acknowledging the long-suffering of our Heavenly Father towards us, when we are wasting our precious time aside from his commandments, how must that pleasure be enhanced when we suffer in performing our duty and doing God's revealed will? The pursuit of health in this excursion was more the ideal than the real motive which led to it; and taking a retrospect, the writer, now that he beholds the whole through the medium of future responsibility, feels a pang of deep regret, which words cannot express.



## CHAPTER X.

SCENES IN NEW ORLEANS — SICKNESS OF THE WRITER — INCREASE OF HIS SCHOOL — LEAVES NEW ORLEANS.

THERE happened one incident more, while the writer lived down the river, three miles from New Orleans, which, as it was long afterwards most shamefully misrepresented by one who lived in a house immediately adjoining, it may not be improper here to state. The facts were these:—Two gentlemen, friendly to the writer, by the name of Leonard, the one a druggist, and the other a commission merchant, lived in New



Orleans. The former came one morning from town and said that his brother, having received the consignment of a large cargo of negroes just from the slave coast in Africa, felt it his duty to take the best care of them in his power, now the business was thrown, much against his will or expectation, into his hands. Some of them, however, he said, were already in a perishing state, and two of them must die if not immediately removed from the rest and carefully nursed. His object in coming to us was to ask the humane favor of letting them come into our kitchen. The proposal was immediately assented to, and one end of the servants' house became a hospital. By the assiduous and kind nursing afforded through the writer's family, one of these poor fellow-beings was saved from death, but the other, after lingering long, died.

A coffin was made for him by the hired servant, Jim, — a grave was dug at the lower part of an oblong lot of several acres, and the family saw him decently interred, thinking that his soul was as precious in the eyes of his and our great Creator as that of any one else. How this cluster of events could be represented as a sin, and urged as an objection to the consecration of the writer to the office of a Christian Bishop, may appear strange, but will be hereafter shown.

The school was removed to the city, and commenced there under very favorable circumstances. Many from town pressed into it, and not a few came from the country and towns up the river: the Dunbars and Geraults from the Natchez; the Sterlings and the Barrows from Bayou Sara; and the Percys and Evanses from Pinkneyville and Fort Adams; all of the choicest and the best. The Church also flourished, the congregations were large, and the number of the communicants increased.

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As it is foreign from the object of this memoir to give a full and regular history of events as they occurred, but such only as on various accounts made a deep impression on the memory, and may prove useful to others, a few only of this character will now be selected, from what passed while a resident in the city. Take the following as an instance of the fatal effects of long-indulged "*pride and vain-glory.*" The

common term by which this fruit of our natural corruption is known is "*high-mindedness*," being a quick sense of false honor, joined to deliberate and implacable revenge.

A Mr. C—— had been appointed to a lucrative office soon after the cession of Louisiana. The writer had become acquainted with him, and his pious wife, on his first arrival in the country, and soon discovered in him a latent disposition to resent injuries. He would talk of his high sense of honor, and his fixed determination never to brook an insult. "Should any man ever dare, under any circumstances, to strike him, he would lay him dead at his feet." No remonstrance was of any avail in pleading against so dangerous and foolish a principle as this. His deep sense of honor, he said, justified him, and that was sufficient. This man little thought he was then cherishing murder in his soul, and that God, in his holy providence, would, in the very exercise of it, crush him as a moth, and make the viper sting itself to death. All this while, Mr. C——'s fondness for his family was never questioned, and his filial affection for his father was conspicuous; for, on leaving Philadelphia, he had persuaded his father and his step-mother to accompany him to New Orleans, and in some degree to be sharers of his fortune. For them also he had hired a decent house and chosen a good stand for business, and seemed happy to see them well settled in green old age about him.

Unhappily this couple, notwithstanding all that had been done in setting them up in comfortable business, were not agreed among themselves. The lady, step-mother to young Mr. C——, who kept the shop, though always most respectful to the patron, was not always so to his father, her husband. This was resented, and matters sometimes came to an unhappy issue, even personal, corporal contention. This course of things (for it got whispered round) being considered disgraceful to his family, was decidedly reprobated by Mr. C——; and as he was virtually the head of the whole establishment, he gave out his command with much authority, that there should be no more contention between his father and step-mother. This formal prohibition, coming from *him*, he thought, would quiet every rising storm, and keep the moral

atmosphere in his father's dwelling always calm and serene. Deceived man! little did he think that the flame of pride and revenge which burned in his own bosom was still unextinguished in the heart of his father, and without the grace of God neither could be controlled.

It happened one day that, going unexpectedly into his father's house, he was witness to a most unpleasant scene of personal strife between his step-mother and his father. To prevent its continuance, he threw himself instantly between the combatants, and putting them asunder with both his arms, turned upon each the frown of his displeasure. The sense of dependence in the father was forgotten. The smothered but not suppressed flame now broke forth, and whether the blow was intended for his wife or his son, is uncertain; the fact was, it came full in the face and eyes of young C——. His long-cherished pride now kindled into wrath, and wrath became revenge, and revenge lifted up his hand and arm to deal death—the *long-promised* death to any one who should strike him. The deed of parricide, the dreadful deed, was prevented by the very excess of passion which prompted it; in attempting, with fiend-like rage, to fly on his father, he fell powerless at his feet. The paroxysm of anger had induced a paralysis, of which, in a short time, he died. The writer visited him in his last awful sickness, but saw nothing like penitence or prayer.

All the foregoing facts being considered together, form a beacon of most commanding influence, especially with the rising generation, to avoid the corrupting principles of pride and vain-glory, which, if indulged, lead directly to revenge and murder. Let not the young man say he will stop short of the enormous crime of murder, while he indulges in the principles and passions which lead directly to it. The flame that consumes the edifice or the whole city *was* but a spark, and the serpent's bite is but small at first, but left to itself, the whole frame is infected, and at length reason is dethroned, and madness and death ensue. The principle of revenge, as established by a proud and vain-glorious world, is murder in its nature and essence. As the acorn is the oak, the seed the tree, all it wants is development. At this tree the Christian

religion strikes its first blow, even at the root, by the godlike precept *forgive* "from the heart all offences, even though repeated seventy times seven times."

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One more striking event, while the writer remained in New Orleans, will be given before closing the series.

The HEARTLESSNESS of persons given to the pleasures of the world, is often a subject of just animadversion among serious and reflecting Christians. Yet few persons, who are bred where the mild precepts of the gospel have long influenced the habits of society, can form a just idea of the hardness of heart among those who have given the rein to worldly-mindedness, and made a god of dissipating pleasures. Without the restraining and softening effects of the grace of God through Jesus Christ, the corrupted nature of man seems to stifle the voice even of instinct, and to render the human parent less tender than the brute mother to her young. "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people do not consider."

While we lived "down the coast," two persons, a gentleman and a lady, of genteel appearance, used to pass in their phaeton back and forth often to town. It was Mr. X—— and the widow of his deceased brother. Their object was amusement and pleasure, by attending public balls, the theatre and gaming-tables. They had purchased a plantation some few miles below the city, hired an overseer, and left it to its own productiveness.

In the course of the summer, the writer and his wife were sent for to visit this family in sickness. The mother of Mr. X—— was suffering from the effects of a long-protracted fever, evidently much neglected by her son and daughter-in-law, who were too much taken up with the amusements of the town to stay at their retired home, and minister to the necessities of their venerable, sick, and apparently dying mother. In ordering the means of relief to this aged and very worthy woman, a female slave of uncommon comeliness of person and tenderness of manner was observed. There were also two little girls, the children of the widow, who hung round the sick bed of their suffering grandmother—the eld-

est about twelve years of age, and of attracting sweetness. The lady, old Mrs. X——, recovered from her bed of sickness, and the painful neglects of her pleasure-seeking son and daughter were forgotten and banished from her charitable heart.

Nearly a year after this, the writer was sitting in his study in the city, in Dauphin street. It was late at night, and all was silent as if gone to rest. A gentle rap was heard at the door of the study which communicated with the street. On opening it he discovered a person, poorly clad in a blanket great-coat, standing by the side of a mule attached to a cart, all covered with mud, as if the roads had been very bad after a long rain. The first word uttered was mingled with sobs, and evidently from a female breast, no stranger to grief. "Who are you, and what do you wish, in calling here with your cart at this time of the night?" The poor creature could scarce make her words understood, while she stated that she was the servant of Mr. X——, and that she had seen the writer when her mistress was sick—that she had come to town with the corpse of her dear young mistress, which was now in the cart, and which she begged the writer to receive into his house and to bury in the morning—that her old mistress had been left alone, and her grand-daughter, her dear, little young mistress, had died in her arms—that she was now too ill to come so far up to town—that, being left by her son and daughter, she had no other way but this of getting the corpse buried, and no one to send but her—that if the writer would allow her to carry in her dead young mistress, she would be very thankful, and then if he would bury her in the morning, she would return to the plantation, where she knew her old mistress would be waiting, and would take no rest nor victuals till she came home. Here the sympathetic heart of the poor slave, having restrained its pent-up feelings till her errand was done and her petition finished, now allowed her the luxury of bursting into a flood of refreshing tears.

It need not be stated what was said and done in answer to all this. The lifeless corpse of that innocent young person was received into the study of the writer, and the night was

spent in deep reflection. On the morrow the whole school and many pious neighbors joined in a procession to the grave. In going thither, and while the earth was throwing in and covering from our sight the remains of this sweet creature, the writer looked around for her mother and her uncle, but they were not there: the world's pleasures had unfitted them for a scene like this. No one but a poor slave negress wept over the untimely tomb of one who, if cherished by Christian and not *worldly-minded* parents, might have lived to be a blessing to her family and friends.

It is not expected that this plain narrative will benefit those who are already launched on the stream, and engaged in the whirl around the vortex, of worldly pleasure, but it may not be useless with others. Some there are, especially among the young, on whom this story may have its influence. God, in his mercy, grant that it may, by leading them to avoid the *first steps* to that heartless character here exhibited—public balls, theatres, and gambling-tables—and cultivate the virtues which grow in the shades of domestic retirement, and especially a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price.

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No other incident of moment is recollected to have occurred while the writer lived in Dauphin street, except a severe attack of the yellow fever, incident to that climate, from the fatal effects of which he believes he was saved by a free use of *fixed air* at a critical period of the disease. This was not prescribed by his physician, nor would it have been permitted by his family; but he obtained it through a singular concurrence of domestic circumstances.

The fever that year was unusual in its type, and very fatal in its effects. The patients died mostly at the eleventh day, and very abruptly, with few symptoms of approaching dissolution till they dropped down in the act of walking from the bed to the couch, or in adjusting their clothing. A number who had died thus suddenly that year the writer had consigned to the grave. It was not then strange, that, when he himself was seized with the same complaint, and for ten days, in painfulness and weariness, had suffered its effects, he should

have some apprehensions as to the issue; especially on the eleventh day, when he began to experience in his frame a degree of lassitude and inward sinking of spirits never before imagined. At the time of dining in the family, the writer for a few minutes was left alone; and to get a little fresh air he had made out to crawl from his bed-room to the adjoining apartment, where was a sofa. On this he had for a few moments reposed, when a servant came in for a bottle of porter from a locker.

In carrying it to the dining-room he had to pass the sofa, when the writer sternly bid him stop, draw a cork and get a tumbler. This was instantly obeyed by the stupid servant, without thinking that it was his duty to make the physician, or his mistress, acquainted with so dreadful a mandate. No sooner was one tumbler emptied than another was commanded to be filled. This was followed by the most singular effects;—feelings the most exhilarated—appetite the most keen and voracious, and strength to walk and seek something to eat. In this awkward manner, and with the cadaverous look of a dead man, the writer actually entered the dining-room, sat down, and partook of the food prepared for others. The whole family were agitated, and his wife in tears. A friend, Capt. W. C——, was sent for, and the patient led to bed. The physician also came, but his prescriptions were unnecessary. Balmy sleep had the undisturbed possession of his frame, and when the patient awoke he asked for more porter.

The gentlemen of the healing art may make what use they please of these facts. Being correctly stated, perhaps some good may be deduced from them. Through the kind providence of God, FIXED AIR saved the life of the writer; in like circumstances it *may* do the same to others.

The school increasing, and the consequent want of room, caused the writer to hire the extensive buildings of M. La Branch, situate in Tchoupitoulas street, then on the Levee, in the Faubourg St. Mary, for the rent of which he paid one thousand dollars per annum. Here he spent some of the most laborious, yet perhaps the most useful of his days. While discharging his duty, in the pulpit, in visiting the sick, and in burying the dead, the writer, as he humbly trusts, was laying

the foundation of a Christian and virtuous education in some of the best families in New Orleans and throughout Louisiana. Should any of his pupils ever chance to cast their eyes on this little book, let them be assured that, though the words are written with a hand trembling with age, his *heart* still beats for them with warm affection, and his prayers still ascend to the throne of Grace for blessings on them and their offspring.

In recording this devout wish, fond memory goes back to the last sermon which the writer preached in New Orleans. At the close he finds this address to his beloved pupils and congregation. Speaking to the parents of his scholars, he said—

“ You will allow me to address you in behalf of your children with that sincerity and earnestness which become one who has been both their teacher and pastor. If there is one employment more eminently calculated to endear the welfare of youth to the heart of man than another, it is that which I have enjoyed here among you; and most sincerely can I say it has been deeply appreciated. The children and youth of this congregation are doubly dear to me; and when I look round and recognize their numerous and well-known countenances, it calls to my mind the happy, though toilsome days, that are past; while it sheds o’er my mind a chilling sorrow that they are *so* past as, perhaps, never to be renewed in the sober connections of riper years. The only thing is now to part as we should do;—on my part, certainly, to plead with becoming earnestness, that you do your duty towards these beloved objects of our mutual affections. Formed with imitative natures, they want something now of a commanding character to direct them in the path of life—they want your *good example*. Inexperienced as they are amid the tempting scenes of a wicked world, they want your best counsel; and weak as they are in contending with the enemies of their salvation, they want your constant and fervent prayers. For these they look to you, and all these they require at your hands. The God of their being, their, and your, Father who is in heaven, demands the discharge of these duties at your hands, and for a neglect thereof he will bring you to an awful account. If you, by slighting your children’s education, be the cause of



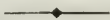
their final misery, you know the penalty—none other than unutterable woe.

“I have now a few words to them, even to you my beloved pupils, and others who have been accustomed to listen to my instructions. Sweet have been the hours I have passed with you, and grateful is my remembrance of them. Many of you have waxed strong, and come from childhood to youth, and from youth to maturity, under my care since in this place. During this period I call you to witness how often and how earnestly I have exhorted you to your duties of piety to God and good will towards men. Let the recollection of these instructions come often to your minds. So far as you find them to accord with the sacred word of God, let them be imprinted on your hearts—bear you company in your walks by day, and follow you to your pillow by night. Remember the sum and substance of your instructions, that religion is the chief thing; that to this the acquisition of every branch of science should aim, and that without this the wisest man, in the eye of his Maker, is but a fool. Thus will you become ornaments of your day and generation—models for others to imitate, and happy when your days shall have terminated. So to do and so to be rewarded, may God grant you a double portion of his spirit through Jesus Christ our Lord.

“It now remains that I say to this congregation in general, what I may never have the opportunity again to say—*‘Finally, my brethren, farewell.’* I go from you; but, wherever I am, I shall remember, to my dying day, your many instances of kindness to me. May God reward you with his choicest blessings. May he build up the walls of Jerusalem which his own right hand hath planted here. May he people this city with Israelites indeed; so that when the great day of accounts shall come, many who come from hence may go into a state of blessedness.”

Thus closed the last scene of the writer's official duties in New Orleans. The chief cause of his returning to the north was the imperious duty of educating his sons left in New England: and it was not among the least of his most pleasing reflections, that the pecuniary competency to this end had been obtained by a faithful discharge of his duty in teaching

others. How the means he had acquired were afterwards employed in educating his sons, in trying to build up the Church of the Redeemer, and in seeking the sheep of his flock in the wilderness, will, if God permit, be related hereafter in these humble Reminiscences.



## CHAPTER XI.

“HE BEGUN IT,” OR THE STORY OF THE BOY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS—RETURNS TO VERMONT—STATE OF THE CHURCH—REMOVES TO HARTFORD—BISHOP JARVIS—ANECDOTE OF BISHOP SEABURY—DAYS OF SUNSHINE.

It will be recollected that the writer of these pages spent a great part of his time in Poughkeepsie and New Orleans in teaching and in training youth in the paths of religion and morality, as well as in those of natural and literary science. In the performance of this arduous duty, he found no greater impediment than the pernicious and obstinate habit of self-justification, into which boys are very apt to fall during the period of social intercourse. Man, having sinned and his nature prone to evil, it cannot be but that offences will come, and difficulties will arise among boys. They will think differently and act differently, and often will they cross each other's path, and be betrayed by the force of passion into words and actions of violence and injustice, which need the correcting hand of a faithful and conscientious teacher. If in such cases the writer could be so happy as to bring the belligerents to self-examination, and to avoid all words of recrimination, the wound was soon healed; better feelings immediately took the place of angry passions, and all was peace again. But this frequently was prevented by that insurmountable spirit of self-justification already mentioned. The boy had been taught from his nurse's arms to show a proper spirit, (as it is improperly termed,) to contend for his own interests, unmindful of the rights of others, and to justify himself by saying, “I did not begin it.”

“Why did you strike your companion, as I saw you do this

day?" would the teacher demand. "By your superior strength or skill, you have injured his person and wounded his feelings." "He begun it, sir; I was but contending in self-defence. My father always told me that, though he forbid me to begin a quarrel, yet I must always fight when insulted. In this case, 'he begun it, sir.'" On examination, it was usually found that this beginning of a quarrel was, at least, a matter of extreme uncertainty. The boy making observations similar to the above was oftener to blame than otherwise. Some rough, unkind behavior, or angry look, or contemptuous word, was manifested, and this it was that "begun it"—that struck from the flinty heart of human nature the fire of resentment.

To cure this evil, so difficult of detection and so hard to remedy, the writer had recourse to various methods, but found none more efficacious than the following. Recollecting to have read in the French language a short story of similar character, he used from time to time to call his pupils together and relate as follows.

In the olden days, when kings kept their chief ministers of state closely confined to their duty, there lived, in the city of Paris, a worthy nobleman, who might be justly styled the pillar of the throne. So necessary were his wise counsels, that the sovereign would not allow his absence from the post of duty, not even for a sufficient time to recruit his own or promote his family's health. He must be always in Paris, or the affairs of the nation would suffer.

The consequence of this confinement within the walls of a densely populated city was, that the French nobleman and lady were so unhappy as to lose in early life several promising children. Thus situated, with what painful feelings would they compare their unhappy lot with that class of people living in the country, who could bring up their children in the full enjoyment of pure air and wholesome exercise, and thus secure the lives and promote the health of their offspring. The lady, as they were riding in the neighborhood of the metropolis, would exclaim, "O that we could have one son, of a well-established natural frame, strong and athletic, like one of these children of the poor but laboring people!" Mou-

seigneur would reply—"We might doubtless be so blessed, if we could do as these poor people do,—bring up our offspring in the country, and feed them on coarse food, as they do, and give them the like exercise."

Such suggestions were not lost on the ear of an anxious mother. After mature and mutual consultation, this worthy pair, "*Monseigneur et Madame sa femme*," agreed that, should it please God to bless them with another son, they would give him the inestimable blessings and advantages just mentioned. In good time their prayers were answered; a fine son was born, and having previously prepared a place for his immediate retreat from the city, they consigned him to the care of a poor but faithful nurse and her honest husband, both the inmates of a mud-walled cottage, or rather hovel, with no article of furniture except that which was absolutely necessary to prepare the simplest food; no mirror on the walls to feed the vanity, and no beds but straw to rest the limbs of these poor but healthy and happy people.

Such were they who were chosen to nurture for a time, as they would their own, the child of the Prime Minister of France. And faithful were they to the injunctions given; they gave him only of their homely fare,—coarse food, and hard but clean and healthy beds.

It was agreed that the parents should be unknown to the child, although their eyes were necessarily on him, till he grew to the age of ten years, when, having secured what they deemed the first great object,—the robust constitution of their child,—they could take him home and begin to form his moral character. Little did they think that this moral character germinates in infancy, and grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength, and that it is already formed ere the child comes to the age of ten years; but this remark is digressing from the story. The child grew and waxed strong; and in this respect the fondest wishes of the parents were gratified. The pure air and the constant exercise which the boy found in playing with the boys in the vicinity gave great vigor to his constitution, and, what might be expected, his mental frame did not lag behind.

As the arm grew strong, the passions grew violent; and as

no restrictions by order of the parents had been laid on the latter, these wielded the former to the great annoyance of the whole neighborhood of boys. The foster-father, for decency's sake, was allowed the privilege to check the young lord whenever he commenced a quarrel, but strictly enjoined not to interfere when he fought in self-defence. To a discerning mind the result was easily visible. The boy had but to fancy himself insulted, and a quarrel was sure to follow. No alteration, however, could be made, unless the principles of action were changed. The boy would listen to no remonstrances. He had been taught, as a first principle, that if the boys "begun it," he must fight; and that they did begin it he was always sure, not reflecting that the very principle is the germ of all quarrels, and brings an everlasting curse in its train.

But the time came which was to behold this promising youth removed from the mud hovel to the splendid parlor. The lad knew nothing, nor had dreamed, of his real parents. All his love and tender regards had centred on his foster parents;—to them he had been accustomed to flee in all his little troubles, and into their bosom he had poured his sorrows, and by their soothing words had he every day been laid to rest on the hard floor of their humble dwelling. This event, the cooling off of his perturbed passions, had generally taken place at the close of his mid-day meal; of course there would be abundance of time to remove him while sleeping, before night, to his father's house.

The soft cushions received him as the strong arm of his foster father and mother bore him from the straw couch and mud-built cottage to the splendid chariot of his noble father. Monseigneur was standing by while this most interesting event took place. How did his heart swell with exultation, when beholding the flushed cheek and blooming countenance of his sleeping child, the heir of his honors and vast estates, and now, for the first time, in the gold-glittering carriage of his ancestors! "Enter with him," said Monseigneur to the humble foster-father, "enter and take care of him, for if he should awake none can pacify him but yourself." They proceeded slowly and silently towards the mansion.

The French have, from earliest years of the arts, been cele-

brated for their taste in furnishing houses with the best and loftiest mirrors; and although at that period they had not attained the extravagance of the present day, yet seldom, even then, an extensive drawing-room in Paris but had its pier-glass reaching from the floor to the lofty ceiling. It commonly stood upright, i. e., precisely perpendicular and at right angles with a level floor, so that those in the room saw themselves reflected exactly as they were, in their relative position, either standing, walking, or any other gesticulation of the frame or expression of the countenance.

Into such a parlor, furnished with one large pier-glass of this kind, was the young nobleman introduced, and laid sleeping on the rich tapis. His figure for his years indicated great strength, and his countenance, sending forth evidences of the most perfect health, and his whole frame, clad as it was in the coarsest manner, afforded the most striking contrast with all about him. There he lay, sleeping sweetly as he used to do in the mud hut of the poor man. How interesting the spectacle! Even to indifferent eyes, most engaging sight! For what heart is there but must be affected at the sight of youth, strength and beauty, we would say also innocence! But can we do this of our corrupt nature till it shall have become, in some measure, renewed by the Holy Spirit, through the atonement of Him who hath purchased us by his blood? Can we say this till our passions shall have been subdued; till our natural branches shall have been cut away by the hand of salutary discipline, and the pure word of God grafted in our hearts, that the fruits of a holy life may manifest our union with him who only is our righteousness?

That this young nobleman had, by a neglect of his education in the particular mentioned, remained in an unrenewed state and in no wise prepared, even as such young persons ought to be prepared, to commence a Christian life, by self-examination, and self-control, and self-denial—by the exercise of modesty and submission to the laws of equity and justice—in a word, that the boy was blind to the rights of others and alive only to the base principle of selfishness, and thus a fit candidate for ruin, may be seen by the sequel of his history.

It was an innocent curiosity in the parents and other friends

of this youth, to have a desire to witness the effect of surprise which he must experience in the sudden transition from a hovel to a palace. It was feared, and perhaps justly, that, on finding himself in company with persons so different from himself in dress and manners, his mind, at least his self-command, would give way, and that he might resign himself to immoderate weeping, or mad resistance. Accordingly the poor man, his foster-father, was invited to linger on the place, and be one of the watchmen at the doors and private entrances of the room where lay the sleeping boy. At this critical moment all was silence and deep attention throughout the mansion; every ear was listening to catch what would be the first waking words of the lad of noble blood.

As he opened his eyes he was observed by the watchers suddenly to turn himself and then jump upon his feet. In doing this he caught a glimpse of his own figure in the glass! It resembled in dress and manners the boys of his own neighborhood with whom he had been accustomed to play. He accosted it in terms of familiar parlance, and then stepped forward for more intimate intercourse. As he did this he smiled, and the figure smiled. He continued therefore to advance, and the figure, as if to meet his advances at acquaintance, came also forward. At this the thought struck him, that there were evidences of too great liberties with a person of his well-known character for prowess and consequence, and as this thought prevailed, he stopped to put himself on his guard. While he did this he looked the figure full in the face, and saw evident marks of displeasure and contempt. He turned to go away himself; but as he did so, he saw the figure look so insultingly and contemptuously, that his whole frame was pierced with feelings of just resentment. I am insulted, said he to himself, and my honor demands that I fight him in self-defence. At this he turned again on the figure, who was prepared with dreadful looks and gestures to meet him blow for blow. They flew together in utmost violence. The mirror was broken into many pieces, and coming down from the wall in fragments, buried the young nobleman under its ruins. At this he screamed immoderately, and all the family, rushing in to his relief, saw the

weeping, spoiled child fly into the bosom of his fond and sympathizing foster-father, and as he did so, vociferating again and again, "He begun it!" "He begun it!"

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RETURNS TO VERMONT — STATE OF THE CHURCH — REMOVES TO HARTFORD.

The parental bosom alone can duly appreciate the pleasure of meeting and embracing two lovely sons, after a separation of more than six years. These, George and Philander, were at school in Randolph, Vermont, under the guardian care and hospitable roof of their beloved uncle, Dudley Chase, and in the neighborhood of their other dear relatives in Bethel. Here their fond parents found them, and enjoyed the luxury of beholding their growth of stature and improvement of mind.

This meeting was in the summer of 1811, and would have been without alloy, but for the melancholy consequences of their having been necessarily deprived of the advantages which the Episcopal Church, in all her primitive ordinances, affords to the young. No one can estimate these but they who know them by contrast.

In Randolph there was no semblance of an Episcopal communion, which, by reading of the Holy Scriptures, rightly divided from the beginning of the year to the end thereof, might imbue the minds of the youth with heavenly knowledge; and in Bethel they had, as yet, no settled shepherd to feed the little flock. The result was obvious: the young lambs of Christ's fold were neglected, and suffered to wander in strange pastures, and become the prey of infidels who always stand ready to devour.

This general ignorance among the younger classes of society was seized on by various classes of infidels in Vermont, and great was their success about the period in which the writer arrived from the south, — 1811. They concealed their designs with the cloak of great zeal, and were observed to effect their purpose by means quite incongruous.

Nothing could be more distressing to the writer than to find they had gained over to them some of those whom, when visiting Vermont since in orders, he had baptized unto the faith



and Church of God. A melancholy instance of the danger of leaving the lambs of Christ among wolves.

The writer spent several weeks in Bethel, where he had passed so many of his juvenile days—where he had kept school, and read prayers, and at times had subsequently visited and preached to the faithful few of his relatives and friends. Most gladly would he have settled here, and here spent the remainder of his days. But a strong desire to give his sons the opportunity of a more public education, and above all to remove them at once from the sight and influence of the persons above alluded to, forbade the thought of remaining in Vermont.

He had heard of the academy in Cheshire, in Connecticut, and of its excellent teacher, the Rev. Dr. Tillotson Bronson. Thither, accompanied by his wife and sons, the writer bent his course, and there he found the venerable man among his boys and books, instructing the former, and with his face literally *in* the latter, for he was very near-sighted. A house was hired, the furniture purchased, the family settled, and the boys were placed at school, under a teacher, pious without fanaticism, learned without pedantry, strict and primitive without bigotry, and withal an "honest, upright man, who feared God and eschewed evil."

Thus circumstanced, the winter was passed by the family most agreeably, while the writer spent most of his Sundays in Hartford, in which city he was invited by the Wardens and Vestry of Christ Church to settle. He remembers that, during the residence of his family in the peaceful village of Cheshire, and before he had agreed to accept the invitation to the city of Hartford, he found himself inclined often to ride down to the beautiful city of New Haven, the residence of the right reverend, the Bishop of the Diocese. This worthy prelate had from the first welcomed the writer to his Diocese, and invited him to become one of his presbyters; and seldom did he come to town without an invitation to stay a while and share the hospitality and company of himself and his accomplished lady.

## BISHOP JARVIS — ANECDOTE OF BISHOP SEABURY.

Few persons told a more appropriate and instructive anecdote than Bishop Jarvis; and although his stories were long in telling, yet they were always good at last, so that you had but to be patient in order to be highly gratified in the end. What was, in the view of correct persons, truly estimable, his anecdotes were all true in point of fact and never partook of romance. They might be said to be historical and biographical sketches; and when these afforded matter of instruction, or when they illustrated truths that had begun to fall into disuse, they seldom passed his observing eye without comment; and should the gems of wit and humor be scattered in the path of his story, he was sure to enjoy, with the listener, the hearty concluding laugh.

There was one thing of more than ordinary attraction in an acquaintance with good Bishop Jarvis. This was, the fact of his having been intimate with Bishop Seabury, the first American prelate, and his immediate predecessor in the Episcopate of Connecticut. Great was the privilege to have been an eye-witness of the good deeds of him who had connected the Apostolic Church of God in the old and new world together. This blessing Bishop Jarvis enjoyed for many years, and it was from the lips of the latter many things were learned concerning the sentiments and character of the former, of great value to the true sons of the Church. In grave history all does not appear which is truly interesting to men of taste, in perusing, at this late day, the life of such a man and so situated as was Bishop Seabury. A man that would do as he did,—alone and at the hazard of all his substance, and even of life itself, go in search of “that good thing” which, however overlooked by others, “he believed Christ gave to his Apostles, and they to their successors the Bishops, with which was the promise of Divine presence to the end of the world” —must have a mind of no common cast; a faith he must have had in God's word which few possess; and knowing and appreciating all this, the Church in Connecticut regards the name of Seabury, as the Syrian Christians, whom Dr. Buchanan found in India, regarded the name of St. Thomas,

the Apostle by whom their Church was founded, and to whom their Bishops counted their succession. Everything relating to such characters was precious as the diamond rings from the fingers of deceased parents. Not only the intrinsic value, but the shape and the traditionary manner of wearing it, was treasured in the memory.

Something like this feeling of veneration for the memory of the first Bishop of Connecticut pervaded the breast of the writer, when he begged of Bishop Jarvis to relate to him the sayings and doings of Bishop Seabury. How did he bear himself as he stepped on the shore of his dear native land, clad in the vestments of the first American Bishop? How did his own brethren and those of other denominations receive him? What did he say, and what did they say and do to him?

“As to that matter,” said the good Bishop Jarvis, “besides what is already in print, (and precious little, for some reason or another, has been brought before the public, much less than the subject demands,) I happen to know some things (not exactly from the mouth of my venerable Diocesan, for he would be the last to speak in commendation of himself) which seem to afford an answer to your question, quite satisfactory. One anecdote will illustrate the whole subject. The dramatis personæ are few, but of great importance. Their names are Mather Byles, the head of the Congregational clergy in Massachusetts and New England; Dr. Parker, rector of Trinity Church, Boston; and our then newly come over Bishop Seabury.

“Bishop S. had been consecrated (as it was supposed by those who knew not the particulars) for all New England. It was well known by some intelligent ministers of the Congregationalists, that the Bishop claimed, *jure divino*, the apostolic commission to ordain the ministers of Christ. The conclusion was, that if he were right they were wrong; and as men are generally unwilling to own themselves in an error, no small opposition was raised against good Bishop Seabury. Among the rest who felt the pains which this mode of questioning the validity of Congregational orders had inflicted, was the Rev. Mather Byles, of Boston, a man of extraordinary

wit and learning. He said within himself, (as he afterwards owned,) if this Bishop Seabury prevail, the Congregational clergy are virtually denied to be regularly ordained ministers. What then shall be done? Bishop S. will not ordain us unless we all be qualified as he shall think fit, and unless we all agree to use the liturgy of the Church, or something like it. Now, however this might suit some, yet all will not be satisfied. Can I not get this Bishop at once to acknowledge the validity of Congregational orders? Though our power as ministers, according to our platform, did come from the people, yet if a Bishop sanction it, who shall say it may not do?

“Not many months elapsed before the projector of this scheme had, as he thought, a fair opportunity of trying its efficacy. Bishop Seabury, it was at length announced, had arrived in town, and been received with respect by Dr. Parker and all his numerous and respectable congregation, and that of Christ Church, founded by the Rev. Dr. Cutler, once the president of Yale College, then converted to Episcopacy. Under such circumstances had Bishop S. come to Boston. ‘And he shall not be in this great city without knowing that there is such a person living in it as the Rev. Mather Byles,’ said the same gentleman; ‘and I will so contrive as to make this prelate, clad with all authority as he is, acknowledge, in “scriptural language,” the validity of all the New England ministry. I will make him give me the “right hand of fellowship,” which will be all we want!’

“The day was fine, and Bishop Seabury, the cherished guest of Dr. Parker, was dining at his hospitable board with several of the worthy members of the Episcopal Church, when there came a man with a note from the Rev. Mr. Byles, and desired to see Bishop Seabury. The note he would deliver into no one’s hands but the Bishop’s. Accordingly, pressing forward, he entered the dining-room, and held up his paper, a large respectful letter, on which was written, ‘To the Rt. Rev. Father in God, Samuel, Bishop of all New England.’ ‘The handwriting,’ said Dr. Parker, ‘is that of the Rev. Mr. Byles, a Congregational minister of this city. I have ever treated this gentleman well, and am surprised he

should take this opportunity to play off his wit upon my venerated friend and guest.' 'What's the matter?' said the Bishop. 'The matter is,' said Dr. P., 'that Mr. Byles, hearing you have arrived in Boston, wishes to bring the Episcopal office which you fill into ridicule, by holding up to contempt the title which is given to the Bishops of an established church, by applying it in a country where there is no such establishment and no such pretensions; in short, Mr. Byles means the whole as a quiz, and I am extremely sorry for it.'

"'Quiz!'" said the Bishop; 'is there a man in Boston who would *quiz* Samuel Seabury? Let us break the seal and see what are the contents of this letter.' So saying, the note was opened and found to contain nothing more nor less than a most respectful invitation of Bishop Seabury and Dr. Parker to tea that afternoon, at a stated hour, and concluded by observing, that there was a particular wish for a favorable answer, as Mr. Byles had something of great importance to communicate to the Bishop. 'Is there any quizzing in this?' said Bishop S. 'You'll see,' said Dr. P. 'Tell Mr. Byles,' said the Bishop to the messenger, 'tell Mr. Byles that Bishop Seabury will wait on him according to the tenor of his note.' 'I'll go too,' said the Doctor; 'tell him that Dr. Parker will also come.'

"This affair somewhat interrupted the train of conversation at the table, but in so doing, it put the Bishop in possession of some traits in Mr. Byles' history which he never could forget. But no one at the board could conjecture what that particular reason was which Mr. B. expressed in his note, for which he begged so earnestly that the Bishop would come and see him.

"The time soon came, when both the Bishop and Dr. P. commenced their walk to Mr. Byles'. The yard, through which they were to pass to his house, was enclosed by a tight board fence, and the gate was of the same nature, so that when the strangers drew nigh the house, they saw nothing of the host till the gate was thrown open, which happened just as they came to it. On entering the yard they discovered Mr. Byles, dressed after his best manner, with his bands on, at some distance from them, in the attitudes of great formality,

making his obeisance at every step. His bows were so formal as to require more time than to allow him to meet his guests half way from the house to the gate; so that they had well-nigh reached his door-step before he began to speak; and when his mouth was open, from it proceeded the most pompous words. Raising his head, and looking the Bishop full in the face, he said, 'Rt. Rev. Father in God, Samuel, Bishop of all New England, I, Mather Byles, as the representative of all the clergy of the Congregational Churches in Massachusetts Bay, and other places, bid thee a hearty welcome to Boston, and give thee, and hope to receive from thee, the right hand of fellowship!'

"As he said this he held out his hand in trembling expectancy of a hearty shake from the Bishop. But in this he was disappointed, for the Bishop coolly said, 'Not so, Mr. Byles, with your leave; I can't do this: but as you are a left-handed brother, I give you my left hand.'"

This anecdote, told by Bishop Jarvis to the writer, has been cherished in his mind for many years, and never referred to but with fresh admiration of the illustrious man whose presence of mind, by God's blessing, extricated himself and the then infant Episcopal Church in New England from a designed trap. It showed the charity of the Bishop, while it maintained his principles—that simplicity and godly sincerity are better than all art and contrivance, and that he who always speaks the truth shall seldom be overcome by surprise.

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#### DAYS OF SUNSHINE.

The writer's connection with Christ Church, Hartford, forms the most peaceful part in the history of his life. This observation was made in England to a nephew of G. W. Marriott, Esq.,—young Mr. Caldicott, then a member of the University of Oxford—who requested that the fact might be recorded on paper. It was so, and stands in several manuscripts and printed forms in these words, which the writer feels no disposition ever to alter.

"I returned to the northern states, and in the fall of 1811 was, with uncommon felicity to myself, fixed as rector of

Christ Church, Hartford, Connecticut. My residence in this city continued till 1817. During this period the number of the faithful greatly increased; the attendants at the Lord's table, from a very few, became a great number. I rejoiced to see the blessed effects of the gospel of peace, and the many examples of a fruitful and holy life. In the bosom of an enlightened society, softened by the hand of urbanity and gentleness, my enjoyments, crowned with abundance of temporal blessings, were as numerous and refined as fall to the lot of man. Of the time I spent in this lovely city I can never speak in ordinary terms. It is to my remembrance as a dream of more than terrestrial delight. Of its sweets I tasted for a while and thought myself happy; but God, who would train his servants more by the reality of suffering than by ideal and transitory bliss, saw fit to direct my thoughts to other and more perilous duties."

*Testimony of Bishop Dehon that prayer is a primary duty.*

On the morning of a fast day, appointed by national authority, to deprecate national sins in the time of war, 1812, the writer was called on in Hartford by Doctor Dehon, then Bishop elect for South Carolina. The latter was then on his way to visit his friends at the east, just before his consecration. Overjoyed to see him, the writer asked him to preach. "I can preach for you," said he, "this morning, but my sermon is in my trunk at the inn." "There is no time to lose, then," said the writer, "for the hour of assembling has come, and, with your leave, I will accompany you." So saying, both hastened together along the side-walks to Bennet's Inn.

"But," said that excellent prelate to the writer, "you yourself, I trust, have made preparation to preach on this national fast day?" "Not this morning. I told my people last Sunday, from the desk, that there would be no sermon this morning; therefore their pleasure in hearing you will be the more surprising." At this moment the side-walks were crowded by persons, evidently flocking to the Episcopal Church, there being, at that period of time, no place of worship beyond the church that way.

"And are these going to Church only to hear prayers?"

“Not just so,” said the writer; “not just so. They are going, I trust, *to pray*; not to *hear one* other man do so; for they have been taught to consider prayer as a PRIMARY DUTY to be performed by themselves, and not altogether delegated to another.” “One thing I see,” said he; “your people are all going to Church, and I shall have pleasure in speaking to them, and the more so because they come through the right motive, and that is *to pray*, for prayer prepares the heart to profit by the sermon; so that even what *I* shall say to them may do them good. When the fallow ground is broken up by prayer, the seed, though sown by a trembling hand, may take root downward and bear fruit upward. It is even so: prayer is a primary duty. Would that all our people would go to Church as much when they do not expect a sermon as when they do, for the sermons then would do them good.”

This is the testimony of Bishop Dehon on this all-important subject, and he, being dead, yet speaketh. God grant he may not speak in vain!



## CHAPTER XII.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS, OR SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAYS OF THE WRITER'S PARENTS—LEAVES HARTFORD—PERILS ON HIS JOURNEY TO OHIO.

It is not because it is strange, but because it is common and that which concerns all men, that the writer of this memoir would speak of death.

That which has happened to the whole world gone before us, and that which must be the lot of all living, and that which must happen unto all till the last judgment, ought not to be considered as an obtrusive guest. And it is for this reason that all right-minded persons are supposed to linger, with melancholy pleasure, around the death-beds and closing scenes of such as have, in any considerable degree, attracted their attention, or that of mankind in general. How intense is the sympathetic feeling with which all good men read the last



hours of our common parents, Adam and Eve, even though they be but imaginary, as given by Montgomery in his excellent little poem, "The World before the Flood." And when we open the sacred book itself, how do our hearts mellow with tender, pleasing, manly grief, as we read that Abraham, the friend of God, gave up the ghost and died in a good old age—an old man, full of years—and was gathered unto his people; and that his sons, Isaac and Ishmael, buried him in the cave of Machpelah, in the field which Abraham purchased of the sons of Heth; there was Abraham buried and Sarah his wife. Who does not delight to fancy himself there, "in the field of Ephron, the son of Zohar the Hittite, which is before Mamre," and from that consecrated spot call to mind what has since happened, according to *his* faith who saw Christ's day and rejoiced!

And so of peaceful Isaac; he also "died and was gathered unto his people, being old and full of days, and his sons Esau and Jacob buried him." And when we have followed Jacob through his long and eventful life, who would wish to pass over his old age and dying moments in silent indifference? When it is said, "The eyes of Israel were dim of age so he could not see, and that the time drew nigh when he must die," and that, after performing all his last duties to his family, and given forth his blessing, and "made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet in the bed and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people," a holy pleasure seems to thrill through the frame of every believer in the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, which nothing can adequately express.

And why is this? It is because their people, according to the faith, are our people; their God is our God; their heaven is our heaven; as they died, so must we die; and there in the same silent grave must we be buried in the hope of the same glorious resurrection. And may not the writer be allowed, under such impressions of general sympathy, to advert to his own parents' death? The reader is supposed to have been acquainted with some traits of their character, indicating no common faith in the promises of God—no want of a deep knowledge of the human heart—no deficiency in personal

courage to face danger, or in patience to bear the troubles and difficulties inseparable from noble enterprises.

While the bodies of such persons are at rest, will not the reader, with the writer, spend a few moments in a visit to their unnoticed graves?

It is usual to say of the dead, that, when departing, they gave evidence of their faith and bore testimony of the truth. This is not enough when speaking of the parents of the writer. Their whole lives bore testimony of the truth as it is in Jesus; they lived the *life*, as well as "*died the death, of the righteous;*" and the evidence of this is written in the memories of all who knew them, and of all their numerous offspring. All said at the time, and all can now say, with singular unanimity, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

The writer's father was eighty-six years of age, his mother eighty-one, and the latter died eight months before the former, (August, 1814.) When they were separated by death they had lived together fifty-one years; they had been the parents of fifteen children, fourteen of whom had grown to maturity and usefulness in life. They had reason, more than most parents, to be thankful to the Author of all mercies, and most deeply were they penetrated with this divine favor. They had lived in great harmony together for more than a half century; and from their youth had professed to be the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to rely for grace and salvation solely on Him who had paid the debt of sin, and was able and willing to save all who come unto Him in faith.

When they drew near their end, and felt the infirmities of age admonishing them that death was not far off, instead of trembling and being afraid, they seemed to rejoice at his approach. Often did their children and attendants hear them mutually congratulating each other that their change was coming, that their voyage of life was nearly over, and that there was every appearance that they might be permitted, by the Disposer of events, to step together on the shores of blessedness. In this pious wish they were not, however, entirely gratified, as hath been mentioned; yet the time of separation hung so heavily on the survivor, that the good God soon

released him from his bondage, to join his companion in Paradise, never more to part.

From the moment that the writer's mother died, his father conceived himself from home, and would frequently and most earnestly beg his children to carry him home to his beloved wife; an instance of intense and undying conjugal affection seldom witnessed. And yet he would go to the grave where his wife was laid, and with calmness speak of her virtues while living. He was asked what he would have inscribed on her tombstone. He replied, alluding to her faith in a blessed resurrection, manifested by her bright example, "Write on her tombstone—

'THIS IS THE WAY TO IMMORTALITY.'"

Accordingly it was so inscribed on the headstone of her grave. And when he himself died, and was buried by her side soon after, they wrote, from his favorite author, whose poem he could repeat nearly all by heart, and from which he had selected the writer's Christian name, the following appropriate distich,—

"An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;  
Legions of angels can't confine me there"

*Dr. Young's Night Thoughts.*

There they both lie in the grave-yard of the Episcopal Church in Cornish. The ever-green pine trees grow round the enclosure, and the wind, as it blows through the branches, reminds you of the breath of God, (the Πνευμα ἁγιον,) by which the dead shall be revived and quickened, according to the promise of the Saviour by the prophet,—

"Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs; and the earth shall cast out the dead."—ISAIAH XXVI. 19.

Under the limbs of these trees you see the pure waters of the river Connecticut, and the bridge which leads over to the beautiful village of Windsor, in Vermont. Turn your face west, and the towering mountain, Ascutney, fills all your view. It lifts its head on high; the sunbeams rest upon its brow, while oft the dark clouds begirt its waist; showing us

that the light of God's countenance can beam upon us while troubles encompass us here below.

For the last time the writer visited this peaceful, hallowed place, in the summer of 1840. He plucked a wild flower from the grassy graves of his venerable parents—an emblem of the fading character of all human things. He said, as he closed the grave-yard gate, "O life, thou art but a shadow. The only reality is beyond the grave."

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THE WRITER LEAVES HARTFORD—PERILOUS JOURNEY TO OHIO.

The day before he left Hartford, which was on the 2d March, 1817, the writer administered the holy Sacrament of the Lord's supper to his beloved flock, for the last time as their spiritual pastor. Nothing had been said in the sermon touching the event of his going away, yet all were in tears as they approached, and as they continued at, the altar. This was an unusual circumstance, and can be accounted for only by knowing the sympathy of a generous people for their minister, when undertaking a very hazardous enterprise. A man who, with whatever poor ability, had served them in holy things with great sincerity, for more than six years, was about to leave them; not for a more wealthy and opulent parish, but literally for the wilderness—under the patronage of no missionary or any other associated body of men, for then there were no such in being—but he was going depending on his own limited means, under *Providence*.

There was consolation in the faith that God would be his Protector. But such is the frailty of poor human nature, that the very thought of his resting only on an Almighty arm, when all human support was absent, caused their tears to flow. But not a word was said, no stopping after service, and with ostentatious grief and formal wailings, hanging around their beloved minister. All went silently from church, and, as he has been oft assured since, as they went to their several dwellings, with heart-rending earnestness prayed that God would watch over for good and bless their friend, so lately their loving pastor. And the writer has reason to believe these prayers were not disregarded by Him who hath

all things under his control. For the truth of this remark the reader will look in the pages which follow.

The writer walked from church to his home, up Burr street, alone. "Cold blew the night wind, drifting fast the snow fell," and that evening the roads were unusually obstructed; yet the pious Canfield, one of his communicants, who both owned and drove the stage-coach, called for him early on Monday morning.

Leaving his wife and youngest child, then one year old, in his peaceful home in Hartford, the writer entered on his melancholy journey to the west. It is a long road, nearly four hundred miles, from Hartford to Buffalo. Coach bodies set on runners, instead of wheels, was the mode of travelling. This, in America, is a kind of winter inland navigation. The snow lasted till he got to Canandaigua; thence he went on wheels. On this change of the mode of travelling, the writer experienced great distress.

A sedentary habit, long continued while in Hartford, joined with the effects of his residence in a southern climate, had induced complaints of the liver, which, when the frame was violently agitated, caused a momentary agony; and this took place whenever the carriage passed the log-bridges. In the present instance, the pain was not only in the body, but extended to the mind; for the writer thought he saw in it a death-blow to the whole enterprise before him. This painful presentiment was, however, most graciously alleviated by much prayer and patience.

The writer left the stage-coach at Batavia, then a nascent village, and was conveyed by a farmer to the house of a relative who lived some miles at the south. Here he spent a Sunday and preached. The same duty he performed in Buffalo, where he found few houses and fewer hopes of proceeding further; for at that time there was no coach nor any other means of conveyance on the southern shore to Ohio, and it might be four weeks before the ice in the great lake would give way. To an ardent mind, bent on progress, these were impediments much to be regretted. The snow had left the whole surface of the earth, but the travel on the lake, though considered by some as dangerous, was still continued.

While conversing on this, to him, very interesting subject, the writer espied a man standing upright in his sled, with the horses' heads facing the lake. Stepping up to him, the writer said, "Will you be kind enough to tell me whither you are going in your sleigh?" "Up the lake," replied the man. "And will you suffer a stranger to ride with you for a reasonable compensation?" said the writer. "I am going only twelve miles, and perhaps, if you are going far to the west, that distance will be to you of little consequence; but if you'll go, jump in." The writer told the landlord to make out his bill, and to bring out his trunk and over-coat. Here let the reader pause and consider; for the writer never does so on this subject, without amazement at his own *temerity*. Shall it be called such? He verily believes it was Divine guidance. God, having helped thus far, and graciously willing to provide, and help, and bless the writer still further, hid from his view the dangers which awaited him; and strengthening his will and wish to go ahead, opened the way, though it were only by the smallest steps, to make more visible the hand that guided—that it was indeed His and none else.

Had the writer then known the REAL dangers and difficulties which awaited his passing from Buffalo to Ohio; that the ice on the lake reached only to Erie; that long before reaching that place it had become so weakened by the agitation of the wind and the approach of spring as to make it dangerous to pass on it from Erie, over the length of the Pennsylvania shore; had he known that the passage by land was impracticable by reason of the want of bridges over the streams, and that the ice in all of them had been broken up by the vernal flood, and that all the settlements for the greater part of the way were but thin, and the inhabitants few and far between; had he known all this, it is feared his resolution, great as it was, would have failed him, and, suffering under a consciousness of his infirmity mentioned before, he would have stopped at Buffalo. But the good God, in mercy, hid all this from his view. The simple thought that twelve miles in his way would be something, and that distance gained, God would provide ways and means to go further, occupied his mind as he threw his luggage and himself into the lumber-box of the farmer's sleigh.

As he did so, a Mr. Hibbard stepped up with his valise in his hand, and asked the same privilege. The sleigh, thus freighted, was then driven on to the ice, and soon were we all twelve miles up the lake from Buffalo.

Hardly had we landed, ere we found an opportunity of engaging another man with his sleigh, to take us on to Cattaraugus creek—distant twenty-five miles from where we were. The ice seemed to be strong, though the air was mild; and the sleigh, experiencing no friction, glided swiftly along, propelling, rather than retarding, a pair of fine horses. Travelling thus with great rapidity, late as it was when we began our journey, we were at Cattaraugus creek before the daylight left us. As we approached it, nothing could exceed the dismal prospect before us. No house nor shed was on this side of the dark, rolling stream, which was pouring its superabundant waters out on the ice of the lake far and wide. The houses to which it was understood by us we were to be carried for the money we had offered, were on the opposite side of the creek, and the stream having, by the late thaw, been deprived of its icy bridge, was too deep to ford, running with full and overflowing banks.

“What shall we do?” was the simultaneous question. “I have brought you to Cattaraugus creek,” said the driver, “and I want my money.” So saying, he threw the trunk, great coat, and Mr. Hibbard’s valise, out on the beach of clean gravel and paving stones. “But you do not mean to leave us here, where there is no house, to perish.” “I agreed to bring you to Cattaraugus creek, and here you be.” “And my money is in my pocket, which is another truism,” said the writer. “Now, hark you,” continued he, “if you leave us here, as the night is coming on and there is no shelter to go to, we shall die; this was no part of the contract between us; but there is no use in talking this way. As this obstruction is an unexpected event, and may cause you some delay, we are willing to pay you extra for helping us out of this difficulty; and to accomplish this end, turn your horses and drive directly out on the ice of the lake, till you get beyond the part weakened by the warm, muddy water of the creek, and then cross and take us round to yonder house which we saw before

the night came on;" for by this time the sun had long set, and a dark cloud covered the north-east horizon. The driver, surlily, though immediately, obeyed, and giving the lash of his whip freely to his fine horses, they soon took us what was deemed a sufficient distance. "Now turn square to the left." He did so, and began to cross the muddy water of the creek, running swiftly on the top of the ice of the lake.

It was terrific to the feelings, if not in the eye of reason, to hear the water pour over the runners of the sleigh as we crossed this muddy stream, in a dark night, so far out from shore. The man was liberally rewarded for his extra trouble, and that night we stayed at Mack's tavern; an elderly person, who agreed that his hired man should take us on the lake as far as the Four Corners — a place where there were two log cabins — about twenty-five miles short of Pennsylvania line.

The next morning was cold but clear — no wind, and the day promised to be mild and pleasant. A large, good travelling horse was put before a one-horse sleigh, called by the landlord his "cutter," large enough to accommodate two and the driver. It was sunrise ere we set off.

In getting out on to the lake, we had to pass between several mounds of ice, and sometimes to climb over large cakes, which had been thrown up together by the force of the winds and waves. But the driver knew his way, and our horse was rough shod, and the cutter was strong and well built. The scene before us, as we came out from among the mounds of ice, was exceedingly brilliant, and even sublime. Before us, up the lake, was a level expanse of glassy ice, from two to three miles wide, between two ranges of ice mountains, all stretching parallel with the lake shore and with one another, as far as the eye could extend, till they were lost in the distance. On this expanse, and on these mountains, and on the icicles, which hung in vast quantities and in an infinite variety of shapes from the rocky, lofty, and sharp-angled shore on the left, the rising sun was pouring his beams. Light and shade were so distinct, brilliancy and darkness were in such proximity, and yet so blended, as to produce an effect of admiration and praise to the great Creator, never before experienced. It would be in vain to express them here.



What added to the adoring gratitude to God, for having made all things with such consummate skill and splendor, was what appeared as we rode along between these mountains of ice, manifesting God's providential goodness, which went hand in hand with His power and wisdom. The bald-headed eagles sat on these mountains of ice, with each a fish in his claw, fresh and clean, as if just taken from the limpid lake. "What noble birds! How delicious their repast! Whence do they obtain these fish at this inclement season?" said the writer. "They get them," said the driver, "from the top of the ice. These were thrown up and deposited by the winds and waves, in the storms of last winter, and being immediately frozen, have been kept till this spring, when the sun thaws them out for the eagles and ravens, who at this season have nothing else to feed on." As the driver told this simple story of the fish, and the storms, and the eagles, how clearly appeared the providential goodness of God! "And will not He who feedeth the eagles and the ravens, which he hath made to depend on his goodness, feed, and support, and bless a poor, defenceless, solitary missionary, who goeth forth, depending on his mercy, to preach his holy word, and to build up his Church in the wilderness?" There was an answer of faith to this question, more consoling than if the wealth of the Indies had been laid at his feet.

It was a little before noon when our Cattaraugus driver stopped on the ice, opposite the Four Corners. Having received his pay and put the luggage on the bank, he returned. "Thus far had the Lord helped." What next would be our lot we knew not. Leaving our trunks on the beach, where there was nothing to molest them, we walked up the bank towards the cabins. As we went, the writer perceived a pair of smooth, black horses, with their harness on, eating beside the fence, and a man, sitting not far off, shaving shingles. "Who owns those horses?" said the writer. "I do," said the man. "Have you also a good sleigh?" "Yes." "Will you put them before it immediately, and take two persons up the lake as far as Pennsylvania line?" At this he paused—said he had just moved on from the east, and wanted money "bad enough," having, in moving his family,

expended every cent he had. "But," said he, "it is a dangerous job you ask of me, for the lake is open above, and the wind puts the water in motion, and that causes the ice this way to crack; and they say it is dangerous to travel on; but if you will reward me a little extra, I think I'll go."

The bargain was soon made; a few dough-nuts, bought of the woman in the cabin, sufficed to allay the hunger of the two travellers, and hearing the man whistling for his dog and cracking his whip to his prancing horses, just ready to start, they both ran to the lake and were soon adjusted in their seats. The horses trotted with uncommon speed, and had evenness as well as length of step. The shore seemed to fly beside us, as since when on our railroads, and soon were the Four Corners out of sight.

The writer soon perceived the dangers to which his present driver had alluded, and the sight caused no ordinary feelings. The cracks in the ice became more and more visible, and continued to increase in width, as we drove rapidly along. Nothing, however, was said. The horses having trotted without injury over the small cracks, became soon accustomed to leap over the wide ones; but none were so wide as to let in the runners lengthwise, and we blessed God silently, though heartily, for every successful leap.

New spirits seemed to be given to our faithful beasts the further they went—no whip was necessary. The driver clung to his seat, and seemed to enjoy their increased speed. A house was in sight, and directly he pulled up to the smooth, pebbly shore. "This is the place I promised to bring you to; it is Pennsylvania line. You are now on the lake shore of that state." "I will go no further on the ice," said the writer. "I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Hibbard, "for my heart has been in my mouth all the way." "Why did not you speak, if you had objected to this mode of travelling?" said the writer. "Because," said he, "I was ashamed not to possess as much courage as a minister." How little did he know of the writer, who had no courage aside from his trust in God. The driver received his pay, called for his dog, and was off. Once more we were on the lonely beach.

The lone log house of the beach man, near the Pennsyl-

vania line, had no other accommodations for the weary and hungry travellers, except a boy to carry on horseback the writer's trunk to the ridge road, two miles off. Mr. Hibbard carried his valise in his hand, and the two walked to a comfortable dwelling, which gave them lodgings for the night, but had no means to set them on further. A passing wagon took their luggage to Erie, while they walked and sometimes chanced to catch a ride.

From Erie they hired a conveyance to Conneaut creek, Ohio, and here Mr. Hibbard left the writer, since which they never have met. As they suffered much together, he hopes they may meet in a world where there is rest, and peace, and joy forever!

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### CHAPTER XIII.

ARRIVES IN OHIO AND COMMENCES HIS MISSIONARY LABORS — WRITES  
FOR HIS FAMILY.

ON Sunday, the 16th day of March, 1817, the writer preached his first sermon in Ohio, at Conneaut creek, then a few log houses, now a considerable village, called Salem. There was not an Episcopalian in the place. Yet the service of the Prayer-Book was performed, such parts of it being recited as needs no response. All admired the excellency of the prayers, and as usual were delighted to "hear them." This was good so far as it went; but it would have been much better, had they manifested their delight by *joining* in the prayers.

It has long become a crying sin of our country, and, from the example of others, has extended itself into the bosom of the Episcopal Church, in that the generality of people consider their duty as done, when they have *heard the minister pray*. "We have *heard* him — every word he said — he addressed the congregation in an eloquent prayer." Thus to transfer the prayer to the minister, and, above all, to suppose him making his prayer to *entertain* the audience, is a great sin. May God awaken the American people to a sense of it!

On Monday, the 17th, a person was hired by the writer to take him on to Ashtabula, where he remained and officiated for a week, when a Mr. Seymour accompanied him on horseback to the township of Rome. The weather having changed from a mild temperature to severe cold, this journey was very painful; and we were glad, after spending a night in Austinburg, to arrive at good Mr. Crowell's before sundown the next day. This worthy man (from Connecticut) was overjoyed to see once more a Church clergyman. He said he had kept his Prayer-Book amid all the differences in matters of religion among his neighbors, and found it more like the Bible than any other way of worship. It had hitherto been his solace, by preserving the chain of his faith in Jesus bright. It taught him to repeat his creed often, and to pray often, and to offer all his petitions "through Jesus Christ our Lord." "My family," said he, "are not one with me in opinion about this matter; but I trust in God they will be so when they come to get rightly instructed in the way of our primitive Church."

And here let it be remarked that his prayer was heard. By the exercise of a firm purpose and mild measures, joined with his pious example, the whole family of Mr. Crowell were trained in the ways of primitive truth and order. The writer preached at his house the same night in which he entered it, and he had reason to believe the word spoken did not return to him void. The neighbors came in from the surrounding forests, lighted by their hickory torches. There is now a church and a respectable congregation of Episcopalians in that neighborhood, and it is to be hoped that many have found the house of God on earth the gate to heaven.

Mr. Seymour having returned to Ashtabula, it became a question how the writer was to get on to Windsor, where, it was reported, were a considerable number of Episcopalians. "I can't go myself," said Mr. Crowell, "having many cares on hand, but I will lend you my mare to ride on; and although she is a little stiff in one knee, yet she will carry you safe over the water-courses." Had it not been for the latter part of this kind offer of the stiff-kneed mare, the same would have been declined in favor of a walk all the way: as it was, the writer thankfully accepted the offer.

It was about ten miles to Windsor township, and the road, after the first two or three miles, lay through a dense forest. The path in the open land was exceedingly rough with frozen mud, and the poor beast got on but slowly. The best of horses could scarcely go out of a walk, and with the "stiff-kneed mare" what progress might be expected! About one mile and a half had been measured over by the slow steps of this poor animal, when, attempting to get over a log to avoid on the other side a wet mud-hole, she caught her game leg and fell, with the rider's foot under her, fast in the stirrup. A few struggles released the writer's leg; but the poor animal lay there still. On examination, the mare's leg was found caught fast between two logs, and it evidently needed a long and powerful lever to raise the one log so as to set free the animal's leg from the other. This could be had only by purloining a rail from the fence. But "where to stand?" Alas! Archimedes himself was not more puzzled when he said, if this were granted he could move the world. Just so the writer; for if he stood far enough back to raise the log by bearing on the outer end of the lever, he was not near enough to put a block under the log so as to keep what was gained.

After several fruitless attempts, pained as he was in his bruised leg, he felt almost inclined to solace himself with a hearty laugh at the ridiculous figure he was exhibiting here by the way-side, in a civilized country, thus bothered! But the agonies of the poor animal before him forbade all inclination to mirth. Sympathy for her sufferings roused his energies, and by great exertion he succeeded in throwing off the log from her leg. This done, she was once more on her feet, and being led some three hundred yards still further, was left at a house, with a request to send her back to good Mr. Crowell's. The remainder of the journey to Windsor, from having been overshadowed with trees, was not so rough. The path had not been disturbed by the late warm weather, long portions of it being smooth with continued cakes of ice. What a blessing this to a man with a sprained ankle and a bruised leg!

Judge Solomon Griswold, cousin to the presiding Bishop, with great hospitality received the writer, "weary and way-

sore." This worthy man was from West Windsor, in Connecticut, and, with a few families, chiefly from Simsbury, had come into the north part of Ohio when an entire wilderness. Both himself and family had suffered exceedingly, but now began to live with some comfort in temporal things. Yet as to the important concerns of the eternal world, there was only enough left on their minds to make them feel their wants. "I am overjoyed," said he, "to see a Church clergyman, one who is duly authorized to administer sacraments. I have read prayers here in the woods for several years. The scattered flock of Christ have been thus kept mindful that there is a fold; you, I trust, have come to gather them in, and to feed them with heavenly food. I bless God that I see you among us. I had begun to think our Church would never visit the frontiers."

Such joy there was that a "Church minister" had come, that a considerable congregation was gathered that night, divine service performed, and a sermon preached. Notice was given out of the expected services on the next Sunday; of the intention of the minister to catechize the youth, to baptize the children, and to administer the holy communion to "all who truly repented of their sins, steadfastly purposing to lead new lives—had a lively faith in God's mercy in Christ with a thankful remembrance of his death—and were in charity with all men."

All this is mentioned here because it is so frequently insinuated, by the enemies of the Church, that she admits communicants to the Lord's table without sufficient preparation. It is no such thing where the clergy do their duty. Each and every of her ministers is bound to see that all are duly prepared for the ordinances of which Jesus has commanded his disciples to participate; and this duty lay heavy on the mind of the writer, when commencing the parish of Christ Church, Windsor. Accordingly he stayed in that place several weeks before he administered the Lord's supper.

In preparing the youth for the first time to receive that blessed ordinance, he found great want of confirmation. There is such solemnity in this apostolic rite, and such an evident blessing attending all those who receive it rightly, that it is

matter of deep regret that any are so situated as to be obliged to dispense with it. The writer baptized forty-five in this place, administered the holy communion to seventeen persons on Easter day, and preached many sermons.

While in Windsor there was a consultation of persons from various townships in the neighborhood, as to the expediency of holding a convention, in the beginning of the coming year, at Columbus. The same was agreed on with great unanimity and zeal.

The reader may be curious to know something more of the *wounded leg*. Indeed, it was so swollen before arriving at Judge Griswold's, that the boot could not be drawn off it. It was not till the next day that this was done, and by nine on the next morning the swelling had subsided. His trunk had been sent on to Windsor from Ashtabula; and now, being obliged to travel altogether on horseback throughout the state, he saw the necessity of leaving it at Windsor, and of purchasing himself a horse. And here he must acknowledge, with unfeigned gratitude, the kindness of a friend in volunteering his horse for the writer's use during the whole journey. There are some names in "Sardis," whose garments are not defiled with covetousness! This man's name was Cook.

A month was thus spent in passing through the towns on the Connecticut reserve, and in organizing parishes at Ravenna, Middleburg, Zanesville, and Columbus.

During this long course of quickly succeeding events, the writer was never for a moment unmindful of his dear family, left far behind. Thinking that, from former directions, his wife would come on to Buffalo in the spring, the writer addressed her there from Worthington, directing her to send the goods to Sandusky, and come herself to Cleveland by the middle of June, where she might expect to see her husband, with means of transportation to Worthington.

There seemed something unusual in giving such an order at that stage of public improvements. The writer in the mean time intended to visit the south and western part of the state; and there were no canals, no railroads, and no steamboats on the lakes. The only packet of any kind that sailed

was the brig Michigan from the ports mentioned, and even she more as a trader than for passengers.

Moreover, what uncertainty attended the writer himself! No place had he fixed on as yet for a residence. No distribution was made of his time; and the distance he should travel, and the places he should visit, were not as yet known to him. All before him, in these respects, was a dark cloud of uncertainty; and yet he gave directions concerning the removal of his family and effects as if all were certainty. This was done in the middle of Ohio, near the first week in May, and immediately he turned his face towards Cincinnati; officiating as he passed through Springfield and Dayton, he arrived late on Saturday at Cincinnati.

Dr. Drake, whose book, descriptive of that rising city, had attracted the writer's notice, received him kindly, and made provision that he should preach in the brick meeting-house with two steeples the next day. The congregation was large and attentive, and at the close of the service the writer observed, that if there were any present friendly to the Episcopal Church and desirous of forming a parish attached to her communion in that city, he would be glad to see them at Dr. Drake's immediately after the sermon. Repairing thither, there was a goodly number of the most respectable inhabitants, and among the rest was our late chief magistrate, his excellency the president of the United States, then known by his favorite name, "General Harrison." This distinguished gentleman all that time took an active part in promoting the institutions of religion in Ohio, and God raised him, by an unusual unanimity of suffrage, to the presidential chair of his country. May the same divine goodness continue to bless all the presidents of these United States, so that all things being settled on the best and surest foundations, may ensure to our country "peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, to the latest generations, through Jesus Christ our Lord, AMEN."



## CHAPTER XIV.

## FAMILIAR LETTERS OF THE WRITER AND HIS WIFE.

BUT it is time to stop in narrating events from memory, long since past. Truth is better attained by reading original letters, written at the time or soon after the facts took place. One of this sort has been preserved, descriptive of the scenes in the writer's life at his first coming with his family to Ohio. It is as follows, and was sent to his son, then with his uncle in Vermont.

*“Worthington, July 10, 1817.*

“MY DEAR SON GEORGE:—Yesterday your mother and myself took a ride on horseback from this place to Columbus, where, at the post-office, I found a letter from you, dated the 30th of May. If you had known the abundance of mercies which the good God was outpouring on us, in affording facilities, almost to a miracle, to your father, mother, uncle and aunt, and little brother, on their journey hither, you might have spared yourself the trouble of that part of your good letter which related to them.

“While at Columbus, before my visit to Cincinnati, I addressed your mother, supposing her at Clarence, near Buffalo. My letter was dated the 12th of May, and just said, ‘Send the goods to Sandusky—be yourself at Cleveland in about a month from this.’ This done, I went on my journey by the way of Dayton, Lebanon, Cincinnati, Williamsburg, Newmarket, Chillicothe, Circleville, Lancaster, and thence to Columbus again, as I believe I told you.

“At this place I performed service the first Sunday in June. The Monday and Tuesday following I agreed to become the rector of St. John's Church in this place, Trinity Church in Columbus, and St. Peter's Church in Delaware, fifteen miles to the north, a county seat; purchased me five lots in this village and a farm of one hundred and fifty acres of land, within half a mile—both sides of the road—on the way to Columbus; best of land, sixty acres under cultivation, with a good apple and peach orchard—fruit plenty—no

buildings—price two thousand and fifty dollars, one third down, the rest in two annual payments.

“I received from the trustees of Worthington academy the appointment of principal, to oversee the destinies of that institution.

“Wednesday I went to Delaware; Thursday to Norton, on the frontiers of the United States land, bordering on the Indian possessions, ten miles from Delaware. Returned and preached at Delaware on Saturday; and on Sunday, the 8th of June, preached, performed divine service, and administered the holy communion in Berkshire, a settlement about fifteen miles north-east of Worthington, where there is another of the parishes to which I shall occasionally minister till they can be otherwise supplied.

“Monday, the 9th, set my face towards Cleveland, to fulfil my appointment with your mother. My course was north-east; travelled twenty-two miles through a bad road to Frederick, a respectable settlement and village on the head waters of Licking river, which empties into the Muskingum at Zanesville. Tuesday, rode through a fine, dry chestnut and oak country, thirty-six miles to the Lake Fork of the Mehicken, which empties into the White Woman at Coshocton. On Wednesday rode towards Worster twelve miles to dinner, through a country the same as yesterday. Here I took a northerly direction, through a tract of land just beginning to be settled, and proceeded as far as Harrisville, seventeen miles—soil very rich and the roads muddy. Next day, Thursday, went twelve miles to Medina, destined as the county seat—new, but fast settling—soil very fine, and lying beautifully. Next day, Friday, held service in Medina and rode on to Liverpool, eight miles, where again we held service the same day. Saturday, rained all day; rode only two miles to another lodging-place. Sunday, rode in the morning about four miles to Columbia, where live a number of the brothers of the Rev. A. Bronson, of Vermont. Here I preached all day, and was much cheered with the good prospects of our primitive Church.

“Monday, 16th of June, 1817—a day marked in my calendar with peculiar emphasis—I mounted my horse for Cleve-

land, now twenty miles off. I was in company with Esq. Bronson. Crossing the Rocky river twice without any accident, though the water was deep and no bridge, I found we were on the ridge road, which is all along the lakes sandy and very good. My horse, somehow or other, kept the lead, and went very, very fast. 'What's the matter?' said Mr. B. 'Are you riding for a wager?' 'Something more important,' said I. 'I can GUESS what that is,' said he. At half past one I dismounted from my horse at the mouth of the Cuyahoga river, right opposite Cleveland.

"Safe in the boat—'Pray, Mr. Boatman, have you any late arrivals from Buffalo?' 'Yes, the Michigan lies off, and has just brought her passengers ashore.' 'Were there any ladies among them?' 'Yes.' 'Were there two, who, with a young gentleman, had the charge of a young child?' 'Yes, they have just gone up into town.'

"'Pray, landlord,' said I, as I entered an inn, 'do you know, or can you tell me, who—where—I can find——' 'Your family, Mr. Chase? Yes, we both know you and them; they are at a tavern, safe and waiting for you.' It seems my arrival had, in a few minutes, been noised from one end of the village to the other. Soon had I your dear mother, and little brother, and all, in my embrace, blessing God in one breath and asking a thousand questions in another.

"Your mother had, about a fortnight before her arrival at Cleveland, received my letter mentioned above; and, with her usual expedition in accomplishing business of importance, had set about the work. Bad as the roads to Buffalo from Clarence were, (and they were so bad that she was obliged to be drawn through the mud by oxen,) she got safe to Buffalo—arranged all her business about the goods, lately arrived at Black Rock, in relation to freight for the past and destiny for the future—and engaged her passage to Cleveland, in less time than Cæsar 'saw, fought and conquered.' At four, P. M., Saturday, she weighed anchor at Buffalo, and at ten, A. M., on Monday, she was safely landed and walking in the streets of Cleveland! Thus blessed beyond any former example, who could be ungrateful? To what was this owing?

Was it to your prayers for your dear mother's safety? Continue them with pious ardor.

"Tuesday I held service at Cleveland. Wednesday I left your mother, and proceeded to return my horse, which, through all his journeyings, was a borrowed one, the owner (God bless him for his kindness) living fifty or sixty miles to the east of Cleveland, at Windsor, which, you will remember, was the place where I organized my first parish in Ohio. Thither then I went, leaving directions for your mother and her precious charge, to steer her course in the first inland navigation wagon (of which there are numbers of great convenience and safety passing from Cleveland) to Canton, which is about sixty miles a little to the east of south from Cleveland.

"Next day, Friday, mounted my horse with a prospect of twelve miles through a mere forest, to ride to Windsor. In less than thirty-five minutes it began to rain, and fell in sheets through the whole distance. O, if you could have seen me plunging through the deepest mire, midrib to my horse, wet, the blessed while, as water could make me! But the trouble is over. I arrived safe among my loving Christian disciples, and all was well. On Saturday we had Church, a large congregation, all rejoiced to see me. On Sunday I held service all day, and administered the communion to twenty-three, where, till last Easter, the holy sacrament had never been administered before since the creation of the world. Seventeen was the number then—eight new ones—one absent, and one had died.

"Monday, with a man by my side carrying my trunk, which I had left there till now, I proceeded on my old route to Parkman and Ravenna, at both which places I held service. At Ravenna, the county seat, the court was sitting; the audience very large; Church much increased. Here I saw Mr. L—— B——, of Vermont. He told me (will you believe it?) that he had left Mrs. Chase and family, safe arrived and well, in Canton? What news was this for me! It was at least four days sooner than I expected. On Wednesday night I was with them again, rejoicing and rejoiced.

"The same evening I hired a wagon, good and new, with

two fine horses, and on Tuesday started with bag and baggage. Here we cut a figure; good roads and luck through Kendall, seventeen miles—stayed at a mere hut. Friday, started in good spirits—but what? never were such roads; the horses ‘stalled,’—this is the term they give to that very pleasant position moving people are in, who get stuck in the mud, and have to get oxen to draw them out,—and we got on but twelve miles the whole blessed day; and even that would never have been accomplished had I not hired a third horse.

“At Worster, you will remember, I entered on my old track, but there had been so much rain that it could not be pursued by reason of an inundated prairie. A Mr. Skinner said he would accompany and help us to get over the Lake Fork of the Mehicken, at a place about three miles before we came to his house, where we should, at least some of us, stay all night. By the bye, Mr. Skinner married Mrs. Rogers’ niece, Mr. Hezekiah Bull’s daughter.

“The sun was about an hour and a half high when we reached the river—the stream not very wide, but deep and rapid. Two or three men were with Mr. S.’s wagon, and there were two or three sons of the forest who had come to our assistance, well acquainted with the water, and good swimmers. They were from fourteen to sixteen years of age, and the most alert and obliging fellows I ever saw.

“The only means of transportation we had was a canoe, from twelve to fifteen feet long, and broad enough in the broadest place for a man of my size to sit down by squeezing a little. Well, how sped we? The horses first were mounted one by one, six in number, by our brave young lads, and plunged headlong into the rapid current. Pray, fancy to yourself this most interesting scene. Your mother with your little brother in her arms, who could scarcely be restrained and confined to his place, for mere love of the wild flowers that grew on the rich bank around him, with Almira sitting on the baggage. The young woodsmen mounted the horses, with more adroitness than a riding-master, without a bridle, and dashed them down a steep bank into the stream, to them bottomless. The first you would see, after such a process, would be the heads of the boy and the horse, and then, from

the rebound and struggle of the animal, would be the fore legs striking in quick succession the swift surface of the stream; then, by cuffing one side or the other, as they steered either this way or the opposite, up or down the stream, they got them all safe across and feeding in the luxuriant pastures on the other side.

“Now for our wagons, our baggage, and our precious selves. The bodies of the wagons were put, I should say poised, on our little canoe; a pound’s weight seemingly would have been, on either side, fatal to them; yet the lads managed them. Did you ever see rope-dancers? I have, and I assure you it was nothing to it. They stood, in the presence of the gazing spectators, on the bow and stern of this little bark, and, if you’ll believe it, got them safe across the flowing tide. The wheels were transported in the same way, and such was the smallness of the skiff and the rapidity of the current, that the wheels, as the bow of the canoe was kept nearly up the stream, were set in motion as if they were on land passing along. Then, with your little brother in my arms, like Æneas with young Ascanius, (I believe you call him,) I committed myself to the mere pig’s trough. Did I look back at your mother as we pushed this precious load from the firm land? I did; a mother’s prayer was read in her every feature, and a mother’s prayer was graciously answered. We got safe to shore.

“What think you of my feelings as our brave lads took on board their next precious cargo, your dear mother and aunt Almira? I watched the motion of the little ark of safety till all was well. Blessed be God, all *was* well! Unconscious of its rapid speed, we saw not the sun set till the shades of the evening told us how much in haste we ought to be.

“Soon was our carriage arranged, our goods replaced, and we on our way to the very new settlement, where Mr. Skinner is *beginning* to reside. I say so, for it is not three months since he first commenced his town and plantation on the finest site north of the place where I am writing this. Good cheer made us amends for the fatigues and dangers we had undergone.

“In the morning, Sunday, it set in to rain, and we had two

*forks* more to pass. At this moment they were fordable, but might not be so with one hour's rain. To proceed then was a matter of necessity. We did so, and got that night to Frederick, the place above described. On Monday, through the bad roads, without any accident, we travelled to Berkshire, and on Tuesday were set down in this place of my future residence.

"The next day your mother, though quite fatigued with her journey, went, in company with your uncle Cyrus Fay, to see my farm; and happy am I to say that she is pleased beyond my fondest expectations. The apples are fit to make pies, and the peaches almost begin to blush. Last night your aunt Almira also took a walk to see it. I am now busily employed in building me a barn and farm-house; as to my house in town, it will be left till I am better prepared.

"My parishes will engage all my attention, and I have told your uncle Cyrus Fay that if he will take care of me till he gets into business, I will reward him. His health is much improved and his old complaint has left him; at least he has had no return of it since he left Hartford.

"My dear George, remember my prayers are always for you, that you may be kept from vice, in peace, in health, and in prosperity. Do nothing without your good uncle's advice; let his every wish suggested be your guide, under the Divine law and blessing. Write to me often, and remember with what tender affection I am your father,

"PHILANDER CHASE.

"GEORGE CHASE."

In closing this letter, written nearly a quarter of a century ago, the writer feels a thrill through his breast of a deep and pervading nature. That son to whom it was addressed is long since gone; the dear mother of the son is mouldering to dust, yet the providence and goodness of God remain as fresh on his mind as ever; the same hand that then upheld, and kept him and them from perishing, now sustains the aged frame of their surviving relative in the discharge of all his painful trials and overwhelming duties.

Of the mind, cultivated talents and Christian sentiments of

the wife and mother, spoken of in the foregoing letter, the reader doubtless would wish to witness some specimen. It may be found in the following letter of hers, addressed to a dear friend whom she had left in Hartford.

*Copy of a letter from Mrs. Mary Chase, in Worthington, Ohio, to Mrs. Mary Tudor, of Hartford, Connecticut.*

“MY DEAR MRS. TUDOR: It is not because I have forgotten my good friends in Hartford, or my promise to you in particular, that I have delayed, thus long, making you acquainted with my situation and the events that have occurred since I saw you. Indeed, so rapid, so unexpected, and so evidently directed by Infinite wisdom, are the late scenes of my life, that I have had no time but to wonder and be grateful.

“On the 13th of May, about an hour before sunset, I imprinted the last kiss upon the cheek of my dear son George, who had lingered behind the carriage, unwilling, as it were, to take his final leave of his mother and infant brother. To say with what emotions I drew down the curtain would be impossible. To my regrets of the past were added doubts and uncertainty of the future. ‘Father of mercies,’ said I mentally, as I took the last view of a place where I had once hoped to spend my days, ‘Father of mercies, into thy hands I commit myself and the events of my future life. Whatever it be thy will to inflict, give me grace to endure; and for whatever of prosperity thou hast in store for me, give me grace to be thankful. Preserve, O God, the life and health of my dear husband, and for the rest thy will be done.’

“The Sunday after I left Hartford I passed in Utica. The Rev. Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Wadsworth, son-in-law to good Mrs. Adams, called to see me. At Canandaigua Miss Clark, Miss Chapin, and Miss Holly called to see me. There is a beautiful church erected in this most beautiful village, since the return of the above-named young ladies from Mrs. Royce’s school, and they have in their clergyman a very amiable and promising young man, Mr. Onderdonk, of New York.

“On the tenth day after I left Hartford I reached Batavia without accident, and in much better health and spirits than when I set out on my journey. At this place I left the stage,



and hired a wagon to take me twenty miles to my sister's in Clarence. On the evening of the 25th we arrived in safety at the habitation of my sister, and were welcomed with much cordiality to the woods and comforts of an infant settlement. The next day, without allowing myself rest, I set about arranging all things for a summer residence in the woods, and preparing myself to be as comfortable and as little trouble as possible. A fortnight passed away, and I was content and happy, anxious only to hear from my husband, of whom I had no certain intelligence.

"On the 9th of June, a person who had been at Buffalo on business, called and delivered me a letter, saying, 'From Mr. Chase, I suppose.' I broke the seal and found these words: — 'I am on my way to Cincinnati in perfect good health. Send the goods to Sandusky, and come yourself in a packet to Cleveland, where I will, God willing, meet you by the middle of next month with wagons, horses, conductors, &c., to your heart's content.' Dated at Columbus, May 12th, 1817. I found, by looking at the date, I had no time to lose, and immediately set about preparing myself for my journey. At the same time it set in to rain, and it was not until the 15th of the month, about four o'clock in the afternoon, that I was able to go on board for Cleveland.

"The wind was fair, and the hope of soon beholding my beloved husband put me in uncommon good spirits. 'I think you have been at sea,' said a passenger, 'and must be somewhat acquainted with the danger of overloading a vessel. Pray, do you not think we are in danger if we should have a blow?' We had, besides other lading, nine hundred barrels of salt on board! I pressed my darling closer to my bosom, and Hope for a moment let go her anchor.

"Blessed be God for all his mercies! I was safely landed at Cleveland on the 17th instant, about ten o'clock in the morning, and, with a number of other passengers, proceeded to the only decent public house in the place. As soon as I was seated and the host made his appearance, 'Pray, sir,' said I, 'is there a clergyman in this place by the name of Chase?' 'No,' was the reply. 'Has there not been one here by that name?' 'No. A Mr. Searle has been here, but no Mr.

Chase.' 'Go, my dear brother,' said I to Cyrus, (for you know he accompanied me,) 'go to the post-office and ask for letters for me.' He returned in a moment with none. I am sure it was not more than ten minutes after this that a person inquired for *Mrs. Chase*, and being shown into the room, observed, that he had just heard of my arrival in that place, and thought it might be gratifying to me to learn something of Mr. Chase. 'I heard him preach yesterday,' said he, 'and he will be here in a few hours.' In a few hours indeed — three only — I found myself in the arms of my beloved husband — browner and older some — in good health and in uncommon good spirits. May the goodness of God to me this day forever warm and animate my bosom! We stopped two days in Cleveland, and there Mr. C. left us to visit some of the newly-formed Churches on the Reserve, and return a horse which had kindly been lent him to visit the various parts of the state. I and my family proceeded in a covered wagon to Canton — distance about sixty miles from Cleveland — where we waited five days for Mr. Chase.

"He having joined us, we again set forward, passing through Kendal, &c., to Wooster — distant thirty-five miles from Canton, and over the worst roads that can be imagined. From Wooster to Frederick — forty miles — the roads are good and the country delightful. Indeed, when I passed over this part of the country, I forgave those writers, who, in describing this new world, appear rather to be speaking of a world of imagination than one that had any real existence. The country is alternate plain and upland, and you have only to loosen the reins of imagination to convert the prairies into highly cultivated meadows, adorned with a variety of the most beautiful and fragrant wild flowers, and skirted with an intermixture of the wild plum and crab-apple.

"The uplands are gently ascending and thinly covered with the most beautiful forest trees. Here you may imagine some gentleman of taste has fixed his residence; and in adorning the lands around his habitation, has so artfully disposed of his vines and trees as to be mistaken for nature's rival. Were it not for the certainty that this beautiful and highly picturesque country is inhabited, in its first outset, only

by persons not famous for their neatness, taste, or civilization, one would be almost tempted to go in search of some castle, or palace, or some gentleman's villa, which one might imagine must be found amid scenery so delightful.

“From Frederick to this place the soil is rich, but the country is new, yet everywhere affording abundance where man is not sparing of his labor. On the first day of July, we arrived in this place. I cannot tell you with what emotions I first beheld a spot which is probably to be my residence for life. At any rate, if I shall ever be called upon to change my place of residence again, I shall be spared the misery and pain of breaking attachments and separating from friends, who are to be valued as much for their mental attainments as for their native good dispositions and pious affections. But may God avert the necessity of another removal! With my husband and children around me, and living in the midst of people on whom the ordinances of religion evidently have a beneficial effect, and where the sphere of my husband's usefulness is greatly enlarged, I am content till the Great Shepherd shall call me to the fold of everlasting rest and salvation.

“Oh, if there is anything that wholly loosens our affection from the world, it is having no place in it you may call *your home*—living, like our ancient exemplars, strangers and pilgrims even in a land of promise!

“Worthington, the place of our present residence, is pleasantly situated on the left banks of the Whetstone, one of the branches of the Scioto river, and about nine miles from Columbus, the present seat of government. It is but thirteen years the coming Christmas since the first family moved into the place, then an entire wilderness. The inhabitants, or ‘settlers,’ as they are called here, are most of them from New England, and of a sober, industrious disposition. There are also erected a large brick academy and a number of handsome brick dwelling-houses, together with a manufacturing establishment; and the coming summer they contemplate building a church and a cotton establishment. Mr. Chase is appointed the principal of the academy, an office at present merely nominal, as the foundation of its future fame and usefulness is yet to be laid.

“Shall I tell you that this is the field designed for Philander, if it shall please God to preserve his life and health, and to keep him pure and unspotted from the vices by which I know he is surrounded. To you, who can so readily enter into my feelings, I can say, that if any evil should happen to this dear boy, it would require the utmost exertion of my Christian affections, with unfeigned sincerity and resignation to say, ‘Thy will be done.’ Knowing my own heart, I pray to our Father that he would spare me a trial I should be so little able to bear.

“Mr. Chase has purchased a small farm about three fourths of a mile from this village, on which he is now building a house, intended hereafter for a farm-house, but which must shelter his family the coming winter from the winds and storms. This, together with the care of five parishes and occasional parochial duty during the week, so completely fills up his time, that his face is seldom seen at home except at table. But his health is good, and I trust he may be doing some good to the Church of the ever blessed Redeemer. The greater part of the people in this country may appropriately be said to be like sheep going astray; and though one shepherd cannot do everything, yet every one may do something towards calling them home to the flock and fold of the Great Shepherd of our salvation.

“I endured the fatigue of my journey to this country much better than could have been imagined, but my health since I have been here has not been as good as usual. Dear little Dudley too, has not been well since our arrival. He is very thin and pale, and requires more care and attention than when six months old. I trust, however, that it is his teeth that occasions his present indisposition. Cyrus and Almira are well.

“*October, 20th.*

“You see, my dear Mrs. Tudor, by the different dates of my letter, that I have been a long time neglectful of my acknowledged obligation. This has been owing, in the first place, to the illness of my dear babe, and in the next, to our living here as we do without the possibility of procuring ‘help.’ With a sick child, that requires day and night my

constant attention, it was not surprising, at least to myself, that it should bring on a complaint to which you know I have been many years subject—a spitting of blood. This has produced so great a degree of weakness as, at times, almost to deprive me of the power to rise from my bed; but as the little boy gets better and the weather becomes cooler, I think my health grows better than otherwise, particularly within a few days. The weather is very fine, and I have been able to ride every morning, which I think has contributed much towards my own and my little boy's recovery. May I be duly thankful for all my blessings!

“I have just learned, by a letter from Philander, of the alarming sickness that prevails at Cambridge. May the good God protect my dear boy! I know not how it is, or why it is, but my heart has been full of anxiety ever since I have been in this place. My imagination is not apt to get the better of my judgment, but in this case I own myself a very, very child.

“By a letter from the Rev. Mr. Searle, I learn that Mrs. Sigourney was feared to be in a decline. Poor, dear lady! I feel it would be a great comfort to me to be near her in her sickness. She has been so good and kind to me and mine, has ministered so often to the wants of my sick family, that I feel a something I cannot name when I count the miles that separate me from her. My prayers are now all I can offer for her benefit. May He, who supported the agonized spirit of a suffering Redeemer, be her support and comforter!

“Mr. Wainright, I hear, is still with you, and has received priest's orders. I trust you find in him everything you can reasonably expect in a clergyman, and I *know* that he will find in your little society everything a clergyman ought to expect in parishioners. May you long be happy in each other!

“Pray have the goodness to write to me everything relative to your little Church. I do not feel the less interested, now that I am absent, than when I was present with you. As a branch of the Universal Church, I shall ever delight to learn that you bear much fruit.

“I hope all Mr. Chase's friends will forgive him his seem-

ing want of attention to them. He has scarcely a moment that is unoccupied. The care of his parishes and of the infant Church in this new world, and the necessity of providing a shelter for his family this winter, completely fill up his time; but after the new year, I trust his time will not be so wholly taken up, but that he can devote a few moments every day to his friends.

“Pray have the goodness to mention me most affectionately to all my friends in Hartford. Tell dear Mrs. Adams that I have the satisfaction of informing her, that I am not likely to become joint inhabitant with the pigs and fowls of a log cabin; and though we may not have everything we wish for, we have enough to be thankful for.

“Among those whom I knew in Hartford, I know of no one I am likely to forget. I beg you will not punish me with a three months' silence. My illness, and that of my family, ought to be an apology for the delay of my promises. Even now I am obliged to write with my boy at one elbow, talking or crying, while at the other is the daily provision for my family.

“To Mr. Tudor and your family remember me most affectionately; and may God have both you and them in his holy keeping.

“Ever your most affectionate friend,

“MARY CHASE.

“MRS. MARY TUDOR.”

The declining health of the author of the above letter, was the subject of the deepest solicitude and incessant watchfulness, which, joined to the care of erecting and finishing a comfortable dwelling for his family during the coming winter, caused the circle of the writer's missionary duties to be somewhat confined. Worthington occupied half his services, and Delaware and Berkshire each their portion. In these alone he baptized this year more than one hundred, and before winter his communion had increased from a very few to sixty-five. He moved into his newly-erected house before Christmas.

## CHAPTER XV.

## ORGANIZATION OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN OHIO.

ON the 5th of January, 1818, there was holden, according to previous notice very generally given, a convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ohio, at Columbus, nearly in the centre of the state. It consisted of two clergymen, in full orders, and nine delegates only; and, though but few in number, they proceeded with the order and regularity required in the most numerous assemblies. They had met together in the name of the Lord, and his blessing they implored.

A president and secretary were appointed, and the following resolution unanimously adopted previously to all other business, viz.:—

*“Resolved unanimously,* That we, the members of this convention, are in communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, and also that we do unanimously adopt the general Constitution and Canons of the said Church.”

At this convention a Diocesan Constitution was adopted, a report made on the state of the Church, and a committee of respectable persons throughout the state appointed, whose duty it should be to raise means to support a Bishop.

At the close of the proceedings of this convention is the following record:—

*“Resolved,* That this convention view with lively emotions of pleasure the flourishing though infant state of our Church in Ohio, and that they earnestly recommend to the several parishes in the state, that each send at least one delegate to the next convention, ‘to meet at Worthington on the first Monday in June next.’

“PHILANDER CHASE, President of the Convention.

“*David Prince, Secretary.*”

In the eye of such as could take an enlarged view of the events of Providence, designed for the good of his Church, the day of small things, as exhibited in the above convention, was

not despised. This was particularly exemplified in the mind of the wife of the writer. She regarded the meeting of the few Church people in Columbus, as the planting of a standard in the *western world*, around which would gather the soldiers of the cross in countless numbers, to contend earnestly for the faith to the latest generations. To her eye it was like the little cloud arising out of the sea, betokening abundance of rain in spiritual showers on a dry and parched land. All, therefore, who attended this convention, in calling at the writer's house, were treated with the utmost respect. As instruments in God's hand of planting the Church, she honored them, and gave them all the personal attention and service her feeble frame would allow.

From that time her health continued to decline. What the writer suffered cannot, need not, be told. She continued to suffer with patience and resignation till the 5th of May, when, after leaving her blessing to all, she went to her rest, and now lies buried, in the hope of a blessed resurrection, under the chancel of the Episcopal Church, in Worthington, Ohio.

Agreeably to the resolutions passed in the primary convention held in Columbus, and the constitution there adopted, the clergy and lay delegates met at Worthington, June 3, 1818.

The principal business before them was the choice of Bishop for the then infant Church. This measure was declared to be expedient, and the writer was unanimously elected to fill that elevated but most responsible office.

The proper notice of this transaction having been sent to the standing committees of the several dioceses for their consent, according to canon, the writer set off for Philadelphia to receive consecration. It was not till his arrival at Baltimore that he heard of any opposition. This information was given by Bishop Kemp, and when he came to Philadelphia he found it even so. What rendered the matter peculiarly distressing was, that the standing committees refused to act on the case, except barely by withholding their consent.

Bishop White observed, that if there were a majority of standing committees in other dioceses besides that of Pennsylvania in his favor, the consecration might take place, although,



in that case, he should decline being one of those who would join in the consecration. To this the writer replied, that he himself would never think of proceeding a step in pursuit of consecration till all were satisfied of its lawfulness and propriety; yea, more, he should think it his duty henceforth to cease from preaching and ministering in holy things altogether; for, understanding that the objections affected his moral character, it was obvious that, if true, they unfitted him for the discharge of the duties of presbyter as they did for those of Bishop. To meet the objections, therefore, was both his wish and indispensable duty.

“But,” said Bishop White, “the standing committees refuse to take up the business in any shape, alleging that they are not a proper tribunal.” “Then,” said the writer, “I request a meeting of the general convention, and stand pledged that the diocese of Ohio will demand the same; for it seems unreasonable that a *Bishop elect* of any state should, by reason of accusations affecting his character, be sacrificed for want of a proper tribunal before whom he can meet his accusers and repel their charges.” The justice of this ground taken by the writer was obvious. The standing committees took the matter up, and the whole was investigated. Inquiries were made wherever the writer had lived, and all was found satisfactory to the committees. Bishop White was present during every meeting of that board; and when all was brought to a close, that venerable prelate was heard to say that he was satisfied, and that the gentlemen who had opposed the consecration of the Bishop elect of Ohio, would do well to consider if, on a similar trial, their own lives would bear like investigation. The writer is grateful to a divine Providence that there are some now living, who can bear witness to the truth of this statement.

To an ardent mind, thus assailed in a city where he had never been before, with few or no acquaintances, and so far from home, the delay of nearly four months, required to answer the most futile and malicious accusations, was long and painful. But he is thankful that it was then so ordered, for it taught him patience, and it is believed, by the grace of

God, qualified him for far greater trials which were in store for him.

His consecration took place on the 11th of February, 1819, in the city of Philadelphia, by the Rt. Rev. William White, D. D. Bishops Hobart of New York, Kemp of Maryland, and Croes of New Jersey, were present and assisting. The Rev. Dr. Beasley preached the consecration sermon, in St. James' Church.

To say with what mingled emotions of fear and trembling, of joy, and hope, and grateful praise, the writer set off for Ohio, the future scene of his labors, is quite impossible. At times each prevailed. He returned as he came, on horseback, but not the same way. Instead of going by Baltimore, he took Little York and McConnelstown in his route. He recollects the cold, and the piercing wind, and the snow, and the slippery roads, as he went up and down the mountains. Surely he has reason to recollect these things, for his horse became so strained that he was obliged to leave him and purchase another, fresh and young, and thus was fitted for the hard service before him. With this faithful animal the writer kept pace with the stage-coach, then passing to Greensburgh, not far from Pittsburg.

The late Major General of the United States army was then in that frail public vehicle, on runners. His good company, gentle manners, and great kindness to the writer, as they stopped several nights together, will never be forgotten. At Greensburgh, the roads being better, General Macomb, in the public stage, outstripped the writer, and proceeded to his military station in Detroit.

Dr. Mowry was warden of the Church at Pittsburg, then a little octagonal building. Few men were better able, by his counsel and kind encouragement, to cheer the heart of a missionary Bishop than this person. He has now gone to his rest, but his memory lingers in the hearts of all who knew him, and his good deeds for the Church are inscribed in the history of our Apostolic Church in Western Pennsylvania.

No Christian person, who knows the nature of the Episcopal office, and how a sense of its manifold duties ought to affect the heart of one recently consecrated, will expect the writer to

pass the Ohio river in his narrative, and take charge of his diocese, without noticing so important an event. If he be asked how he felt when so doing, and especially how his heart was affected when, on the 28th of February, 1819, he preached his first sermon in Zanesville, he has no words in which to return an adequate answer. They must be imagined rather than described. The solemn words of his consecration were on his mind:—"Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Bishop in the Church of God, now committed to thee by the imposition of our hands, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. And remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is given thee by the imposition of our hands; for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and love, and soberness."

These are the words of commission, or apostolic authority, which were impressed on the writer's mind; and then, as to the manner of executing that commission, who could forget what was said by the presiding Bishop, when he delivered him the Bible, saying, "Give heed unto reading, exhortation, and doctrine; think upon the things contained in this book; be diligent in them, that the increase coming thereby may be manifest unto all men: for by so doing thou shalt save thyself and them that hear thee. Be to the flock of Christ a shepherd, not a wolf; feed them; devour them not. Hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken, bring again the outcast; seek the lost; be so merciful that you be not too remiss; so minister discipline that you forget not mercy; that when the chief Shepherd shall appear, you may receive the never-fading crown of glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen."

In the small flock at Zanesville he seemed to view the whole extent of this charge, and, with these feelings of duty, took possession of his diocese. On the retrospect of this important event, he is inclined to say, "Blessed be the hand that covered from his view the events of futurity;" and the sufferings he was afterward called to endure in Ohio. God is good, remembering never to try us beyond what we are able. There was a chastised state of the mind at this period; for although

the writer, by the grace of God, had overcome one opposition, yet the fact of its being of so unrighteous and groundless a character, and evidently, to his mind, urged by secret opponents, whom he could not, nor even *desired* to discover, proved the existence of danger at every step, and the necessity of unremitting prayer and vigilance.

On the 3d day of March, 1819, he arrived at his humble dwelling near Worthington, Ohio.

It is intended in this memoir to enter no further into domestic scenes and arrangements, than is necessary in order to carry on a consistent thread of history, the object of which is chiefly to manifest the hand of a kind Providence; His wisdom and goodness who ordereth all things for his glory and the final happiness of those who believe in his name.

Some months had now elapsed since the writer had been a sincere mourner for the mother of his children, when God was pleased, through his afflictive hand, to deprive his niece, Mrs. Lucia Russell, also of her husband, and to incline her widowed heart to seek a shelter under her uncle's roof in Worthington. It was on one of those days of *loneliness* which no one wishes to describe, that the writer was walking in the orchard in Worthington, and saw a wagon stop, and a woman dressed in black, with a little daughter by her side, approach him. On the removal of her veil he recognized the countenance of his dear niece, who used to attend his school when a little child, in Bethel, Vermont, more than twenty years before. Her sad story was soon told—that her husband had died soon after reaching the northern and eastern part of the state, and that she had come for protection and comfort to her long-loved uncle.

And will the reader believe that this afflicted one, this widowed being, and this her little helpless child by her side, with nothing but God and innocence to recommend them, were destined to be among the chief instruments in founding Kenyon and Jubilee colleges, and thus of spreading light and truth throughout the western world! All this is true, though the fact seems past belief. This would not have been adverted to here, but because this dear niece was the person who welcomed the writer on his return home after his consecration.

And the satisfaction she evidently received at hearing of the protecting goodness of God, was among the writer's chiefest joys.

A hired man of good sense and principle was intrusted with the farm, and the writer took leave of his home, and went, entirely at his own charge, in pursuit of diocesan duty. His path lay through various counties, and wherever he went a blessing seemed to follow him. He preached, baptized, and administered the holy rite of confirmation and the sacrament of the Lord's supper to many believing penitents.

At Steubenville, on the 16th of May, he instituted the parish of St. Paul's Church, and, at the request of many, visited the destitute on the Virginia side. The parish at Wheeling was organized under his direction.

After having passed through many places, and being about to turn his face towards home to meet his convention, he heard of a family in sickness and distress, who wished the ministration of the word and sacraments. Their names were Finley and Henderson, two of whom, having come some distance to hear service, desired the writer to return with them. He complied with their request, and had particular reason to bless God for having done so; and as a testimony of the deep impression which this singular visit to these destitute and interesting people made on the mind, he did not neglect to leave on record the following account of Finley and his family:—

“These people were principally from Ireland, and in their own country were what are called *English Protestants*, bred to a liberal and pious way of thinking, and to a more than ordinary courteousness of deportment. Emigrating from their own and coming to this country in the early settlement of Ohio, they fixed themselves here in the woods, and underwent the many deprivations and hardships incident to a new establishment. Their children grew up and their families increased.

“Ardently attached to the Church, they could not but think of her and her pleasant things, though they had but little prospect of seeing her prosperity. The Rev. Dr. Doddridge, the nearest, and, for many years, the only Episcopal clergyman in

the country, lived some twenty miles from them, on the Virginia side of the Ohio. Such were his avocations that he had never been among them. Here they were, isolated and alone, as sheep having no shepherd. Finley the elder, 'the old man of whom I spake, was yet alive;' yet only so alive as that they were obliged to raise him up to salute me, as I approached his bed. As I took his hand, trembling with age and weakness, he burst into tears, and sobbed aloud. The grateful effusions of his heart, at the sight of a minister of the blessed Jesus, were made intelligible by the most affecting ejaculations to God, his Maker, Saviour, and Sanctifier. 'I see my Spiritual Father,' said he, 'my Bishop, the shepherd of the flock of Christ, of which I have always considered myself and my little lambs about me the members, but too unworthy, I feared, to be sought and found in this manner. O Sir! do I live to see this happy day? Yes, 'tis even so: Blessed Lord! Holy Jesus! Thou who once camest in great humility, to seek and to save that which was lost, receive the tribute of my grateful heart. Now let thy servant depart in peace.' As the venerable man spake forth the effusions of his mind in words like these, he bowed his gray hairs, and begged the prayers and benedictions of the Church. They were afforded; and cold must that heart be which, under such circumstances, could refuse to be fervent. The visitation office was performed, in which the family, joined by the neighbors hastily assembled, participated.

"The good effects of this office, not only on the person to whom and for whom they were prepared, but on all who witnessed it, were apparent. And here I cannot but bear my decided testimony in favor of a rubrical conformity to the injunctions of our venerable Church, in preference to anything which the minister (especially if he be a young man) may substitute in its place. If the minister sustain the character of his Divine Master, whom he represents, and whose work he is doing, he need be under no apprehension of *incongruity*, when, on entering the house of the sick man, he repeats what the Church has commanded him to say, 'Peace be to this house, and all that dwell in it.' There is such primitive simplicity, there is something so characteristic of a servant and

imitator of Jesus Christ, in solemnly pronouncing these words on approaching a sick man's couch, that every heart feels their force and every eye melts into tears. The soil is thus prepared to receive the words of exhortation which follow, and to offer up the prayers with unfeigned devotion.

“The branches of the family, and other persons in the vicinity, being, though at a late hour, sent for, I proceeded to the work of instruction. The nature and obligation of the Christian covenant in baptism, and as renewed in confirmation, and the Lord's supper, were dwelt upon; and the little assembly were dismissed with earnest exhortations to seek in their prayers the aid and direction of God's Holy Spirit, to guide them in the solemn duties to be performed in the morning.

“I went home with one of the sons of Mr. Finley, and after a short time devoted to sleep, at dawn of day I returned to the sick man's bed. The family and friends came as quickly together, and the sun had scarcely begun to enliven the woods, when I again addressed my interesting audience. With what heartfelt pleasure — with what grateful exultation, did I now read in the countenances of this little flock the effects of gospel truth! Every face beamed with holy fear and love, that blessed compound which speaks at once the modest, the believing, and the obedient Christian. And when I examined and called for the persons to be confirmed, eleven out of this little circle presented themselves. The office was begun and they received the laying on of hands, after which the holy supper of our Lord was administered to the like number, though not entirely to the same persons — some having been confirmed before, and some, who were now confirmed, being not yet duly instructed for the sacrament. In a cabin, with scarcely a pane of glass to let in the light of day, and floor of roughly-hewn planks, we knelt down together, and there the holy offices were performed.

“The patriarchal old man, having caused himself to be raised in his bed, gazed with unspeakable rapture on the scene before him. His tears only indicated what he felt. The symbols of his dear Redeemer were given and received; they were pledges of eternal joys in that world whither he was so

fast hastening. Giving him the Episcopal blessing, I took my leave and departed. My mind, however, did not, does not, soon leave them. I never shall forget the family and neighborhood of the venerable Finley."

The foregoing is extracted from the address made by the writer to his convention of 1819, and the following is an address made to him by his clergy, and his answer to the same.

*“ Address to the Bishop.*

“ RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:—We the undersigned, clergymen of the Episcopal Church, would do injustice to our feelings were we to omit our congratulation on the establishment of the Episcopate in Ohio.

“ We welcome your safe return to this diocese, after consecration to the holy office which you now sustain; we felicitate ourselves on the successful issue of an event so important to the interests of our infant Zion as was this consecration; we rejoice in the opportunity, now afforded by a merciful Providence, to assemble in the first convention west of the Allegha- nia, holden under its Episcopal head.

“ With no ordinary feelings, Rt. Rev. and dear sir, do we advert to the present situation of the Church in the west. *It is a rose planted in the wilderness*; may it be watered with the dews of Heaven! May it be nourished by the continual blessing of Him who is the fountain of goodness, until it flourish in beauty and perfection!

“ There is, indeed, great reason to be thankful for the past, and to take courage for the time to come. Much has been done; but much remains to be executed. Under the blessing of God, a few more laborers in the vineyard would be instrumental to introduce a spirit of primitive piety and order, where once they were little known and still less regarded. Are there no means by which they may be procured?

“ We feel it a duty to state, that in your exertions for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom you will have our prayers for success, and our hearty coöperation in the work. The importance of giving strength and stability to the foundation of the Church in this diocese, by a strict attention to its



doctrines and discipline, must be obvious; in these, and in all other respects, as in duty bound, we promise our true and canonical obedience.

“ Relying upon your piety and zeal to direct the work, trusting to the promises of God to crown it with success, with prayers that your health and usefulness may long be continued a blessing to the fold of Christ, we are, Rt. Rev. sir, your friends and servants in the Lord,

“ SAMUEL JOHNSTON,

“ INTREPID MORSE.

“ *Worthington, June 2, 1819.*”

“ *Reply.*”

“ DEAR BRETHREN IN THE LORD:—Your address to me on the subject of commencing the duties of the Episcopate, and of opening the convention of Ohio, is now before me. My feelings, in reading it, are those of gratitude to God and great friendship and love to you. I wish I could express them in a becoming manner, acceptably to Him, and satisfactorily to myself and you.

“ The Divine Head of the Church has indeed been gracious unto us. Let us improve his mercy, by devoting ourselves more and more ardently to his service. Let us be *instruments* in his hands of watering this ‘rose in the wilderness,’ planted by his gracious providence. Let us, with the strength and wisdom which his word and Holy Spirit alone can give, shield and nourish it. To the blessing of the dews of heaven, let us pray God that he would add, on the one hand, that of keeping far from it the chilling frosts of indifference and impiety; and on the other, that of protecting it from the tempests of fanaticism. By day let it receive our constant care, and in the night season let it not depart from our pious thoughts.

“ Your tender solicitude for more laborers in the spiritual field before us, is by me most sincerely reciprocated. I feel the subject most deeply; and with you, will pray the Lord that he will dispose the hearts of many to go forth into his vineyard; but the means are, as yet, mostly withholden from our view.

“ Your characters in life, and your friendship to me in par-

ticular, are a sufficient pledge of the sincerity with which you promise canonical obedience. While I live, this great honor which God has bestowed on me shall, with his help, never be abused. His glory, and the good of his Church, shall be the sole motives in prompting me to every act of spiritual advice and discipline. That I fail not herein, a sense of my own weakness makes me entreat your fervent prayers.

“To God’s holy keeping and protection you are now commended by your faithful friend and pastor,

“PHILANDER CHASE.

“*Worthington, June 2, 1819.*”

“*Note by the Editor.*”

“On Sunday, the 6th instant, at Worthington, Mr. Benjamin Birge, of Lexington, Kentucky, was admitted to the holy order of Deacons; and the same day, seventy-nine persons were confirmed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase.”

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After the convention of 1819, (from the journal of which the above extracts are taken,) the writer divided his time between his domestic, parochial, and diocesan duties. What was considered his parochial district comprehended Delaware, Berkshire, Worthington, and Columbus. Of these, Worthington had the greater share of his time; the others, being from ten to fifteen miles away, enjoyed equal portions of the other moiety. In his absence on diocesan duty, (and such was the fact during nearly all the summer of 1819,) these parishes, for the want of ministers, were kept together by *lay reading*.

The Rev. R. Searle was fixed in the northern part of the diocese, embracing a circumference of more than a hundred miles. The Rev. Samuel Johnston was in the south-west, with his residence in Cincinnati. The Rev. Mr. Doddridge, of Virginia, officiated a part of the time in the eastern counties of Ohio. The Rev. I. Morse, whom in June the writer had admitted to priest’s orders, took the town of Zanesville, the newly-formed parish of Steubenville, and several other places, as missionary ground under his care.

Nearly all these extensive regions were visited by the writer

either before or after the convention of this summer—1819. The scattered members of Christ's fold were sought for in the deep forests, and many who had never before acknowledged a divine Saviour, were disposed, by the grace of God, to forsake their sins and come into his primitive Church. This was a cheering star in the midst of a dark night. Rude and uninformed as all things appeared, yet to the eye of *faith* there was hope in every object. Like the rough furrows before the sower, every step, as the seed was thrown with a broad cast from his hand among a listening people, had a promise in it; for the seed was good, though the sower was nothing.

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This year the writer was united in marriage to her who is now the partner of his joys and sorrows. Her maiden name was Sophia May Ingraham. Her parents, Duncan and Susannah Ingraham, were Bostonians, and the latter of the Greenleaf family, and sister to Daniel Greenleaf, Esq., of Quincy, Mass.

They both moved to Philadelphia, and there were blessed with a large family. They were all attached to the Protestant Episcopal Church under the pastoral care of the Rt. Rev. Bishop White. While the children were young, they moved to Hudson, a town then commencing with great hopes of commerce on the North river.

They subsequently moved to Greenvale, in the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie, in Dutchess county, where the family lived and attended the early ministrations of the writer while rector of the Church in that place. Sophia May received confirmation at the hands of Bishop Moore, of N. Y., 1802. She was married to the writer in time of public worship, on Sunday, the 4th of July, 1819, by the Rev. Intrepid Morse, then rector of St. James Parish, Zanesville, Ohio.

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In returning home, late in the fall of this year, the writer was reminded of a circumstance of which the reader may recollect something, as recorded in his reminiscences of 1808. A letter was received from his friends in New Orleans, R. M. W.— and Dr. Robert Dowe, stating that the colored man *Jack*, (whom the writer, when he lived in that city, many years previously, had purchased—price \$500—at his own

request, and who, after having been clothed and well used, had absconded, as was supposed, in the ship "Thomas Jefferson,") was now, (1819,) on his return into the port of New Orleans, arrested, identified, and put in prison, and there awaited the arrival of the legal powers to be sold for the benefit of his master; and that the sale would probably cover the original purchase-money and its interest. The letter concluded with congratulations on the occurrence of so fortunate an event.

This news put a new face on an old picture, every feature of which the writer had been endeavoring to forget for eleven years. And now he had reasons, peculiar to his condition, for dismissing it entirely from his mind; for although his once owning the slave Jack, like that of Philemon and other primitive Christians, was the result of providential necessity; and though Jack, like Onesimus, might be considered morally bound to return to his master; yet now, under present circumstances, if his master were to reclaim and sell him for money, his whole diocese would attribute it to a principle of covetousness, the great idol which at the present day all are so much inclined to worship, and thus his usefulness in Ohio would be destroyed forever. And though this tyrant,—the love of money,—rules over the hearts of so many, yet all are very jealous of the affections of the clergy in this respect, and fain will starve their bodies to save their souls. The writer saw, or thought he saw, it would be so here; for though his diocese gave him nothing to live on, yet were he to reclaim his servant Jack, or even to sue for the money which the New Orleans Church owed him, and which they have since, in 1840, so honorably paid him, (\$1,500,) all would have fallen on his character without mercy, and he would have labored among them in vain. Therefore, with a full determination to bury the whole matter in oblivion, he wrote to his friends to emancipate his servant Jack, and let him go whithersoever he pleased; that if he would pay his prison fees and other costs of suit, it was all his master wanted.

And why, the reader will ask, has this grave of oblivion been disturbed here? Why not suffer Jack to rest in his quiet bed? The answer is, because there was more in this than appears. Jack becomes hereafter, in this history of the writer's

life, an important personage, and proves, however insignificant in himself, to be one instrument among many of the means, in the hand of Providence, of rescuing the writer from great distress in London, and, by consequence, of enabling him to found an institution, now the ornament of the west.

Gentle reader, Have patience; all this will appear in due time and order. At present it is our duty to pass on to another chapter.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### SOME ACCOUNT OF THE WRITER'S SON PHILANDER.

IN the retrospect of the year 1820, the first object that presents itself to the eye of the writer is, the dear image of his son Philander Chase, Junior, who came to him in the month of March, from a sea voyage. While introducing him to the notice of the reader, he feels conscious that something is due to the memory of his deceased son, if it be nothing more than to bespeak the sympathy of such as, for want of information, may pass lightly over his loved name. It is due also to the *reader*, that so near a relative, and a fellow-laborer with his father, should be made known to him. Nothing, however, will here be inserted touching the character and life of this dear youth, but that which took place before his coming to Ohio, leaving his future labors in the Church of Christ, and his glorious and triumphant death, to be mentioned in their proper places.

He was born in the township of Bethel, in Vermont, while his father was a missionary in the western parts of New York, was a child when in Poughkeepsie, and had attained the age of eight years, when, leaving him with his uncle, Judge Chase, of Randolph, Vt., his parents moved to New Orleans, as has been related. By this worthy and most affectionate relative, he and his brother George were sent regularly to school, until their parents returned from the south and settled in Connecticut. The boys were then taken from

Randolph and placed at the Episcopal academy in Cheshire, where they were signally benefited by the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Tillotson Bronson, so justly esteemed a good scholar and sound divine.

From this academy George entered Yale college, New Haven; but Philander, preferring Harvard, was kept back till his judgment should be more matured. This delay was, in many respects, truly beneficial. It gave him opportunity to read, under the direction of an anxious father, many things which enabled him to defend his faith, when attacked by unbelievers, in the great truths of revealed religion. It also enabled him to examine the principles he had been taught, and to search out the proofs from the word of God by which they were sustained. In the great matter of the divinity of Christ, on which rests the atonement, the essential pillar of the Christian faith, he was duly instructed by the writings of Bishop Bull, Bishop Sherlock, and Dr. Waterland. Dr. McGee on the Atonement, itself then newly published, was unanswerable to his mind; and as to the Trinity of persons and Unity of the Godhead, as expressed in the Nicene and Athanasian creeds, nothing could be more satisfactory than the scriptural proofs of the Rev. William Jones, of Nayland.

These he studied with great care and seriousness of heart; and God, by his grace, rewarded his faith by the hope of salvation. His own soul rested on this one immovable basis:—"THUS SAITH THE LORD;" and when this revealed word respected the nature of God, which neither man nor angels can "comprehend," he bowed submissive. Thus in entering on scenes of great trial, like David, he was assured, not with man's wisdom but with faith, in the great *Eloim Jehovah*; and while a "scrip" with a few "smooth stones from the brook" was his defence, he feared no harm. But besides the time necessary for these studies, he had several months on his hands before the period fixed for his entering college. These he volunteered to employ in teaching school, which he did to great satisfaction.

It is not common to see a youth of only sixteen years of age intrusted with the superintending care of a large country school, and by his steady deportment, his learning and aptness

to teach, gaining the respect of both his scholars and their parents. Yet this was the case with this dear youth; and while it was so, his mind was active, his temper cheerful, and his affections warm towards the dear ones he had left at home.

As a specimen of this, the writer will here introduce an extract from a letter which this young person, yet a boy in years, wrote to his brother George, then at Yale college. It is dated at Ketch Mills, Tolland county, Ct., August 13, 1815, where he had been keeping school six hours in the day for some months. Instead of idling his time away in the low company of a country village, or, as is too common with "young, spruce country schoolmasters," trying to corrupt the minds of unsuspecting and unguarded persons of his own age, behold him thirsting after knowledge, and eager to embellish his mind with useful learning, especially that which would fit him for college and a future profession.

Speaking of his studies and the manner of spending his vacant hours, he says to his brother:—

I am no boaster, and though I yield the palm to you in the article of studying, I will give you a short history of my campaigns in the fields of literature.

In the first place, you must be informed that, during the first two weeks of my residence here, I had *no books*, and I rummaged Mr. E——'s library until I luckily found the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, down to the letter *Ch*, and I immediately commenced reading, until, I believe, I read everything interesting. Soon after I got some books from home, and have since had a constant supply, and must refer you to the following catalogue as a kind of bulletin; and though there are some books rather small, yet you must allow them to be books; some of them are Latin and Greek, which belong to those lately arrived from England, [these were sent for by the writer for his own use,] which you never saw:—

Gillies' Greece, 4 vols.; Juvenal and Persius I have finished, that is, I have read more than three fourths of it here; Lord of the Isles, 1 vol.; Pleasures of Memory and Pleasures of Hope; Solyman and Almena, (a silly thing;) Silliman's Travels, 2 vols.; Terence's Comedies, 1 vol.; Tacitus, 2 vols.; Mrs. West's Letters to her Son; do. to a Lady; Tibullus and Propertius, 1 vol. I am now reading Longinus, which is tough enough, and have renewed the study of Hebrew with increasing activity. I have studied some in Euripides and some in Græca Majora. Besides, I have spent some of my time in painting scenes in India ink.

Now don't you think I have *not* been idle. Sometimes, it is rarely, I take a peregrinatory ramble abroad, to taste the freshness of the air; and during these times, the sweet image of home and of all the ties which bind me to this world, rises to my view, dressed in the most alluring garb my fancy can suggest. 'Tis then, when I climb the hills which environ the village,—'tis then that I taste the sweetest moments of my life; when the sun is just setting beneath the horizon, and the clouds have assumed their gaudy and changeable dresses; when nature is beginning to be clad in sober twilight; 'tis then I enjoy a walk. Once, and I remember the time well when, just such a scene as that I have described presented itself before me. I had climbed the neighboring hill; I saw the last tints of the expiring rays of the sun, and sat down to

contemplate the scene. The heat of the preceding day being now changed for the refreshing breeze of the evening, the solemn stillness which surrounded me invited repose ; I imperceptibly fell into a sleep, and was immediately visited with a *dream*, of which, at some future day, I shall give you a description. \* \*

I had written thus far when I thought you would like to know what said romantic dream was ; accordingly I set myself to work and composed the following song for you, which you will accept as a token that I shall compose the ode to E—— as soon as possible : —

#### A DREAM, OR VISION.

BY P. CHASE, JR., AUGUST 13, 1815.

Methought I saw the angel forms  
Of those I dearly love,  
The troop angelic gathered round,  
And toward me they did move.

Methought I saw them all arrayed  
In robes of spotless white,  
That loosely flowed about their arms,  
And seemed like ether bright.

'T was then my reverend FATHER came  
Around my mossy bed,  
And thus, with outstretched arms, he poured  
His blessings on my head :

“God bless and keep thee, O my son ;  
Preserve thee safe from harm,  
And ever lead thee here below,  
By his Almighty arm.”

I thought my MOTHER then approached,  
And knelt beside me there,  
And thus unto the God she loved  
Poured forth her fervent prayer :

“Great God, look down from heaven above,  
Behold and bless my child ;  
Grant him to walk in thy commands,  
And ne'er by sin be guiled.”

'T was then I thought my BROTHER came,  
And standing near my head,  
He stooped, and whispering in my ear,  
In lowly accents said :

“My brother dear, be not cast down,  
But be it thine to know,  
There is a high and heavenly cure  
For every mortal woe.”

That FRIEND, whom still my soul holds dear,  
Advancing next I see ;  
She passing smiled, and softly sighed,  
And said, “Remember me.”

And then, I thought, the rest came up,  
And as each gathered round,  
I heard them sing a chorus sweet,  
In notes of heavenly sound ;



"Sleep, friend beloved, and sleep in peace,  
 And only wake to joy ;  
 May ever happiness be thine,  
 That knows of no alloy."

When the time came for his entering the university, his father had such confidence in his prudence and acquirements as to send him alone to be examined, and to take his place according to his merits. The examination was long, and, under such circumstances, with no one to vouch for his attainments, as usual, very critical. It resulted in his taking his place in the junior class, nearly at the head, thus mounting over two years, and assuring himself that, in two years more, by faithful application, he would deserve a bachelor's degree.

His exercises in Harvard were above mediocrity, and to his Christian friends of the most pleasing character. A few of these shall appear here. The first is a theme in prose, which seems to anticipate the short and useful life he led : —

#### THEME 2.

BY PHILANDER CHASE, JUN.

"That life is long, which answers life's great end."

DR. YOUNG.

This sentiment of one of the best of poets is deserving of peculiar consideration. It speaks volumes to the heart, and were we nicely to weigh either its truth or its force, we should find that it deserves to be written in letters of gold. Without attempting to analyze the sentence, the subject will be treated in a general way, according as the most prominent ideas present themselves.

As mankind find themselves situated, the first and most natural inquiry is, for what end were we made; for what purpose were we endowed with the noblest faculties — faculties so far superior to those of the brute creation? Reason was not given us to be quenched in the fumes of ebriety; man was not raised above the condition of brutes to degrade himself below them; the fine and delicate sensibilities of his nature were not given him to be blunted with hardheartedness: and in fine, every faculty was made for some peculiar use, not to be done away by its abuse. It is plain, then, that we were designed for some excellent purpose, and that is, to gain Heaven; and it is this exalted conception of our nature which is intended to be expressed in our theme.

In this view, this sublime view of our subject, its beauty will be made more manifestly to appear by comparing life to a journey — a trite comparison 't is true, but still correct — a journey whose end is to obtain Heaven, whose home is the bosom and approbation of our God. In subordination to this sublime design, the enjoyments of this world lose their value, our disappointments their pangs, and our troubles the anxiety they are too apt to occasion. The world itself loses its fancied importance, and becomes no further valuable than as a preparation for a better — as an inn of rest and refreshment on the road we are travelling.

Heaven, then, being our end and aim, one would think that, could we obtain that, the shorter our journey thither, and the fewer the pains and troubles we suffer on our journey, the better. Alas! how many are there who, for the sake

of a few fancied enjoyments in life, forget its design : — as the traveller, enamored of the delights and the luxuries which the inn may afford, enchanted with the pleasant scenes and beautiful prospects which diversify his way, is content for these to give up the end of his journey, and to loiter away that time in idleness which should be employed to some better purpose. To him, the roses scattered on the wayside, the delicious fragrance of the air, or the perfumes wafted on the gale, the sight of a few variegated scenes and richly cultivated valleys, are of more value than home. Alas! those roses but conceal surrounding thorns, those perfumes are but gales of poison, and that valley is the valley of the shadow of death. And is there nothing in moral life corresponding to this situation of the traveller? There is, and the most negligent observer could point it out.

Life, then, being but the journey of a day, the shorter its continuance, provided we but obtain Heaven at last, the fewer the pains we shall have to suffer, the less the temptations we shall be exposed to, and the happier we become in the end. Indeed, when we have once set our minds seriously upon this great aim of our existence, and have well considered the happiness that awaits us there, who would not think the time we spend on earth a lengthened age, as it bars us from the joys of Heaven! It is indeed long, and if it “answers life’s great end,” at the shortest time allotted it, it is long *enough*. Who is there (I speak of Christians) who would wish to cling to this miserable load of life, this weight of troubles and cares, when Heaven is just bursting on our sight and its joys just brought in our view! Gain we but that, and our mighty schemes our deep-laid plans, our dreams of power, of wealth, and of glory, where are they? They will appear but as the idle vagaries of a bewildered mind, the sickly dreams of a disturbed imagination. The world and all its charms, to which we once attached so much importance, will then seem a world of woe, a Golgotha, a chaos of confusion.

In this manner, then, we are to consider death as the gate which conducts us into our native city, as the threshold of the door which admits us under our paternal roof. So far from considering our exit as a matter of lamentation and mourning, it should be hailed as the friendly hand which sets us free from the bondage of sorrow and trouble, from a world of misery and woe. With what fervor of piety and with what sincerity of disposition ought we then to prepare ourselves for a seat in Heaven, for the company of God, and the society of angels! Instead of sitting down in Laodicean lukewarmness or stoical indifference, contented with the pittance of pleasure this world can afford, we should look for a better; and our warmest aspirations of praise to God should be breathed when death sets us free from our mortal coil, and we are ushered into the presence of Him, with whom to dwell is life everlasting.

#### INDOLENCE.

BY PHILANDER CHASE, JUN., MARCH 6, 1817.

The sun had gone down and the night was advanced,  
When as slumbering I lay on my pillow reclined,  
And by the sweet visions of fancy entranced,  
I pictured the form of the “indolent mind.”

I beheld him lie stretched on a couch at his ease,  
Unheeding the time that flew swift as the wind;  
Despising the joys of the fresh morning breeze,  
Till the sun mounted high, lay the “indolent mind.”

I marked as he rose from his soft, downy bed,  
No employment or labor for him seemed destined;  
In his eye no expression of fire could be read;  
No affection, or joy had the “indolent mind.”

At times, it is true, would the crimson of shame,  
 With the paleness of sleep, on his cheek be combined ;  
 But the blush left the cheek unreformed as it came,  
 And shame had no power o'er the "indolent mind."

Exertion seemed gone ; all his powers were lost ;  
 To the demon of indolence all were resigned,  
 Who all his resolves and fair purposes crossed,  
 And with poppies of sleep strewed the "indolent mind."

Disgusted I turned from so loathsome a view ;  
 To oblivion my dream I would then have consigned,  
 But the vision now changed to a different hue,  
 And a fairer form gave to the "indolent mind."

A maiden in beauty resplendent arrayed,  
 From whose countenance banished seemed mis'ry and care,  
 As, pleased, she her beauty and figure surveyed,  
 Presented the form of the "indolent fair."

In the mirror reflected her person she viewed,  
 And adored the bright object presented her there ;  
 Though on time's fleetest pinions hour hour pursued,  
 Yet careless of aught was the "indolent fair."

No thought but of self ever dwelt in her mind,  
 Save perchance of some lover entrapped in her snare ;  
 Possessed not her bosom a care for mankind,  
 No pity, or love had the "indolent fair."

If in garments of splendor her form she could deck,  
 Or adjust the nice curls of her fine flowing hair,  
 What woes others suffered she little would reck,  
 So enrapt in dear self was the "indolent fair."

The opinions of others she heard with disdain,  
 Nor would ever the robes of humanity wear ;  
 Mid the rest of her foibles pride mingled in train,  
 Self only had charms for the "indolent fair."

The pleasures which wait upon Industry's hand,  
 Employment which saves from the pangs of despair,  
 And Cheerfulness' self, with her countenance bland,  
 Brought no source of joy to the "indolent fair."

"Oh! save me," I cried, as I turned from the view ;  
 "From the demon of indolence, pity and save ;"  
 Then Fancy the airy-built forms overthrew,  
 As other fair dreams and sweet visions she gave.

It would be inconsistent with the plan of these Reminiscences to extract more of his writings, or go further into the history of the collegiate life of this dear youth. What has been exhibited is sufficient to show the fragrance of the flower which God had caused to bud and blossom, for a little while, in the garden of his Church here below, before transplanting it to the heavenly Eden. To tell how dearly this rose of Sharon was cherished in the bosom of the writer, and how it

shed its sweetness around his thorny path, would be here irrelevant. It will be sufficient to state, that he passed with great credit through his collegiate course, and was in his senior year when his father left the eastern for the western states. Such was his moral and religious deportment that he was admitted a lay reader, and a candidate for holy orders, under the supervision of Bishop Griswold. This was done at the instance of Commodore McDonough, who had for some time past known his pious and manly character, and being well assured of his competent learning, had made application to him to become a teacher on board the *Guerriere*,—of which vessel he had the command,—and go with him to Russia, and thence to the Mediterranean Sea, in the place and with the pay of a chaplain.

Few officers ever united the character of piety and bravery more intimately than Commodore McDonough. It was this truth, known for several years past by young Mr. Chase, (for his father had prepared and presented the Commodore for confirmation in Hartford,) that caused him to accept an offer of such great importance while yet so young. He knew he would be sustained in the discharge of his duty of inculcating religion in the hearts of the officers and men of the frigate, by the authority of a *pious commander*.

Before going on board, he obtained leave to visit his uncle and other friends in Randolph and Bethel, Vermont, where he was born. On this occasion he wrote the following:—

#### MY NATIVE LAND.

BY PHILANDER CHASE, JUN., NOV. 6, 1817.

I saw the tall cliffs of the land of my birth,  
 I saw its green valleys so peaceful and calm,  
 I beheld the most pleasant retreat upon earth,  
 Whose waters were crystal, whose breezes were balm :  
 Its mountains were clothed with perennial green,  
 With flowery vales and rich meadows between ;  
 Its skies were as pure as the thought of a child,  
 And the scenes it afforded romantic and wild.

I gazed with a rapture ecstatic around :  
 The scenes of my infancy rose to my view ;  
 The land of the blesséd I thought I had found,  
 And returned to live over my childhood anew.  
 The mount which received the first tinges of light,  
 And reflected the last of the sunbeams at night,  
 Which bore on its breast the dark and the rain,  
 Seemed to welcome me back to my country again.

A country where freedom runs frolic and gay ;  
 Where the peasant is bold as its mountainous height,  
 Which, though lightnings around it forever may play,  
 Preserves its tall form, still undaunted, upright :  
 But when touched with a tale of a sorrow sincere,  
 Sheds down his rough cheek as refulgent a tear,  
 And as pure as a drop of the gurgling tide,  
 That dashes to earth from the mountain's rough side.

But woman, dear woman ! the rapturous glow  
 Of the poet's most fervid and exquisite line,  
 Were insipid and colder than tempest-wreathed snow,  
 Compared with the fair hallowed charms that are thine.  
 The maid of the cot on the mountain's projection  
 Seems to catch from the heavens an angel's perfection.  
 Seems to breathe the pure air of a region above,  
 An air that is hallowed by virtue and love.

Let the lords of the earth domineer o'er the plains,  
 And drive the lone slave to his task and his woes,  
 Let him stop his dull ear when his victim complains,  
 And exult if he can in the pain he bestows :  
 But mine be the land that is rugged and bold,  
 Where nothing but mirth-making winter is cold ;  
 Where the warmth of the heart can the winter defy,  
 When fired by the glance from a maiden's bright eye.

Ever dear native land ! though the ocean may sever  
 A child from the bosom, 't will never destroy  
 The attachment I feel, and will feel for thee ever,  
 Though the sport of alternate fear, sorrow and joy.  
 Now gay be thy meadows, and green be thy hills,  
 And clear be thy fountains and murmuring rills ;  
 And mighty thy strength as the whirl of the storm,  
 But gentle as beauty's most ravishing form.

He carried with him, as he bade adieu to his native shores,  
 the prayers and good wishes of all who knew him.

“In this voyage,” says the Rev. Mr. Rutledge, of Charleston, South Carolina, in his obituary sermon, printed in 1824, “he had opportunities of visiting many cities in the north of Europe, as well as Rome, that city of palaces, where he remained some time, and to tread the classic shores of the Mediterranean with the feelings of a Christian and a scholar. The performance of his duties, in one of the most difficult of all stations for a youth not yet twenty, was much assisted by his having for a commander, among the officers of his ship, one in whose heart was the spirit of the Lord. That his labors were valuable and beneficial on board the frigate, the writer has often heard his commanding officer declare.” This is the testimony of a clergyman well known and highly esteemed, now gone to his rest.

Young Mr. Chase came home in ill health; and after suffering some months at his uncle's in Vermont, and partially recovering his health, joined his father in Ohio. This was in March, 1820. With what joy this meeting was attended need not be told.

An enemy to idleness, he sought immediate employment, and took charge of the school in Worthington, and greatly assisted his father in his endeavors to instruct the rising generation. He was ordained deacon in June, 1820, and thenceforward took his station as a faithful preacher of the word.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

THIRD YEAR OF THE CHURCH IN OHIO—THE LITTLE SQUARE BOOK  
—DOMESTIC EMBARRASMENTS.

In the year 1820 the Rev. Thomas Osborne came into Ohio, with letters dismissory from Bishop Bowen, of South Carolina, and was appointed professor of the learned languages in the college at Cincinnati.

The address of the Bishop this year to the convention partook of the nature of a charge both to the clergy and laity. Its length admits only of a short extract; and because it is peculiarly applicable to the present times, it is taken from that part which relates to the duties of the laity in support of the clergy.

“My discourse to my brethren, the clergy, is finished. I have now a few words to say to the laity.

“In listening to what has been said to the clergy, *you*, my brethren of the laity, must have perceived its amazing importance. Ask then yourselves, from whence this importance arises? Does it not arise, principally, from the value of your own souls? And are you not concerned in *their* salvation? Will all the efforts of the clergy be of any avail, without your coöperation? Like the hands in the natural body, they are the ministers to give you the food of eternal life; but if you

will not receive it when offered, who is answerable if the members perish? Like the knees, they are at the altar to bow and pray for you; but if you will not bring gifts to support God's Church, above all, the offerings of broken spirits and contrite hearts, what can they do but save their own souls alive, in the day of visitation?

"I say, therefore,—and I say it because I am bound to declare the truth as it is in Jesus,—that all who hope to be saved by the gospel, must help to maintain that gospel. If God has seen fit to establish a Church, and constitute its officers, those who receive the benefits thereof must help to maintain it, and them, or they must be content to have no part nor lot in this matter. Under the Mosaic dispensation, God made ample provision for the support of his Church; and, under the gospel dispensation, the nature of the thing remaining the same, the duties required from his people, though the mode of rendering them may be more discretionary, are the same.

"'Do ye not know,' said the apostle to the Corinthian Christians—'Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things, live of the things of the temple? And they which wait at the altar, are partakers with the altar? Even so the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel.' This point, then, is clear beyond all dispute; and if it be stated to you under circumstances which admit no possibility of any sinister or selfish motive, it ought to be urged with a manly ardor becoming its importance. That these are the circumstances of the person now addressing you, is known unto you all. Having, through the long course of twenty-two years' ministry, procured more than one half of his subsistence, and that of his family, from the arduous employment of educating youth; having left situations much more lucrative than his present one, and come among you under the aid of no *charitable* institution, and when here, with his own hands having ministered and still ministering to his own necessities; if he cannot urge this with a becoming freedom, for the benefit of God's Church, for the love of his dear brethren in the ministry, and for the good of souls, it is hard to say, who can.

"Time there was when the ministers of Christ were maintained by the gifts and offerings at the Christian altar; when

Churches were richly endowed, and institutions of learning were founded, by the pious oblations at the altar of Christ; and from these holy fountains have issued nearly all the streams of religious and moral science which now fertilize the Christian world. These sources, as respects this country, are dried up; and not only institutions of learning, but the clergy themselves, are dependent on the personal and immediate munificence of each individual Christian. What will be the result, time will show. If the laity had reason to complain that the clergy made a bad use of their privileges, let them now show that they fall not into like error themselves. God is as much the *proprietor* of the wealth of the world, when in the hands of the laity, as when in those of the clergy. In both cases, the possessors are but STEWARDS; the use of that wealth, for the purposes of virtue and religion, God will require of both."

The duty of travel was performed as usual throughout the diocese, sermons preached, and the holy communion administered in all places, and the confirmations amounted to two hundred and forty. At the close of the conventional address there is the following:—

"On the 6th day of June, 1819, the Sunday following the adjournment of this convention, I admitted to the holy order of deacons, the Rev. Benjamin Birge, of Lexington, Kentucky. We have lately received the painful intelligence of his decease. We cannot refrain from giving vent to our feelings in a few words.

"From his recommendations to the ecclesiastical authority of this diocese, as well as from the universal report of his amiable and pious manners, joined to his respectable examination on the subjects of theology, and his correct deportment while among us, we had reason to esteem and love him. The Church at large, and especially that portion of our primitive Zion this side the mountains, had good cause to rejoice in the mild influence which his example and correct principles would shed o'er her prospects. The morn of his life was clear and the sky serene, and we did hope to see its meridian splendid and full of good fruits; but the shades of night, the



night of the grave, have intervened; he is taken from our view and sleeps with his fathers. Fond memory, however, does not so soon leave him: we mark his youthful footsteps, recall to our minds his words, and linger on the places where he gave evidence of a renewed heart and Christian zeal. From all these, we learn our present loss and his gain; that while we mourn, he rejoices; and that, though our infant Church in the west feels the loss of this excellent young man, yet we have sufficient proof of his present blessedness, to make us dry our tears, and stifle every wish that he had continued longer among us. Besides this, our faith lays our resignation on the broad principle of the infinite wisdom and goodness of God; that though 'his way is in the waters, and his footsteps are not known,' yet whatever he doeth is just, right, and good; and, if improved aright, all his dispensations shall turn out for the good of those who love and obey him."

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THE LITTLE SQUARE BOOK.

While the writer was at Portsmouth, Ohio, administering the rite of confirmation, a man presented himself from a neighboring settlement, who wished to receive the benefit of that and other ordinances of our primitive Church. As he seemed acquainted with many things pertaining to the mode of worship used, he was asked, whence he had learned the nature and constitution of the Church of Christ, so as to distinguish its institutions from those of the world and mere human societies?

His reply was, that he had gotten his information from a "little square book," which had lost its title-page, the name of its author, and the place of its being printed. All he knew of it was, that he had met with it many years ago in Vermont, and had brought it with him to Ohio, and since here had read it over many times and compared it with the Bible, and liked it well. When further questioned, it was made to appear that this little square book, from which he had learned rightly to distinguish between the world and the Church, between God's appointments and human ordinances, was none other than a copy of an Essay on the Church, composed by the Rev. William Jones, of Nayland, England, which the

Rev. J. C. Ogden had caused to be printed, by an act of uncommon self-denial, in 1794.

If the reverend and learned author of this essay, and his noble pupil, Lord Kenyon, who admired it, and Bishop Horsley, who warmly recommended it to the clergy of his diocese, could have known the facts of this simple story, and its good effects in the wild woods of America, would not their hearts have been moved? Let the reader refer back to the facts, as stated, concerning the republishing of this little tract in the states of New Hampshire and Vermont. To spread the light of primitive truth, a clergyman becomes a voluntary missionary—preaches the gospel in connection with apostolic order—exhausts all his funds but just enough to purchase a new coat, and, just as he is going to do so, providentially reads “Jones’ Essay on the Church,” and for the love of God and the souls of men, lays out all his store to pay the printer for a new edition. The “*widow’s mite*” was her all; the Rev. Mr. Ogden gave HIS; in this they were alike. Not so those, who of their abundance give a little, and grudge even that.

That God blessed these days of small things, and thereby saved the souls of thousands, the writer has abundant evidence to believe.

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#### DOMESTIC EMBARRASMENTS.

It was in the fall of 1820 or the winter of 1821, when his son had gone to the Atlantic states, that the writer experienced some of the most painful hours in his life; and yet those hours, strange to tell, as he now looks back upon them, were most prolific of future good.

Returning home from diocesan visitations, his voice nearly failing him from much speaking, he found little ease to his body or mind. Three parishes were to be supplied, two of them nearly fifteen miles distant from Worthington, his place of residence. At home, though thus far well conducted, things had but a poor prospect in regard to the coming winter; for there was not a dollar left, after satisfying the hired man for the past, wherewithal to engage him for the future; and as for making promises when there was no prospect of making payment, such had ever been regarded in the writer’s family

as a sin. The hired man was then, from a principle of duty, discharged. The result was inevitable; the writer must do what the man would, if retained, have done; i. e., thresh the grain, haul and cut the wood, build the fires, and feed the stock; all this must be done besides the care of the Churches. The whole was deemed a part of the Christian warfare, from which there was no discharge. And had this been all, the burden which it imposed would have been tolerable indeed, compared with what the writer suffered in his mind.

When these troubles came upon him, there arose in his breast a secret doubt, whether he had done right in accepting the Episcopate of Ohio, in the absence of all appropriations to support the Bishop. This doubt preyed on his mind like a worm at the core. It gave birth to the excruciating apprehension, that the present distress was intended as a punishment of past errors, and an exemplification of the disgrace to the Church of Christ, which his own want of prudence had caused.

It hardly occurred that his case could be assimilated to that of the apostles. They exercised sober reason as well as an enlightened faith in the promises of God; while *his* case seemed one of temerity. The oblations in their days maintained the chief ministers at the altar, as well as fed the poor. The Bishops then could have reason firmly to believe that God would support them; that in becoming "fishers of men," they should not want what men require to keep them from starving,—the necessary comforts of life. They could then say, with holy consistency, "It is not reason that we should leave the word of God and serve tables." But now the case was altered; the writer saw himself obliged to leave the higher duties of his calling, to serve "*stables*."

The consequence of this fact, done in the face of the salutary rules of the Church, that "no ordained clergyman shall condescend to menial and servile employments," might well be supposed to create an agonizing pang in his breast, for which there is no name. The day was consumed in toils of the body; but the reflections of the night season were still more intolerable. Add to this the consequence necessarily following this mode of life, being seldom prepared duly to dis-

charge his public duties of rightly dividing the word of God. Often did his heart sink within him at the thought of being obliged to daub with untempered mortar, in trying to build the spiritual temple of God.

In reflecting on this circumstance, he cannot but apostrophize. Let those who have time to study bless God for so precious a privilege, and manifest their gratitude by improving it. Let them remember it is a "talent" of which the Royal Giver will require the "usury." The empty-pated, pretended minister of Christ, who vainly thinks God will help him in the delivery, to make amends for his own idleness in studying his sermon, has more to answer for in the day of judgment than he may now imagine. To talk of being inspired, or, which is the same thing, to say that "God puts words into his mouth," while he neglects the means appointed to be rightly instructed in God's word, so as to preach it to the conversion of the soul, is little less than profane. But to return.

During the time of these perplexing cares and thoughts, the writer received a letter from his friend in Boston, filled with expressions of great kindness and solicitude for his welfare, and making many inquiries concerning his own health and the prosperity of his diocese. It seemed to take for granted, that the Bishop of Ohio was comfortably supported, while it desired to know how his salary was raised—whether by a fund, or by an annual tax, or voluntary subscription. The whole was well written, and read over more than once.

For the honor of the Church, the feelings of the writer leaned to the side of concealment, and this inclined him to throw the letter aside, and give play to fancy as to what were the motives of his friend in writing this letter and making these inquiries. In canvassing these, the honorable character of his friend excluded everything but those of the purest friendship; an answer of candor and affection was evidently required. It gave a history of the past, and depicted the present condition of the diocese, and its suffering diocesan. Being addressed to a friend, and with an indurated hand, it was badly written; and but for the facts it contained, was not deserving of notice. The reader may hear of this hereafter.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## FOURTH AND FIFTH YEAR OF THE CHURCH IN OHIO.

It would surprise many to see the full account of what was done with a single laborer or two in the year of 1820, in the almost wilderness of Ohio. Even he who was the instrument, and, by the grace of God, performed the labor, can hardly believe his own record. Like a dream when one awaketh, of troubles that are past,—the vast distances of journeyings on horseback, under the burning sun and pelting rain—through the mud and amid the beech-roots—o'er the log bridges and through the swollen streams,—it seems all like a dream, the main features of which have been obliterated by the painful circumstances which have intervened between the present and that distant period. Yet dream as it seems, the reperusal retraces its features on the conscious mind, and kindles anew the flame of faith and love divine which prompted all. Great God of wisdom! it is THY will that one should labor and another should reap the harvest—even so. AMEN. There is no true enjoyment till all are in the eternal garner gathered.

With this reflection the writer refers the Christian reader to the Journal of the Convention of the Diocese, giving an account of the writer's proceedings from June, 1820, to June 1821, inclusive.

At this time, there were but six clergymen in the diocese. In many places, therefore, there was no pastor to prepare and present candidates for confirmation. Yet the following is an imperfect summary of the labors of this year :

|                                   |             |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| Travelled on horseback, . . . . . | 1279 miles. |
| Confirmed, . . . . .              | 174         |
| Baptized, . . . . .               | 50          |
| Preached, . . . . .               | 182         |

At the close of his address at the annual convention, is found the following :

*“Brethren and Gentlemen of this Convention :—*

*“If from the subject now laid before you, there should be a conviction in your minds, as there is in mine, that the Church*

cannot prosper, and hardly exist, west of the mountains, and particularly in this state, without the aid of more laborers than we can either prepare, send forth or support, the way and means to obtain relief are the proper subjects of our consideration. For this purpose I recommend—

“1st. The formation of a Diocesan Missionary Society among ourselves, that the hands of all may be joined in doing what we can.

“2d. That an address, stating the urgency of the case, be framed, and, by a person duly authorized, be presented personally to the Rt. Rev. the Bishops, praying not only for ministers, but for liberty to solicit the several congregations and individuals throughout their respective dioceses, for means to support them.

“3d. That you do join in recommending the appointment of a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, in which all the members of our communion throughout this diocese may, as in duty bound, assemble themselves together in their respective places of public worship, confess their sins, implore mercy and forgiveness of Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, and entreat his grace to amend their lives according to his holy word. In which, also, they may more particularly beseech the Great Head of the Church, to take pity on that part of his mystical body which he has begun to rear in this western country—that he would guard and protect it from the power of the enemy—that he would not leave it comfortless, to perish for the lack of heavenly food; but send forth and maintain faithful ministers, to guide, foster and feed it, lest it become, even now in its infant state, extinct, and be no more seen.

The last Friday in August was the day appointed for fasting and prayer. The writer's son, Philander, then in deacon's orders, was selected to bear the address to the Bishops and make a personal application for aid. This duty he performed, and though the claims of the General Missionary Society were then being urged, he returned with \$2910.19.

## REMOVES TO CINCINNATI.

In the June convention of the diocese of Ohio for 1822, there was a pastoral letter delivered by the Bishop and address made, both of which are printed in the journals. By the statements in the latter it may be seen, that the writer was taken sick and confined by a violent fever, at the house of Mr. Putnam, a few miles north of Marietta. This was of so long continuance as to derange all his appointments throughout the diocese. He returned home in a feeble state of health, but at Whitsunday was well enough to confirm eighteen persons, and in the month of August to go down the Scioto river, consecrate St. Paul's Church at Chillicothe, and confirm six persons at Portsmouth.

The Rev. Ezra B. Kellogg, deacon, having been regularly received into the diocese from the Bishop of New York, was stationed at Chillicothe. The Rev. Spencer Wall also came canonically into the diocese, and was stationed at Piqua, Dayton and Springfield. The Rev. Mr. Morse went to Steubenville, and the writer's son, the Rev. P. Chase, Jun., after having performed his tour to the eastern states, and a missionary tour in the south and east of Ohio, took charge of the Church at Zanesville.

Something was done this year with regard to forming a fund for the maintaining of the Bishop some future day, but nothing that had the least bearing on his present need of support. The present incumbent having failed in obtaining support from his farm, thought himself obliged to accept an offer made him by the college at Cincinnati, to move to that city and take charge of that institution.

His removal took place in the fall of 1821, after severe rains and through the worst of roads. Drawing near the Derby river, he was benighted, in the woods, and being in ill health, both himself and family experienced the greatest distress. But God was his support, and in due time enabled him to arrive in the city and take charge of the college. By this time the Rev. Mr. Osborne had left the college and removed to Edisto island, South Carolina, and the duties fell heavy on the president. He continued through the winter, and the

next autumn, (Sept. 25, 1822,) held his commencement, and delivered his baccalaureate address, and conferred the degrees on several promising youths of the senior class.

The subject of the address was the contrast of the Christian religion and infidelity, drawn from a display of the resources of each; and these appreciated, not according to conjecture or private opinion, but according to what all know and feel to be the woes and wants of our common nature. At the 12th page of this address, after a regular discussion, there is the following conclusion:

“YOUNG GENTLEMEN:—What more reasonable ground than this can be assumed to determine your choice in that which of all others concerns you most,—your peace of mind in this, and your happiness in the eternal world? Exposed to evil of every sort in your journey, and to death in its end, how ought you to bless the Lord for his goodness in making your very wants and woes, your miseries, and your death itself, plead with you now, at your commencement in life, to choose the path which in its progress can afford the cure to all the ills you suffer?

“Yes, even to you, though a party concerned, doth your Maker, by his providence, make the appeal for a decision in favor of *your own* temporal and eternal happiness. Even you, the children of sin and sorrow—born to trouble—full of disappointment from the cradle to the tomb—overloaded with care—agitated with anxious and even *unavailing* wishes;—distracted with reflections on the *past*, restless under the *present*, and unable to provide for the *future* portion of your life—a life which you know to be so short and so uncertain in itself—which terminates in (except by revelation) you know not what, save the pale face of death and the corruption of the grave;—even you, thus deeply interested, are permitted, yea, exhorted, to draw the contrast between Christianity and infidelity—between that which is framed by the hand of Heavenly Mercy to obviate all your evils, and that which in life wipes not a tear from your eyes, and in death leaves you in despair.

“Who of you that can reason, would not here be reasona-



ble? Who that can feel, would not here be moved? Who that can judge, would not here be judicious? Who that can hope, would not here repose himself on the only rock where hope can rest—on Jesus, the Redeemer of mankind, the Saviour of the faithful; on Him who felt all our sorrows that we might be joyful; who bore all our sins that we might be justified; who died that we might live; and who rose that we might triumph o'er the grave? Great God of mercy! who will not deserve his misery that will not take this way of mercy to be rid of it?

“That Christianity has your decided preference to all that can be offered to entice you into the path of infidelity, is and must be presumed. But remember that your decision must not rest in your mind. In its very nature it is evident this decision must from the head proceed to the heart and whole affections, or the blessings which Christianity holds out to you will be none of yours. None can bear the ills of life but those who realize, in their hearts' belief, that the hand which imposes them is the hand of mercy; and none who have lived the life of the wicked can finally die the death of the righteous. The procrastinating, the wavering and the lukewarm, are equally excluded with the open infidel.

“Commence, then, the career of life as candidates for eternity. Cheered by the bright prospects set before you in the world of glory, let all the small things, whether prosperous or adverse, in this be as things beneath your feet. Elevated by Christianity above their influence, reach forward to the mark of the prize of your high calling. Whatever secures your attainment of this, that and that alone is worthy of your efforts; and whatever calls you off from the attainment of this, that of all things is to be avoided.

“Young Gentlemen:—one word more before we part. Remember that however well-resolved and strong to pursue your journey you may at present feel, yet your resolutions are but vain and your strength is but weakness, without the hand of God continually to support you. To HIM, therefore, continually look, in all the vicissitudes of life. In prosperity remember that it is God alone who gives it. In adversity 't is He alone who orders it for your benefit. To Him, then,

address your prayer for strength to bear the one and the other. Depend on Him in life, and He will support you in death. Obey His voice in prosperity, and He will hear yours when in adversity you cry unto Him for help. Make Him your friend, your father, and your God, and He will be your sun and your shield here, and hereafter crown you with eternal glory."

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## CHAPTER XIX.

FIRST THOUGHTS OF GOING TO ENGLAND—LETTER TO THE BISHOPS—SETS OFF, AND ARRIVES AT KINGSTON, NEW YORK.

"A little one shall become a thousand and a small one a strong nation."

THE writer has often been asked, "What first of all gave rise to Kenyon college?" "When was the primary thought of going abroad for means to found the theological seminary of Ohio, allowed to enter and be cherished in your mind?"

The question in the eyes of most persons seems worthy of an answer; for although our thoughts, like the stones we tread on, are of little consequence when considered by themselves, yet when taken in relation to other things, they may become of some importance; and any *one* of them which happens to become a corner-stone in laying the foundation of a great and useful institution of learning, especially of a religious character, connecting earth with heaven, and saving the souls of thousands, commands the respectful attention of all good men.

It was in the evening preceding the day of the convention of the Episcopal Church in Ohio, some time after dark, that the writer was walking the pavement before an inn in the village of Worthington, in anxious expectation of the arrival of his son, the Rev. Philander Chase, Jun., from Steubenville, one hundred and fifty miles distant. Before the writer had left Cincinnati, they had exchanged letters, in which it was agreed to meet at Worthington the day before the convention. But that day had come; its sun had risen and set, and a chilly night, unusual for June, had come on, and his son had

not arrived. How little faith we seem to exercise when our affections are engaged! The road through the woods from Granville was long, and the path from Alum creek to Worthington very muddy; for a great proportion of the way none could ride out of a walk or slow pace. This was the reason he did not arrive.

The moon shone through the dense, smoky atmosphere, so that his son was not seen till the stepping of his horse gave notice of his approach. In an instant he spoke and heard in turn a father's greetings, and riding up to the side-walk, he threw his wearied frame on a parental bosom. His locks were wet with the night dew; his face was cold and his breath feverish and labored; and that moment witnessed pleasure and pain commingled, as never before experienced in the writer's breast.

The bed-chamber had been prepared; a bright fire was glowing on the hearth, and a clean bed was waiting for the invalid; and to gratify a parent's anxiety, a couch had been made on which he himself could repose when watching by his side. Silence and patient suffering were the sole attendants for several hours in that lonely apartment.

A composing draught had been given, and as his head sunk on the pillow, the father rested himself on the couch and thought on God's hidden wisdom infinite. All this was literally true; and being so, was stamped on the memory as the engraver writes on steel, and it is seldom recollected without the deepest emotion. The father sees his son by the glimmering rays of a night-lamp, his face pale, yet bearing on his cheek the hectic rose; he hears him breathe, but it is the breath of pulmonary distress; and he knows what followed. The anodyne took effect: fallacious appearances of health and fine spirits spread through all his features, and for a few moments he awoke and was himself. He spoke and was answered thus:

*Son.* I am thankful, my dear father, that there are some in this world who sympathize with us in our sufferings.

*Father.* Who are they, my son?

*Son.* Mr. Morse, our dear relative, has told me, that in reading the Philadelphia Recorder, he had seen an extract

from the *British Critic*, a periodical published in London, the purport of which is exceedingly friendly to Ohio. It takes a review of our Journals and of your addresses, and in terms of approbation unusually warm, commends us to the attention of the public and the grace of God.

*Father.* Can this be true?

*Son.* Mr. Morse says it is a fact; so that however we are neglected and scarcely mentioned in America, our own country, yet there are those abroad who care for us and who pray for us.

*Father.* And why not *help* us too?

*Son.* In what respect?

*Father.* In founding a seminary of learning for educating ministers.

*Son.* How can such a measure be brought to pass?

*Father.* By applying to them for aid.

*Son.* And will you do this?

*Father.* I will do this, and you shall be the person who will make the application.

*Son.* I the person! I am now with one foot in the grave; how can I go to England?

*Father.* The sea voyage may do you good. It cured your mother, and may be of essential service to you.

Soon the patient dropt into a sweet sleep. Not so with his father; sleep departed from his eyes, and came not back but with disturbed thoughts till morning, when the duties of the day required all his attention.

After the close of the convention, the writer requested all to attend him at an appointed place, for mutual counsel. The project, though opened with great seriousness and the entreat- ing of divine direction, was at first opposed by nearly all. It was considered as visionary, though at last agreed to by the clergy, and silent consent was impliedly given by the laity. At first there were hopes that the writer's son would go; but at his ordination as presbyter, which took place in a few days at Chillicothe, it was seen he could not go, — two of his fellow-presbyters being obliged to hold him up to go through with the solemn service. It was then that the great truth was

realized, viz., that the writer must put his trust in God, and go himself to England.

To say how this conclusion filled, agitated, and controlled his bosom, would be impossible. It was like the light pouring into a dark and desolate room; it filled every cubic inch with splendor, but it served also to discover its emptiness, its many imperfections, and want of all internal resources. Add to this, there had been no "correspondence" with the lowest officer in the Church of England, much less with any whose influence might open a door to hope for success; all the drawers of his cabinet in this respect were also empty, and as to that which contained the treasure requisite to bear his expenses in so long and hazardous a voyage, it had little in it. From the estate of his uncle, March Chase, of Sutton, lately deceased, there was something left to each of the numerous heirs, and himself among the rest; a friend or two also might lend or give him a little; in all not exceeding four or five hundred dollars. This might take him "to the haven where he would be," but no further. All beyond that was a dark cloud which no eye could penetrate. Here the same angel of promise which had sustained him in first setting off for Ohio, and which came to him when contemplating the eagles on the mountains of ice on lake Erie, now whispered in his ear, "God will provide: *Jehovah-jireh.*"

Filled with this blessed hope, the writer, after the ordination of his son in Chillicothe to the priesthood, proceeded to Cincinnati, where he communicated his design to his friends, and resigned his presidential seat in the college "of all denominations," in that city. His family, after hearing the explanation of his views, all concurred in sentiment, and made preparations to spend the time of his absence among their friends in the Atlantic states. It was a busy time indeed; no room was left for despondency. All was prayer to God and rejoicings in his holy providence. "If we fail," said the writer to his wife, "we die; but better go than to linger here and see the Church of God, for want of ministers, expiring round us. If we succeed, Zion will lift up her head in Ohio, and all her daughters, the little Churches which we have founded, will rejoice."

To his brethren the Bishops of the Church, he wrote the following two letters, and sent them by the post to each severally by name.

*"Cincinnati, July 29, 1823.*

"RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

"I have as yet received no communication in answer to the letter I had the honor of addressing to the Rt. Rev. the Bishops assembled in convention in May last; nor have I seen the minutes of that convention. But though alone and unadvised, I have had the liberty to contemplate my own misery, and also to feel for the distresses of our perishing Church in the west. In so doing, I have had grace and support to determine to do something before I give up all in despair.

"I have resolved, after mature deliberation, and I hope after reasonable interpretations of the leading hand of Divine Providence, to proceed immediately to old England, to solicit means for the establishment of a school for the education of young men for the ministry.

"The reasons which have impelled me to this measure are those of imperious necessity. It may be said generally of the whole community of the western settlements, that they are sinking fast in ignorance, and its never-failing attendants, vice and fanaticism. The members of our own Church, scattered like a discomfited army, are seeking for strange food in forbidden fields, or, in solitary groups by the way-side, are fainting, famishing, dying, for the lack of all things which can nourish them to eternal life. No missionaries make their appearance, nor are there even the most distant hopes of obtaining any from the east. Those who transiently visit us, pass like meteors, leaving behind little or no salutary effect, or stay only time enough to spy out the nakedness of the land, and bear off an evil report of our wants and miseries. Had it not been so ordered that I have here found two or three, accustomed to our wants and inured to the difficulties, necessities and labors of a new country, who were in some due degree prepared for the ministry, and willing to enter it in a critical moment, half a dozen of our parishes would have been ere this, as many others already are, extinct.

"The few clergy we have may keep us alive, under Provi-

dence, a little longer; but when they die or move away, we have no means to supply their places. The pious young men, converted unto God and willing to enter into the ministry under all its disadvantages, having no hope of assistance, and no way pointed out to them whereby there is even a *possibility* of attaining the lowest degree of qualifications specified by our canons, sink down in despair—a despair from which we have no power to raise them. We may think of the privileges at the east, of the means of education there; but this is all; they are out of *our* reach. Besides, if our young men were there, if we could find money in our woods, or drag it from our streams, to send and maintain them at the eastern seminaries, who could insure us that they would not be enticed, by the superior offers held out to them, to settle there, and leave us still in our wants?

“In short, unless we can have some little means of educating our pious young men *here*, and *here* being secure of their affections, station them in our woods and among our scattered people, to gather in and nourish our wandering lambs, we have no reason to hope in the continuance of the Church in the west. The Church of God is, in this respect, like the habitation of man in the settlement of every new country. Men must begin as they have means; splendor and prosperity must be the result of previous privations; and he that will not for a time be content with a *cabin*, shall never have a *palace*. Thus if we wait for congregations and churches to arise, before our well-educated clergy can make their appearance, the country must forever do without them. We have done so too long already, and most deleterious have been the consequences. For one, I feel disposed, by the grace of God, to amend my ways in this respect. I will endeavor to institute a humble school, to receive and prepare such materials as we have among us. These we will polish under own eye, to the best of our power; and with these we will build the temple, humble as it may be, to the glory of God.

“Having entered on this resolution, under the guiding and directing hand of Providence, I shall make my best way to the land of our fathers—to the Church of England—to that generous people, who will not turn a deaf ear to the cries of

those who are ready to perish, especially if in them she identify her legitimate children. Thus under God being resolved, the Episcopal Church in the west will not, must not die, without a struggle.

“Right Reverend Brother:—The object of my making to you this communication is, to explain my views, and solicit an epistle approbatory of the measure. If you see fit to grant it, which I most earnestly desire you will, be pleased to direct to me (care of the Right Reverend Bishop Hobart) at New York, whence, God willing, I shall embark for England in the first October packet.

“I take the liberty to subjoin, that when the subject of applying to England was talked of at our convention, my son, the Rev. Philander Chase, Jun., was appointed to perform that duty; but his health will not permit. Indeed, I fear that the Church on earth will be soon deprived of his services altogether.

“Very respectfully, your friend and brother,

“PHILANDER CHASE.”

“*Note of Communion and Charity from the Bishop of Ohio to the Bishop of ———.*

“BELOVED BROTHER IN THE LORD:—

“The Bishop of Ohio, being about to sail for old England, on the first of October next, to accomplish designs of great importance to the primitive Church of God in the western states, earnestly desires you, his Right Rev. brother, Bishop of ———, to cause prayers to be offered up to Almighty God, for his preservation from all evil, and that it would please HIM, who hath the hearts of all men in his hands, and all events at his control, to prosper the endeavors of his servant, to the glory of his great name, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

PHILANDER CHASE.

“*Diocese of Ohio, July 29, 1823.*”

Mrs. Russell and her little daughter having gone to reside with her brother in Indiana, there were six of the writer's family who entered his coach, plain enough indeed, yet drawn by two faithful horses—one named “Cincinnatus,” from the city he was bought in—and all were soon out of sight. This



was on the 4th of August, 1823. What will the reader think, when told that the writer himself was coachman in this journey? Neither his finances nor his care for a loved family, would allow it otherwise. Let those who blush for shame at seeing this in a Bishop, stand a while on the pinnacles of Kenyon college. Had such false shame prevailed in the breast of the writer, that noble institution never would have been.

Arriving at Chillicothe, the writer was taken sick, and for several days was soothed and comforted by his most affectionate and worthy presbyter, the Rev. Ezra B. Kellogg, and his family. At Zanesville he stopped, and a letter was given him by a friend, addressed to his brother, a clergyman, in London. At Steubenville he was met by his nephew, the Rev. Mr. Morse, and saw his dear son there, with his wife's father. Mr. Morse continued with him till they arrived at Ashtabula, where the Rev. Mr. Hall received priest's orders.

Few instances of his life were ever more perplexing than that which met him here. The paper of commendation drawn up to be signed by the clergy of Ohio, in favor of the Bishop, had been signed by all till this moment, — by Rev. Messrs. Doddridge, Kellogg, Morse, Johnson and Chase, — but now the Rev. Messrs. Searle and Hall both refused to put their names to it!! Nothing remained but to proceed without them. Accordingly the coach was filled, and the last adieus were given. "A human arm hath failed us," said the writer to his family; "we must cling more closely to that of the Almighty. He never faileth those who put their trust in Him." He had scarcely finished this sentence when a person on horseback came up, evidently in great haste and eagerness, and requested the writer to stop and turn back to the village of Ashtabula, for there were several persons arrived there from Medina, the parish of the Rev. Mr. Searle, who had difficulties with him, their pastor, which the Bishop alone could settle; and as he was going away and not to return soon, they earnestly requested him to turn back and decide the litigated case. The request was granted—the Bishop returned—and in composing the difficulties between the Rev. Mr. Searle and others, the former saw it his duty to sign the paper, and Mr. Hall followed his example.

How wonderful are the ways of Providence in controlling and overruling the wills and passions of men! God knew, though the writer did not, that there would be great opposition to his going to England for assistance; and had there not been unanimity among the clergy of Ohio, that opposition would be mightily strengthened; therefore he overruled all for good, and made men to be of one mind. The writer had great reason to bless his holy name for this.

The letter of commendation above referred to is as follows:

"We, the presbyters and deacons of the diocese of Ohio, North America, having at our last annual convention, in communion with our apostolic head, contemplated with sorrow the gloomy condition and more gloomy prospects of the Church in the states west of the Alleghany mountains, unani- mously resolved that some effort should be made, under God, to insure her preservation and extend her borders. In look- ing anxiously around for relief, our eyes involuntarily turned to the land and Church of our fathers. Here, thought we, if anywhere, the Lord hath appointed us succor; their benefi- cence is proverbial, and we are their brethren. At the im- pulse of hard necessity, therefore, and from a conviction that nothing of an ordinary nature can continue to succeeding ages our apostolic ministry and doctrines, we have determined to lay our wants before them. And beholding in our vena- rated and beloved Diocesan a zeal which prompts him to sacrifice to the good of Christ's mystical body private interest, domestic comfort, and the tranquillity required by advancing age, we would humbly introduce him, as the messenger of these our wants, to that venerable Church whence, by God's good providence, we derive our name and existence. By him the precarious condition and needy circumstances of our dio- cese will best be set forth, for he *best* knows, having longest felt them. We wait, therefore, anxiously, but submissively, the sentence of the Lord on the destiny of our infant church.

"SAMUEL JOHNSTON, Rector of Christ Church, Cincinnati.

"EZRA B. KELLOGG, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Chillicothe.

"INTREPID MORSE, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Steubenville, St. James', Cross creek.

"PHILANDER CHASE, JUN., Minister of St. James' Church, Zanesville.

"JOSEPH DODDRIDGE, Missionary in the diocese of Ohio.

"ROGER SEARLE, Rector of St. Paul's Parish, Medina.

"JOHN HALL, Rector of St. Peter's Parish, Ashtabula."

It is a long road from Ashtabula to Buffalo; and, travelling a great portion of the way on the beach, with the water dashing at every wave up to the knees of the horses, not altogether free from danger. It was terrific at first, but the horses, as well as the children, became accustomed to it, and enjoyed the ride.

To diversify the adventures, while we were on the upland, and passing through a log village, the horses ran under a low shed, and greatly injured the carriage, to repair which, having reached Buffalo, we were obliged to stop some time. This place had greatly improved; a church had been built, in which the Rev. Mr. Babcock was preaching, and the writer supplied his pulpit for a Sunday, and visited, with his family, Niagara Falls.

A whole week was passed in going from Buffalo to Cherry Valley, where the good clergyman, mentioned in the former part of this memoir, was doing sacred duties. This was the Rev. Father Nash, as he even then began to be called, the first missionary west of Albany, and the planter of all the Episcopal churches in Otsego county. As a pupil to his teacher, as a son to a father, and as brother to a brother, so did the writer pay his devoirs to this venerable servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. And now he is dead and gone to his high reward, this last tribute to his memory is rendered with unfeigned regard by the writer. *He* also will soon follow, and if allowed to hope, his last wish would be to sit at this good man's feet in the kingdom of heaven. This, he thinks, would serve to cheer him in what is left of the journey of life.

The Sunday was passed in assisting Father Nash in his public duties, and on Monday the journey was renewed; and when arrived at Kingston, on the 16th of September, the residence of the mother of the writer's wife, more than eight hundred miles had been travelled over since leaving Cincinnati in Ohio. With what anxious solicitude the termination of this long journey had been anticipated by the whole family, need not be expressed. Every day, for more than six weeks, had been counted and subtracted from the amount allotted, as every hour rolled its tedious wheel along.

Amidst all the variety of obstacles which the writer had

pictured to himself as incidental to his present undertaking, he never had dreamed of that which met him at Kingston—that of fear and trembling in the bosom of his dearest friends. As he descended from the carriage, he saw in the countenances of his beloved relatives a deep-fixed gloom. Instead of smiles and joyous boundings of the soul, at the sight of one who, so nearly connected with the family, had been for several years away, and now was returning with his babes, never before seen, in health and spirits, for indeed they were the highest, he saw, or thought he saw, evidence of mental forebodings of great evil, and the gloom of sympathetic despair.

“What can be the reason,” said the writer, openly, “that you seem so cast down? Are you not glad to see us? Does it give you no pleasure to behold those who have for so long a time been looking with anxious eyes forward to this blessed period of seeing those they love? What causes this gloom, dear mother? Are any of our friends sick, dying, or dead? Has any dear one erred irreclaimably from the path of duty? Have you been afflicted as Job? Have the Sabians broken in on your borders, or the lightnings of heaven descended and smitten the four corners of your social dwelling?”

At hearing of such questions, (for they were actually made,) so suddenly and unexpectedly propounded, the surprise was not that what had been seen had been misinterpreted, but that it had been so easily and correctly discovered. No attempt, therefore, was made to disabuse the mind from erroneous impressions. All the reply was a warm embrace, and, “Your dressing-room is ready; all quite ready.”

Now the narrative requires it should be stated, that this room was on the ground floor, i. e., a little above the level of the ground, and at the side of the house overshadowed with trees above, and lilac bushes below, and sweet briars and roses growing with untamed, unclipped branches at the windows. The furniture was old-fashioned, but in abundance; ewers for the hands, and cedar lavers, nicely bound with brass, for the feet; pitchers filled with pure water, and napkin clean, and a carpet well kept, and as costly as Turkey or India could afford.

“This would be luxury indeed,” said the writer to his wife,

as he shut the door, "were it not for the unaccountable gloom on the face of our dear mother." "Our passions of the higher grade," she answered, "on finding themselves confined, rush out, like men when the house is on fire, by doors unusual and forbidden; they jump out at windows when all is confusion within. Thus our dear mother, being greatly affected by our arrival, may express her gladness by tears, and in ways at other times unthought of." "This is the best apology you could make," said the writer, "and I honor you for inventing it; but still it is not the true reason."

The work of "making toilet" went on, when all of a sudden there came, thrown in at the open window, over the rose and briar bushes, by an unseen hand, a packet of letters, accompanied by these words from a brother out of sight, "There, brother, are some letters from the post-office." They were all addressed to the writer, and the contents laid open to view the whole mystery, and showed the cause of all the melancholy looks we had just witnessed. They condemned the plan of going to England in toto, and threatened ruin to the projector if he proceeded in it. This was made known to the family to whose care they were sent, as it afterwards was confessed, and in terms representing the madness of the scheme, and earnestly entreating that every suasive means should be used to prevent the writer from going another step on a tour which, in the end, must prove so fatal to him and to the happiness and prosperity of his family.

When the letters in the dressing-room were read, the simple question was asked with astonishment, "*What shall be done?*" To this there was an answer — the only one of dependency before or since ever heard from her lips — "Then we must go home to Rome, and die among our neighbors." In plain truth, we must go back to Ohio, and there expire. The rejoinder was "*Never!*"

From that moment, there was mutual firmness of purpose.

## CHAPTER XX.

OF THE TIME IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK PREVIOUS TO THE WRITER'S  
SAILING FOR ENGLAND—OPPOSING FRIENDS—GULF STREAM.

FROM the moment he arrived in New York, the writer encountered the opposition mentioned in the letters he received in Kingston. "You must not go to England—you will be ruined if you do." Even his intimate friends had been spoken to on the subject, and concluded "it would be best not to go." "You had better consider," said they; "are you indeed determined to go?" When answered in the affirmative, they would shake their heads and look grave; and if there were two or more together, another would ask the same question over again, and turning to his companions, would partly smile; and then seem to condole and say, as if all were saying together, "*You had better look ere you leap.*"

The reader will bear in mind that none of these persons had crossed the Alleghany mountains. They all lived "this side"—that is, the Atlantic side; therefore their judgment was not much esteemed by the writer, for this simple reason—it was a *one-sided judgment*. Had they seen, and felt, and suffered what the writer had, it is to be presumed they would have thought and judged differently. These were his reflections at the time, therefore he remained of the same mind; their advice did not change his purpose.

But the matter did not end with friendly advice. As was intimated in the MS. letter, he was told that the opposition to the application for aid would accompany it to England, and it would be a pity to witness a quarrel in a foreign land. The writer answered, he knew of no *quarrel*. He was pursuing things lawful, and in a lawful way; if any one could show to the contrary, let him do so, even in this country, and not a step further would be taken. To this there was but one answer:—"You will be opposed in England by all the weight of the church in America, and that in the strongest manner." The writer's reply was, he could not bring his mind to believe this. "*This must and will be done,*" were the last words exchanged on the subject.

A letter had been written by a friend of some eminence at the bar of the western courts, to an honorable gentleman, for some time once a resident in London, soliciting from him, in favor of the writer, letters of introduction to some men of character in England. This letter had been mentioned to the friends of the writer, and by them sent over to Long Island, where the honorable gentleman lived. Some days elapsed, and the same letter, having been read, was sent back to the writer with the compliments of the honorable gentleman, that, having been advised to the contrary, he had thought proper to refuse any letters of introduction to his friends in England. Who sustained the soul under this heavy stroke? Answer—God.

There was some comfort in the reception of the following letters addressed to himself, written by Bishops Bowen and Ravenscroft:—

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BISHOP RAVENSCROFT TO BISHOP CHASE.

*“Diocese of N. Carolina, Sept. 8, 1823.*

“RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

“I received your note of communion and charity, dated the 29th July, with its enclosure, on the eve of my departure on a visit to this diocese; which gives me a good opportunity to comply with your pious request, to be remembered in the prayers of the Church here, for which the necessary directions shall be given.

“The object of the distant, perilous, and fatiguing journey you are about to undertake, must call forth the good wishes and prayers of all who have any regard for the prosperity of the Church, or feel any interest for the spread of pure and undefiled religion. I therefore trust that the good providence of Almighty God will prepare your way before you, give you favor in a strange land, open the hearts of the people to the wants of their brethren, and return you to your charge in health, with a prosperous issue to your zeal for the advancement of his glory.

“To say that I approbate the measure would be a cold expression of the desire I feel for its success;—a fellowship

in your wants being pressed upon me by those under my own eye — by those calls for help which cannot be answered, even with partial relief — by the increasing necessity of withstanding the inroads of ignorance and fanaticism, while we are yet unfurnished with instruments for the work. For zeal, to be profitable, must be coupled with knowledge, applied with discretion, continued with patience, and exercised in meekness and charity; and these, though unquestioned fruits of the Spirit, are yet such under our dispensation, by the discipline of laborious study, resolute self-denial, firm faith, and unre-served self-dedication.

“So deep is the taint of false principles in religion throughout our land; so disproportionate is the dross to the pure gold of the gospel; so mighty the efforts which infidelity and heresy are making under the name of Christianity, that the moral sense of the community is not only in a diseased, but in a dying state. To withstand, and eventually to cure, this moral distemper, the only remedy, under God, is a learned, pious, and devoted ministry, nourished up themselves in the words of faith and sound doctrine, who may be able to teach others also. But to do this with comfort and effect, in a country of such diversified population and dissimilar habits as this great continent contains, it is equally necessary that they be trained up among those with whom they have to deal.

“To this your fatherly purpose points; may it therefore have good success, by His guidance and blessing from whom only all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed. And may a star arise in the west to bless that wilderness with its cheering light; ushering in that bright and glorious day when the knowledge of God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, shall cover the earth, and all who profess and call themselves Christians shall, with one heart and one mouth, glorify the God of their salvation.

“To his holy keeping, safe direction, and wise disposal, I heartily commit you and the cause you have in hand, entreating his gracious protection of you, his fatherly care of all you leave behind, and a speedy and happy return to your family, your friends and your flock.



"Your sincere friend, and affectionate youngest brother in our common Lord,

"JOHN T. RAVENSCROFT."

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BISHOP BOWEN TO BISHOP CHASE.

*"Charleston. September 8, 1823.*

"RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

"Your communication of July has remained unanswered longer than I would have wished; but not longer than to admit of your hearing from me on the subject of it before the sailing of the October packet. It has been painful, in a very great degree, to contemplate the obstacles which have seemed to impede the success of your zealous and apostolic labors in the west. I have been aware that the chief of these was the difficulty of procuring clergymen, suited by their education and habits to the peculiar nature of the service to be performed. The view which you express of the characteristic necessity of the case of the Church in the western states, is not only that in which I am disposed to acquiesce, but the same which I have myself for some years entertained.

"*Your clergy must be sons of the soil.* A mission to the Western Ocean Islands does not more require an adaptation of character to circumstances in the ministry, than an effectual propagation of the Gospel, according to the doctrine and discipline of our Church, in the western territories of the United States. Wales must not more, of necessity, have clergymen who are Welshmen, than Ohio, Illinois, &c., clergymen who, by early training and habit, are capable of assimilation to the character of their inhabitants *generally*, and of enduring the travel and exposure of their woods and hills. Do not mistake me. I am not ignorant of the respectable degree of improvement and intelligence which obtains in your diocese. My allusion is to the hardship necessary to be endured by ministers of the gospel, from the scattered condition of the people with whom, as members of our Church, they may be concerned, and the yet *comparatively* rough state of much of the extensive country which must be the scene of their labors. Men educated in other conditions of society, are scarcely in

any instances capable of this. I am fully sensible, therefore, that if you have an efficient ministry at all, it must be constituted by the education, among yourselves, of men born and reared among you.

“Now, sir, you perceive that my sympathies cannot but go affectionately with you, in any worthy enterprise, having for its object that which you represent to be in your view. I wish I could be warranted to express an opinion as to the expediency of your visiting England in prosecution of your plan. Of this you are more competent to judge than I. I must content myself with earnestly praying that your labor, wherever prosecuted, may not be in vain, and may have the blessing of Him ‘who is head over all things to his Church,’ to rest on and to abide with it.

“I have received your letter, announcing the purpose of your son to make trial of the climate of Charleston for the winter. All that *can* be done to comfort him shall be. I have already engaged the most suitable lodgings I could think of, to be ready against his arrival. He shall not be neglected — this assurance, however, were needless; in Charleston the sick stranger never is, much less the sick minister of Christ.

“Adieu: may God preserve and bless you, prays your friend and brother,

N. BOWEN.

“*To the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase.*”

It is said that “afflictions love a train.” The writer is of the same mind, if you add that God is the director of them all, to his own glory and the final benefit of the afflicted; and still further consider that afflictions of one sort are apt to be abused, by exciting our passions, if not softened by afflictions of another sort, which are calculated to allay those passions and cause the soul to look to God only for help.

Something of this nature, in all its merciful combinations, was realized by the appearance of the writer's sick son in New York, just as the opposition to his going to England was at the highest. While in Ohio, it was agreed that he should go to the south for a milder air, during the inclement wintry months. To discharge a domestic duty he had stayed a while — had become a father of a lovely daughter — whom, with

the mother, his all of earthly treasure, leaving with the best of parents—he hastened across the mountains, and for the last time sojourned a few days with the father he dearly loved in New York. This interview seemed indeed a god-send to the writer—it brought the divine aid with it. His son was evidently going to God, and by his evidently living so near to God in thought, word and deed, by his faith, hope and charity, had an influence on all who saw him, and especially those who were with him in the silent moments of retirement. His example was as the smell of Lebanon—it clung to the very garments of those who entered his sick chamber, and heard him talk of things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

His approaching end was deemed an affliction. It was indeed so in the sense designed; but as a regulator in the hands of God of the perturbed passions of a parent's breast, at that time, it was a blessing. Like oil, it softened all and smoothed all, so that the waves subsiding, the eye of faith could see far away ahead what would be the result of peaceful measures designed for the glory of God. He was clear and decided in the opinion, that it was the duty of his father to address the public on the subject of a western seminary, and of going to England for aid; and when a manuscript was prepared, having been written in his bed-chamber, for a pamphlet, entitled, "A letter on the subject of going to England for the relief of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of Ohio, addressed to the Rt. Rev. Bishop White," he fully approved of the same, and advised its immediate and general circulation.

The substance of this letter has been a great part of it recited in the present narrative, being almost entirely a collection of facts. The grand *objection* was to having a *western* seminary, and to going to *England* for aid for Ohio. The following extracts give some reasons in favor of both:—

"If we are to wait until the Atlantic states are all supplied with clergymen, does not the increasing state of the Church there not only bedim, but forever extinguish, the eye of hope here, that any will ever come from thence? And this being the case, who will supply our places when we are gone, to say nothing of the numerous parishes unsupplied? So poor are

we; in such confined and uncomfortable dwellings do the most of us reside; so scanty are our libraries, and so incessantly are we engaged in parochial and missionary duties, that we can neither assist, nor direct, nor teach the young men who apply to us for orders, though there are not a few. If the qualifications for the ministry are kept up to their present standard, (and we pray that they may ever be so,) by what, except a miracle, can we be supplied with clergymen? The only answer to this question was given, by stating the imperious necessity of having an institution for the education of young men for the ministry, among those who are to benefited by their labors.

“That this conclusion was just and unimpaired by investigation, appeared from the distance at which we were placed from all means of education at the eastward, and the moral impossibility of sending our candidates to the eastern seminaries. For well did we perceive that the same causes which prevented the ordained candidates from courting the labors of a missionary in the west, and inclined them to listen to the superior offers, and prefer the more refined state of society, in the east, would not cease their effect on the young men, whom, if it were possible, we might send thither for their education. We saw, or thought we saw, that if, in the lapse of years, means should be found to send here and there a person to the east for his education, the western states would have no certainty of having him for their minister. Besides, the dissimilarity of habits and manners existing between the inhabitants of an old and a newly settled country, forbade the expectation that useful clergy could be obtained to supply our present wants. Time and zeal, prayer and sufferings, might succeed, as they had succeeded, in overcoming difficulties of this kind; but ordinarily they are too great to be surmounted.

“We rejoiced to read of the success attending all endeavors to cherish and promote the general institution of our common Church, and wished that we could enjoy its glorious privileges. But such was our peculiarly distant and isolated condition, that we could not think any objection to a separate institution in the east would ever apply to us in the west. Necessity, thought we, has no law; and as sure as the Church

is sustained in the west, 'it must be by the sons of the soil,' and those trained in her own institutions. As to the *nature* of the institution which we must have while we keep to the laws of God and the canons of the Church, it was never suspected but that in all things pertaining to the *mode* of its conduct and maintenance, we might be judges.

"The very reasons for the existence of an institution for the education of ministers in the west would suggest others; that the said institution should be under the government of those who, from their being on the spot, and amidst the people to be benefited, knew best what was proper to be done, and to this end their funds should be at their own control. To prevent the possibility, however, in any future generation, of a diversion of their funds to things foreign from their original intention, and to secure the unity of the Church to all intents of the constitution and canons of the general convention, it was and is our purpose to insert in the legal act of incorporation a proviso, that, on evidence of a malapplication, [of funds,] the General Theological Institution, or the Bishops, as a committee of that body, should be authorized by law to make inquiries, and set things right. Assurances to this effect I think I had the honor of expressing to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hobart, in my communication to him, of which I have not a copy. If it be asked what is our plan for the contemplated institution, and what are to be its peculiar advantages?—the answer is, to save a sinking infant branch of our primitive Church from ruin and extinction.

"To accustom our youth and future servants of a beneficent Redeemer to acts of substantial charity, and as a means of disseminating the principles of our holy religion, under proper inspection, especially among the poor and ignorant, a printing press and types will be solicited, and the young men, or some proper proportion of them, will, at convenient hours of the day, be employed in printing tracts and a periodical publication. I need not say how interestingly useful this will be to our country; for were I to attempt it, the terms of our language would not permit. This literary part of our scheme will be under the peculiar oversight of the teachers. It is understood that the institution is to be under the immediate

care of the Bishop for the time being, or his substitute, assisted by two or more professors of sacred learning, and a grammar-school teacher.

“These are the outlines of our plan, to which, if God give us the means, we intend to adhere.

“The next question is, whence can we obtain the funds to carry our designs, so beneficial to the Church, especially that portion of it scattered in the woods of the west, into full effect? In solving this question, there seems to be a difference of opinion. What has guided me and my dear brethren of Ohio in this matter, I beg leave to state.

“The interesting attitude which the General Theological Institution had assumed, in being so harmoniously established in New York, and the pressing and peculiar demands which she had for all the aid of Episcopalians in the Atlantic states, forbade us to apply to them.

“Whence, then, thought we, can arise our hopes of relief? What part of the universal Church is there who will compassionate our forlorn and perishing state?

“Under these circumstances and thus situated, were we to blame, Rt. Rev. and very dear sir, for turning our eyes to the land of our fathers—to that land whose enlightened inhabitants are spreading the glorious gospel throughout a benighted world? Could men who were suffering so many deprivations, who were worn with fatigue and dejected in spirit, who were strangers to all *political* considerations but such as they had learned from their Bibles, could they be censured for a measure which naturally arose from the truth, that all Christians are brethren, of whatever nation?

“I assure you, my Rt. Rev. and very dear sir, that, in applying to the throne of mercy for direction and grace, to enable me to overcome the many obstacles and difficulties which the contemplated measure presented, it never for once occurred to me that there would be made any reasonable objection, much less any serious *opposition*, by my brethren in the Atlantic states. And well might one, it is humbly conceived, rest assured that the measure would be approved by all Christians, when there was nothing found in the Holy Scriptures against it, and when its benevolent design was to

fulfil many a sacred precept, and imitate many a bright example. Could I conjecture that it was wrong for me to solicit donations from the affluent in one part of Christ's universal Church, to supply the pressing wants of another, when those wants involved her very existence? Was my character as a Bishop, in these modern days, to be considered so far different from that of others in former times, even that of the holy apostle St. Paul, as to render *collections for the poor* criminal in me, which were commendable in them? Could I dream that the terms *begging* and *beggar*, in their reproachful sense, would be applied to one who should ask, in the name of Him who was born in a stable, for means to provide the bread of life, and save the souls of those for whom he died?

"No, dear sir, these things were not within reach of my conjecture, when I formed the resolution to proceed on my present errand. My fears were of quite a different and opposite cast. When the good God, as I thought, had given me grace to pledge my little all of worldly possessions to obtain means to accomplish my design, (for nothing of the missionary fund, I assure you, is hazarded, as in my son's going to England would have been the case,) my fears were lest the apostolic complexion of the measure might, by the great enemy of souls, be made the occasion of pride and vanity. But it appears that my trials are of another sort.

"In conclusion, I would respectfully observe, that, whatever difference of opinion there may be in the minds of my brethren as to the expediency of my going to England on the present errand, I hope it will be granted, that while the measure is lawful in itself, and in my own opinion indispensably necessary to the welfare and existence of the Church in the diocese over which, by the Divine Providence, I am placed, it becomes my bounden duty to fulfil the dictates of my conscience, and proceed without delay. Accordingly, my passage being taken on board the packet, if the Lord permit, I shall, according to the time fixed on while in Ohio, sail on the first of October."

The letter from which these extracts are taken was a hasty production, written in a sick-room, and during intervals of an

agitated period—opposing friends around him, and a wide ocean before him, beyond which were scenes as untried as those in another world—and withal, a portentous cloud hanging over and ready to burst on the writer's defenceless head. Under such circumstances, he asked for the prayers of the Church for a person going to sea. In this he was *denied*; on what principle he never asked.

At length came the *first of October*, the day fixed on while in Ohio for his embarkation. There was one clergyman in New York who ventured to "accompany him to the ship," for whom, in remembrance of this good deed, he will never cease to pray. They walked together, while his wife and invalid son rode to White Hall in a coach, in which he embraced, for the last time on earth, his darling son. The steamboat took him to the packet ship *Orbit*, Capt. Tinkham, at the Lazaretto.

Soon the anchor was up and the ship at sea. All the passengers seemed happy, and the writer tried to feel so; but the remembrance of what he had left behind—his sick son, his anxious wife, his helpless children, his suffering diocese, and his angry friends!—and when he looked over the waters, he knew not who, if any, would welcome him with their greetings; but he was well assured who would attempt to drive him from the English shores, for from his own lips he heard the promise.

The banks of Newfoundland were passed in a fog; yet we could discern the smacks at anchor, with their fishing-poles and lines well baited, all out on their sides, yet no hands were on deck. They were supposed asleep, like sinners, unconscious of their danger. Leaving the banks, we plunged into the deep Atlantic, steering for England. The Gulf Stream, with its warm current, was on our right, along which we ran parallel till more than two thirds across to the English soundings.

Now, gentle reader, as we are on this subject of the Gulf Stream, and our thoughts are at liberty to range over oceans and continents; and as, since the invention of steamers, the relations of the events of a voyage are exceedingly tiresome;



—may it not be satisfactory to thee to read a leaf in the journal of the writer, several years ahead?

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GOD'S WAY OF BINDING NATIONS AND CONTINENTS TOGETHER, OR  
AMERICA NECESSARY TO ENGLAND.

Why is the climate of old England so mild and humid in winter—her fields so green—her gardens so productive of useful and pleasant vegetables the whole winter through, while the regions of country occupying latitudes ten and twelve degrees further south in America, are locked up, during all the winter months, in fetters of frost and ice?

This question was frequently asked while the writer was in England. The answer was:—Under God, England owes all this to America; if the latter were annihilated, the former would exhibit but a cold and frozen region, admitting neither comfort nor commerce—no verdure in winter—no humid atmosphere to keep off the frosts and cherish the esculent vegetables.

“This is sooner said than proved,” was the reply; “England owe to America the enjoyment of the natural blessings of her climate! How can you make Englishmen believe this?”

Not as a cause, but as a means. God is the author of all blessings, and to teach nations to love one another, he hath made them all mutually dependent; even so that in taking away one the other's happiness is destroyed. The Gulf Stream, that mollifier of the north Atlantic Ocean, would have no existence were America annihilated. The trade winds, which now are the prime cause of that Stream, would, if not stopped by America, pass directly into the Pacific Ocean, carrying the water heated by the vertical sun along with them, till both reached the shores of Asia. As it is, the trade winds are arrested by the Cordilleras, or American Andes, and the powerful current of waters of the ocean, caused by them, is stopped in its progress westward by the American shore. These waters accumulate in the Caribbean Sea, in the Bay of Honduras and the Gulf of Mexico, to the height of many feet above the level those parts would otherwise assume. In this

swollen state, these immense bodies of water, just coming from under a vertical sun, find a vent between the Tortugas, or Florida Cape, and the Island of Cuba, and there form a vast river of tepid water, seventy miles wide and unfathomably deep. This river is called the Gulf Stream, and runs at the rate of from four to six miles an hour.

This vast body of water, thus swiftly coursing along, finds its outlet into the Atlantic Ocean between the Florida shore and the Bahama Islands and banks, and pursues its course nearly in a north-eastern direction through the sea, as an engine hose through the streets. In its way it touches the outward part of Cape Hatteras, producing abundance of squally weather. The next obstruction is the Newfoundland banks, whose extensive shoals of cold water, coming in contact, on the surface only, with the warm Gulf Stream, produce frequent fogs. From the Newfoundland banks this mighty Stream points its course across the Atlantic, still in the direction mentioned. And it is a fact, certified by the log-books of many ships, that the warm current of the Gulf Stream continues its distinctive character, from the cold adjacent waters, till it reaches the eastern part of the vast Atlantic Ocean, when, having spent its collective force, it diffuses itself in those favored regions of the British Isles, softening, by its warm and genial influence, the whole state of the air for countless miles around.

Fogs in the winter, and frequent showers and cloudy weather in summer, for which England and Ireland are celebrated, are proof of this. That the warming influence of the Gulf Stream extends to the eastern parts of the great Atlantic, appears from the affirmative answer which must be given to the following questions:—Do not the English experience pleasure in bathing at Hastings and Brighton, and on all the southern coasts of England, after a continuance of a long course of south-west winds? And is not the cause of this luxury withdrawn whenever the wind changes to a northerly direction? Do not the south-west winds in England melt the snow away, and hasten on the flowers of spring? Now why is this, if not from the cause we have mentioned?

If these observations be true, contrast them with the facts in

the Mississippi valley. Between the Alleghany and the Rocky mountains, the south-west winds produce the contrary effect; — because, instead of coming from a warm Gulf Stream, the winds (once the trade winds, now the same rebounding from the snow-capped heights of the Cordilleras) bring with them chilling effects; snow in winter, freezing weather in spring and autumn, and in summer, cool, refreshing breezes.

If it be asked, "What is the sequel of these winds thus originating?" the answer is, that the facts will tend to support the great theory on which all depend, viz., one grand circulation of air and water, for the health of both America and Europe, of which the winds we are now considering are an important part. The mind, filled with this great idea, delights to take in the whole prospect at once; and though this should cause a little repetition of facts stated before, yet the pleasure they give is worth the pains.

God creates a world, places it in space to revolve round the sun every year, and to produce alternate day and night, gives this world a rotation around its own axis, and it turns according to his will, from west to east, every twenty-four hours; the sun necessarily goes, or appears to go, the contrary way, i. e., from east to west, and as he goes gives great heat. This rarifies the air, and produces a current of wind following the sun from east to west. This wind is and ever must be the same, blowing invariably to the west, carrying the water with it. As we have said, it strikes the great mountains which divide the Atlantic from the Pacific; it glances off according to the angle of incidence, and sweeps up through the Mississippi valley, in a north-easterly direction, and, doubling the northern cape of the Alleghany mountains, it flies swiftly down upon the north Atlantic, and joins its old companion, or legitimate offspring, the Gulf Stream.

If this theory be correct, other phenomena are explained.

It is well known that a passage by sail-vessels from America to Europe is made in half the time it requires to return. Can anything account for this phenomenon so satisfactorily to a reasonable mind, as this theory of a grand circulation of wind and water? The trade winds are returning, though in a vast circuit, to obviate the tendency to a vacuum

occasioned by a rarefaction of the air under the equator; and thus they keep up the grand circulation of wind and water, so necessary to the comfort, if not to the very existence, of the inhabitants of Europe and America.

Now, to bring this matter to a conclusion, this grand circulation would never exist were it not for America. She arrests the winds; she stops the mighty wave. Commissioned by her Maker, she saith to both, "Hitherto shall ye come, and no further. Turn your mighty powers to other and more salutary courses. Waft the ships, and warm the chilling bosom of the deep; and as ye go, leave everywhere a salubrity of climate which nothing else can give."

America is thus destined by Providence to do all this; and truly may it be said that, were she not to stand in the place where God hath placed her, the northern parts of both continents would be materially injured, chilled, and perhaps rendered uninhabitable. England, in particular, would be shorn of all her honors, and of half her charms. So cold and sterile would be her soil, that her children would be compelled, like the Esquimaux, to light their ice-built habitations with fish-oil, and live on blubber. Instead of this, what now is England? The home of science, and the cradle of the arts; an empire on whose provinces the sun never sets; whose ships have carried commerce to the ends of the earth, and with them the missionaries of the Cross; thus fulfilling the prophecies that "her kings should be the nursing fathers and her queens the nursing mothers of the Church."

A Christian person cannot close a subject of this nature, without some reflections suggested by its vast importance in a religious point of view.

What honor and glory to Almighty God, the great architect of the universe, doth it reflect, to view his works as binding all in one common destiny of enjoyment! What infinite wisdom, and goodness, and loving kindness, does it discover in our great Creator, to see thus demonstrated the fact, that he hath not only connected, with the strongest ligatures, many brethren together in one family, different men in one government, and many nations in one league of friendship, but hath bound even continents together in one indissoluble tie, so as to

make the annihilation of the one the inevitable destruction of the other! What amazing infinity is ascribed unto God, when we see, in viewing his works, the language used by the Apostle touching the different members of the human frame, equally applicable even to continents, empires and kingdoms! "The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you; for if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it!"

Great God of Mercy, unite all in love, as thou hast joined us all in one common destiny!

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## CHAPTER XXI.

LETTERS AT SEA—ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND—ADDITIONAL LETTERS.

THE writer's departure from New York has already been mentioned. Through the mercy of his Heavenly Father, he had a prosperous voyage, though not entirely free from perils, which are to this day freshly remembered. The letters written at the time are among the few papers saved by his dear wife from the fire which destroyed his house in Michigan many years afterwards, and are here inserted:—

*"At Sea, Oct. 29, 1823.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—

"I write this in my dark state-room, on board the packet-ship *Orbit*, on the 29th of October, 1823, about forty miles from Holy Head, and say one hundred miles from Liverpool. The coast of Ireland has been visible to us, for the most part, ever since we passed Cape Clear. The hills and the cliffs, in varied and beautiful succession, have risen to cheer us by day, and their light-houses, like stars in the distant and tremulous horizon, have sparkled in our eyes and deprived the night-watch of half its gloom and terror. How often, as I have remained on deck, long after all the passengers had *turned in*,

to doze away, to them, the tedious moments, have I thought on you and the dear babes sleeping at your side. Almighty God, Saviour of our fallen race, who hearest the prayers of the poor and destitute, in mercy visit, protect and bless my dear wife and children! Let them partake of the crumbs which fall from thy table, and it shall suffice! Be more merciful to us than man has been, or we perish!

“My dear wife, the tears which now flow, and scarcely have ceased to flow, down my care-worn cheek, witness the sincerity of my prayer, as I have supplicated for *you*, for poor, sick Philander, and for all my dear friends left in my native country.

“We have had a long and stormy passage, emblematical of my whole life. But God has overruled, I hope, in both cases, for good. As now, so at the close of the voyage of life, may the prospects brighten of a blessed *haven of rest*.

“Last Sunday, a week ago, we were visited with a gale, amounting almost to a tempest. At such a time, how precious the promises in Jesus Christ! How they fix and settle the soul, and take even from Death his terrors! I know not how it is, but the troubles I have lately met with have seemed to reconcile me, more than at any former period of my life, to the will of God, should it please him to call me from this to the eternal world. Yet sure I am that I do not love the church of Christ, nor my relatives and friends, the less on this account. No, they are dearer to me than ever; and my prayers for their happiness were never so fervent. But it seems I am not needed. My best endeavors turn to little good purpose. I am opposed as an evil-doer, where I thought I was serving most effectively the will of my Saviour. This is to remind me of my frailty, my weakness, my nothingness. I therefore would submit. ‘Thy will, not mine, O God, be done!’ And though this be by death, ‘Thy will, O Heavenly Father, be done!’ Amen.

“You will be gratified to learn that, as it respects things aboard, our passage has been most agreeable. The captain has been kind to us beyond example, and all the passengers have conspired to make each other as happy as possible. This is saying much more than can usually be said. We

have had divine service every Sunday, and grace before and after meat. May God add his blessing to these means. Adieu."

"*Ship Orbit, November 2, 1823.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—

"I am now (Nov. 2, at 5 o'clock, P. M.) still on board the ship *Orbit*, at anchor about five or six miles below Liverpool. I commence my history from Wednesday last. The day was fine, and the evening attended with as fine a wind as the heart could wish. 'Never,' said the good Captain Tinkham, 'never have I experienced so rapid and easy a passage up the Channel as this.' All was the full glee of fond expectation. The green hills of Erin were seen on our left, and the spacious channel of Bristol, after passing the Land's End, was fancied, as we recurred to the chart, on our right.

"Just before dark, we descried the Welsh islands below, or to the west of Anglesea; and as the dark night came on, we were gratified with a distant view of the Holy Head light. It rose upon the enraptured sight as the shades of evening increased, and the ship's bell rung the passing hour, till in full splendor it shone, as it revolved on its axis every minute, the finest, brightest, most cheering object in the world. To this succeeded the lights of Skerry, to show by contrast the superiority of their neighbor, and, by their relative bearings, to guide the anxious mariner.

"We had nearly brought them *in a line*, when, wearied with watchings, after mutual congratulations with our excellent captain and mates on the happy prospects before us, I retired to my state-room. 'To-morrow will be Thursday. In the morning the pilot will come on board, and at nine or ten we shall be in town, all if God permit,' said I, as I laid myself down to rest. The wind freshening, the ship was up with the Point Linus light (and of course on *pilot ground*) sooner than was expected. As it was necessary that one should be immediately obtained, to prevent us from becoming *land-locked*, (for the wind blew with increasing strength from the north-east, right in on to the land,) the *great gun* was fired twice, in hopes of attracting the attention of the pilots, if any there were, who might be lying off and on, waiting for

ships. But our signals, though they were so loud and heavy in their shock as to break considerable of the glass on board, were not noticed. The sound was spent on the fleeting breeze, which every moment increased on us.

“The morning broke upon us, anxious beyond description, but no pilot-boat in sight. With heavy hearts of both captain, crew and passengers, the ship was hove about, put close to the wind, and we stood for the Isle of Man.

“The wind increasing from the north-east, and the ship close upon it, we neared it slowly. As it constituted once the pastoral care of one of the best of Christian shepherds, the good, the pious Bishop Wilson, of whom so many apostolic labors are recorded, the view of its distant hills was dear to me. Happy, blessed land, whose inhabitants once enjoyed the teaching and example of that so faithful servant of his and our adored Master! Would that I saw thy shores and hills under more propitious circumstances! Would that I could be permitted to visit thy churches, and linger on the consecrated ground where the pious Wilson preached the gospel, awakened the sinner, warned the careless, and administered heavenly comfort to the penitent!

“From such reflections, our thoughts were called to the increasing danger around us. The day was spent by the seamen in contending with the storm, and preparing one thing after another for the worst. As the darkness fell upon us the wind increased, but the light-house on the Isle of Man showed us where we were; this was one comfort. Guided by this, and that of Holy Head, as the ship stood off and on in contending with the storm, we rode out the night. This was that of Thursday, and had our troubles then ended, the impressions made on our minds by the violence of the tempest would have lasted with our days. But another day of more dreadful terror succeeded.

“The sun rose on Friday morning with peculiar splendor, but it was a splendor unaccompanied with mildness or mercy. The heavy blasts of wind had raised the sea, though from its want of depth, as in the mighty ocean, not in mountains, yet, by reason of their violence, into precipices of most frightful aspect. All around us seemed but one sheet of foam, which,



by the same blasts that created it, was raised and scattered in the air, as if the ocean and its waves were troubled, and contending clouds were *raining upwards*. It was during this morning that the most sublime yet singular sight I ever beheld was presented to my view. It seemed as if the promise of the 'bow in the cloud' had been reversed from that of peace to that of terror. The bow was formed, not from the rain gently descending from a heaven of mercy, but from the terrific sprays sent up from the angry deep.

"Our ship, though the best sea-boat that floats on the ocean, was as if she had no master to control her rapid motions;—at this instant her head plunging to the bottom, at that mounting to the stars. A close-reefed topsail and a stay-sail were the only canvass she could bear, and even these, impelled as they were by the mighty wind, brought the gunnels of her high deck to the water every roll. So powerful was the tempest, that, when on the margin of the wave, the ship seemed lifted from her element and at the sport of the gale. This state of things continued from morn till night, a day never to be forgotten.

"I shall not attempt to tell you how we the passengers spent this day. It were idle to try to describe our feelings or our actions. I hope the awful scene was improved, as it no doubt was intended, for our spiritual benefit. As a humble believer and minister of the Christian faith, I hope what I did in this trying season was consistent with my character, and useful to myself and others.

"I have not yet mentioned to you the names of our passengers. They were Mrs. Tinkham, the wife of the captain; Mr. Bolton, an English gentleman returning to his family; Mr. Kinney, a young gentleman returning after some years' residence in the West Indies; Dr. Lawson, also returning to Scotland for his health after a residence in Indiana; and a Mr. Alexander, a Virginian, going to Scotland to settle some family estate.

"These, together with the captain and mates, were our associates, who now, in the hours of this dreadful day, looked one upon the other, reading their own in the fearful trembling of their neighbor's face. 'It was on these awful shores that

the Albion and her unhappy crew met their untimely fate. Who but God only can save us from the like? Who but that Almighty Being, at whose command the stormy wind ariseth, can now say to the troubled waves, Peace, be still.'

This was the tenor of our language; and while I reflect on the happy result in the ingenuousness of confession, both of the great truths of religion and of their effect on the soul, leading to repentance and full purpose of amendment expressed by my little flock, I cannot restrain my grateful acknowledgments that in these trying moments I was, however unworthy, permitted to be the pastor. God grant that the effect may be lasting; that all, in remembering this day, the prayers then offered and the resolutions then formed, may have reason to bless God that they have been thus afflicted.

"On Friday night and Saturday morning the gale began to abate by intervals, and during the day we were in mercy relieved from further anxiety. It was the captain's aim to keep the vessel in the channel and drift as little as possible to the leeward. In the former he was successful; in the latter, not so much so. We found ourselves, on the abatement of the wind, far down the channel, and again had to make the Welsh islands and the Holy Head lights. A favorable breeze enabled us to do this, so that this morning, Sunday, at seven o'clock, we found ourselves where we were on Thursday last. We soon took a pilot and made for Liverpool, and find from report from thence this evening, while at anchor, that the Meteor got in but on the very day we were so unhappy as to encounter the gale, viz., on Thursday last. I have said unhappy, but it ought to be reversed in meaning; for all agree that if a pilot had come aboard when we first wished him, in endeavoring to conduct the ship into port, as he most undoubtedly would, in this most difficult of all entrances, we should most inevitably have been lost. We should have but commenced our course when the wind changed and blew with such violence; so even now we begin to see that all was meant in mercy to us.

"To-morrow, God willing, after having gone through the forms of the custom-house and walked about to take a view of the town, I shall set off for Manchester, to see Mr. Wiggin

and my dear nephew. I shall therefore fold my letter, and write perhaps with a pencil a note only of my arrival in town.

“And now, my dear, dear wife, I renew all the tender expressions of love to you so often reiterated. Be assured of my trust in God’s goodness and merciful guidance. That His will may be done is my most constant and fervent prayer. Love and duty to dear mother, and never forget to mention me tenderly to all. Kiss the dear children a thousand times for their fond father. Who knows but their and your prayers were the means of saving from perishing him who now as ever is your loving husband?”

*Pencil-marks.*

“*Liverpool, Nov. 3.* — We are now, through God’s gracious goodness, safe in Bruce’s dock, in this the object of our thoughts and prayers for so many anxious days. The forms of the custom-house will not permit me to set off for Manchester till to-morrow, the 4th. You will not hear from me again till I write from London. In the mean time I entreat your prevailing prayers.

“If you should ask how I feel in regard to the great object which brought me hither, in reply I assure you again and again of my trust in God’s goodness, mercy and wisdom. Into His hands I have committed all. Amen.”

*Manchester, (Eng.) November 5, 1823.*

“MY DEAR WIFE: —

“I think the last letter I wrote you was dated on board the *Orbit*, while lying at anchor six miles below Liverpool. On the margin I noted with a pencil that the ship had gotten safe into dock, and expressed my gratitude to our Heavenly Father for so great a mercy. What followed from that to the present time, shall be the subject of the present letter.

“The first thing to be done was to pass our luggage at the custom-house. And here I cannot but observe that the attention to *small things* was greater than I had reason to expect. As it respects myself, however, everything was conducted in a liberal and respectful manner. Our good captain attended us through the whole scene, and was so kind as to see me and

my luggage safely placed at a respectable boarding inn. Here everything was comfort, order and decency. No ostentation, no profusion; all had one only tendency, and that was, to make the guest happy. Here I spent the evening, the night, and the next morning till half past one, when, having taken my seat in the mail coach, I set off for this place.

“Though the weather was heavy, and a gentle rain continually falling, and although from the inside of the coach my view was obstructed, yet the beauty of the country through which we passed continually attracted my attention. It seemed one continued garden, intersected with pleasure-grounds and fields in the highest state of cultivation. We passed through the villages of Prescott, Warrington, and Ackles. Near the first-named place is the seat of Lord Derby. The mansion-house cannot fully be viewed from the road, but everything about it denoted taste in the possessor, and conferred pleasure on the beholder. Warrington is more respectable for its size than Prescott, and Ackles smallest of all three.

“It was dark before we arrived in Manchester. Finding that my nephew, Benjamin Chase, was not in town, he having gone to France, I took a coach and rode out to see my old friend and college companion, Mr. T. Wiggin. He resides about two miles from town, in a most delightful part of the country, and everything about him indicates not only the wealth but the good sense of a gentleman. He received me with great kindness, and though his drawing-room was filled with friends, spent most of the evening with me, ministering to my comfort and talking over the scenes of our youthful days. In the course of the conversation I made known to him the object of my coming to England, and carried the history of my plan for the benefit of our dear Church in the west as far as Kingston; but there stopped, by reason that his attention was required to the civilities due to his friends and neighbors. After they were retired he returned to me, and conducted me to the presence of his family.

“In Mrs. W. I witnessed the manners and character of a lady and a Christian. She is a native of England, and though she spoke in high terms of America, in which with her numerous family she had, to accommodate to the wishes of her hus-

band, resided for some time, (at Brighton, near Boston,) yet preferring her native country, they have here taken up their residence, to all appearance, for life.

“While I resided in Hartford, Connecticut, Mr. T. Wiggin visited me, and it seems he remembers more of the incidents of that visit than myself. Of a circumstance he reminded me while we were sitting round the fire last night. ‘Don’t you remember,’ said he, ‘that after dinner, in Hartford, we retired to the shade of your trees, and that you plucked from one of them, and moralized on, a *thorn* of peculiar size, growing in the shape of a cross? This thorn I preserved, and my wife exhibits it for a curiosity to her friends.’ ‘Yes,’ said Mrs. W., ‘I have shown it this evening to the company, as a specimen of American productions.’ I need not say that this little incident in our conversation gave me peculiar pleasure.

“It was late, and I retired to rest; not, however, without the peculiar civilities of my good friend Mr. W. Instead of taking airs on himself on account of his wealth, for he is very rich, he seemed in every respect as if he were a brother, and that affection dictated all his actions. He accompanied me to my bed-chamber, and ministered to my comfort as if there were no servants in the house. Can I cease to be grateful that I have met with such reception? I hope not. To one situated as I am, with no friend but the merciful God, in a foreign land, such kindness is valuable in a sense which I want words to express.

“Mr. W. came into my room before I was risen, and renewed his attentions, and at breakfast I met his lovely family, — one son and daughter nearly grown up, and a little boy who reminded me of dear Henry, and a governess who performs the task of ‘school teacher’ to the little ones, of whom, I am informed, there are several. Their eldest daughter is in France for a year or two. Our conversation was much the same as with Mr. W. the evening preceding.

“After breakfast the plan of arrangements, so far as they can at present be made, was, that I should stay here during the remainder of the week, and *talk matters over*, and on Monday start for London. As it will take me a couple of days to go, and some little time to get myself fixed in London,

the commencement of the week was thought preferable to the latter end; as in that case I should perhaps be confined to an inn during the Sunday, which for me would be improper. Mr. W. then went to town on foot, and I am to accompany Mrs. W. in a carriage at three P. M., bring out my luggage, now at the inn, and dine '*en famille*' at four.

"If I have time before the closing of the mail for the New York packet, I will add what may follow at dinner; if not, be assured once more of the *steadiness of my purposes*, and, for carrying them to a beneficial issue, of my entire dependence on the Divine mercy, wisdom and goodness. My trust is not in man but only as an agent of the good God, in whose hands are all hearts and all means! Do continue your prayers; continue to teach the dear children to pray for their father. .

"P. S. Dinner and tea are over, and Mr. W. and myself have had a long conversation, and to-morrow morning he is to read the pamphlet published in New York. It is sufficient to say he seems *deeply interested*. His influence among the clergy here may be of great use to me when the business is properly *begun*. He agrees with me that the beginning should be in London. My letter to Lord Gambier, and that to Mr. Sellon, he thinks will be of great importance. He is to see all my papers on this business to-morrow. I am more and more pleased with his judicious remarks.

"When in town this afternoon, Mr. Wiggin and myself attended divine service. Prayers are read and the psalms chanted every day in the old church cathedral. It is built after the Gothic style, and of all things I ever beheld it has the most solemn effect; I am sorry that the limits of this postscript will not permit me to describe it. The piety and good sense of Mrs. W. become more and more conspicuous on acquaintance. She has made me a present of a volume of sermons entitled '*Plain Preaching*,' by the Rev. Mr. Mayow. He is now gone to heaven; while on earth he was curate of Ardwick, near Manchester. I wish I could read them to you; they are the very things we want in the west. Make Dudley read the lessons and say his prayers for me. Kiss Henry and Mary."

"IN CONTINUATION—*Tuesday, Nov. 11, 1823.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—

"You will be surprised to hear I am still in Manchester. Two reasons detained me a few days longer than was contemplated when I last wrote you. One was to have the pleasure of seeing my nephew on his return from Paris; the other, to form an acquaintance, kindly offered me through Mr. W., with the Rev. Dr. S—— and Mr. J—— of this place. Both of these events, to my great satisfaction, took place yesterday. Though Mr. W.'s house is two miles from town, both the gentlemen *walked*, in a morning's visit to see me. At this instance of civility of these gentlemen to me, a *stranger*, Mrs. W. rejoiced, I think, more than myself, for you must know she has taken great interest in the errand which brought me to England. The importance of the subject grows, the more it is contemplated, both in her mind and that of Mr. W.

"*Thursday, 13th.* Still in Manchester. 'Why,' you will ask, 'am I detained here?' I will answer, because it is thought best. I need not be in a hurry, say my friends; anything that looks like precipitation will do no good. 'Your cause is good, and will obtain attention in good time. Stay here, where you have come to visit an old friend, and here, through him, get personally acquainted with the good, judicious and esteemed characters, and you will not be the loser.' This advice I have thought proper to follow. Dr. S—— and the Rev. Mr. J—— are to dine this day at Mr. Wiggin's.

"I this morning took a ride on one of Mr. W.'s excellent horses. Never was I more charmed with rural scenery; all things, on the right and on the left, as I rode round in a circuit towards the south, all things I saw, fields, gardens, cottages, gentlemen's seats, churches, chapels, woodlands, hedges, avenues and roads, were in the highest state of perfection. Everything was in its place, and so arranged as to afford the greatest pleasure to the beholder. My ride was about ten or twelve miles.

"Yesterday Mr. W. observed to me, that he had just finished a long conversation with Mr. J——. The latter informed him that he had partly written a long letter to London about

me, addressed, as he believes, to the author of the article of the British Critic concerning America; and said he was glad that he had been favored with Mr. W.'s company, previously to his closing of the letter. Mr. J——, in the course of the conversation, observed to Mr. W., that, from the view he had taken of the subject, few things could be plainer than that there was an absolute necessity, if the Church continued in Ohio, of having a seminary in that state for the education of young men for the ministry, but wished it to be in connection with the Church in such a way as to preclude the possibility of there ever being an occasion of division.

“Mr. W. observed (I am happy that he did so) that nothing was more a purpose of his own heart than to secure what seemed so properly the object of my wishes; that all his private conversation with me had been to that end; that it was equally the same to him *how* this union was secured, provided the funds collected for the benefit of the Church in Ohio were not diverted from that object to any other purpose. They might secure this union by calling the seminary in Ohio a ‘branch school,’ or put it more immediately under the Bishops, as I had already stated, just as should be thought best. This was very pleasing to Mr. J——.

“I will finish this letter when the gentlemen have gone.

“11 o'clock at night. The dinner and tea are over, and the Rev. gentlemen are gone. Everything went on pleasantly, and the *main subject* not neglected. The impression, I trust, is favorable, and the minute things concerning my visit to London, the manner of introduction and the mode of proceeding, pointed out. One of the gentlemen observed that his *heart* was engaged, and he would do all the good he could. Everything depends on my success in London. Parties run high, but I hope to avoid their ill effects on me. Mr. J—— observed that — undoubtedly had succeeded, or would succeed, in making a deep impression against me, but believed that I can succeed in my endeavors according to my plan of mildness in doing it away.

“Whatever my nameless opponent may do, one thing I hope the good God will enable me to do; that is, to preserve a forgiving temper, and a constant readiness to meet him on the



ground of kindness and conciliation. Never, I devoutly pray, may the Church in America be torn in pieces by any measures of mine to do her good! This sentiment I think was manifested in all I said to the gentlemen.

"Before they left me, Mr. J—— kindly invited both Mr. W. and myself to dine with him on the morrow, at three P. M. If it is thought best to delay my journey to London till Monday, the invitation will be accepted; if not, I shall set off to-morrow for the metropolis. Adieu."

*Bishop Chase to T. Wiggim, Esq.*

*"London, Nov. 18, 1823.*

"VERY DEAR FRIEND:—

"When calling at the house of the Rev. Mr. S——, in Birmingham, I found he had gone to Oxford, and as I intended to go through that place on my way to London, Mrs. S—— inclosed the note of introduction with another letter, from the Rev. Mr. J——, lying by her, received since Mr. S—— went from home, and addressed the envelope to him at the house of the provost of Oriel college, Oxford. This she begged me to deliver. I had, therefore, nothing further to do at B. but to take some rest, which I much needed—having slept little in the coach—and be ready to set off for O. at six o'clock. We arrived at the 'Angel' inn about three in the morning, and after a few hours' sleep and a refreshing breakfast, I called (half after nine) on Mr. S——, at the house of the provost of Oriel.

"I found him alone, taking breakfast, and preparing for the delivery of his sermon, he being the appointed preacher for the morning. It seems that the divine service on these days is performed in each college separately, and that the officers and fellows of the several colleges meet in St. Mary's Church to hear the sermon only. The preacher, however, previous to the commencement of his sermon, solemnly professes his duty to offer up prayers continually for the good estate of Christ's Church militant, for the king and all in lawful authority, and as a testimony of the same, closes with repeating the Lord's prayer. As I witnessed this 'bidding of prayers,' performed in the impressive manner of the Rev. Mr. S——, and reflected

that this in which he stood was the very pulpit from which that sainted martyr and venerable prelate, Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, was addressed for the last time, I could not but feel a sacred awe, seldom if ever before experienced. How august the scene, and how solemn the effect! How thus effectually was the moral soil prepared for the good seed of God's holy word!

"I have just mentioned the impressive manner of the Rev. Mr. S——. The matter of his sermon was, if I may be allowed to judge, in no respect inferior to his manner;—chaste in his language, forcible in his reasoning, and clear in his arrangement. I must confess him an excellent preacher. After the sermon we walked around the hallowed ground of Oxford churches and colleges. 'Here,' said he, as we passed a particular spot, 'here were Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, put to death—here were their earthly bodies consumed by the flames—and hence their spirits ascended to heaven.' How these words and this scene affected me, I leave you to judge, for I cannot describe.

"I went to the 'Angel,' and soon Mr. S—— came to my room and presented me the respectful compliments of the provost of Oriel, inviting me to dinner; which invitation I accepted, and, after attending Church in the afternoon, waited on the provost. He received me very graciously, and after dinner invited me to attend prayers in the chapel. The service was performed by the vice-provost, the Rev. Mr. T——. The chapel was full of students, and the whole solemnity conducted in the most pious manner. When I contemplated so many young men, all communicants at the altar, worshipping, in an audible and reverent manner, the God of Heaven, and pouring out their prayers and praises with one voice, through Jesus Christ, I could hardly believe myself on earth. The insight, though faint, which St. John has given us of the celestial worship, made me almost fancy I was, in coming to England, mistaken in the path which led me, and had been conducted to the happy place where we all are longing finally to arrive.

"After prayers were over we repaired to the provost's study. I cannot say too much in praise of this gentleman. I think if

I were to describe, from so short an acquaintance, a most perfect gentleman, scholar, and Christian minister, I should desire the provost of Oriel to sit for the picture.

“I am sorry to add, that, from the conversation with which the Rev. Mr. S—— honored me, I have but faint hopes of success in the errand which brought me to this country. He is the particular friend of my nameless opponent, and, as I understand, had seen him on his way to London. Trusting, however, in the directing and sustaining hand of the good God who ‘hath hitherto helped,’ I shall go on, I hope, in the way which His holy providence shall point out. Ever most gratefully yours,

PHILANDER CHASE.

“*To T. Wiggim, Esq.*”

The closing part of the above extract contains but a partial view of the fact to which it alludes. Well does the writer of this memoir remember the painful feelings he endured, in witnessing the decided opposition in this gentleman's mind to the application for Ohio. He said he had learned the whole state of the case from *another quarter*. “Perhaps,” said the writer, “if you were to take a view of the whole case, you would alter your opinion.” Saying this, he begged him to accept the little pamphlet containing the reasons for a seminary in Ohio. Some time afterwards he said he hoped the writer “would not trouble the provost with the subject,” which being so singular a request from so excellent a clergyman, the writer had no reply to make, but walked on in silence to the provost's dinner, at which there was, as the gentleman had desired, nothing said of Ohio.

After prayers in the provost's study, there were many inquiries leading to the question of the errand which had brought him to England, and to the location and extent of his diocese, so that the writer with some difficulty observed the injunction of the gentleman just mentioned. Maps and atlases were produced, in order to form a correct idea of Western America; but none of a late date could be found touching that subject, so that the writer was obliged to mark with a pencil the boundaries of his jurisdiction.

The vice-provost accompanied him to the “Angel.” When

the heart is wrung with agony, how precious and grateful to the feelings is the balm even of civil treatment! This worthy gentleman invited the writer to stroll on, to view by moonlight the venerable walls of Magdalen college. As we heard the deep-toned bell from the lofty towers of this monument of Wolsey's patriotism, and considered that it was but one among the many evidences of England's greatness, and of the means of grace which she has for so many years enjoyed, through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, and still enjoys at the hands of a Heavenly Saviour, who tasted death that all might live, and whose gospel was intended for the poor and needy, he could not but think she would, when duly informed on the subject, rise superior to the contracted policy that had been manifested by the misinformed gentleman he had just left at the provost's.

In returning to the Angel the writer spoke to the vice-provost something of his affairs, and at parting gave him his little pamphlet, with the request that it might be returned in the morning before setting off for London. Accordingly, in the morning, at eight o'clock, of the 16th of November, 1823, the pamphlet was returned with the following note, which the writer received and read in the coach :

*"Oriol College, Nov. 16, 1823.*

"RT. REV. SIR :—

"I have read with deep interest the pamphlet you were kind enough to lend me, and I return it with many thanks.

"I have the honor to be, Rt. Rev. sir,

"Your very obedient and humble servant,

"J. E. TYLER."

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### RECEPTION IN LONDON.

WHAT signifies the outward pleasantness through a beautiful country, when all is gloom and anxiety within! As the writer passed along, he thought of the evidences he had wit-

nessed in Oxford of the fulfilment of the dreadful threats made in New York, and now began to see them realized. This was what was *past*; and what now *to come*? LONDON—a world within itself—and not a soul within its vast bosom with whom he had the least acquaintance; and what was more, none had ever heard of him but through a hostile medium. There was one exception to this,—the author who had spoken well of the writer in the *British Critic*; but he knew him not, nor where to find him. Like a star, he had once shone through a cloud to entice the writer to commence the dangerous voyage; but another dark cloud had now arisen and hidden his bright face, perhaps forever.

Hyde Park is a pleasant place, and Piccadilly is a long and noble street. Who has not heard of their fame? And what one, among the millions whose hearts have bounded with delight, as they have passed through these scenes, can have the faintest idea of the misery of the writer's feelings as he is following their train? So much does our happiness depend, not on outward, but inward causes. The very names of these places are to this moment associated with feelings of indescribable distress.

As the coach turned down from Piccadilly to High Holborn, the coachman, while setting down some other passengers, asked the writer where *he* would stop? Alas! he knew not what to answer, but simply said, "Drive on." The coach stopped at the "Bell," and the writer stopped. It was a place for coach offices and stables. The house was tenanted by decent persons, and the writer asked to be allowed the privilege of a retired room. None but a small one could be afforded, but that was neat and soon had a comfortable fire in it, a table, and pen and ink. Here the writer spent his first night in London.

It was not far from St. Paul's church, and in the chapter-house of this cathedral lived the worthy Sergeant, Mr. Sellon. The writer was the bearer of a letter to this gentleman from his son, the rector of St. Ann's church, New York; and before seating himself in his little bed-room, he went to the chapter-house. The Sergeant was at home, and made many inquiries concerning his son. On returning to his inn, the writer made

the following entry in a letter addressed to his wife in America :—

“Mr. Sergeant Sellon told me much of the affairs in London — what — [my nameless opponent] is doing—that the latter had a *printed paper*, in opposition to my errand, in circulation; and that no stone was left unturned to ruin my cause.

“I have not seen the paper, but he says he will shew it me.

“I gave him the parcel which Mrs. — sent to my nameless opponent—her husband. He said he would despatch a messenger with it to his lodgings directly. Mr. Sergeant Sellon went with me to find lodgings, but none offering till the time of his court, the business was deferred. I had time to call on the Rev. Mr. C——, Hoxtin square. It is a long way from Holborn. He was not in. I left the letter of his brother, who lives in America, with a note from myself. As I expect Mr. Sergeant Sellon every minute to call on me to seek lodgings, I close here for the present.”

The above-quoted words is an extract from the first letter ever indited by the writer in the city of London. The reader perceives it consists of facts only, without a word of reflection; the latter were too painful, too agonizing, to be committed to paper.

The next letter is to the same, and as follows :—

“*At my lodgings, No. 10 Featherstone buildings, }  
Holborn, half past six o'clock, Nov. 18, 1823. }*

“I have been thus particular in my date of time and place, because it is a kind of new era with me. I have been about so much of late on the wide and boisterous ocean of life, both in the letter and moral of the expression, that anything like a home at the end of my voyage seems to bring along with it delightful, at least soothing, sensations.

“My landlady, Mrs. —, for I have not yet inquired her name, pleased both Mr. Sellon and myself more than any on whom we called for lodgings. In the quiet streets, mostly

running at right angles with the busy and crowded Holborn, we walked together for an hour and a half, and whenever we saw at the windows a card inserted, 'Apartments to let, furnished,' if the house in other respects denoted comfort, (and they almost all do,) there we entered and made our inquiries. Mr. S. being the speaker, and knowing what I wanted, I had nothing to do but tell my mind, when we went out, as to what struck me in the expression and manners of the several persons who appeared as the mistresses of the different houses. We seldom disagreed in our judgment of their characters; whether right or wrong, no one can tell. At length we came to the house where I am now writing. A neatly-dressed woman, modest and somewhat retiring in her address, showed the apartments. They suited us, and the bargain was made, —one and a half guineas per week.

"How this will turn out, in point of comfort, I know not. Here I am, however, alone, with full leisure to reflect on the past, contemplate the present, and anticipate the future. One thing seems certain, that all things are done and doing here in London to render null all my efforts to benefit the Church in the western parts of our dear country. My opponent must surely think what he is doing is right. I will not reproach him. On the contrary, most devoutly do I pray for his health and happiness; and if he is wrong, most humbly do I implore mercy for him, even as I would desire mercy for myself should I be in the wrong. With this state of mind and heart, I am enabled to rest quiet and contented.

"And this great blessing of contentment I attribute to the good Spirit of God, and give him all the praise. Considering the difficulties that surround me, I wonder that it is so. I never felt more sensible of God's support, and of the comfort of his Holy Spirit. Yea, the present in this respect far exceeds all my former enjoyments. When I was prosperous in worldly things, I felt joy and gladness, but it was different, certainly, far different from what falls to my lot at present. My prosperity then made me unwilling to die. Now the pleasure I feel in reposing with a contented mind on the wise allotments of Divine Providence, disarms even death of his terrors, through Jesus Christ our Lord. I know I am liable to great

deception, and that perhaps, if my end should approach, 'trembling might enter into my bones,' where now 'my strength seemeth to dwell.' Yet I do know, if I know anything, that I hope and trust that the good God would support me, if I sincerely pray unto him, in the hour and trial of a death-bed, prepared and fitted by his hand, and not by my own weakness.

"Mr. S. observed to me, as we were walking together, that he had at intervals to-day nearly finished reading the 'Pamphlet of Reasons.' 'You have more to contend with,' said he, 'than I had thought.' My answer was, that he was so much in the right when making such an expression, that I felt myself there was none to help me but God. His answer was that of the prophet to his servant: 'Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.'

"I am to dine with Mr. S. to-morrow at half past five. In the morning I shall go a few miles from London, to see the Rev. Mr. X——, who, I have learned, is the bosom friend of ——, my opponent. They have been seen arm in arm together in this city; yet I am of opinion it is my duty to go and see him, and in person deliver the note of introduction from the Rev. Mr. J——, of Manchester, and present him, also, my 'Pamphlet of Reasons.'"

In a letter to his friend in Manchester, the following statement is made:—

"On the 19th inst. (Nov.) I called on the Rev. Mr. X——, with a note of introduction, which the Rev. Mr. J——, of Manchester, was so kind as to give me. He said that he was sorry I had come to England on this errand, and that he could give me no encouragement—that one application for an American college and for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, had already been made to the Society at Bartlett's Buildings, and had failed, and that mine would meet with no better success. This, with some remarks on the prior claims of Nova Scotia, Canada, Scotland, and the General Theological Seminary in New York, and also some strictures on another party or faction in this country who might help me,



but from whom no correct Churchman would accept relief!—was the substance of his address to me. At the close, he took out his watch and apprised me that he had pressing engagements.

“I took the liberty of assuring him that, as I had come to England in quest of relief for a suffering branch of the Episcopal Church, I knew no party, and hoped not to know any; that what I did was, I humbly conceived, consistent with the laws of God, and in fulfilment of the sacred precepts of the Gospel, and in perfect harmony with the constitution and canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church of my country. That I might not, however, be misunderstood either in my words or in the matter of my application, I begged he would read a pamphlet which I addressed, before leaving America, to the senior Bishop. He received this, and I respectfully took leave. What my feelings were in going to my lodgings, I leave with you to judge.”

“No. 10, Featherstone buildings, Nov. 21, }  
Friday night, half past ten. }

“MY DEAR WIFE:—

“You know I had letters from Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, to Lord Gambier and Alexander Baring. The former lives in Buckinghamshire, near Uxbridge, about fifteen miles from London. I was demurring whether in person to see him, or enclose his letter with a note, desiring one in return, to signify when and where, whether in town or in the country, he would have leisure to see me, at the same time giving my address. On reflection I chose the latter, and shall in the morning put my letter, with its enclosure, into the post-office.

“I called at Mr. Baring’s, and found that he also is in the country. I left my letter and address.

“Your kindness to Philander while with you in New York, like oil to a flame, increases more and more my love for you. Surely he will bless you with his dying breath as the best of mothers! Dear suffering son of my best hopes! *His* pains are those of the body, mine those—but hushed be every rising sigh! With the sustaining Spirit of God, who would not rejoice in tribulation?

"I dined with Mr. S——. He told me he had seen and conversed with ——, [my opponent,] and that there was much more in his arguments against me than he at first had apprehended; that there was much reason in the argument in favor of having no separate institution in Ohio, and that the education of a few ministers should be provided for some other way, perhaps by private tuition, to supply present wants!! After this, you may well suppose my tea was not well relished.

"*Saturday, 22d.* Visited Lackington's *book warehouse*. It is a wonderful establishment, built story above story, running up in a spiral stair-case, or, rather, inclined plane, nearly as high as a common church steeple. This has been a source of great emolument to persons of several generations. I purchased Bishop Patrick's 'Parable of the Pilgrim,' with which I am uncommonly pleased. The 'notices' were on the counter; nobody knew me.

"On Sunday I attended divine service in St. Paul's, St. Andrew's and St. John's chapels, and was highly edified and pleased. In the evening Mr. S. called, and put into my hands a printed paper, being a notice to the British Church and public, warning them against the Bishop of Ohio, who, 'notwithstanding all the remonstrances, the author has heard is already arrived in England.'!! I cannot say that this gave me any *new pang* which I had not before experienced; but it opens old wounds afresh, and calls forth renewed prayers for Divine support.

"On Monday morning I received the following note from Mr. Baring:—

" '*Highlands, November 23, 1823.*

" 'SIR:—I have received, in the country, the letter you did me the honor of leaving with me, from my much-respected friend Mr. Clay, and being unfortunately prevented from being for some time in town, I beg permission to assure you how much I shall feel gratified in having it in my power to be of any service to you, during your residence in this country.

" 'The first day of my return to town I shall have the honor of paying you my respects; and in the mean time I have desired my son to call and take the liberty of inquiring

whether his services can any way be useful to you. I much regret that my unavoidable absence prevents my personally paying, without delay, the respect which is due to your eminent station and character.

“Sir, I have the honor to be your very obedient servant,  
“ALEXANDER BARING.”

Reference is made in the foregoing letter to a note of Mr. Clay, and its envelope. They follow:—

“*Lexington, Ky., Aug. 20, 1823.*

“MY LORD:—

“I beg leave to introduce to your Lordship the Rev. Philander Chase, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of Ohio, who visits England on some object connected with the prosperity of the Church. Mr. Chase is a learned, pious, and highly-esteemed clergyman, deserving of all kindness and civility. I hope it may be convenient to allow him the honor of the acquaintance of your Lordship, for whose character he has a high regard.

“It has been some time since I had the pleasure of hearing directly from your Lordship; the last time, I think, was through my friend, poor Loundes, who has since paid the debt which we have all to discharge. I pray you, nevertheless, to believe that I still cherish those strong sentiments of esteem and respect for your Lordship which were excited during our acquaintance in Europe; and that I have the honor to be, faithfully,

“Your Lordship's obedient servant,

“H. CLAY.

“*Lord Gambier, &c. &c.*”

The following is the envelope enclosing the above note:—

“*London, Nov. 20, 1823.*

“TO THE RT. HON. LORD GAMBIER:—

“Bishop Chase takes the liberty of enclosing to your Lordship a letter of introduction, with which he was favored by the Hon. Henry Clay, of Kentucky, N. America. His apology for so doing, instead of waiting on you in person, he begs leave to make, should your Lordship see fit to honor him with your acquaintance.

“The Church Missionary Society some time ago favored him, in common with the rest of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, with a copy of their ‘*Register*,’ consisting of several volumes. For this instance of their kindness he has not as yet, by reason of his great distance in the interior of America, returned his grateful acknowledgments. He begs leave now, through your Lordship, whose name is at the head of that society, to discharge this pleasing duty. The work alluded to, while it has apprised him of what others are doing to spread the gospel and build up the kingdom of the Blessed Redeemer, has been the means, he trusts, of much good to himself. It has prompted him to try, through Divine assistance, to imitate what often with great emotion he has read of in others.

“A letter addressing, (at No. 10 Featherstone buildings, near Holborn,) and informing whether in town or in country, and at what time your Lordship will be at leisure, would greatly oblige him.”

“*London, Tuesday, Nov. 25, 1823.*”

“MY DEAR WIFE:—

“This morning I received a letter from Lord Gambier, of which the following is a copy:—

“‘*Iver Grove, near Uxbridge, Nov. 24, 1823.*”

“‘TO THE RT. REV. BISHOP CHASE:

“‘DEAR SIR:—I had yesterday the pleasure of receiving your note of the 20th instant, enclosing a letter from my esteemed friend, the Hon. Henry Clay, and I feel much gratified by the opportunity he has given me of having the pleasure of an acquaintance with you, and of rendering you any friendly offices during your stay in this country.

“‘I regret that my absence from London deprives me of the honor of waiting upon you in person, and at the same time request of you to favor me with the pleasure of your company at my humble residence for a few days, when it may be convenient for you so to do. I would mention the ensuing week, if it should happen to suit you.

“‘On Thursday, the 4th of Dec., I have to attend and preside at an anniversary meeting of an Auxiliary Bible Society

in London. You may perhaps not dislike to be present on the occasion, after which I could convey you in my carriage to this place, if it should be agreeable to you to accompany me hither.

“I am, Sir, your sincere and most humble servant,  
“‘GAMBIER.’”

“ANSWER.

“‘No. 10 Featherstone buildings, }  
Holborn, Nov. 25, 1823. }”

“‘TO THE RT. HON. LORD GAMBIER :

“‘MY LORD:—I had the honor of receiving this morning your much esteemed favor of the 24th, and beg leave in return to assure your Lordship, that it affords me great pleasure to comply with your very kind invitation therein contained. Of the place of meeting of the Auxiliary Bible Society I am not apprised, and being a stranger in London, I know not through what channel I can be so, except through the goodness of your Lordship. A note signifying this, left at my lodgings, will be gratefully received by your Lordship’s very sincere friend and most humble servant,  
P. CHASE.’”

On the 25th the writer dined with the Rev. Mr. C——. On the 27th the following letter was written to Mr. W., his Manchester friend:—

“No. 10 Featherstone buildings, }  
London, Tuesday, Nov. 27, 1823. }

“VERY DEAR SIR:—

“As you have, in addition to the many instances of kindness shown me at Platt Hall, still followed me hither with your proffers of love, I should accuse myself of unpardonable ingratitude, did I not assure you of my sincere thanks to Almighty God, for throwing me and my cause under your notice. I do not know what I could do without your intervening goodness.

“By conversation held with the Rev. Mr. C——, I perceived how much the papers published against me by —— had affected the public mind. All classes of persons are filled with prejudices against me. It is thought (as I was left naturally to conjecture) that all this great opposition to me cannot

originate in nothing. To justify it, there seems a necessity of inferring at least a question of purity of motives. This jaundices every eye, so that nothing appears in its true colors; and as the mind, when once let loose on the subject of integrity, generally goes all lengths, it is no more than what might be expected, that the very means which are used to manifest my disinterestedness should have a contrary effect.

“Mr. C—— observed, ‘It is necessary to have, in the present stage of your business, the best of references, and those too in London, where it is to commence. Your cause is good, and your opponent can’t make head against it, if you can make it unquestionably appear that you are not guided by sinister motives; I mean, in plain English, that the moneys you solicit will be faithfully applied; and to ensure this, there must be those in England who will stand pledged.’ Thus far the words of the Rev. Mr. C——.

“Now, dear Mr. W., to obviate these difficulties and to strike at the very root of the evil, I beg your attention to the following plan:—

“‘The Bishop of Ohio, North America, will give his farm and all things thereunto pertaining, as described in the annexed schedule, to the society or school for the education of young men for the Christian ministry, to be organized by the convention of the Protestant Church in the State of Ohio, N. America, as nearly as may be consistent with the funds obtained, according to the plan or outline in the printed letter of Bishop Chase to the Right Rev. Bishop White, of Philadelphia, dated New York, Sept. 23d, 1823, whenever there shall have been given —— dollars.

“‘It is understood that, should the convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Ohio prefer any other place for the location of said school, and for that purpose will give, or procure to be given, a farm, equal or superior in value in buildings and conveniences to that offered by the Bishop of Ohio; in that case, he, the Bishop of Ohio, shall be exonerated from the above, his promise, concerning his farm.

“‘It is also understood, that the moneys given to the said school as above shall be deposited in the hands of ——, (I hope to get permission to insert the name of Lord G.,) and not

transferred to America until his Lordship shall have been satisfied, through the Hon. Henry Clay, who is frequently in Ohio, that all the above conditions are in good faith fulfilled; or in case of Mr. Clay's death or inability to attend to the business, through the intervention of the governor, for the time being, of the state of Ohio.\*

"Write me, I pray you, whether this crude plan suit you. I have not time to correct it. Something of this sort I think of proposing when with his Lordship next week. I want your advice and judgment. Pray write me soon."

"37 Steward street, Bishopsgate, Nov. 26, 1823.

"RT. REV. BISHOP CHASE:

"SIR:—At the request of Lord Gambier, I have the pleasure to enclose a platform ticket for the ensuing meeting of the N. E. London Auxiliary Bible Society, and beg leave, in the name of the committee, respectfully to solicit the honor of your attendance on the occasion.

"I have the honor to be, Rev. Sir, yours most respectfully,  
"JAMES A. BROWN, Assistant Sec."

Letter from Mr. T. Wiggin to the writer:—

"Manchester, Nov. 29, 1823.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—

"Be assured you have the continued best wishes of all at Platt Hall, and although your first effort in town has been somewhat discouraging, I still hope for eventual success. The goodness of your cause will plead most powerfully where it is known, and I cannot willingly believe that a whole nation will refuse to listen to it.

"I cannot perceive any defect in your sketches of *proposals*, and think they will prove, to every person disposed to judge fairly, that your motives are pure—I believe they are perfectly so—and if it should finally become necessary to give 'references' in town, I can assist you as far as may be requisite." [Here the page is half filled with the most respectable names.]

"I trust you will not need this assistance, but you may command it when wanted. I know you are unwilling to proceed

\* This deed was duly executed to Lord Gambier.

to extremities, or to take any course that has a tendency to destroy a friendly intercourse with ——; yet I foresee that you may be compelled to take ground decidedly opposite to that he has taken, and if 'motives' are to be questioned on slight grounds, or where no one action of a man's life could excite a remote suspicion that they were impure, how can *he* expect to escape a similar scrutiny? There is more scope for ambition in —— than in Ohio, where, if you should succeed to the extent of your wishes, but little personal honor or emolument can be expected, unless your indefatigable efforts should have your wished-for effect,—of protecting the churches you have already formed, and extending genuine religion. If such effects should result from your plan, it would be just what your friends, and all who may lend you assistance, would wish."



## CHAPTER XXIII.

SCENES IN LONDON—THE WRITER BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH  
LORD GAMBIER AND REV. J. PRATT.

The following observations occur, among many others, in letters written at this time to his wife in America:—

“*London, November 28, 1823.*”

“On our way,” [to visit, in company of a friend, the city south of the Thames,] “we passed the statue of Charles I. on horseback. It is most exquisitely done, though, from the height, the figure of the whole is too *diminutive*, owing, I suppose, to the sculptor's close imitation of nature, and not allowing for perspective distance. ‘There,’ says Mr. ——, ‘you see how the English serve their kings; they cut off their heads and then set them on horseback.’ Poor human nature!—in its best estate, how poor! He proceeded:—‘The artist, whose work you see, had prided himself much, and set his heart intensely, on the honor which this statue would procure him. When pronouncing his work *finished* and expecting the meed of praise, he was told that the girth of the saddle had



been forgotten in the marble representation. He went his way and hanged himself.'

"We proceeded on to Downing street, and as we entered the narrow, silent way, with modest buildings on either side, I could not but experience sentiments of veneration on reflecting that this is the place where those incomparable statesmen, Pitt and Fox, once devised and executed the plans that controlled the politics of the world! In their chair of state now sits the incomparable Canning. One only soldier, neatly dressed, was walking before the door.

"We crossed Westminster bridge, one of the *five* noble structures which cross the Thames. As we went along, I was much delighted in beholding how many places were erected and maintained for the relief and comfort of the unfortunate part of our fellow-creatures: this for the deaf and dumb; that for the blind; the other for poor widows; a fourth for orphans; a fifth for poor women in their lying-in distresses; a sixth for the orphans of freemasons; a seventh for the reclaiming of the abandoned and wretched women to the hopes of salvation;—all these the legitimate offspring of the religion of Jesus Christ. Neither pagans nor heathen ever saw an hospital.

"My opponent has published his 'notice' *anew* to the British public, accompanied with additional observations against my receiving any help in England. I believe he is surprised that I do not take up the pen and commence the war against him. But in this he will find himself much disappointed. I think I know my duty too well to hazard the peace of the Church, in this country or in America, by entering into a dispute with one of his station and privileges. He sits too near to what is dear to Churchmen to justify *retaliation*. Though he is pursuing me much further than I expected, yet I will not utter one word against him. I shall plead my cause in quite another way; and if I fail, I pray for a resigned mind; and if I be in some degree successful, I hope for no cause to reflect on the *unlawful manner* of my proceedings.

"The plan I have chalked out to myself I have communicated by letter to Mr. W. of Manchester. If he approve of it I shall adopt it, and then put it on paper for your inspection.

In the mean time, I want to tell you how much I think of you and the dear children; every night and morning, yea, almost continually, you all at Kingston are in my prayers. Tell your excellent mother not to disquiet herself through tenderness of heart for me. Come life or death, I hope for God's mercy and loving kindness; and this hope is enough to make adversity and prosperity the same."

*Extract from his Journal.*

*"Saturday night, half past ten.*

"Received letters from America. \* \* \* B. B.'s advice for measures of peace is good; it is the course I have pursued, and from which I shall not depart. He little thought that —— [my opponent] would proceed to smite us both at one blow.

"This day, Tuesday, the 2d of Dec., I have been to witness the ordinary duties of a London church. Some of the parishes are so large (and among such was the one I visited) that the clerk and the curate are a great portion of every day employed in the church, and the duties immediately therein performing, such as baptisms, weddings, funerals, and the churching of women. In all these instances of duty, the services are so excellent that they never tire, but seem new, appropriate and solemn. When I drew near the altar, I saw the priest in a surplice solemnly addressing a number of women standing round about the railing, as in the service for the churching of women. How pious, how godly the custom, thus for them to remember, in thanksgiving and praise, the good God who had, in the hour of their greatest distress, heard their prayer, and let their cry come up into His ear of mercy! Would that our American women were *thus* pious! If it be said that this service is sometimes performed with levity, this cannot be urged against its propriety and duty, any more than the same objection may be made against prayer itself. In the case before me, everything was decent and holy; the women knelt and lifted up their meek eyes to heaven, and the clergyman in manner was very devout. After the service was over they presented to the minister their humble offering,—as did

our Holy Mother,—that which perhaps might be equivalent to 'a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons.'

"As soon as this was over, I went with the clergyman into a church-yard, and heard the burial service in London. It was that of a poor person; but all here also was decent and solemn. Surely, thought I, God will bless this people, whose rulers take care that none shall be put into the ground without reminding the living of the principal doctrines of their faith, and bidding them prepare for *their* death. It is said that this service speaks too certainly of the deceased person's felicity to be applicable or appropriate to all burials indiscriminately. But this is a mistake. The dead are put into the earth, 'in the sure and certain hope of THE resurrection to eternal life.' If the service had said *his* or *her*, (as wilfully, I fear, mutilated by 'The Covering of the Velvet Cushion,') the objection would be good. But now it is as much as to say, We bury our dead not as heathen, but as Christians: we *know* there is *a* resurrection to eternal life.

"After this visit to the house of God, and to the mansion of the dead, I went to see the Rev. Mr. C——. He told me he had no doubt the article in the British Critic would be noticed in the daily papers, and accordingly looked in one lying on the table, but did not find it. I understood this as the result of a threat held out by the friends of ——, and expect it will be fulfilled. For he told me that the public mind, especially of the Bishops and Clergy, was very much alarmed and prejudiced against me and my application, if I should make any. Mr. C—— said that had there been no opposition on the part of ——, he had no doubt my application would have been successful to my utmost wishes; but as it was, he had no hopes. The Bishops and the body of the Clergy had been wrought up to such a pitch of fear that I was going to make some *schism* in the Church in America, that nothing would persuade them that it was proper to give me any countenance — that the theological school in New York was in danger by the least attention to me.

"I observed to him that he might tell them from me that they might rely on it there was a great mistake in this matter; so great, that, if they would listen to the established

maxim of hearing the other side of the question before making up a final judgment, I had no doubt of their being convinced that their fears were erroneous and needless. In the first place, I was no *schismatic*, as every one, even —, could testify, who had known me from the beginning; and that if there were any fears on this subject, I had forever put it out of my power to be such, by making it an *indispensable condition*, without the fulfilment of which, no money, even after collected, should be sent to America, that the act of incorporation of the society or school should have a clause that all its acts and proceedings shall forever be in conformity to the doctrine, discipline, constitution, and canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America; and on proper evidence of a default thereof, that the Bishops of the said American Church, or a majority of them, shall have *power* to institute an inquiry at law, and to see that the will and intention of the founders and donors of the said society or school in Ohio be fulfilled;—that as to the *necessity* of having some kind of a school for the education of young men for the Christian ministry, I would demonstrate it by the testimony of all, who had witnessed in person the situation of our country, or the needs of the people, if they would listen to me.

“This was stated to Mr. C——. He observed that he saw plainly the strength and point of the observations, and that to his mind they were convincing, but signified, that unless I thought proper to bring them to the public view, they would have little or no effect. Now what could I say to such a suggestion? I told him I should not do this. Unreasonably and cruelly as I had been used in being thus held up to the public aversion, I could not, without further consideration, be prevailed on to enter the field of public controversy. And here the matter dropped for the present. Day after to-morrow, I hope to be with Lord Gambier.”

There was some consolation to the writer in the following extracts from a letter of his Manchester friend, under date of the 1st of December:—

“If Lord Gambier should interest himself in your cause, I

trust there will be no difficulty in establishing the purity of your 'motives,' and in this I will render you all the advice in my power. I wish you would accompany him to his country residence, for I doubt not it will accomplish what I sincerely wish for, namely, his Lordship's influence in favor of your plans.

"I notice the substance of your conversation with Mr. C——, and think it correct, but beg leave to suggest the propriety of your avoiding every communication that you would not be willing to have told to Mr. X——."

On the 4th of December, 1823, the writer met Lord Gambier, according to appointment, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate street. His manner was dignified and courteous. After the business of the Bible Society, at which he presided, was over, he took the writer in his carriage, and they rode together to his residence at Iver, near Uxbridge. While on the way, his Lordship alluded to the letter which had been the occasion of the present interview, and signified his pleasure in paying civilities to persons whom his excellent friend, Mr. Clay, of America, was pleased to commend to his acquaintance; yet candor required him to mention that he had received from another American gentleman statements quite of a different character, and of an unfavorable aspect, and which had an unpleasant effect on his mind. An explanation being respectfully asked, his Lordship mentioned from whence those statements came, and that they were both printed and manuscript.

Perhaps nothing but conscious innocence in the exercise of the common privilege of an *unenslaved* mind, could have dictated an appropriate reply to such a communication, made with such candor, on such an occasion, and from so dignified a person. The words of that reply are gone — after they were spoken they could not be recalled; but memory supplied, and still supplies, the expressions of satisfaction in his Lordship's countenance, when it was earnestly requested by the writer that an opportunity might be granted to disabuse his mind, by explaining the whole case and defending the character of an injured man, and his more injured diocese. "This

shall be freely done," was his reply. "Will your Lordship be pleased to say it shall be uninterrupted?" To this an immediate assent was given, and the time fixed the next day, after breakfast, in his study.

The result of this mutual agreement appears in a letter to the writer's friend in Manchester, dated Iver, near Uxbridge, December 8th, 1823. From this is the following extract:—

"Nearly the whole day on Friday his Lordship spent in his library with me, employed in the examination of the papers and documents, *pro* and *con*, relating to the object for which I have crossed the Atlantic. After a full investigation, he observed that, had he known what he now saw, he would not have returned so polite a note to — as he did, in answer to his letter which accompanied his 'notices.'"

The most part of the next day was spent by the writer in his chamber, in writing letters to his friends, not forgetting his family in America. From these letters the following extract is made, in relation to the religious order in the arrangement of his Lordship's family.

"Perfect harmony and exemplary piety are manifested in every part of his Lordship's family. All seem to vie in doing, each severally, his duty; and what is most pleasing, all appear devout in the time of family prayers. In this respect they seem to catch the flame that burns in their master's bosom, wherewithal to enkindle their own devotion, till around the whole family circle, from the greatest to the least, there seems but one glow of heavenly-mindedness. Surely the Lord is in this place; and if such be the character of the English nobility, it is no wonder that he blesseth this nation."

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"HEAVINESS MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT, BUT JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

At this period of the writer's sojourn in England, his affairs suddenly took a brighter turn. Their progress is faithfully sketched in the following extracts from letters to his wife,

which, for the sake of greater perspicuity, are thrown into the journal form:—

“SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 7, 1823.

“At this season of the year, perhaps England never saw a finer day than the present. The sun shines with uncommon brilliancy; the air, though a hoar frost is on the ground, is soft and mild; the view around his Lordship's dwelling is cheered by groves of evergreens, in the thick branches of which the birds, having taking shelter from the approaching winter, still try to sing the praises of their Maker; and what is most cheering of all, the bells of several churches are sending forth the glad summons to the house and worship of the Author of all mercies. Hard must be the heart that is not melted with gratitude by such a scene as this.”

“SUNDAY, 2 O'CLOCK, DEC. 7.

“I walked one mile to church, at Uxbridge, in company with Capt. Boyes. His Lordship asked me to ride in the carriage with him, but I preferred the exercise of walking. The road was gravelled all the way, and the hawthorn hedges on each side, though stripped of much of their foliage, rendered the scenery pleasant. The church is an old-fashioned building. What struck me with pleasing sensations, on raising my eyes in the space of time before the commencing of the service, was the sight of nearly one hundred charity children, all dressed with perfect neatness, and sitting in the recess, at the end of the church, at the right of the minister. They were in two separate galleries, one (the girls') above the other. In the lower one was the organ, surrounded with the choir, as usual, and the boys above mentioned. On a shelf in front of this organ gallery, just above the heads of those who occupy the body of the church, was piled a great number of large loaves of white wheaten bread, well baked, for the use of such poor persons as could come to church, and could not afford to pay. The rector, the Rev. Mr. Ward, manifests zeal and piety, joined with a good understanding and correct manners. Capt. B. accompanied me home, and I spent the intermission in dwelling on the sermon and solemnities of the service, and

in writing to you. I am almost sure of the continuation of your prayers for me, or I should not be thus supported."

"SUNDAY EVENING, HALF PAST 11, DEC. 7.

"The afternoon's service was performed by the rector, and the sermon preached by his curate. His Lordship's family all attended. Dinner at five. The ladies retired, after which the discourse turned on America. I should have told you that on Friday Mr. Gambier, a nephew of his Lordship, came to Iver; a person of good sense, and particularly agreeable in his manners. He is brother to the young ladies. In the conversation relating to America, he and Capt. Boyes took a leading part. I could not but notice the great respect they paid to my country. From general observations, they proceeded to things more particular, till, led on by degrees, they ventured to make some inquiries concerning Ohio; the manner in which the Church had been placed there, how fostered, and what were her prospects. You may well suppose how these topics were treated, and how the conversation ended. They asked, as we were going to join the ladies at tea, that the subject might be continued in their hearing. This was done, and protracted till time of prayers.

"Being Sunday night, a sermon was read, and as it was of his Lordship's selection, you may be sure it was good. The ladies returned to the parlor, but the gentlemen lingered with me in the library to make inquiries. I was much gratified with this, as it evinced their good will, which at this crisis of my affairs may be of essential service to me and the cause I have in hand. It may be yet, that God will open some door of hope, that I may succeed. Let Him do, in his own time, what seemeth to him good."

"MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 8.

"After breakfast his Lordship, in the most affectionate and polite manner, gave his opinion, advice, and assurances of his support to the Ohio cause; at the same time he expressed his fears of its success in England. 'Nearly all,' he observed, 'were prejudiced, and but few can have the opportunity of having their minds disabused. You will have to row against



wind and tide. Many will object to the principle of supporting foreign institutions. I must confess I have been of this opinion, but now declare myself your friend, and shall wish you success. My advice is, that you stand on your own ground, and rely, under God, on your own statements, supported as they are by your own life and character. Make your publication, but do it in as few words as possible. Your introduction to me from Mr. Clay forms your introduction to the Church Missionary Society, at the head of which as president stands my name. To the secretary, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, I shall give you a letter, which you will present with my compliments, and be assured you have my good wishes.'

"His Lordship's manner for meekness and piety gave additional interest and inexpressible sweetness to these assurances, and I could not but receive them with a heart grateful to God for having conducted me to this good man's dwelling.

"I shall write in continuation after I shall have seen the Rev. Mr. Pratt."

The exact day and hour of the writer's introduction to the Rev. Josiah Pratt, of London, are recorded both on paper and in the memory. That record ought to be permanent, for the event is among the most important of his whole life, as the sequel of this memoir will show. The residence of this excellent and reverend gentleman and indefatigable and pious Christian minister, was at that time at 22 Doughty street, not far from the writer's lodgings. Of his first visit there the writer has something from memory to relate, and then a few words of matters of fact, as they stand recorded in his journal.

With what anxious steps he was the bearer of Lord Gambier's letter to this good man needs not be told. Giving in his name, he was shown directly to the study of the secretary of the Church Missionary Society. With books and papers all around a well-lighted room, warmed by a cheerful fire, and furnished with a good-sized table, having a well-brushed cloth occupied by some maps, a recent number of the Register and some manuscript papers in octavo form, all neatly written on one side fit for the press, the whole piled away in two or

three parcels, and all the extra waste papers torn to small pieces and thrown down on the floor — *there he was*, as the writer suddenly, perhaps unexpectedly, entered the room. Turning round and facing the door, he saw a man approach of no ordinary size, and evidently no inhabitant of London, and against whom, as he has since remarked, he was very much prejudiced. A civil bow was interchanged and the letter from Lord Gambier presented. The very sight of a good man's handwriting will light up a smile in the face of a congenial spirit. The record of this event is as follows: —

“TUESDAY, DEC. 9, 1823. 2, P. M.

“I have just returned from Mr. Pratt's. He read the letter of Lord Gambier, and received me very kindly. I made a summary of my affairs and left with him some papers. He told me that — had not only published his ‘notices’ in *handbills* and sent them to him, but had caused them to be inserted in the ‘Remembrancer,’ a work much read in England. So you see how *thorough* he is that everything should be done to prejudice the public mind against me. He has hitherto succeeded in representing the whole American Church as opposed to me, to my having a school in the west, and to my coming to England.

“The Rev. Mr. Pratt observed when I came away, in the most obliging manner, that, ‘even as far as he had gone in considering the case, he had no hesitation to assure me of his good wishes, and of his endeavors to accomplish what I wished;’ and accordingly wrote to Lord Gambier, requesting a meeting of some few influential characters, to take into consideration the whole matter, and see what were best to be done.”

The journal of the 11th December closes thus: —

“Mr. Pratt has not called. I go to bed with a heavy heart; never, however, without praying for a resigned mind — for a blessing on you and the dear children, and especially on our poor Church in the wilderness.”

"DECEMBER 12.

"I must confess I rise this morning in spirits somewhat dejected. Mr. Pratt has not called on me for two days, during which time, from his implied promise, I had reason to expect him. Perhaps, in correspondence with Lord Gambier and others, the subject has been viewed in a different light. I reflected that Lord G. had told me, that, though he saw I was in the right, and though he respected my motives in coming to England, approved the object, and would *aid* as well as wish me success, yet he would candidly confess that there was some weight in the argument, which many would adduce to damp my prospects, viz., that England had enough of her own to attend to, in spreading and maintaining the gospel among such as depended on *her* for support.

"The letter which his Lordship sent by me to Mr. Pratt, being read in my hearing by that nobleman, contained no such sentiment as this, but, on the contrary, a hearty good will and recommendation of my cause. Still I could not but remember this part of the discourse, and that remembrance hung heavy on my mind."

This record of the writer's journal is under date of the 11th and 12th. At the same time his Lordship, having gone on a visit to a friend's house, near Guilford, was, it seems, reflecting on the same subject, and addressed to the writer the following letter:—

*"Puttenham, near Guilford, Dec. 11, 1823.*

"MY DEAR SIR:—

"In the course of the conversation which I had the pleasure of holding with you on the object of your visit to this country, I observed to you, that it was the opinion of some persons that we had in this land so many claims upon the benevolent and charitable to support our numerous religious and other institutions, that it was not to be expected that we should be called upon to contribute towards the necessities of other countries. I must candidly confess that *I* was of this opinion; but, upon further reflection and consideration of the subject, I must retract that opinion, and declare that I think

it is not only the duty of every individual among us, by every means in our power, to promote the spreading of divine truth and the blessed gospel of salvation through the world, but also that every sincere believer will, upon due consideration of the subject, be disposed to contribute towards the wants and necessities of those in foreign lands, not of our own nation, who are perishing for the lack of knowledge and the benefits of the ordinances of God; for it must not be forgotten that all Christians, of every kindred and nation upon earth, have one common Saviour, 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all!' Ought there then to be any distinction of nation or people in the Church of Christ?

"Without entering into any further arguments or considerations on the subject, I must declare my full conviction that, circumstanced as are the widely scattered people of your extensive diocese, and the great want they are in of pastors and teachers, your plan for the education and training of young men, natives of Ohio, for the ministry in the Episcopal Church, must be generally approved, and your zealous, disinterested, and pious exertions, in coming to this country for assistance towards the establishment of the proposed college, will, I hope, prove successful, and that the blessing of our gracious Lord will be shed abundantly upon your pious labors to promote the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom through the world.

"I remain, my dear sir, with sincere regard and great esteem,

"Your faithful and most humble friend and servant,

"GAMBIER."

The coincidence of feeling, depicted in the above letter of good Lord Gambier, with that of the writer, was certainly remarkable, and proved very encouraging. It manifested his goodness — that he lived near and drank deep of that fountain of benevolence which sendeth forth living waters. For, recollecting something in his conversation lately had with the writer while at his house which resembled the former part of this his letter, — from which the writer thought, from his Lordship's kindness, he had receded even before they parted,

— he seems to take blame to himself for having expressed an erroneous opinion, calculated to wound the feelings, and out of the abundance of his good heart took this marked method of making amends for the pain he thought he might have inflicted. Behold in him the true Christian! It was *then* a prayer, since realized, that the benignant Saviour, whom this nobleman so closely imitated, might reward him with everlasting blessedness. The writer's journal thus proceeds:—

“DECEMBER 12, 1823.

“I thought proper to show Lord Gambier's letter immediately to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Pratt. The reason for my so doing would be a sufficient apology for my seeing him before he had returned my-call. Finding him not at home, I left my card and returned to my lodgings.

“Mr. S—— came in. His manner and whole expression seem to incline more and more in my favor, notwithstanding the great pains taken to keep him in a different opinion. He came out pretty fully on the subject, and observed that the course which I was pursuing, joined to the goodness of my cause, under the blessing of God, must and would prevail. I am to dine with him to-day.”

“DECEMBER 13.

“The wished-for second interview between the Rev. Mr. Pratt and myself has taken place. He said he had written to Lord Gambier, but had received no answer. I showed him his Lordship's letter to me, dated at Puttenham. He observed that it was necessary to answer it immediately, and tell his Lordship of his (Mr. Pratt's) great anxiety to receive a reply to that which he had written. Accordingly, when Mr. Pratt was gone, I wrote the following letter, which I will copy here; then, after putting it in the post-office, finish the conversation between Mr. P. and myself:—

“‘10 *Featherstone buildings*, Dec. 13, 1823.

“‘MY LORD:—

“‘Your Lordship's favor of the 11th inst. reached me yesterday. A great desire to see Mr. Pratt is my only apology for not immediately returning my grateful acknowledgments

for your goodness. Mr. P. unhappily was not within when I called yesterday; but to-day he has done me the honor to call at my lodgings. The interest which he takes in the object which has brought me to this country, is exceeded only by that which your Lordship has so kindly manifested. He told me he had written you a letter, and was anxiously expecting an answer. The sub-committee, he observed, had been together last night, and at intervals had conversed of my affairs. The sentiments were very favorable; but till your Lordship's reply to Mr. Pratt had been received, nothing definitive could be done. The interview with Mr. P. was much longer and more satisfactory to-day, than that with which he favored me on my return from Iver. I was then encouraged: I am doubly so now.

“I need not add how these favorable circumstances impress me. In a foreign land — pleading, under peculiar and unprecedented circumstances, the cause of Christ's suffering lambs in the wild woods of America — to be favored by the pious and judicious men in England, calls forth sentiments and feelings of gratitude and praise to Him who ruleth over all things for the good of his Universal Church, hitherto in my whole life but faintly experienced.

“In the remembrance of the many civilities and happy moments enjoyed at Iver, I beg leave to be most respectfully named to Lady Gambier, Mrs. G. and the young ladies.

“The agreeable company and kindness of Capt. Boyes and Mr. Gambier will never be forgotten. All whom I have named are in my mind when, through a merciful Redeemer, imploring the good God for his choicest blessings.

“I am, with sentiments of great esteem and gratitude, your Lordship's most faithful friend and most obedient servant,  
P. CHASE.’

“The letter to Lord G. is deposited in the office, and I feel at leisure to resume the thread of my narrative of what took place while Mr. Pratt was with me.

“I showed him the map of Ohio, and explained to him the situation of many parishes, — Cincinnati, Chillicothe, Worthington, Steubenville, Boardman, Ashtabula, Zanesville, Co-

lumbus, Berkshire, &c. &c. Amidst them all, I did not forget the parish and church of St. James, in the woods, about twelve miles from Steubenville. Observing the interest he took in what was said, I reverted to and read to him the account of my visit to the Finley family.\* When it closed he appeared much affected, and observed how highly gratified the editors of the Christian Observer would be in laying their hands on an article so highly affecting and useful. I also read to him a letter I had just received from Mr. W., of Manchester, covering yours of the 12th November.

“Thus you see I jumbled together all my good things without order or arrangement. When a man is overjoyed, that which delights him the most will be uppermost. The truth is, just before Mr. P. came in I received a letter from Mr. W., filled with subjects of sincere gratification, and, what was more than all, enclosing a letter from Philander, and another from you. I was happier than since in England.

“I was telling you about Mr. Pratt. After he had learned many things which he did not know, namely, that, from Mr. W.'s letter, all our acquaintances at Manchester were in my favor; and after reading in the letter not only Mr. W.'s honest arguments against my opponent's proceedings, but his willingness, nay desire, that his name should stand on my list of subscribers for fifty pounds; and after hearing me read from Philander's letter that Bishop Bowen had told him (Philander) that, after having printed the letter to Bishop White, he did not see any course which I could pursue other than that I had pursued, and that the question lay between such an application as that I was making, or no Church at all in Ohio;—Mr. Pratt was unqualifiedly and decidedly in favor of doing something, as far as could be done consistently with the peace of the Church, for our people in Ohio.

“He said: ‘— has laid himself liable to the most severe retaliation. His method and means, as well as the whole spirit of his opposition, have been some of them not founded in truth and fair representation, and all of them overbearing; he could therefore be righteously handled with great severity.

\*See page 153 of this work.

But your plan is the best;—not to retort nor to recriminate, but suffer and forbear, for the sake of the peace of the Church in America. Your *interest* would lie in coming forward to the British public, by an appeal to their sense of justice. Many would open their hearts and their hands to assist you; and your utmost desire would be gratified in the collection of funds for an institution in Ohio. But this would make a division, and create bad blood in America. You shrink from all considerations of this sort; and in these sentiments you deserve my applause. Better will it be to return back to your own country, possessed of little, with peace and a good conscience, than with much, and contention therewith.' These were the expressed sentiments of this good man, and nearly their manner and words.

"Thus you see the state of my affairs. They certainly begin to brighten. Much depends on the zeal and interest which Lord Gambier shall manifest. Of this part of the subject you can better judge, sitting and looking coolly on at a distance, than myself, who am so near the picture. I leave all to God; and as I thank Him with all my soul for the past, even so I pray for his blessing on that which is to come. His will be done, and his the praise and glory!"



## CHAPTER XXIV.

JOURNAL CONTINUED—THOUGHTS ON A SERMON—THE WRITER'S REFLECTIONS ON HIS BIRTH-DAY—INTERESTING INTERVIEWS WITH REV. MR. PRATT.

'SUNDAY NIGHT, DEC. 14, 1823.

"As this is my birth-day, (æt. 48,) I am happy to tell you I have spent it in worshipping (I hope sincerely) the Author of my being, the Preserver of my life, and the Redeemer of my soul;—the place, St. John's chapel, Bedford row. The preacher in the morning I did not know, but liked him well. In the afternoon the curate, the Rev. Mr. D——, preached; his text,—'Having your loins girt about with truth, and



having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace,' &c. *Truth* he considered, in the particular sense, as denoting *sincerity of heart*; and of this he observed there were two kinds,—moral and religious sincerity. 'The former,' said he, 'is a wild flower, growing often in abundance in the field of unsubdued nature; the latter grows only in the garden of Jesus Christ. The men of this world, without faith, can produce the former; but the latter can spring only from faith in the divine Sacrifice. How many men are there, who are true and sincere in all their dealings with men, and yet have no idea of paying to God their manifold obligations! How many who shrink with horror from the thought of robbing their neighbor, yet who have no compunction when robbing God of the service which is his due—their time, their talents, and their prayers.' Indeed, so good was the sermon that *I* can remember the whole, and you know mine is none of the best of memories in this way.

"What is here said will apply to few preachers. Give me a man who imitates his Saviour in gravity, in earnestness, in importance and pointedness of matter and argument, and last, though not least, in sweetness and *engagingness* of manner; this is my preacher. Such, we have reason to believe, was the Saviour when addressing the multitude on the mount. I want no action more than 'good manners,' i. e., the absence of all disgusting habits. This rule by no means excludes the action which grows directly from the subject, and to hide which were an effort; and yet by this exception I do not mean we should imitate grave-diggers, nor carpenters, nor sailors, because we may have occasion to speak of their several occupations; nor would I, when uttering the words of a king, make gestures which seem to wield a sceptre, by stretching out the right arm and putting the left akimbo on the hip. I think these Mr. Gregory calls '*teapot clergymen.*' The sum is this: that clergyman is best accepted who seems so happy as to forget all *arts* and even thoughts of pleasing any one but God; and who, from the consciousness of this truth, *felt*, not *defined*, in his own breast, has evidently the Spirit of God to give efficacy to what he says.

“But when speaking on this subject I would say with Addison, ‘I would rather teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.’ All preachers fall short of what they know is requisite to their duty, and have reason to pray that God will help them.

“But to the subject of my birth-day. Twenty-two years more will with me finish the time allotted unto man. How short the same number of years appears on the retrospect! yea, in looking forward, how short compared with the endless duration of that something which we call eternity! Aside from that which happens to a vast majority in passing from forty-eight to seventy years, ought not the recollection of my shattered constitution, by reason of my having lived in such variety of climates, and suffered so many fits of sickness and so much bodily hardship, to suggest to me the almost certainty of an earlier departure?

“But what use, you will say, is this calculation about human life, provided one be prepared at *all* times? Answer: I know not any use in it, save the wish thereby to ensure that preparation. Such is the weakness of the moral constitution that this kind of mathematical reckoning seems necessary, at least it proves of great assistance, to that end. With this view I love to indulge in it, especially at a period of time like the present. It leads me to a right use of that excellent prayer in the American (I wish they had it in the English) visitation of the sick, which I will here transcribe:—

“‘O God, whose days are without end and whose mercies cannot be numbered, make us, we beseech thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life, and let thy Holy Spirit lead us through this vale of misery, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our lives; that when we shall have served thee in our generation, we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience; in the communion of the Catholic\* Church; in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope; in favor with thee, our God, and in perfect

\*Or “Universal Church”—“Holy Apostolic Church.” See Office of Institution, or “the Mystical Body, \* \* \* which is the blessed company of all faithful people.” See Communion Service.

charity with the world. All which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'”

“MONDAY, 4 P. M., DEC. 15.

“The Rev. Mr. Pratt has just left my lodgings. He inquired if I had received any further communications from Lord Gambier. On being told *no*, he seemed to manifest some anxiety; but considering that perhaps he had not returned from Puttenham, and reverting to his Lordship's last letter to me, dated thence, he was satisfied.

“‘I have been thinking over your affairs,’ said he. ‘You are so peculiarly situated, and revolt so much at the thoughts of entering into a personal war, and thereby endangering the peace of your Church in America, that I plainly see you need some one to be your friend and mediator. Your opponent has thrown down the gauntlet, without righteousness on his side to sustain him in the contest to which he challenges you. Now is that awful pause, as between two competitors, in which the world, and especially all Christians, are breathless, and waiting the onset, the clash of arms, and the agonizing struggle for victory.

“‘Before moving an inch towards battle, you undismayed look round, and without even naming your enemy, much less returning blow for blow, address us English Hotspurs in language of peace. To us you represent your life of labor and love in the cause of our common Master. You appeal to your zealous struggles, not of blood and war, but of patience and meekness. You exhibit to us the chart of your western diocese; on this you trace your footsteps among the woods in search of the wandering lambs of Christ's fold. You point to the streams which you have forded; the trees under which you have reposed your weary limbs by day, and the impervious forests in which, when wandering, you have been obliged to spend the gloomy night. All this that the gospel of peace might be preached, and the Church of a suffering Lord might be kept from extinction. Your work, your whole history, as well as your pastoral relation to the perishing sheep in the wilderness, justify you in the holy determination you have taken, NOT to take up this gauntlet of strife in this country.

Blessed is your opportunity of manifesting, by your conduct, the efficacy of those heavenly precepts which you have been all your lifetime preaching, which makes you regard more the peace of the Church in your own country, than even a just vindication of yourself in this.'

"This is the purport of what Mr. Pratt said. The following is nearly in his own words.

"Speaking of the publication, which in case the investigating committee should approve, he said: 'This pamphlet will be signed by a clergyman of the Church of England, otherwise anonymous. All personal allusions to —, even the mention of his name, or of his being now in England, will be avoided. His arguments against you, his misstatements, his insinuations, and assumption of authority over you, will be obviated by a recital of facts, as if those facts were adduced by a contemplation of the subject abstractedly from him.'"

"DECEMBER 18.

"Yesterday I wrote nothing in my journal, on account of the press of other things on my hands. In the morning of yesterday I received the following note from Lord Gambier, in answer to mine of the 13th:—

"*Puttenham, Dec. 15, 1823.*

"MY DEAR SIR:—

"Your letter of the 13th instant has been delayed on its way to my hand by my continuance at this place.

"My letter to you by the 11th I wrote with a view to your making use of it in any way that you might think fit, in whole or in part, to counteract, in any statement you may make of your objects and views, the effects of the opinions, not only of —, but of other persons in this country, that were unfavorable to your good cause. In full consideration of the subject; I am of opinion that a statement of the circumstances of the people of your diocese and their spiritual wants, with your views and wishes, and the plan of the college, should be drawn up as correctly as may be practicable, and circulated among the friends of religion; and I have no doubt but there are very many in this favored land who will readily from their abundance, after satisfying other demands upon

their charity, contribute towards the support of so good a cause as that which you so earnestly advocate.

“I remain, my dear sir, with sincere regard,

“ ‘Your faithful servant,

GAMBIER.’

“I went to see Mr. Pratt, and showed him the above letter from Lord G. He said he was expecting a letter from his Lordship in answer to the one he wrote him about the propriety of a meeting of a few friends, to take into consideration the *whole matter*, and determine what is *best to be done*.”

“FRIDAY, DEC. 19.

“I called yesterday, about four o’clock, P. M., *again* on the Rev. Mr. Pratt. He had just received an answer from Lord Gambier. It spoke in high terms of my plan of a western seminary, and of his confidence that, if a proper representation were made to the religious community in England, he had no doubt of some considerable success, but observed that he could not at present come to town.

“Mr. P. remarked that the presence of his Lordship would be a very desirable thing to give life to a meeting in considering of my affairs; but as he felt hearty in his desires to aid me, he would try to assemble one himself. He again repeated his deep regret that — had so prejudiced the public mind against me as to almost preclude me from any assistance without an open war, by which, being in self-defence, he knew the confidence of the English nation would be again restored, and I could get what I deserved and wished.

“But to this measure, I reiterated what I had observed before, that my heart increased in aversion. ‘The peace of our Church in America will by this measure be hazarded, and I shall be, as all persons are who avenge themselves, regarded as a party in the quarrel. Now it is otherwise.

“After some such observations as these, Mr. Pratt observed to this effect: taking some pamphlets which lay scattered on his table, and arranging them nicely together and placing them on his mantel-piece, he said, ‘Lie there, controversy, till you, Bishop C., shall have gone from this country. You must gather what gleanings you can in peace and quietness. Though you have been driven from the full harvest of British bounty

by your own countryman, the few heads you may collect will be more precious to you, and more delicious in the enjoyment, than the full sheaves of those who reap in noise and contention.' ”

“SATURDAY, DEC. 20.

“The post brought me a letter from my good friend, Mr. W., of Manchester, dated Dec. 18, from which are the following extracts:—

“‘MY DEAR FRIEND:—

“‘I write to you with as much freedom as I would to a brother. I wish well to your cause, and have pleasure in saying that your favor of the 15th, received this morning, has given more satisfaction than any one I have received from you since you have arrived in town, and it did so because Lord Gambier's kindness to you and your cause appears to me like the dawn of a brighter day. He is known here and throughout the kingdom as an excellent man, and has many admirers for his great exertions for promoting the two valuable religious societies of which he is president. His name and influence will give great weight to your cause.

“‘I also feel most pleased to find you have fallen into such good hands as Mr. Pratt's, and think his plan of publication, as far as you have sketched it, such an one as I should wish to see. I think it much better to take no notice of — than to undertake a paper war, however just it might be, for reasons stated in your last letter. He has done all the injury he can do if left unnoticed, and it is probable that contention might very much increase the evil.’

“On Saturday night, the 20th, I went to Mr. Pratt's. He said he had been writing a letter to —. ‘The design of it,’ he observed, ‘is to inform him of the change which has taken place in my sentiments in regard to your cause, which his partial statements, before I knew you had arrived in England, had influenced me to condemn and oppose. Having drawn from me this opinion by his representations, he thinks me, and has reason to *report* me, as opposed to your views. I feel it therefore due to him and myself to write to him of the effects which a full view of the subject has produced in my mind ;

also to inform him of the *extreme regret* which all sober, reflecting people feel at his having commenced an attack on you before the British public.'

"This was the purport of his observations, which I noticed he had expressed in the handsomest terms, by his reading a considerable part of the letter itself. He mentioned my name in it as determined to keep the peace, though he should smite me ever so much."

"SUNDAY, DEC. 21.

"You will expect I shall say something of the blessed duties of this blessed day. You, who love our divine service as an instrument of such exquisite piety and devotion to God, need not that I tell you how I enjoyed myself when worshipping amidst a congregation of more than two thousand people, all engaged in its use without a look or a movement out of its place; a solemn murmur, almost like the troubled state of the earth when convulsed with hidden fires, broke forth at the confession of sin, and when the praises of God were set forth, in the repetition or chanting of the Psalter, the junction of all voices seemed like the sound of many waters. When God's word was read in the lessons for the first Sunday in Advent, nearly all, especially those who were young, having found the same in their Bibles, followed the minister with their eyes, as if in deep attention to what the Lord was speaking through the mouth of his authorized herald. All was silence, order and beauty; I hope also all was the beauty of inward holiness. Surely, thought I, the Lord is in this place, and this is none other than the gate of heaven. This is the church in which Mr. Cecil preached. The present rector is the Rev. Daniel Wilson; he is in ill health. I attended the same church in the afternoon; Mr. Dillon preached."

"MONDAY, 10 P. M., DEC. 22.

"I have no enjoyments in London other than those I could have in a desert, except such as God gives me in going to Church, where no one knows me but He. I now and then see Mr. Pratt, and sometimes Mr. S——. All this, however, I have the firmest belief, is for the best, even for the fitting of the soul for the kingdom of heaven. This solitude, improved as I hope

it is by reading and meditation on the sins of my past life, is the very thing for me, whether God designs to take me soon out of this world, or to make me the instrument of good to others before I die."

"TUESDAY, DEC. 23.

"It has rained all day, and the streets are very muddy. I went, however, to the American Coffee-house to deposit some letters, via Liverpool, for American ships.

"I am quite lonely, scarcely seeing any one but Mr. Pratt. He called on me to-day, and manifests the same kind zeal in my behalf as ever. He told me he had a desire to get something inserted in the periodical papers; but such is the prejudice against me, and the fear of awakening the wrath of mine opposers, that I fear nothing of this sort can be done as yet. What a peculiar situation I am in! The duty I owe to the peace of our Church at home compels me to silence, though that silence seems to be my ruin.

"My cause is known in its merits but to few; those few *all* approve of my measures and desire to help me, but find insurmountable difficulties at every step. Will not a kind Providence help me, by opening some door of mercy and peace? I pray he may. I have tried to submit to my lot of separation from you and our lovely children as well as I can, but I fear I do it in a very imperfect manner. What would I give to see you and all in these lonely moments!"

"DEC. 24. 6 O'CLOCK, P. M.

"The Rev. Mr. Pratt sent me a note this day, inviting me to take my Christmas dinner with him and his family to-morrow. And who do you think brought this note to me? His own daughter, seemingly about eighteen years of age; a modest, sensible and pious young lady; meekly entering my little parlor, with her over garments quite wet with rain, which, notwithstanding her umbrella and pattens, had sadly bespattered them.

"She presented me with the note, and with it said that her father begged I would not trouble myself in preparing a written, but that she would carry a verbal, answer to him. I assure you I was struck with uncommon admiration of the sim-



plicity and godly sincerity visible in the very manner of this otherwise unimportant transaction. Christianity brings us all back to pastoral life again."

"CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1823.

"Blessed be God! I have joined this day in the celebration of the nativity of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. You know how appropriate, as if by Divine direction, is our whole public Church service to this end; and you may easily suppose with what unspeakable comfort I joined in the same, when suffering under my present difficulties.

"If my Saviour, the Eternal Son of God, humbled himself to our low estate, and, as at this time, was born in a stable and cradled in a manger, to fulfil the will of the Jehovah to save a fallen world, surely I ought not to repine if, in the fulfilment of God's will, I am despised for the want of temporal prosperity and grandeur. God did not reject his Son for submission to the low estate of Joseph's family, but sustained him to bear the contumely of the proud, and the taunts of a wicked world; yea, in his lowest humility he sent his angels to be his ministers, and in due time glorified him.

"Splendor, and power, and riches, are not evidences of the Divine favor. Let these truths support me in my present low estate. Jesus, though he had not where to lay his head, by *waiting* his Father's time and pleasure, was raised to glory, and power, and might, and majesty, and dominion. Even so, if we submit to God's will in all the afflictive and humiliating dispensations of his providence, in his own good time will he raise us to the enjoyment of his kingdom; with this difference — Jesus did all in his own power and inherent righteousness; we attain through his grace and imputed righteousness.

"The Rev. Mr. D—— preached. It was the best Christmas sermon I have heard for many years. In company of about three hundred communicants, I received the blessed sacrament of the Lord's supper, for the first time in England. May the pardon of sin, which God assures to the faithful and penitent 'in this sacrament,' be my portion, now and ever. Amen.

"I sat a while in church in the Rev. Mr. Pratt's pew, and when all was over, went with his family to his house in

Doughty street. He has four daughters and two sons; one, being in college, was absent; all the rest, with Mrs. Pratt and her mother, Mrs. *Jowel*, — mother also of the missionary of whom we hear so much in Malta and elsewhere, — were present, and a most blessed Christmas dinner it was. Many inquiries were made about Ohio, the place of my residence at Worthington, of the farm, and the condition of the buildings, orcharding and conveniences.

“I received to-day another letter from my good friend in Manchester, Mr. W., from which are the following extracts: —

“*Manchester, Dec. 22, 1823.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND: —

“If the peace of the Church, in this country or America, should be disturbed, it will be owing to no fault of yours, and I think every candid person who may become acquainted with the facts will see in your conduct an uniform desire to avoid schism and extend the influence of the Church.

“You ought to be in town when Parliament assemble, but till then I think you may pass your time more pleasantly and quite as usefully in the country, and therefore hope we shall soon see you.”

“DECEMBER 26.

“All this day till two, P. M., I spent in writing, when I called on Mr. Pratt, but found him not at home. I then came to my lodgings. I had not been long in my little parlor, when the Rev. Mr. Wilks entered. He was unknown to me, and I to him, except by character. Our names being mutually interchanged, an intimacy soon took place. He told me that he became acquainted with — soon after his arrival in London; that he was much pleased with him. He observed that there was great care taken on the part of that gentleman that the intimacy which was forming between them should have a corresponding aversion to me and my object in coming to England. He said that the said gentleman left an impression on his mind that, if not a schismatic, I was a disturber of the public peace and harmony of the Church; that my object was selfish, and opposed to the great body of the Church in America; that the institution of a seminary in Ohio would be

against the public law of the Convention, and be that which they would condemn; and that the General Theological Seminary had the exclusive right to say 'when and where all branch schools should be fixed,' and that, not having obtained their consent, I was opposed in my own country, and ought to be opposed in this.

"These were the impressions made on his mind by the conversation of my opponent, and to his knowledge the same were the impressions made on the minds of the Bishops here in England, particularly on that of the Bishop of St. David's, now in London, as I think he (Mr. Wilks) said he had from that Bishop's own mouth. 'But,' said Mr. W., 'after reflection, and the putting together a few facts, and the holding of a little conversation with others, the tide of opinion begins to turn, not only in my own mind, but in that of others. The *prima facie* of this gentleman's cause was very plausible, but it is not borne out by facts.'

"These were, as nearly as I can recollect, the words of Mr. Wilks. Before he left me, we went into a full and free talk about my affairs, at the close of which he told me that he had been invited to attend a meeting of some judicious and benevolent persons of the London clergy, at Mr. Pratt's, on Tuesday next, and that they expected me to be present, as it was on my account they would meet. I told him I should certainly attend. Kindly inviting me to come to see him, near Regent's Park, he took his leave."

"DEC. 27, SATURDAY NIGHT, HALF PAST 11.

"Mr. Pratt called on me about eleven o'clock this morning, and renewed his invitation to meet a few friends at his house, to dine and converse together on my affairs, on Tuesday next, two o'clock; and it is in preparing for this meeting, by a statement of the cause which brought me to England, that has occasioned me great fatigue. Though I feel myself quite inadequate to the task of doing justice to my cause, yet I bless God for his assistance, and pray it may never desert me. He hath in some cases, almost to a miracle, 'pointed out the way, and given me grace to follow.' I could tell you some instances wherein He hath so evidently done this, that I seemed, as

with my bodily eyes, to behold the finger of Divine Providence. May His mercy and goodness never cease to receive my gratitude."

"SUNDAY, 1 O'CLOCK, P. M., DEC. 23.

"I have just returned from Church. You know the excellency of our public service prevents the possibility of disappointment in any pious mind in attendance thereon. However indifferent the preacher, as it respects talents and manner, if he be solemn and devout in the service, the hearer is sure (if he be not a hypocrite or impious himself) of having the main end of his attendance on Church answered. This, in our imperfect state, where so many things are wrong,—and if left to themselves are apt to grow worse,—is a great blessing; and as such it begins now to be acknowledged by candid people, especially those who believe in the divinity of our Lord, of all parties in England. But by the indifferency in the preacher, I did not mean to insinuate that the one I have heard to-day is so, or that any other is whom I have heard here. The contrary is the case.

"How the excellency of our divine service, which was always the same, (I mean since the Reformation,) comes now to be more generally and progressively acknowledged, is a subject of pleasing inquiry. On this theme my thoughts have been much employed, especially since in England. Hitherto I have been able to assign no other cause for this favorable change, so satisfactory to my own mind as the union of Churchmen and Dissenters in the laudable design of circulating the Bible throughout the world. This union has brought together pious characters of both and all parties. By the cultivation of friendly sentiments, when promoting a design acknowledged by all to be of the first importance, men naturally forget all other causes of asperity, and begin to love one another. While in this happy work, and the train of thoughts to which it gives birth, the Dissenters would ask themselves, in their retired moments, what reason they had to oppose the Prayer-Book, which bears such a resemblance to the Holy Bible as not only to convey the general doctrines of the word of God distinctly and fairly to the mind, but to infuse the very

spirit of it in the heart, and draw out all its evangelical precepts into the life and conversation of those who do not abuse, but use this liturgy with pious constancy. Perhaps there are many thousands in England, whose ancestors or themselves have been driven from the Church by harsh treatment, or by witnessing the irreligious lives of some of her members, who are now drawn to her bosom by the piety and kindness of those her members who mingle with them in the Bible societies. Aside from the almost miraculous benefit derived to the whole world by the institution of the Bible cause, it should, in my opinion, claim the peculiar attention of Churchmen for the reasons above stated."

"SUNDAY EVENING, DEC. 23.

"I heard Mr. Dillon again, and liked him better than ever. His sermon was in continuation of the Christian armor, on the 'sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God,' or the Holy Scriptures. I do not remember ever before to have heard the same subject treated in so perspicuous and useful a manner. The benefit of the word of God, in resisting or rather assailing the enemies of our salvation,—the world, the flesh, and the devil,—was set forth. In the prosecution of his discourse, he made an illustration of the great use and absolute necessity of prayer, in rendering effectual the word of God, and especially the promises therein contained, which was very happy. The argument was this:—The word of God, or the sword of the Spirit, enables us to assail the enemy, and drive him from his work of tempting us to sin, when we keep in mind and reflect on his promises, by holding out to us the reward of eternal life and the joys of heaven, reserved for those who finally come off victorious: but the salutary effect to that end will not be produced by the promises in themselves considered. Unless they be applied to the heart, and pleaded before the throne of mercy, they will be to us a dead letter. These promises are like *bonds*—of no real use till they are *put in force*. God, through Jesus Christ, out of his mere infinite mercy, has been pleased to consider himself in debt to us; and to comfort us he has given us his bond, based on the infinite riches of his Son. But these bonds, by the established order in the economy of

grace, are of no use to us, unless we *put them in force and collect them by our prayers*. This, I will assure you, had great effect on me. O that we had a thousand such preachers in Ohio, all engaged in enforcing these heavenly *bonds*, which God hath given us in his word and sacraments!"

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## CHAPTER XXV.

GLANCE AT THE PAST—A QUESTION ANSWERED—JOURNAL CONTINUED—A RELIGIOUS TEA-PARTY—THE CLOSE OF AN OLD YEAR IN LONDON—IMPORTANT MOVEMENT IN FAVOR OF THE WRITER—VISITS MANCHESTER AGAIN.

As the present is an important period, and great things are often seen to turn on small pivots, it is due to the reader that everything be set down with great care and fairness, that a righteous judgment may be formed in all things, especially from written documents at the time set forth.

It will be recollected that the writer's object in going to England was not for his own amusement or pleasure, but simply to obtain donations to establish a theological seminary in Ohio. To this there were everywhere circulated objections, and assertions made that New York had paramount claims on British bounty. When the friends of this opinion were asked for a reason, seeing that Ohio was in more needy circumstances than New York, it was answered that the latter was a *general seminary, intended for all*. To this it was rejoined, that they both ought to be patronized in peace and harmony, leaving the public to act as they pleased. In reply to this it was asserted, that it was *unlawful* to contribute to Ohio, or any other diocesan seminary, till leave was obtained from the general seminary in New York, who alone had the power of saying when and where such a privilege should be granted and exercised.

Had the writer shrunk from opposing a sentiment of this character, he believes he would have incurred the just displeasure of ninety-nine hundredths of the American Episcopal

Church, as well as the reproaches of his own conscience. But to do this duty without a public war was the difficulty. A few persons agreed to meet, and the following question was drawn up to be fairly answered:—

*“ One question asked in England by friends of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America.*

“ There being a theological school in New York, authorized by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America, is it so understood by the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity of that Church generally, that all other schools for the education of young men for the Christian ministry in her communion are disallowed and forbidden, except such branch schools as the board of trustees in the said general institution may deem it expedient to allow, and such as are under their control ?”

To this the writer returned the following answer:—

“ GENTLEMEN:—In answering your question, without hesitation, in the *negative*, Bishop Chase deems it his duty—a duty which he owes to the Church in America—to give his reasons.

“ 1. The affirmative of this question is novel to him, and he believes it to be so to the Church generally in America.

“ 2. The same is not to be found in, nor can it be reasonably inferred from, any publication of the Church in the United States. Her constitution recognizes no such principle, her canons and laws having never attempted to enforce it.

“ 3. The negative may be directly proved by the official statement of the Bishops when assembled in General Convention, and from their expressed opinions and those of their Clergy as individuals when treating on this subject.

“ 4. If the affirmative of this question were true, then there are many institutions and practices in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, which (being directly contrary to this presumptive and exclusive right in the trustees of the general theological seminary, and being also allowed and never questioned) would show the American

Church to be at variance with her own rules and customs—a charge which cannot and ought not to be maintained against her.

“5. If the affirmative of this question were allowed, a principle would be established which would operate to the great detriment, and in some places to the extinction, of the Church in America,—some parts of the same being very distant from New York; and in this view the said principle is contrary to *conscience*, and cannot be obeyed without compelling the Bishops of remote dioceses to violate their consecration vows. In this respect it is worse than papal arrogance, which never insisted that clergymen should be educated at one place, or that trustees of one seminary of learning should control those of all others.”

The document then went into the statement and consideration of the *facts* on which the opinion was given, which, being so generally known in America, need not here be related.

The correspondence, containing a record of events exactly as they passed, will now be resumed.

“DECEMBER 29, 1823.

“No. 10 Featherstone buildings,  
Holborn, eleven o'clock at night. } ”

“MY DEAR WIFE:—

“Don't think you are forgotten, though I have delayed my usual time of writing you. My task, of which I spoke in my last Saturday's letter, is now, by God's assistance, finished; and to-morrow is the day fixed on for my introduction to a number of the clergy of London. They will meet at Mr. Pratt's, to read my paper, at two o'clock. From that time till four they will be occupied in considering that question, and other matters relating to my affairs.

“I shall meet them at four for dinner; after which a general and free conversation, as I suppose, will take place. Thus far the *door* of God's good providence *begins to be* opened. May He give me strength to enter, and may I set him always, especially now, before my eyes, and have grace to conduct myself, and the cause I have in hand, with such wisdom and prudence as shall be pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord!”



"TUESDAY, DEC. 30, 1823. 9, P. M.

"All things took place at Mr. Pratt's as was anticipated, in point of order, matter and manner; and I know of no event since I came from Ohio which looks so much like the accomplishment of my object. I assure you of my deep sense of gratitude to God for his overruling and peculiar providence.

"On entering the large study of Mr. P., I was introduced by him to about a dozen clergymen, who saluted me with great kindness. The Rev. Mr. P., who acted for the occasion as chairman, observed that himself and the gentlemen present had been taking into consideration the object which brought me to England; that, as far as the time would allow, they had examined the documents thereunto relating; and that they were happy to observe that what they had seen inclined them to take a deep interest in my cause and case. The former was pure, holy, and primitive, and deserving of all patronage; and the latter, by reason of the opposition, was at once delicate and painful—delicate, as it involved contention with another, on his part unprovoked, in a foreign land—and painful to them, as well as to me, in that it brought undeserved disrepute on the sacred calling. There was, he would reiterate before others, as he had remarked in private—there was one consolation which would not fail to cheer me, namely, that I occupied the enviable ground, and from which none could drive me, that of a *peace-maker*. I could, by going to war, gain much; but by declining a public contest, I would show that I valued divine more than human blessings. By choosing the latter, I proved that I was guided by pure and not ambitious motives. 'This,' said he, 'gives us a pledge that, in assisting you, which is our intention, we are doing that which is not displeasing in God's sight. But we must do it by private, and not by public means. A few facts will be adduced, and a short statement will be drawn up by a sub-committee, and circulated among our friends throughout the city and kingdom, and we will see what can be done. The committee will meet to-morrow.'

"The conversation then took a turn of kind inquiry, and thus continued until dinner. This was a frugal feast, seasoned with love. The Rev. Mr. W——, editor of the

Christian Observer, sat on my right, and the Rev. Mr. Pratt on my left, and the learned and pious conversation went around. After the cloth was removed, they insisted on my telling the story of the Church in Ohio, and I did so.

"We were summoned to tea. Here everything was as it should be. A room full of the intelligent and good, enjoying the bounties of heaven, while mindful of Him that blesseth; all conversing with mutual kindness and delight; yet every remark seasoned with piety towards God and good-will towards men. Surely, thought I, this is some resemblance to the happy society in heaven! What are angels but those who praise God and love his creatures!

"I forgot to mention that I received this morning another letter from Lord Gambier, full of kind wishes about my plan, and giving me an invitation to visit him again at Iver Grove before the meeting of Parliament. I gave the letter to Mr. Pratt, who called a moment this morning, just as it was received; and this is the reason I cannot copy it for your perusal. I am sorry, as this must go to the letter-bag to-morrow for the Liverpool packet, and Mr. P. and the sub-committee will want the letter till it is too late, I fear, for me to transcribe it.

"And now, dear Sophia, with the inmost feelings of our souls let us bless God for this instance of his mercy to us, that he hath 'opened the door, and thus pointed out the way' in which we can fulfil his will in being the instruments of salvation to thousands."

The letter of Lord Gambier, above spoken of, is as follows:—

*"Iver Grove, Dec. 29, 1823.*

"MY DEAR SIR:—

"I cease not to retain you in my mind with much esteem, and earnestly to wish every success to your endeavors in the cause you are engaged in for the benefit of the scattered flock in your diocese; and I have often considered since you were here how I might assist you in your pious work. \* \* \* If my name, as a person who earnestly desires to support and promote the interests of the Church of England, can be of any the least use to your cause, I beg you will make any use you please of

it, however little the name of so insignificant a person as I am may avail you. I mention this because, when I had the pleasure of your company here, you may remember I rather advised differently.

"It has been suggested to me, that if you could procure a recommendation of your cause to the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, it might be of great use. I have no acquaintance with the vice-chancellors of either of them, but perhaps in the course of the ensuing month, when many of the friends of religion come to London from their country residences, we may find some one of them that would assist you. Perhaps Mr. Pratt would give you his opinion on this point.

"If you should be inclined to pass any time out of London, I shall be happy if you would favor me with the pleasure of your company, as I shall be stationary all the next month.

"I remain, dear sir, with truth and esteem, your sincere,  
humble friend,  
GAMBIER."

To which the writer returned the following answer:—

*London, Dec. 31, 1823.*

"MY LORD:—

"I received your Lordship's kind note of the 29th inst. yesterday, and should have answered it by the return of post, but that I desired to communicate the result of a meeting of a number of gentlemen, to consider the merits and means of promoting the cause which brought me to England. That meeting took place yesterday, soon after the reception of your favor, and appointed a sub-committee, who will come together this day. The result of their deliberations remains to be seen. If, however, I may judge from what was said and done yesterday, and from their affectionate treatment of me, I have reason to believe that their deliberations and proceedings will tend to the success of my plan, to the peace of the Church, and the glory of God.

"I desire to express to your Lordship my grateful return for the kind invitation to renew the pleasure of a visit to Iver Grove. Most gladly would I accept the honor of such an invitation, but that I have made some engagements to be in

Manchester and Derbyshire during the period of time mentioned by your Lordship. My good friend Mr. T. Wiggin has manifested his love and zeal for my cause, by opening a door of success beyond my expectation. He observes that your Lordship's patronage in that quarter would essentially serve me, and begs me to ask the favor of letters to pious characters in that part of the kingdom. A very respectable friend of Mr. W. will introduce me to some persons in Derbyshire, who will take an interest in the Ohio seminary; 'but to ensure success,' he continues, 'Lord Gambier's letters would be very desirable.'

"With grateful and respectful sentiments, I remain your Lordship's most faithful friend and humble servant,

"P. CHASE.

"DEC. 31, 10 O'CLOCK, P. M.

"So far is Christianity from growing old and passing off with the old year which is now expiring, that its holy truths seem to commence their power with the new year now approaching. What is past of my ministerial life seems not to have even the value of a dream; it is more like lethargy. I have done so little in the cause of my Master, that it seems I have all things yet to perform; the future only has importance with me. I have been but an unprofitable and slothful servant, and the dreadful thought, that thousands will lament, in a miserable eternity, their hapless condition, whom I might have been instrumental in turning from sin to righteousness, presses down my soul with sorrow and deep contrition. What pang can be more excruciating than that which this occasions? It is not only pain, but has in itself the cause of continuity of pain. In this it resembles fire, which progresses as it burns; nought can quench it but the tears of penitence, through faith in Jesus Christ, which now flow fast upon my paper. If this be considered weakness in me, I desire to be accounted weak.

"But the new year is coming—just at hand. As I step upon it, therefore, I promise, in God's strength, to commence a new life, devoted to his will, in seeking my own and others' salvation. No act of my life henceforward shall be aimed at anything inconsistent with God's holy will; and may His spirit confirm me in this vow, and enable me to perform

it. And will you join me in this, dear Sophia? In the performance of it, are you willing to take the evil and the good; the hard and difficult dispensations of God's providence, as well as those more cheering? I know your answer. I know, if anything I know, that you will be as you have been hitherto, 'a help meet for me.' With me you will travel the path of trial, not looking for *present* but for *future* joys.

"It wants only a few minutes now of A. D. 1824, and a happy new year I wish you. May we spend it more to God's glory than any former year of our lives, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1824. 2 P. M.

"Now, dear Sophia, I will tell you what passed at the Rev. Mr. Pratt's.

"He observed that the meeting of the sub-committee took place in his study yesterday, and that all things went on as could be wished. The merits of my cause were canvassed from beginning to end, and the confidence of the committee increased at every stage of the inquiry. The facts stated in a recent number of the *British Critic* were pronounced not founded in truth.

"The resolutions of the committee were drawn up and unanimously passed, a fair copy of which will be sent you hereafter.

"When the resolutions of the London clergy were passed, they were not intended for present publication, but as furnishing the groundwork of proceedings by the acting committee in my favor. This committee you see are named, and among them is the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne. This is the identical individual who wrote the 'review in the *British Critic*,' which, being republished in the *Philadelphia Recorder*, and reported to me by my dear son, suggested the first idea of my coming to old England. Mr. Pratt told me that when that gentleman came to reflect on the difference between the *late article*, and that which *he* had furnished some time ago for this work, he was struck with horror. He will be an active and efficient friend, and endeavor to wipe away the stain which has been cast upon the pages of that publication.

"All will be conducted with as little reference to individuals as possible. They will rely on the reasonableness and necessity of the case, and on the *exhibition of evidence* to show the righteousness of my cause, more than on the weapons of warfare and recrimination. 'We will shield and defend you, but the most gentle methods will first be tried; and necessity alone shall cause an alteration of this course.' Thus said the good and excellent Mr. Pratt.

"For these *prospects* of success, my recent sufferings have, by the grace of God, prepared me in an especial manner for the exercise of gratitude; and though I feel more grateful than I can express, yet I fear my returns of thankfulness are by no means adequate to the mercies which the Divine Goodness is pouring on me. Jesus must pay this debt also. His blood has atoned for my guilt. The incense of his sacrifice God will receive in lieu of our merit.

"I forgot to mention in its place (for it is now seven o'clock, P. M.) that the Rev. Mr. Venn, who was one of those who attended the meeting day before yesterday, called this afternoon, and entered into much conversation touching the true interests of the western country of America. In about two hours after he had left me, he sent me an elegantly-bound volume, the work of his pious and learned grandfather. Is not this the first fruits of a harvest for Ohio? One more worthy of the cause could not be named.

"And now, my dear wife, you, who have shared my toils and troubles, yea, agonies of soul, in this hazardous undertaking, will,—I know you will,—share also with me in the joys, even of a glimmer of hope of holy triumph, which, through God's goodness, breaks in from the dark cloud which hung over us; and as you have taught the dear children to pray for their father in distress, even so teach them now to give thanks for God's mercies shown him."

"FRIDAY, JAN. 2. 11 P. M.

"You see it is late, and I have but a few minutes in which to note the events of the day.

"I told Mr. Pratt that I wished to go to Manchester. He said he would prepare letters to friends in that place and Liv-

erpool, and Lord Gambier would probably send his to Derbyshire in the course of to-morrow; so that by Monday or Tuesday at furthest, I may set off on a visit to those cities, and spend my time till the meeting of Parliament more profitably to my cause than in London.

"I then returned, and commenced my long walk to Grove End place, near Regent's Park, about three miles from this, to see Mr. Wilks. My time at his house was spent most agreeably. How could it be otherwise? Leaving Mr. W.'s, I dined with the Rev. Mr. Stuart, with whom and his lady I had much Christian conversation. After tea, the servants being called in, a hymn was sung, in which they *all* joined. A portion of Scripture was then read, and the whole was closed with prayer. This is another instance of English piety and order. Surely the Lord will bless this nation if such be her *seers*."

"SATURDAY, JAN. 3.

"I wrote a letter to the Rev. Mr. Wilks, with a view of his showing it to the Bishop of St. David's, Dr. Burgess, with whom Mr. W. said he was intimate. For Mr. W. had previously told me that this good Bishop, in his hearing, had been addressed in words very disadvantageous to the cause of Ohio, and now that his own mind had been disabused on that subject, I hoped he would take pleasure in correcting that of the Welch Bishop. Another motive of writing the letter was that of obtaining a Welch preacher, for the benefit of the people of that language who had emigrated from Wales to Ohio, and who, if attended to in time, might be retained in the fold of our primitive Church.

"I went to Mr. Pratt's, and had further conversation with that excellent gentleman. He read to me a rough draft of what the committee are going to put soon to press. They have made too much of me personally; but he says I must let the committee do as they think proper in this respect. It will be printed soon, but not till I am gone to Manchester; thither it will follow me, and will be called '*An Appeal in behalf of the Diocese of Ohio.*'"

"SUNDAY, JAN. 4.

"Received the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, and attended divine service both morning and evening. The day has been mild, and the duties exceedingly impressive. If ever I praised God through a principle of true faith, it has been to-day."

"MONDAY MORNING, 11 O'CLOCK, JAN. 5.

"The Rev. Mr. Wilks came to my lodgings, when the following conversation passed between us:—

"*Mr. W.* I have, sir, just come from Mr. Pratt's, who read to me what he had written, in accordance with the resolutions of the committee on your affairs, and I can hardly express to you the satisfaction I feel in his performance. It represents the whole case in a true and striking light, and exceeds my expectations. Have you seen it, sir?

"*Bishop C.* Yes, sir. Mr. P. was good enough to read me a considerable portion before the whole was completed. What I did hear not only met my approbation, but commanded my gratitude, especially to God, who has thus mercifully given me the assistance of such cordial friends, and such favor in their eyes.

"*Mr. W.* To pass from this subject which detained me so long with Mr. Pratt, I must tell you what brought me from home so early this morning. I received in due time your note respecting the Welch colony in your diocese. As the Bishop of St. David's attends the chapel in which I minister, I contrived so as to walk home with him after divine service. In doing so I mentioned the subject of your affairs. He told me that your name was familiar to him; that he had heard from several quarters what you were about, and *lately* had formed a very favorable opinion of you;—that the opposition latterly was not viewed in a favorable light, even by the members of the Bartlet Buildings Society;—that he (the Bishop of St. D.) had heard the secretary speak unfavorably of the opposition. This frank declaration on the part of the Bishop of St. David's gave me an opportunity to show him the letter which I had received from you. He read it with much interest, and said he would endeavor to find the man you



wish. 'I will write,' said he, 'to my *rural dean*, who is acquainted with the country people, and if such a man as the Bishop of Ohio wants is to be found, he shall be forthcoming. Pray may I keep this letter of Bishop C.'s, and send it to Wales?' I told him I would consult you on the subject, but supposed you would have no objection.

"*Bishop C.* Dear sir, you and the good Bishop of St. David's can make what use you please of the letter.

"*Mr. W.* But his Lordship says he must see you before you go to Manchester. He told me he would call on you and pay every respect which the rules of civility require; but I told him that being in hopes to set off for Manchester, you would not require it, but that I would go immediately on Monday (this) morning, and prevail on you to meet him, if agreeable to you, at his lodgings to-night at eight o'clock, and take coffee with him. Now, sir, will you have the goodness to delay a little, and follow this seemingly providential occurrence?

"*Bishop C.* I feel grateful to you and the Bishop, and am entirely at your disposal.

"*Mr. W.* I beg you will have the goodness to meet a few friends at six, at a society-room where we have a little business to transact, and then we will walk together to my Lord Bishop of St. David's.

"Thus the dialogue ended."

"MONDAY, 11 P. M., JAN. 5.

"Though it is very late, yet the events of two days ought not to be crowded into one letter. Their importance requires that they be kept separate, that you may see all things as they pass.

"One quarter before six, I had finished my frugal dinner, and went to the society, consisting of a number of the Church clergy, and there met with Mr. Wilks, Mr. Horne, Mr. Mortimer, Mr. B. Wood, and Mr. Webster; I don't remember the rest of their names. They spent a few minutes in discussing an interesting question, and then joined in a little kind conversation with me. As we were going away, and walking a few squares to get a coach to drive to the lodgings of

the Bishop of St. David's, Mr. Horne joined me arm in arm. He expressed his great friendship for me, and observed he was preparing something more for the *British Critic*. 'His statements would be very different,' he said, 'from those furnished by the opposition. Indeed, I am surprised at the course which has been taken to mislead the British public. The cause you have in hand is evidently the work of the the Lord, and we trust that He will support it.' These, as nearly as I can recollect, were his words when we parted.

"I rode with the Rev. Basil Wood and Mr. Wilks; the former is the rector of the Church wherein the latter is curate. In a few minutes we were set down, and the Rev. Mr. Wilks and myself proceeded to the Bishop of St. David's.

"We found a venerable, but very intelligent gentleman, with a small, snug wig, black, old-fashioned, long-waisted coat, and Bishop's silk cassock. He received us without the least unnecessary ceremony, seated us, and ordered coffee, which being before him, he, doing just as our ladies do in America, poured it out and handed the cup across to us as we sat around the fire. The primitive simplicity and godly sincerity of this very learned gentleman immediately took possession of my heart's best affections, and in a few minutes put me at my ease, and induced, in answer to his judicious and pertinent questions, a very free conversation.

"On the subject of the opposition with which I had met in England he observed, that he had seen and heard it and was prejudiced against me as a schismatic, but that hearing other statements, he had altered his opinion. 'Your seminary is to be under the Bishop, and you have made it so by legal requisition. If you are a schismatic I am such, for I am establishing a school for the education of ministers in Wales, although Oxford is comparatively so near. If this is required in this country, where the distances are so little compared with America, how much more forcibly can you urge the necessity of a school for the education of young men for the ministry in Ohio!'

"We then went into a general conversation about the first foundation of the diocese of Ohio, of the condition of the parishes, and of the want of ministers. This brought up the

subject of the Welch emigrants. He said he feared a person suited to my wishes could not be obtained, but signified that he would try. In short, I am delighted with this excellent Bishop, and never shall forget him. I have not told you the twentieth part of what was said, but from this sample you may fancy pretty nearly his true character.

"About ten I took my leave, and walked three miles to my lodgings. Thus another day is gone, I hope not in vain. May God in mercy forgive what he hath seen amiss, in thought, word or deed, in your affectionate husband."

GEO. W. MARRIOTT, Esq., of 32 Queen's square, performs a conspicuous part in this benevolent drama. His introduction was as unexpected as his subsequent acquaintance was beneficial to the writer.

One day in the first week of 1824, on returning to his lodgings, the writer saw a card on his table, which signified that the gentleman just named had called, and would again call at such a time; and if the writer should return in the mean while and be obliged to leave before the specified period, the gentleman would thank him to leave a notice on his table signifying when he would be at home, and he would call again. While he was reading this note G. W. M. himself came into the room, and with great kindness introduced himself. Never was so short an acquaintance attended with more pathos; Mr. M.'s questions were so much to the point of finding out the whole matter of the writer's reasons for leaving America, and the hindrances he had met with in England, that in answering them the heart was too deeply affected to be under reasonable control. The whole scene was interesting, laying the foundation of great intimacy.

The following is the record of his journal a few days afterwards:—

"JANUARY 6.

"Received a note from Mr. Marriott inviting me to dine tomorrow at five; hopes Dr. Gaskin will be able to be present; begs to receive an answer. Wrote the following:—

“‘*No. 10 Featherstone buildings, }  
twelve o'clock, Jan. 6, 1824. }*”

“‘Bishop C. is grateful for the honor of Mr. Marriott's call, and assures him that the kind invitation contained in his note shall, with the leave of Providence, be complied with.

“‘Bishop C. will feel himself particularly happy in meeting Dr. Gaskin, of whom he has heard so many things so worthy.’

“‘This is of much importance. To prevent another disappointment, in getting off my letters for the packets at Liverpool, I must close here this long portion of my journal. May the good God preserve it for your use, and bless both you and the children. Compose a prayer of thanksgiving to God for great mercies shown their father, and make them learn it and say it with you. Do this I entreat you.

“‘Give the thread of my history to my nephew, the Rev. Mr. Morse, and to our dear Philander. May God preserve us, bless us, and permit us in mercy to meet again. So prays  
your faithful  
P. C.’”

“JANUARY 7, 3 P. M.

“‘Mr. G. W. Marriott, with whom I am to dine this afternoon, called on me this morning. He seems a pious and good man, and spoke much of the two non-established Churches of Scotland and America. But more of this gentleman after dinner.

“‘The Rev. Mr. Pratt came in and delivered me a fair copy of the ‘Resolutions of the London Clergy.’ This instrument is of the greatest importance to me, not only as it is the groundwork of the proceedings here, but as it will shield me from the character of rashness; from having acted in any way but in strict conformity to the advice of the best of men, who are acquainted with the whole nature and bearings of the case. I shall reserve the original, and send the following copy to you:—

“‘At a meeting of clergymen, held on the 31st of December, 1823, various documents relative to the visit of the Right Rev. Bishop Chase to this country were taken into consideration, when the following resolutions were adopted; and at a

subsequent meeting, held on the 7th of January, 1824, the Rev. Henry Budd, M. A., minister of Bridewell precinct, and rector of White Roothing, Essex, in the chair, the said resolutions were confirmed.

“1. That the spiritual wants of the diocese of Ohio, in the Episcopal Church of the United States, the only diocese yet established in the western territory, call for special provision and assistance.

“2. That appropriate and adequate provision for the supply of the spiritual wants of the said diocese requires the establishment of an institution on the spot, in which natives of the country may be trained for the ministry at an expense within their reach, and in habits suited to the sphere of their labors.

“3. That the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase is fully justified by the circumstances of the case, in appealing to the benevolence of this country; and that in undertaking to be the messenger of his diocese on the occasion, notwithstanding the privations and difficulties inseparable from such a mission, that Rt. Rev. prelate is entitled to the veneration and gratitude of those who desire the extension and increasing influence of our holy faith, especially in that pure and primitive form in which it is propagated by the Protestant Episcopal Churches of Great Britain and America.

“4. That this meeting does, therefore, tender to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase its respectful acknowledgments and affectionate regard, and pledges itself to the adoption and prosecution of such measures as shall seem best adapted to promote the object of his visit; and thinks it due to him, under the circumstances in which he has been placed in this country, that he should be relieved to the utmost of personal labor and responsibility.

“5. That however Bishop Chase might be justified in laying before the people of this country, in his own name, a statement of the facts of the case, in reference to some objections which have been here published, and might even seem called upon to do so in vindication of himself; yet, taking into account the painful consequences of a contest, and understanding that it is the Bishop's wish and determination to

avoid to the utmost appearing as a controversialist in this country, this meeting would express its respectful and cordial approbation of the Christian forbearance of Bishop Chase, in abstaining from such a course of proceeding.

“‘6. That a statement of the peculiar wants of the diocese of Ohio and the object of Bishop Chase's visit, be drawn up in a conciliatory spirit, and avoiding as much as possible all matter of controversy; and that the said statement, together with any documents which may appear requisite, be circulated, in the name of the friends of Bishop Chase, at the discretion of a committee to be appointed for those purposes.

“‘7. That the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, the Rev. Henry Venn, the Rev. Thomas Webster, and the Rev. Samuel C. Wilks, do form the said committee, and be further charged with making the most effectual arrangements for promoting the object of Bishop Chase's visit to this country.

“‘8. That a subscription be opened in behalf of the diocese of Ohio, and that Henry Hoare, Esq., be requested to act as treasurer of the fund, and the Rt. Hon. Lord Gambier and Mr. Hoare to allow the proceeds to be vested in government securities, in their joint names, until the same shall be drawn for by the proper authorities.

“‘That these resolutions be respectfully submitted to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase.

“‘H. BUDD, Chairman.’

“You will observe that these resolutions will not be printed with the ‘Appeal,’ but be retained by the clergy and myself for future use, as each may have occasion. It is sent to you now for your private inspection, and to be preserved as an item of history of the Church in Ohio. The same observation applies to the copy of the instrument of *donation* of my property in Ohio to the theological seminary. I hope that the good God will not frown on these proceedings, but regard them in mercy for Jesus' sake. Amen.

“Your faithful

P. CHASE.”

"JANUARY 12.

*"Platt Hall, Manchester.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—

"You see where I am. Mr. and Mrs. W., last Friday night, received me very kindly, and I felt once more at home, though in a foreign land. I set off from London at half past four. G. W. Marriott, Esq., with whom in my last I told you I was to dine, was at my lodgings when I paid off my landlady, and bade me adieu for Manchester.

"Dr. Gaskin was not at dinner as was expected, and Mr. M. was evidently chagrined; for myself I felt decidedly so, and got off as soon as decency would allow. This was on the 7th. On the 8th, as if conscious that the interview between us had not been as agreeable as was expected, Mr. M. called in the morning at my lodgings, and told me he had written a note to Dr. Gaskin, some miles out of town, to desire he would come up and see me before I left town in the coach at half past four. Mr. Marriott continued to say many things very respectful and kind, and in return I said things relating to my affairs which evidently astonished him. At times he would seem to gaze upon me in amazement; his countenance and manner seemed to say, 'How mistaken we all have been! This is not the being whom the "Notices" and review in the British Critic have depicted to the eye of the British public! We have all been misled—we have been imposed on.' Many things dropped from him in conversation, which led me to believe I was not wrong in thus interpreting his looks and manner.

"He left, telling me he would call again before I left town. Accordingly he did, and said that Dr. Gaskin could not come; but still insisted that it was not for want of desire to see me. 'For,' said he, 'he has been trying to find you for this month past, and more anxious than perhaps you imagine.' (I know not what he meant by this expression.) He added, 'You have told me that your friends have prepared a statement of your case for private circulation; will you have the goodness to send, or direct that there shall be sent, three copies, one to the Bishop of St. David's, one for Dr. Gaskin, and one for myself?' I answered in the affirmative, and so we parted

with mutual good feelings. He called again at my setting off.

“On the 8th the coach went with diligence and rapidity all night towards Manchester. I got but little sleep, and had much time to say my prayers and think of you and the dear children.

“All day on Friday the 9th I enjoyed myself in gazing at the prospects in English landscapes as we passed rapidly along. They are more beautiful, even at this time of the year, than I had ever fancied. Hill and dale—gardens and forests—hedges and fields—canals winding through the valleys, and rows of trees rising up and down the distant hills—these, joined with the neatness of the fields, and of the cast-iron fences round the gardens, and the gravel-walks in every direction, enchanted me. ‘Blessed old England,’ thought I, ‘may thy moral resemble thy natural and civil character! Then shalt thou be blessed indeed.’

“The night of the 9th drew on before we had reached Manchester by twelve or fifteen miles. It was nearly eight before we arrived at a little hamlet called Longside, about one fourth of a mile across the fields to Mr. W.’s. ‘Pull up here, coachman,’ said a friend who knew my intention to go to Platt Hall; ‘pull up, the gentleman wishes to alight.’ I soon was set down, and as soon engaged a man for a shilling to carry my luggage across the fields, in a foot-path, to Platt Hall.

“Mrs. W. and the children had gone to town, and Mr. W. was just then drinking tea. He was very glad to see me, and soon some cold roast beef was added to the bread and butter, and the repast was plentiful and delicious.

“My affairs occupied the conversation, attended to on the part of Mr. W. with an interest more deep and affectionate than you can conceive, even with the help of the letters of his which I have sent you. Perhaps there are few instances of such disinterested friendship. What are my affairs to this man, that he should thus trouble himself for me? He has engaged more persons in my cause in Manchester and Derbyshire than my most sanguine expectation could have led me to fancy. Were I to attempt to particularize, as I did in London, a large volume might be filled with interesting anecdotes.



“Now to whom do I owe this? Not to myself. Alas! what a feeble, unworthy and inefficient being am I, to have brought about so many things like miracles! God, in whose hands are the hearts of all men; God alone, who orders the unruly wills and affections of men, and directs the ravens to their food; He it is who hath done all this, to make his people willing in the day of his power.”

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

SECOND VISIT TO MANCHESTER — LIVERPOOL — DERBY — LEEDS —  
RETURNS TO MANCHESTER — VISITS SEVERAL OTHER PLACES —  
EXTRAORDINARY PROPOSITIONS — MINUTE OF AGREEMENT.

ON this, his second visit to his friend near Manchester, the writer spent about a fortnight with great satisfaction to himself and benefit to his cause. Every day seems, by his letters to his family and friends in America, to have been occupied in achieving the great end for which he had crossed the Atlantic. With nearly all the clergy of the Church in Manchester he became acquainted, and from them received tokens of great kindness and good-will towards his cause.

A letter from his first and fast friend, good Lord Gambier, reached him at Platt Hall, and gave him great encouragement.

Mr. Josiah Pratt, in alluding to the Appeal in behalf of the Diocese of Ohio, which he was then distributing, says:

“You will find, I doubt not, Rt. Rev. sir, that as God, of his goodness, has led you into the course you are now pursuing, *you will have great reason to rejoice in the end.* The great point of duty for us now is to obtain, in the most unobtrusive way in our power, as speedy and efficient contributions as we can.”

The words emphasized were at the time considered as peculiarly consoling; the event has proved them prophetic—even at this moment they are fulfilling. If the *end* means the time when this great work is brought forward to the eye of the

public, with a view to show the wisdom and mercy of an Almighty Providence in laying a foundation of learning and religion in the western world, in this "end," when he is old and gray-headed, he has indeed reason to *rejoice*.

The writer's record of his visit to Liverpool is, like the time he devoted to it, short; but short as it is, the kindness shown him is not forgotten. The names of his clerical friends are recorded with grateful remembrances: and among those of the laity is that of Adam Hodgson, Esq., whose continued civilities he will never forget.

Dr. Bell, the inventor of the Mutual Instruction system, was particularly attentive and affectionate.

He attended church at Everton, where the good Mr. Budicom officiated.

On the 28th of January he returned to Manchester.

In Manchester, under date of the 30th of January, the writer's memorandum is this:—

"Yesterday I spent most usefully and agreeably. My dear and best of friends grows warmer and warmer in his affection for my cause, and already has interested nearly all the clergy of Manchester to support it. Nothing can exceed the Christian kindness and zeal of Mrs. W. I go to-day to Derbyshire, with an introduction to Mr. Evans, which Mr. P. sent me by good Lord Gambier."

"ALLESTREE, JAN. 31, 1824.

"The mansion-house of Mr. Evans, M. P., is about two and a half miles from Derby. It commands one of the most pleasant views in England. The taste of all you see is entirely *English*,—grand, yet most remarkable for its comfort. Mr. E. had gone to the village, but Mrs. E. was at home. Amidst profusion of wealth, she seems meek and gentle as a lamb. Her reception of me marked her urbanity and goodness, being entirely free from affectation.

"I rejoiced to learn that she had been, from her infancy, acquainted with Mrs. Hannah More. She told me many things concerning that excellent lady which I never knew before. It seems that Mrs. More has been to a greater degree

an invalid than is generally believed. Her frequent attacks of sickness of long continuance have always been most afflicting; yet amidst all her ill health, Mrs. E. observed, Mrs. M. seldom lost her resolution and fine spirits. Her *Cœlebs* was written by her trembling hand, when her frail body was in bed, supported by pillows. And yet how excellent is that work!"

"11 P. M., JANUARY 31.

"Mr. Evans came into my room, and in the most affectionate manner introduced himself; and after a few words led me down to his company awaiting the dinner—several clergymen as well as lay gentlemen. Everything was conducted with the dignity, urbanity and good sense, characteristic of the genuine English gentleman. Prayers were not omitted. Ten servants, dressed with neatness and propriety, attended, and seemed to enjoy this most interesting means of grace."

"SUNDAY, FEB. 1.

"Mr. Evans walked with me to his chapel, near his factory—very full—sermon good. Intermission spent in visiting his numerous Sunday school, conducted in great order. The afternoon service over, the Rev. clergyman accompanied the family home to dinner—much Christian conversation."

"FEBRUARY 2.

"Coach ready at half past eight. Rev. Mr. S— accompanied me to Derby; breakfasted with the Rev. Mr. Howard; room full of good men and ministers; holy Scriptures read and prayers. The Lord I trust enabled me to say the Church collects with faith, after which the Rev. Mr. H. brought his five beautiful children for the Episcopal blessing. They knelt, and it was most cordially given. Went to Ockbrook. This Moravian school is a few miles from Derby. The road thither is through a most beautiful and picturesque country; the fields were green as in May, and all around exhibited one continued scene of industry, neatness, and comfort—modest churches in little hamlets, both far and near, till the eye rested on the summit of a distant hill, veiled in the smoky atmosphere.

“‘Here is Ockbrook,’ said Mr. S——, ‘and here, to our right, lives the Rev. Mr. Hay, the pious clergyman of the Established Church. Yonder, on the rising ground before us, is the Moravian village. There stands the chapel between two houses, one for the minister. A little on is their school-house, and a little further on is the house of Mr. Montgomery, the brother of the poet, and all around are their gardens and gravel-walks.’

“We entered the gate which led to Mr. Hay’s. The path was through a *grave-yard*: the tomb-stones, commemorating the piety and virtue of departed Christians, were both under your feet and thick all around; and yet the path of the living, which led to the rector’s dwelling, who now preaches the tidings of great joy that Christ hath enabled us to triumph over the corruption of the grave, was plain and easy to be followed—emblematical of the simplicity of the gospel of Jesus. The parson was not within, but his lady, a true sample of English housewives, a help meet for so pious a minister, gave us a hearty welcome.

“We went to the Moravians. The path again wound through the grave-yard, round the church, and then through narrow lanes beset with hawthorn hedges, till we had mounted up to the desired village. Here we found that the prospect at a distance had not told us the half of the pleasing realities of neatness and comfort. Nothing could exceed the kind civilities of these worthy people.

“When we returned to the English parsonage, we found the Rev. Mr. Hay ready to accompany us to Derby. The clergy all met at Mr. Cox’s. At this meeting all was kindness.

“The prospects of success to my errand grow more and more brilliant. I know not the particulars, all the donations being out of my sight, and sent to bankers in London.”

Letter of G. W. Marriott, Esq., to the writer:—

“*Queen Square, January 26, 1824.*

“RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

“I have read the Appeal in behalf of the Diocese of Ohio with very great satisfaction and interest. To aid your cause

is to aid the extension of that kingdom for the coming of which we daily pray; and, till we cease to propagate the gospel altogether, we cannot consistently neglect an opportunity of doing it on so pure and primitive a plan, both as to doctrine and discipline, as that now presented to us in your diocese.

"I have great pleasure in acquainting you that Lord Kenyon wishes to be on your list of subscribers for the sum of twenty pounds. I beg to offer you a much more humble name, and the sum of five pounds.

"I am most anxious that my brother should not be disappointed as to seeing you at his rectory, on your return to town. I hope you have not lost his address, but I give it to you again: 'Rev. R. Marriott, Cotesbatch, Lutterworth.' There is a ready conveyance to Lutterworth from Birmingham, three days in each week, by the Cambridge coach, which goes from B. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; and from Leicester you may be taken to my brother's door by the Oxford coach. You will make him very happy by spending a few days with him; and his vicinity to Wickliffe's pulpit and chair, and occupying a house built by Edward Wells, the author of a commentary on the Old and New Testaments, and many other excellent works, strengthens his claim to your remembrance. You will have a most cordial and Christian welcome from him, and find him desirous of profiting by your conversation and example.

"I also hope myself, on your return to town, again to have the pleasure of your society, as Dr. Gaskin does, who regretted very much his inability to attend upon you before your departure to Manchester.

"I am, Rt. Rev. and dear sir, with very sincere respect,  
your faithful friend and servant, G. W. MARRIOTT."

About the same time the writer received the following letter from the Rev. Mr. Pratt:—

*"London, Doughty Street, Jan. 30, 1824.*

"RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

"I should have replied earlier to your favor of the 17th inst. had I not waited till able to make some reports to you of

the progress of our cause. I hope to send off by to-morrow's coach copies of the *British Review* and of the *Christian Observer*. The latter publication, you will be gratified to hear, will contain the substance of the Appeal. The editor is, as you know, our very good friend, and made up his mind, on a view of the whole case, to insert what I have stated, and to apprise — that, if he should consider himself entitled to call for permission to make any counter statement, the editor would not admit such counter statement, without putting in your refutation of any exclusive claim on the part of the general seminary.

“I hope, however, that we shall not be called on to proceed thus far; but a better channel could not be obtained for conveying a knowledge of the whole case, both to England and America, than the *Christian Observer*; and the editor is, on conviction, decidedly and warmly your friend. These publications will make the whole case very generally known; and I think that, after your return to London, it may be a matter of consideration whether we should not publicly advertise the case. An important step, however, to success in doing this, will be as many names of contributors as we can procure. When you shall think it desirable to return to London, we will put together all the names which may have been collected, and issue a new edition of the Appeal. I should think that after the middle of February gentlemen would be returning to town.

“I doubt not, my dear sir, but that it will please God to hear our prayers and bless our endeavors, so that you will be encouraged and enabled to enter, under His favor, on the great work which brought you to our land.

“My family all unite in very respectful and affectionate regards with, Rt. Rev. sir, your very faithful servant,

“JOSIAH PRATT.”

The town of Derby was made very pleasant to the writer, by the reception and many Christian civilities of Mr. Cox, and his sister, and his son Henry. By these also he was made acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Knox and his lady, with whom he rode to Chesterfield.

In recording this lovely ride, under date of Feb. 5th, 1824, the writer made use of the following expressions, addressed to his friends in America:—"The more I travel in England, the more I admire it. Everything is as in a garden; and the fields, while they are clothed in verdure, exhibit the most delightful prospect between Derby and Chesterfield. The sun was shining yesterday, the air was mild as in May, and the birds were singing as we passed rapidly over the variegated country. The cottages on every side, up on hills and down in valleys, exhibited, what is so delightful, an union of neatness and comfort. Indeed, if I were to fix on the very word which should distinguish this from all other countries in economics, *comfort* would be it."

In Chesterfield, where is the noble church with a *crooked steeple*, the Rev. Mr. Hile, the rector, treated the writer with marked civility, and the Rev. Mr. Knox, at whose house the writer slept, was no less kind. Instead of giving letters of introduction, the vicar himself accompanied the writer to Sheffield, concerning which he says:—"On the way scarcely a moment was lost without the most interesting conversation about Ohio and the infant seminary. His sagacious mind, as its plan was laid open, could easily discover its necessity; its future usefulness was foreseen to extend commensurate with time; and thousands and thousands of future generations to drink from the fountains of piety and learning which this institution would open if now liberally patronized. The Rev. Mr. Vale met us some distance from his house in Sheffield, at a corner, whence, having been advertised of our coming, he was on the look-out. When we arrived, his table was spread with good things for our refreshment. After many kind words, we went to see the Rev. Mr. Best. To him the subject was new; but at every step the good man gave his willing approbation. The conversation had not long been pursued when the Rev. Mr. Sutton, the vicar of Sheffield, came in. He has the advowson of the clergy to all the livings, I think six, in this flourishing town. A most favorable introduction took place, and a warm approbation of my plan ensued."

The journal thus continues:—

"FEBRUARY 7, 1824.

"To-day Mr. Vale accompanied me to the vicar's, and with him we visited the parish church. It is built after the Gothic style, and commands the delight and admiration of all beholders. When walking through the mighty dome, with the chancel on the right, the body of the church on the left, and the massive organ over our heads, (and the organist was then practising a grand chorus,) I felt as I did when visiting the Falls of Niagara. Silence was the best expression of the trembling awe which pervaded my breast.

"The vicar left us, and Mr. Vale and myself went to see the poet Montgomery. With what deep feeling I contemplated this interesting character, you may judge when you recollect the high opinion I entertain of his 'World Before the Flood.'

"This evening of the 7th was spent with the Rev. Mr. Best, at his house. Mr. V. had left us. After tea the conversation turned on our holy religion, and the means of promoting it, especially in Ohio. I was exceedingly affected by the kindness of this gentleman, (the Rev. Thomas Best,) when he presented me with some valuable books for the library. Among the rest was Bagster's English and Greek Bible, with various readings, very well bound, gilt and lettered."

"SUNDAY NIGHT, FEB. 8.

"Dr. Sutton, the vicar, preached. He began his sermon thus: 'Dr. Priestly has said that if the Trinitarians are right, the Unitarians do not worship the true God, and have no true religion; and if the Unitarians are right, the Trinitarians are idolaters. With these sentiments,' said Dr. Sutton, 'I perfectly agree, and join issue.'

"The congregation on this occasion was the largest I have seen in England. The tune, 'Denmark,' with its appropriate words, was sung by all who could sing in this immense multitude, and being accompanied by the very powerful organ mentioned above, the effect was to bring us in imagination before the judgment seat."

"FEBRUARY 11.

"On the 9th I took coach, and came forty miles to Leeds, where I am now writing this. I soon became acquainted



with the excellent Mr. Reade, Dr. Hay, and the Rev. Mr. Walker. The Rev. Mr. Jackson came and breakfasted with me at Mr. Reade's, soon after which I received a confidential letter from G. W. Marriott, Esq., of London, treating on a subject of which you will hear more by and bye."

"FEBRUARY 12.

"About six last evening I set off in a coach to go to Robert-town, a village ten miles from Leeds. The object was to deliver a letter to the mother of the deceased wife of my dear nephew, the Rev. Mr. Morse, of Ohio. As I have already observed, the weather was, even for England, uncommonly mild for February; and being calm and the window open, I could enjoy the passing scene with great composure. As the shades of night fell around me in my quick passage through this very populous country, the brilliant spectacle of buildings many stories high, with every window illuminated by gas lights, to accommodate and cheer the thousands at work in the manufactories, was exceedingly animating, and gave rise to expansive thoughts. You may recollect that the manufacture of cloth in all its stages, and of all kinds, engages almost the sole attention of the vast population of a region sixty miles in circumference.

"At Robert-town, Mrs. Child, the lady to whom the letter was directed, received me most kindly, and was deeply affected at learning that I had married my nephew to her daughter but to follow her to her grave. They were united in Chillicothe, and when on their way to Steubenville, their home, she died in Zanesville. There she lies, and there is her grave awaiting the command to give up its dead. How these and a thousand other endearing circumstances affected this venerable mother, I need not relate."

Returning in the morning to Leeds, the writer found on his table two letters from G. W. M., Esq., of London, the substance of which is as follows:—

That there was a proposition made through him to the Bishop of Ohio, that if one third of the subscription for Ohio were made over to the General Theological Seminary in New York, there might be a proposition made to plant a branch

seminary in Ohio, whose statutes should be framed by the trustees of the General Seminary, and that the said branch should be subject to the discipline of said parent body, the General Seminary.

The proposition, the substance of which is as above, ended with these words:—"If these terms be accepted, the Ohio seminary will not meet with the opposition in the American Church at large which it might otherwise have to encounter; but, on the contrary, will present itself with claims to countenance, and the Bishop of Ohio will have the satisfaction of accomplishing his object without any of the unpleasant feelings and consequences which may otherwise result from it."

It is obvious that *no answer* could be returned to this without *degradation*, and tacitly acknowledging one's self a fool. But as there was, in the communication of which Mr. Marriott was the medium, much said touching an ardent desire to avoid schism and to pursue healing measures, an answer was framed so as to manifest a corresponding wish on the part of the writer, and yet avoid all reference to the very exceptionable proposition mentioned. The answer is as follows:—

"Leeds, February 12, 1824.

"VERY DEAR SIR:—

"Your favor of the 10th inst. was duly received by this day's post, in answer to which, I beg leave first to express my most sincere thanks for your kind solicitude in behalf of the American Episcopal Church. Most devoutly do I pray her Divine Head, our Common Saviour, ever to have both yourself and lovely family in His most holy keeping.

"In the sentiment, which you state as the main object of —, viz., the preservation of unity, and the prevention of schism and disunion, at present and in future, in the American Church, I most cordially agree. To promote this object, the most important to her welfare, I humbly trust, ever has been, is now, and ever will be, the undeviating endeavor of my life. And in reference to the seminary which God has, I humbly conceive, put it in the hearts of his faithful people to found for the education of young men for the ministry in Ohio, I am happy to assure you, this great object has been most effectually provided for.

“In an instrument, now in the hands of a person of great confidence in this kingdom, drawn up, in November last, as the groundwork of all proceedings and donations, it is made a proviso, that the said seminary be forever under the government of the Bishop, clergy, and convention of the diocese of Ohio, and that they and all its officers be in communion with the ‘Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America, as it respects both doctrine and discipline, as set forth by her liturgy, articles and canons.’

“To secure this great object, an article will be inserted in the act incorporating the seminary, to be obtained of the civil government of Ohio, specifically to that end; and to secure the insertion of such article, its insertion is made an indispensable condition on which my estate will become the property of the said seminary; and finally, to secure the whole—both the insertion of the said article in the said act, and the legal completion of the gift of my estate to the said seminary—it is expressed in the aforesaid instrument, that no moneys collected in England will be sent to America, until the Hon. Henry Clay, of Kentucky, speaker of the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States, or, in case of his failure by death or otherwise, his excellency the Governor for the time being of the state of Ohio, shall have signified to the Rt. Hon. Lord Gambier,\* or to Mr. Hoare, the treasurer of the fund, that these provisions have been fulfilled in good faith.

“Moreover, to secure the *perpetual* fulfilment of the spirit of the proviso, the House of Bishops are to be acknowledged as a committee of the existing incorporated body of the General Theological Seminary, and to have power, on evidence that the conditions are not fulfilled, to act, by a majority of voices, in applying to the judicial authority for writs of injunction, till all evils, against which provision is made in the act, shall have been to their satisfaction removed.

“And now, much respected and very dear Mr. Marriott, I cannot but reiterate expressions (I wish they were more adequate) of the pleasure it gives me to make this statement of what has been—even from the beginning—doing, and now

\* At this time Lord Kenyon and Dr. Gaskin were not added to the trust.

already done, on this important subject; especially as the plan hitherto pursued comes up in all its features to that unto which, as you assure me, — gave his assent. Would that, before publishing his 'Notices,' and suffering the article in the *British Critic* to appear, he had condescended to see me in London, and in peace to become acquainted with the correctness of my views. As it is, I trust he will be perfectly satisfied, and join his good wishes to those of all who have examined the case with impartiality, for the prosperity of our infant and well-guarded seminary of Ohio. Should he desire it, what is past, (though, while passing, so agonizing to my feelings,) shall be forgiven — yea, all *is* forgiven. Most sincerely do I pray the good God to bless him and prosper his very useful ministry; and if, in the whole course of my life, I have offended him, I entreat you in my name to beg his forgiveness.

"All other things mentioned in your good letter being considered inadmissible, or merged in the settlement of the great matter as above, I need not apologize for passing them over in silence.

"With sincere prayers for the good of Jerusalem, Zion, the holy Church of Christ, and for the temporal and eternal happiness of yourself and dear family in particular, I am, very dear sir, your faithful and humble friend and servant,

PHILANDER CHASE.

"P. S. Should you wish to extend your kind inquiries concerning the relative situation of our American Churches, you perhaps will be gratified by perusing an article in the *British Review*, treating professedly on that subject.

"P. C."

The above letter to Mr. Marriott was forwarded the same day it was written. On the next day, viz., the 13th of February, 1824, the writer addressed a letter to his friend in Manchester, giving him a full account of the proposition made through G. W. Marriott, that *one third* of the subscriptions for Ohio should be surrendered to the General Seminary in New York, before he might expect a seminary in Ohio. To this

letter his friend wrote an answer, under date of the 17th of Feb., from which the following are extracts:—

“*Manchester, Feb. 17, 1824.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND:—

“Your favor of the 13th was received on Sunday. A letter for you from Mr. Hayden, prepared me to expect that some singular propositions would be made to you, but they are of a more extraordinary character than I expected. I think you did not find much difficulty in answering them. I fancy I see in your reply a conciliatory spirit, strong evidence of a disposition to be on friendly terms with —, and an earnest desire to preserve the harmony and unity of the Church, and a fixed determination to pursue such measures as would tend to the extension and utility of it. Such motives have guided you hitherto, and no change can be expected till you are convinced of some errors. If your friends can convince you that you have acted wrong and can furnish you with an improved plan, you are open to conviction, and will no doubt receive their communications, and give them to the committee who have undertaken to manage your cause in London.

“The offer of — to use his influence to get you a *branch school* may have been made with a friendly feeling, but I fear his influence would be unavailing while the wants of his own diocese are so great as he represents them. I think his proposal to divide the subscription cannot be acceded to; for those made here were made for the support of a theological school in Ohio, and I have no right to give them to the New York seminary. If Mr. Marriott and other friends should wish your school to be a branch, I trust you will not object to it, provided the Bishop of Ohio for the time being should have the entire management of it, subject to the control of the Bishops of the United States only; but in that case, all the funds raised here for Ohio must go to the support of that school. If any gentleman should be willing to aid both institutions, a division of such subscriptions might be made as the donors might direct. \* \* \*

“Lord Kenyon's subscription has had a good influence here. \* \* \* I understand Mr. J—— is using his influ-

ence against me. He says he has received a letter from London which disapproves —, but he says it is anonymous.

“I have only to add my best wishes to you and the cause, and remain sincerely yours,  
T. W.”

The following are extracts from the writer's memoranda while in York, Hull and Beverly:—

“*York*.—The venerable Wm. Grey, Esq. has approved of the Ohio cause, and said he would do all in his power to promote it, and to that end would fix my residence at his son's house, where I am now, and invite the clergy and friends to come and see me. Last evening the drawing-room was full. Yesterday at dinner, and to-day at breakfast, much company.

“Before dinner yesterday, the Rev. Mr. Dallin, canon of York minster, accompanied me to see the Rev. Mr. Richardson, of the same cathedral.

“To-day (Feb. 17) received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Pratt, of London, who has had a long interview with —. Wonderful events may be expected.”

[The reader should here be informed that the letter addressed to G. W. Marriott, Esq., dated at Leeds, Feb. 12th, had been sent open to Mr. Pratt, for his inspection, with directions to seal and deliver it. It was of signal use to him in treating with the opposition. Of this, more hereafter.]

“Went to see the minster, alias the great York cathedral. It is inferior but to one other in the world. Visited the tower (Clifford) and York prison, both worth seeing. At half past four, Messrs. Richardson and Dallin joined us. Dined at Mr. Thorpe's—a large company of gentlemen and ladies;—the Greys, the Grahams, and the Russells, &c. &c. Mr. Dallin has subscribed fifty pounds! God be thanked for such encouragement.

“Took the coach for Hull; stopped at Mr. Terry's, two miles short of the town, at half past two o'clock.

“*Hull*.—Nothing can exceed the kindness shown me here.

Rev. Messrs. Scott, Dykes and King, and the vicar, Mr. Brumsby, all most active in my behalf.

“Saturday, dined with Mr. Terry. Sunday, three times at Church; Mr. Dykes is heart-searching in his sermon. Monday morning, breakfasted at Mr. Lee's; large company; continued conversation on most interesting subjects till one P. M. Tuesday, dined with the Rev. Mr. Dykes. Wednesday, with Mr. Dickenson; many present. Thursday, at Mr. Bodley's; two British officers, many clergymen and ladies, were of the party.

“*Kingston on Hull* (I think this is the right name) is pre-eminent in Christian civilities, and, as I learnt, will prove herself munificent to my cause.

“In returning to York I called at Beverly, where there is a splendid minster. There is a family of Washingtons in this neighborhood, who claim to be related to his excellency Geo. Washington, father of the American republic. Mr. Richards, master of the grammar-school in this place, is a learned and good man. St. Mary's church, of Beverly, has few superiors.

“I saw Mr. Mark Robinson in Hull, having preceded me to Beverly; he was particularly civil and kind. At eight I arrived at York. Young Wm. Gray (brother to Margaret, whom, for her excellent qualities, I should have mentioned before) was waiting at the coach-office to welcome me back, and to give me notice where many were assembled to hear of my ‘good luck’ in Hull. The evening was passed most agreeably.

“Mr. Dallin and Mr. Gray had done wonders. Mr. Thorpe gave some valuable books to the library, as did the Rev. Mr. Richardson, who said he took a deep interest in the Ohio cause. Mr. Graham also was exceedingly active and obliging. Mr. Dallin was with me at Mr. T. Gray's when I took leave of the dear ones at York and set off for Leeds, where, after a swift ride, I was welcomed by good Mr. and Mrs. Reade.”

In the above imperfect record of the main events in the writer's short but very pleasing tour to York and Hull, there is mention made of having received a letter from Mr. Pratt, of

London. This contained *another proposition*, under date of the 21st of February, stating that "ten thousand dollars should be secured to Ohio, before the proposed *third*, for the General Seminary, should operate;" and in that case, the "independence of the Ohio seminary should be secured." The foregoing is a faithful extract from the letter alluded to. From the latter clause of it there was a plain inference that Ohio was not *now* independent; that its seminary stood in need of something to secure it; and that a person was now in England who could afford it that benefit. Who this was that had assumed this, there was no question.

As to the boon being held out of "securing ten thousand dollars to Ohio, before the proposed *third* for the General Seminary should operate," it looked like tempting the citizens to surrender their citadel, with gold cribbed from their own city. The matter of junction was of no consequence in the scale; it might or might not be proper to join in the appeal to British bounty. But to offer for so doing that which did not belong to the contracting party,—not only the contributions which had been collected for Ohio, but even the power and the right to say when the independence of the Ohio seminary was secure and when not,—was too much.

The right of a Bishop to collect funds, at home or abroad, for the purpose of endowing a religious seminary in communion with his own Church, and not contravening her general laws, was a right so sacred as to admit of no personal debate. To meet the person who should question this right to his face, he clearly foresaw would be more than he could patiently bear; and having reason to believe that such propositions would be made, he sought safety in distance, and long lingered at the north. But the above extract shows that the same was presented through another, and the pain which it gave was inexpressible. He communicated his sentiments on this delicate question to one or two friends at York, who engaged to write to Mr. Pratt to be on his guard. Above all, he relied on the sound mind of his first and fast friend, Lord Gambier, and wrote him the following letter:—



*“Kingston on Hull, Feb. 26, 1824.*

“MY LORD:—

“I have taken the liberty of requesting the Rev. Mr. Pratt to lay before your Lordship the subject matter of certain propositions, made at the desire of —, touching a division of the fund now raising in England for the benefit of the seminary in Ohio for the education of young men for the Christian ministry. In this letter I beg leave to apologize for the trouble which this reference may impose, and to entreat that your Lordship will attribute the liberty I have taken to nothing but a reliance on your accustomed goodness, and the great desire I have to be guided by what I sincerely believe to be the best counsel I can have.

“Through a friend, various papers and letters are sent, with a view that they may meet your Lordship's eye. The last, from Mr. Wiggins, of Manchester, expresses my wishes. That which is anonymous, or signed only with initials, was furnished me by Wm. Gray, Esq., of York, a person who, it is believed, enjoys the confidence of his grace, the Archbishop of York.

“The kind reception and encouragement with which the cause of Ohio is favored in all places through which I pass, demand my particular and most fervent gratitude to Him who alone can bless my feeble endeavors.

“If the Lord will, I shall be at Leeds next Sunday, and, after having remained there about a week, and passed a few days at Halifax and Huddersfield, I shall go to Manchester. At any of those places, a letter from your Lordship will be gratefully received by your Lordship's most faithful and humble servant,

P. CHASE.”

ANSWER.

*“Iver Grove, March 4, 1824.*

“DEAR SIR:

“On the receipt of your letter from Hull, I wrote to Mr. Pratt, requesting of him to furnish me such papers as he may have received from you, in addition to those which he had brought under my view when I last saw him, about a fortnight back, relative to the proposition of — for apportioning to the General Theological Seminary a part of the money we

are collecting for the Ohio seminary; and stated my doubts whether, as the collection is made for *this* specific purpose, we had the power of diverting any part of it to any other. I have this morning the pleasure of receiving a letter from Mr. Pratt, in which he informs me, by enclosing a minute of agreement between yourself and —, by which that point is satisfactorily settled; also the relation between the theological seminary of Ohio and that of the General Theological Seminary of the United States, by the former becoming a branch of the latter; and that all other differences are happily reconciled.

“I am very happy to find by your favor that you have met with so kind a reception in the several places you have visited in the north of England. I trust you will be equally well received on your return to the south. If you should be disposed to take Oxford in your way, I will procure some introduction for you in that place.

“I remain, dear sir, with sincere regard, your faithful, humble servant,  
GAMBIER.”

A letter from the Rev. Josiah Pratt, containing another minute of agreement, more favorable than the former ones:—

“*London, Feb. 28, 1824.*”

“RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

“I have this day had much conference with —. On the other leaf is a minute of agreement, in which you will find all division of the fund relinquished, and such points proposed as I conceived, from the letters sent to me from Hull, you will readily agree to. I congratulate you, my dear sir, and thank God that we have been able to bring matters to so favorable a conclusion.

“I shall hope for the intimation of your concurrence by return of post, as — will soon leave for the continent.

“I am ever, Rt. Rev. sir, your affectionate and faithful servant,  
JOSIAH PRATT.

“MINUTE OF AGREEMENT.

“It is proposed that the intended theological seminary, for the diocese of Ohio, shall be a branch of the General Theolog-

ical Seminary of the Episcopal Church of the United States, while its government, according to regulations to be drawn up by the convention of Ohio, conformably to the constitution and canons of the said Church, shall be vested in the convention of Ohio; and it is further proposed, that the House of Bishops, as a committee of the General Theological Seminary, shall have a visitatorial power over the said seminary, and authorized to ascertain, at such times and in such manner as they may deem expedient, that it is conducted according to the said regulations.

“As the adoption of the above plan must depend on the concurrent consent of the general convention of the American Episcopal Church, of the trustees of the General Theological Seminary, and of the convention of the diocese of Ohio, the wish is hereby respectfully expressed, that the said plan may be adopted by those bodies, as tending to promote the harmony and efficiency of the American Episcopal Church; and it is further hoped that it will, on this account, meet the approbation of all its friends, and that, while they extend their patronage to the proposed establishment in Ohio, they will not be unmindful, at some future period, of the urgent claims of the General Theological Seminary.

“The friends of the American Episcopal Church, who have opened the subscription for the establishment of a theological seminary in the diocese of Ohio, have authority from —, of New York, and Bishop Chase, of Ohio, to state that they both concur in the plan above detailed.”

“LEEDS, MARCH 4, 1824.

“Last night I attended St. Paul's church, Leeds. The Rev. Mr. Jackson preached; subject, the temptation of Christ; an excellent sermon.

“Received a letter from my excellent acquaintance, G. W. Marriott: very friendly, but rather mortified that my letter of the 12th February did not reach him in due time: others were allowed to ‘set in order the things which were wanting.’”

## CHAPTER XXVII.

HALIFAX — BRADFORD — HUDDERSFIELD — PROPOSED "TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN THREE."

So short was the time allotted for the writer's visit to Halifax, Bradford and Huddersfield, that he had no opportunity to make memoranda necessary to give an adequate idea of the kindness shown him in those interesting places. The whole country is hilly, and romantic, and thickly populated. Wealth, comfort, and cheerfulness, were everywhere to be seen.

At Halifax the Rev. S. Knight was then the worthy vicar, who, with his lovely daughters and excellent son in orders, received the writer, on the 6th of March, 1824, with hospitality and kindness.

On Sunday, the 7th, attended a crowded church, morning and evening. There are many others in this place. On the 8th, visited friends, and in the evening saw much company at the vicarage. Good Mr. Mitchell was then among them.

On Tuesday, the 9th, went in company with the vicar, the Rev. Mr. Knight, in a post-chaise, to Bradford. Here, by the introduction of the vicar of Halifax, the writer was at home. The house of good Mr. Rand was head-quarters. All the members of his family seemed the best of the earth. At dinner many clergymen; the Rev. Mr. Roberson, of excellent taste in church architecture, was among them; much conversation about Ohio; all very friendly. At five o'clock took leave and returned to Halifax.

Took tea in H. at Mr. Shaw's, the surgeon; most agreeable; party large. The Rev. Messrs. Shaw and Remington, of Manchester, were present. The Rev. Mr. Wilkin, the vicar, and his family, were also there. On Wednesday the Rev. Mr. Knight, the vicar's son, went a part of the way to Huddersfield; much affected at his kindness. At Huddersfield, Mr. Haigh's friend was waiting for me at the coach-office. Was soon joined by the writer's best friend, Mr. W., of Manchester. Soon (half mile) at Springwood, the lovely residence of good Mr. Haigh; here all was glee, and joy, and comfort.

Several clergymen and others were present at dinner. The body was refreshed, and the mind delighted with the cheerful converse. The papers from the panel coach, containing the periodicals and other new publications, were thrown on the table. Breaking them open, from Hatchard's, Piccadilly, London, out dropped an *anonymous* pamphlet, whose whole tendency was to disparage and abuse the Bishop of Ohio and his seminary! This was a stroke from the *opposition* altogether unexpected, and, being quite off his guard, the effect, through the mind, on the bodily frame, had well-nigh proved fatal.

The scene of leaving a table, and exchanging social conversation and other endearments of friends for the pains and gloom of a sick chamber, is not very easy nor pleasant to describe. Good Mr. W., of Manchester, was constantly by the bedside, and did everything and said everything that could alleviate the present distress. He had brought some letters with him from Manchester, forwarded thither for some time past. Some of these were of a cheering character; others, from America, concerning the declining health and almost certain death of the writer's son, in South Carolina. These latter were of singular relief, for they caused him to shed tears—the very *desideratum* for his present relief. On the 12th the writer accompanied his good friend, Mr. Wiggin, in a post-chaise, to his hospitable dwelling at Platt Hall, Manchester, where all was joy and glee.

The following is a copy of the letter which the same friend wrote, while attending on him in his sick chamber, at Mr. Haigh's, near Huddersfield:—

“*Huddersfield, March 12, 1824.*”

“REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

“I am sorry to inform you that our friend, Bishop Chase, is too unwell to-day to write to you, but I hope he will not be confined here more than a day or two. I received, at Manchester, your favor, accompanying the Appeals and minute of agreement, which Bishop Chase signed in my presence, leaving it to you to add what was written in pencil, and I return them herewith.

“The Bishop has just received a letter respecting his son, who went to Charleston for the benefit of his health, which gives a very unfavorable account of it, and nearly deprives him of all hopes of his recovery. As it respects his son’s Christian state of mind, Bishop Chase desires me to quote the following passage from the Rev. Edward Rutledge’s letter:— ‘If it please God to call him away, he will, I trust, go in the full trust and confidence in the blood of Jesus Christ, which he now feels, and in hopes of a blessed immortality. His mind is as strong as his body is weak, and he speaks with as much calmness of what he esteems his approaching destiny, as men ordinarily do of lying down to peaceful sleep.’

“I am happy to inform you that I have procured further subscriptions since my last report, but do not expect the amount collected in Manchester will exceed four hundred pounds. In relation to the minute of agreement between the two Bishops, it is our joint opinion that something should be done to remove obstacles to success, placed in our way by —, as a natural result from ‘the agreement.’ The friends of the Episcopal Church in America, who have opened subscriptions in this country for the support of a theological seminary in Ohio, have been met by anonymous publications, and by an article in the *British Critic* of November last, of a character highly unfriendly to that institution, and which have prevented donations to a large amount. It is therefore but justice to expect that — will use his influence with the editors of the *British Critic* and *Christian Remembrancer* (and it is respectfully requested that you will prevail on the editors of the *Christian Guardian*, *Christian Observer*, and *British Review*) to publish the minute of agreement.

“I am happy to inform you that appearances in this quarter are highly favorable to the cause. Bishop Chase desires to be most kindly remembered to you and your dear family, and I remain, dear sir, most faithfully yours,

“TIMOTHY WIGGIN.”

“About this time the writer received the following letter from his good friend, Rev. Mr. Dallin:—

*York, March 13, 1824.*

“RT. REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR:—

“I am greatly obliged by your kind reply to my letter of the 2d inst., communicating to me such information, in your possession, as bears upon the Rev. Mr. Wheaton's application for assistance. It leaves the matter, however, as your letter intimates, still in doubt as to some points, which must remain so, probably, for the present, till the circumstances of the case are more generally known. Every judicious endeavor for the increasing efficiency of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America has my hearty good wishes for its success, and, according as God's good providence may afford me the means, shall have my assistance; I mean, assistance in respect to some future period.

“The subscription here for the diocese of Ohio is going on well; it amounts to nearly two hundred and five pounds—only a few shillings short of that sum. This is probably the amount of what will be raised, though it is not impossible that a few pounds more may be added to it.

“I have great pleasure in being informed of the success of your proceedings in the different places which you visit. Respecting the assistance I have had it in my power to render to your truly Christian and pious undertaking, and of which you are pleased to express yourself with so much feeling, I assure you that few incidents in my life have given me so much real satisfaction of mind as this has done. I think myself honored by it, and devoutly pray for your success. Your visit to us, and the interesting communications you have made, have tended to cheer and exhilarate my mind in various ways.

“I cannot but entertain for you the highest respect, reverence and regard; and in relation to the intimation, communicated at the close of your letter, that constant correspondence will be gratifying to you, I assure you that I shall think myself much honored, and shall be highly gratified by the measure while you remain in this country; and if, after your return home, your numerous engagements should leave you at liberty to communicate any interesting occurrences among you, which it may appear to you unadvisable to insert in any of your periodical publications, I shall think myself under great

obligations to you, and will always reply to your communications, endeavoring to return your kindness by the relation of such matters, worthy of your notice, as may occur among ourselves.

"I remain, with sincere respect and esteem, yours faithfully,  
"JAMES DALLIN."

The writer to Mr. Wiggins, his Manchester friend:—

"Derby, March 20, 1824.

"VERY DEAR FRIEND:—

"I have but one moment just before breakfast to tell you that I am rather better in my health than when I left Manchester; that I came on the same night as far as Ashborne; the next day Mr. Carr took me out in his gig to Parwich, where I spent the day. Yesterday we returned to Ashborne again. The coach having passed a few minutes, a gig was hired, and got me on to this place. Thus much as to prelude.

"What think you? The man, of all men in England, whom I wished just *now* to see, I had the pleasure of seeing last night. After being fatigued in court, and dining out, he came to Mr. Cox's, and spent from half past nine till near midnight with me. This was G. W. Marriott, Esq. He told me much about London friends; how the interview with ——— was brought about; and how pleased he felt at the happy termination of the unpleasant *opposition* to the Ohio seminary, which opposition he disapproved of from the beginning. He told me that Lord Kenyon and Dr. Gaskin were my devoted friends, even from the glimpse of information which had reached them; and concluded by saying, that he should be in town in about a fortnight, and then and ever do all in his power to assist the good cause.

"I have promised to go and see his brother in Lutterworth, but whether to-day or the beginning of the coming week, I am not able to say. Perhaps it will not be necessary to close this letter till the time of my departure from this and the time of my remaining at Leicester are fixed.

"*Eleven o'clock.*—*In continuation.*—To-day I shall go hence to Nottingham, where I may stay till Tuesday next;



thence I go to Leicester, and thence to Lutterworth, where, on Friday next, I am to meet the two Messrs. Marriotts.

"In haste, though always praying that God may bless you and your dear family, I am your faithful friend and servant,  
"PHILANDER CHASE."

"The following are the writer's notes taken at Nottingham:—

"Set off from Derby. Rode in Mr. Cox's gig to Ackbrook. Dined with good Mr. and Mrs. Hay. Thence came in a coach to Nottingham. Rev. Mr. Stuart, and his curate, and Mr. Sykes, all kind and most hospitable. Sunday at Church. Archdeacon Brown, of Ely, came to see me on Monday; had read my appeal; was deeply interested.

"At three on Monday the Rev. Mr. Stuart took me to see the *castle*, a place famous in history. It was here King Charles I. raised his standard to put down the usurper, Oliver Cromwell. A noble structure it is, on lofty ground, overlooking all the city of Nottingham and much of the country. It was in a great measure destroyed, after the king's defeat, by Oliver, but was repaired in later days, and ornamented with King Charles on horseback. The whole now belongs to the Duke of Newcastle. The canal, the river, and the gardens, seen from the south of this noble structure, are most delightful to the eyes.

"From viewing this magnificent scene, descended to the town. Called on Dr. Storer, now above eighty years of age, his heart still warm with benevolence for his fellow-man.

"On the 23d of March, in the evening, was a meeting to promote the cause of Ohio. Have dined this day with Archdeacon Brown. Few people in England seem better calculated to do good. To-day, 24th, took coach for Leicester."

On the 25th, the writer addressed the following letter to his wife:—

"Leicester, March 25, 1824.

"MY DEAR WIFE:—

"Yesterday morning, at seven o'clock, I set off from Nottingham for this place. Calling on the Rev. Mr. Mitchell,

found three letters addressed to me. Soon after, the writer of one of the letters appeared himself, having come all the way from London to see me. He is one whom you know I highly esteem, but who now, driven by necessity or the manœuvring policy of a third person, advocates *a new and most extraordinary project*; this is no less than a *junction of NEW YORK, CONNECTICUT, and OHIO, in one common and glorious effort of begging* money from the English, who, from their present generosity to Ohio, are supposed to have plenty both for *rich* and poor.

“The name of the plan is, ‘A Treaty of Peace between Three.’ (Query: What one of the three has ever disturbed the peace or made war?) It is to be a ‘United Appeal’ of three, instead of *one*; the Appeal of one is to be called in! The division of the avails of this project of settlement of all difficulties, is to have no *retrospective* effect. (What forbearance!) Each shall take an equal share only from and after the precise time of signing and sealing of this treaty. Of course, should there be \$10,000 or \$12,000 *now* given, or ascertained to have been given at the moment of the date of this instrument, it will be freely *allowed* to belong to Ohio. (Most wonderful!) My answer to all this is a modest *negative*; and I here record my reasons.

“To my mind the whole plan is disgraceful, because it seems on its face to make a *trade* of a cause in itself beneficent. I have come from Ohio, bearing for the consideration of the benevolent in England a cause of *necessity*; a cause showing the deprivations of people in a new country, filling up with emigrants in great numbers, from British dominions as well as from other countries. If the measure proposed were to go into effect, the *necessity* of the case would be merged. It is now simple; it would then be a confused cause. Mine is certainly a very different cause from theirs; and as surely as they are put together, their incongruity will prove mutually destructive. To all who know our relative conditions and real merits, the junction of our causes and the union of our claims will more nearly resemble the image in Nebuchadnezzar’s dream than a measure of peace. Who will

show the 'gold,' who the 'brass,' and who the 'clay,' remains to be seen.

"It is urged that the measure of a junction will seem to take from the American Church that disgrace which a bare division of counsels had heaped upon her. The reply is, that such is the known frailty of human nature, that differences of sentiment, especially in cases of importance, must be expected. Disgrace arises in suffering that difference of sentiment to beget in us evil passions, urging us to dishonorable and unchristian actions. If any such actions could be attributed to me, I shall beg for the grace of repentance, and make amends. But if found innocent in this particular, I do not see the propriety of my coming into a measure which, in its very nature of a '*settlement*,' implies that there is *something to settle*. There is nothing of this sort on my conscience. How it is with others, let those judge who are most concerned.

"With a design of taking away every shadow of doubt that the Ohio seminary is in strict accordance with the government of the whole American Church, I have, at the request of others, signed a '*minute of agreement*,' to have the institution in Ohio called a *branch* of the General Seminary, governed by all the Bishops: and I see no need of setting on foot anything *new*, touching this matter. If '*mine opponent*,' who I hear has not yet left for Italy, and with whose consent *this* proposition has been drawn up, sees fit to draw back from that '*minute of agreement*,' and by this new scheme of mixing things together is trying to make others appear as much in fault as himself, he certainly is at liberty to do so, though for his own honor the thing is to be regretted.

"A door *was* opened for a peaceful retreat from this scene of contention, in which he had hitherto been the *sole* belligerent; if he chooses still to linger on the field, and amuse himself in witnessing the tears of our mother Church in America, there is no way to prevent it, except by praying to God to change his heart and dispose him to better counsels.

"Something is urged by the friends of this junction of the three claims in one, that the *gains* will be greater, even to me, than in a '*separate appeal*,' as at present conducted. To this I honestly answer, '*I can't help it*.' Moreover, it is a consid-

eration which does not enter my mind. I did not come all the way from the woods of Ohio to graduate my moral proceedings by a system of *tantums* or *quantums*. The Disposer of events may give me more or less, and I pray for contentment therewith.

“As from the first I have been determined to get nothing by contention, though it were in a righteous cause, even so now I am determined never to mingle the limpid stream of candor and simplicity with the muddy waters of a manœuvring policy. That I shall be justified in rejecting this proposition, for the reasons assigned, by all serious and judicious persons, I have little doubt.

“I remain your ever faithful and affectionate husband,

“P. CHASE.”

The following letters, received at this time, will sufficiently explain themselves:—

“*Leicester, March 22, 1824.*

“RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

“A letter from a very primitive and apostolical Scotch Bishop having been intrusted to me, in which allusion is made to America, I had it copied for your gratification. It is written to a Mr. Fyvie, a very promising Scotch clergyman, who has lately published a visitation sermon, a copy of which I hope to procure for you before your return. The remark on the original Hebrew of *humble* and *happy* is, as far as I know, itself original. I say Hebrew, for the Greek words are very different. I think my brother has seen Mr. Fyvie's sermon.

“You left Derby without claiming the book you intrusted to me, and said you would claim at my lodgings, where I left it for you under a sealed cover when I went into court on Saturday. I trust that you went on that day to my good brother's, as I heard nothing to the contrary, and there I live in hope of delivering your book to your own hand on Friday next. Do not forget the saint of Lutterworth. You supplied me with no Appeals at Derby. I shall be glad to receive a few copies at Leicester or at Cotesbatch.

“I do not know whether I mentioned that Lord Kenyon

has placed in my hands his subscription of twenty pounds to your fund. This sum, with five pounds from my very limited purse, I shall be happy to transfer to you at any time. I hope my brother will not object to dining at six on Friday next, and that his clock will not be earlier than the Leicester clocks. On those conditions I trust that Mr. Phillipps and myself may dine and sleep at Cotesbatch. But he will not wait more than a few minutes for us, if at that hour we do not appear. The uncertainties of our business preclude absolute promises.

“With my love to all at Cotesbatch, I am, Rt. Rev. and dear sir, very devotedly yours,  
G. W. MARRIOTT.”

Letter to Mr. Fyvie, accompanying the foregoing:—

“*Fraserburgh, Nov. 8, 1823.*”

“MY DEAR REV. BROTHER:—

“Accept my affectionate thanks for the obliging present of your sermon. I have perused it with much and great satisfaction, both as it is yours, whose progress in clerical accomplishment affords me, you will believe, peculiar pleasure, and as it is, in my firm estimation, an excellent sermon in itself, very well adapted to the solemn occasion—in language clear and sentiment energetic, tending to touch the heart. Pray God ever impress all our hearts with such operative sentiments, and keep us practically mindful of that awful day, when our Lord shall call us to give an account of our stewardship! Go on, my dear brother, and advance with accelerated pace, clothed with humility,—the vocable for which in the original is remarkable, importing the proper livery of our Lord’s servants, who will exalt the humble, while he oppresses the proud. *Humble* and *happy* are correlates. I know that you will not misunderstand me; and therefore, were we sitting together, I would whisper in your ear that I never say *my* congregation, *my* flock, &c., although it be commonly used, and means no arrogance; but I do think the idea of stewardship and trust is better transfused by the moving language of the ordinal, which you frequently read, as every wise clergyman will,—‘*the* congregation of Christ, *the* flock of Christ,’ &c.

"In good Mr. Walker's, I lodged, when in Edinburgh in September last, with Bishop Torry, and your worthy diocesan. He mentioning his desire to have translated into the *Gaelic* the Companion to the Altar, so called, I took leave to say, that it was a thing of minor importance, being good only where there was not better, as there are many; and for my part, I would give Bishop Wilson's the preference by many degrees; but that surely it was most desirable to have our own communion office, as it is universally used through his wide charge, translated into that language. It is indeed already so rendered, and if the language be not so accurate as may be wished, it may be improved in a new edition. I earnestly pray you, without mentioning me, however, to impart this to your brethren, who are bound by our canon to keep it up where it is used. And it is humiliating to think that in the south it has been so tamely abandoned. It is a continual comfort to me to think that it is the form of consecration through all the United States of America; which we owe to the wonderful prudence and application of our memorably great and good Bishop Seabury.

"I beg that you will remember in your prayers, my dear Rev. sir, your affectionate brother and servant,

"ALEXANDER JOLLY."

The following letter to the writer is from his esteemed Manchester friend:—

"*Manchester, March 27, 1824.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—

"I am just favored with your letter from Leicester, and must confess I am surprised at the new offer of support, in case you will consent to make a division of the subscriptions. I am not aware that a joint appeal would have a favorable influence with the friends of the Church in America, and the union contemplated surely cannot be necessary to preserve its peace and harmony in either country.

"I have made some inquiries of Americans respecting the state of the Church in New York and Connecticut since you left me, and they are all of opinion that their wants do not justify an application to the Church here for pecuniary assist-

ance. I do not hesitate to declare that to be my opinion, and, consequently, I think a joint appeal would tend to diminish the contributions. You will decide as you may think right, but it is not my intention to give up anything I have collected, except for Ohio; and if a joint appeal should be made, I shall, from conscientious motives, decline taking an active part in procuring contributions for the future. The wants of Ohio must be relieved, or the Church will in all probability be extinct there. But this cannot be said of New York or Connecticut; the two latter are able to take care of themselves.

“I am glad to hear the prospects are good at Nottingham and Leicester. The subscriptions commenced well at Huddersfield. My three friends there began with ten pounds each, and Mr. Haigh informed me that the prospect was favorable.

“I wrote you a few days since, (directed to you, post-office, Leicester,) and informed you of what the vicar of Halifax wrote, and of an invitation from the vicar of Preston for you to visit him. This may be accepted hereafter. The subscription in Halifax amounted to between seventy and eighty pounds. Mr. Lodge wrote me that he was doing all he could in Liverpool, and that Mr. Dawson had collected about fifty pounds. Your cause is now embarked on the tide of prosperity, and success will attend you if you continue your course; but if you stop to take in two partners, I fear the event. I hope Mr. Pratt does not think this offer of — should be accepted, as an endeavor to remove the obstacles he placed in our way by his numerous publications, or that he is not bound to publish the substance of the agreement in the *British Critic* and *Christian Remembrancer*. It is my desire that the agreement entered into should be carried into effect, in good faith, by both parties; but if — should be opposed to it, you can go on and prosper as you have hitherto done.

“I shall send you Mr. Knight's and Mr. Roberson's letters in a parcel when I have occasion to send one to London. Some few collections are making here, but we have nearly done. We are all as usual at Platt Hall, and I remain most faithfully yours,

T. WIGGIN.”

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

JOURNAL CONTINUED—THE WRITER RETURNS TO LONDON—IS INTRODUCED TO LORD KENYON—FORMS MANY NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

THE writer's record of pleasing events while he remained a guest of the Rev. Robert Marriott, of Cotesbatch, near Lutterworth, is too full for entire insertion in this limited work. From it only a few incidents will be selected.

"MARCH 30.

"Present this day at dinner at Mr. Marriott's, himself and wife, Miss C. Hetherington, Messrs. Wm. Harper and Dicey, and the Rev. Messrs. Evans and Dr. Pearson,—all most agreeable, and deeply interested in the cause of Ohio."

In a letter to his wife the writer observes:—"The principle of receiving no contributions in hand, but referring all to the bankers, admits of many advantages. Conversation is always free, friendly and respectful. Donations and their amount are seldom mentioned. The growth of personal piety, and the spread of the Christian religion throughout the world; the wonderful things that God is doing to unite the hearts of men in piety and charity; particularly the favorable light in which the primitive regimen of the Church begins to be viewed, as governed by the authority once committed by Christ unto the apostles, and handed down by their successors to the end of the world, are, with a thousand things relating to the Episcopal Church in America, the frequent and abiding themes of conversation.

"I go to-morrow afternoon, the 1st of April, to Rugby; the next day to London."

In resuming his narrative, from the time passed under the hospitable roof of the Rev. Robert Marriott, of Cotesbatch, the writer finds little to engage the attention of the reader, except the extended civilities of that dear gentleman in taking him in his coach to Rugby, and introducing him to the excellent society there. At the house of Mrs. H. C. Marriott were



assembled at dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, and Robert M. Caldicott, of Brazen Nose College, Oxford. The full flow of English talk, both at dinner, at tea, and through the whole evening, is still fresh in memory.

In the morning of the 2d of April, the Rev. R. Marriott most obligingly conveyed the writer to Dunchurch, and stayed with him at the inn till he saw him in the mail coach for London, in which he was safely conveyed to Cripplegate, and thence in a hack to his humble lodgings, No. 10 Featherstone buildings, Holborn. Being honored almost simultaneously by a visit from his excellent friends, Mr. G. W. Marriott and the Rev. Josiah Pratt, they became acquainted with evident marks of mutual pleasure. This event formed an epoch in the writer's history of no small importance. From them he learned that his opponent had gone to Rome.

On the table of the writer, as he entered his room in Featherstone buildings, was a letter from his friend in Manchester, dated the 29th of March. The contents confirmed his opinion of the inexpediency, inequality, and injustice of the proposition made for a *joint appeal*. His words are these: "If you were to accede to their proposals, your cause would give all the influence that would induce contributions; and I suppose it would be expected that you and your friends would apply for them. What inducements do they hold out? It looks to me like a proposal of copartnership from a person without capital or activity, to one who has both. Perhaps the harmony and unity of the Church may be looked to. But in what way, it may be asked, have your proceedings put either in jeopardy, or what danger can be apprehended from your plan? I say none, if no unjustifiable means should be resorted to, to oppose them.

"I presume the agreement was signed, and that — is not now willing to remove the obstacles to our success as publicly as he placed them in our way. I consider the last proposal as a *ruse de guerre*, to get rid of that just claim which we have upon him. \* \* \* Mr. Johnson, of this place, now says, that Mr. X — informed him that — had withdrawn his opposition, and, further, that *he* always thought well of your cause. I am anxious to know what success you have met

with at Bartlet's Buildings, and how the subscriptions have gone on in London. We are all well at Platt Hall, and remain most sincerely yours,  
T. WIGGIN."

On the 3d of April, according to an agreement made in the country, the writer dined with G. W. Marriott, Esq., 32 Queen's square, London. From a short record on his journal of that event, there appear to have been present Mr. and Mrs. M. and two sons; the Rev. Mr. Crawley, of Stow Nine Churches; and Miss Duff Macfarlane, to whom the writer was introduced with the notice that she was the daughter of a Bishop in Scotland. This lady evidently took an interest in what was said to the writer in allusion to his diocese of Ohio, and although quite silent and retired, seemed solicitous for further information. Lord Kenyon was not present at this time, as had been anticipated in the country, but was expected on the morrow.

On the whole, this visit was encouraging. That things were yet exceedingly gloomy in London, he evidently saw, both from conversation and what was published against him; yet in the bosom of Mr. and Mrs. Marriott there burned a flame evidently of pure friendship, and this might illumine his path so as to make a few more steps towards prosperity. Little did he then think that the retiring lady from Scotland would be a chief instrument in opening the door to such a happy event. Appearances are not the surest indexes to truth.

The journal thus continues:—

"SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 4.

"If I were present with you on this sacred morning, my feelings, I think, would prompt me to talk much of God, and heaven, and of our dear dying Philander going thither. Tears drop fast upon my breast at the mention of his loved name; yet they are not the tears of infidelity, despair, or complaint at God's dealings. They are tears of conscious weakness. Alas! what am I, after all the cobwebs of earthly felicity, which a deceitful and deceived heart has been framing, are blown away by the breath of God! A stranger and a pilgrim. My son by nature, and in the ministry of grace, dying

at one quarter of the globe, and myself a penniless wanderer in another; and to crown all, my wife and my beloved babes deprived of all earthly support, except from the hand of charity. O, blessed Jesus! who hadst not where to lay thine head, and didst suffer more than we are able to think, for us, may thy strength be manifested in our weakness. If I am now a wanderer, thou hast prepared for me a home at last. If I am assailed, thou art an almighty Friend to support and save me. If I am sick, thou art a Physician, and hast the balm of Gilead to pour into my wounded heart. If my children drop into the grave, thou art the Resurrection and the Life. No sooner do we begin to despond, but thou givest us reason to hope, and our tears of submission to thy will thou dryest up on the bosom of thy love."

"SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 4.

"Mr. G. W. Marriott called this morning, and we both attended the church in Queen's square, built by the excellent Robert Nelson, author of 'The Feasts and Fasts of the Church.' We received the sacrament together, and attended both morning and evening service in this holy and peaceful edifice, after which Mr. M. invited me to his house, not far off. Here I had the happiness of being introduced to the Rt. Hon. Lord Kenyon. We were not altogether strangers, for the excellent Mr. Marriott was our mutual friend, and had taken care that each should know something of the other.

"After spending the evening with this son of the late celebrated chief justice of England, I cannot express to you the high opinion I have of him. For soundness of faith as a Christian, for correctness and strength of understanding as a man, and for civility and suavity of manners as a gentleman, I have seldom seen his superior. He spoke decidedly in favor of the principle of '*living, and let live,*' and against all acts of oppression. The conversation at dinner and at tea was almost entirely on religious subjects, suited to the day and its holy duties."

"APRIL 5.

"I have just time to note down a few events. Breakfasted with the Rev. Mr. Pratt — family all glad to see me. At ten,

went to G. W. Marriott's. With him called on the Rev. Mr. Crawley, then at his daughter's; then on the family of Edwards. Came to my lodgings. The Rev. Dr. Gaskin, for many years the secretary of the Christian Knowledge Society, called on me, and we had much conversation on American affairs. On leaving, it was agreed that I dine with him on Thursday next.

"Wrote a letter to Lord Gambier, [inserted below.] Drank tea at Mr. Marriott's. While this was doing, a letter was received and read, in answer to one written by G. W. M. to the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry. His Lordship 'had read the Appeal with much interest, and would be glad to see the Bishop of Ohio at breakfast on Thursday morning.' Another letter, from Lord Kenyon, was read, of a character most encouraging.

"Speaking of the providence of God, which had guided me in the most trying and difficult circumstances, 'I see now,' said Mr. Marriott, 'that all things were for the best, that you should not see —, for reasons now evident. God so ordered it that you should not; for the very day in which you came to London, about six hours before your arrival, without any previous correspondence, *he* left it; thus letting him take his way, and to pursue yours unmolested.'"

Letter from the writer to his fast friend, Lord Gambier:—

*No. 10 Featherstone buildings, }*  
*April 5, 1824. }*

"MY LORD:—

"I take the earliest opportunity after my return to town, to express to your Lordship the deep sense of gratitude which I feel, for the overruling hand of Divine Providence, in the termination of the unhappy opposition to the cause which brought me to England.

"Conscious of my own unworthiness and inability, and thinking it my duty to bear, rather than retaliate, evil, I complied with the advice of your Lordship and my other friends, in following the things which make for peace; and now my heart overflows with gratitude to God, to you and to them,

that all things thus far have turned out for good. No fuel having been added, the flame has spent its fury. The 'Notices,' the reviews in the *British Critic*, and, above all, the late anonymous '*Letter to a Friend about Bishop Chase*,' having had their run throughout the kingdom, have spent their force. My American brother has gone to Rome; may the good God protect and bless him!

"Mr. Pratt is now preparing an advertisement suited to the present state of things. Dr. Gaskin has called to see me, and with him, if it please God, I am to dine next Thursday. Lord Kenyon also has honored me with an interview, and expresses himself in the kindest manner towards the cause of Ohio.

"I have not had time since in London to call on Mr. Evans, of Allestree, with whom your Lordship's letter was the means of making me acquainted in Derbyshire. The success resulting from my visit to the north of England is considerable, but of this your Lordship will be through other channels more correctly informed.

"I should be extremely happy to hear of the health and happiness of yourself and family, for which prayers are sincerely offered by your Lordship's humble friend and faithful servant,  
P. CHASE."

ANSWER.

*"Iver Grove, April 6, 1824.*

"DEAR SIR:—

"I am happy to hear, by your obliging letter of yesterday, that you are returned from your successful visit to the north of England, and also that the tribulation is past that has been occasioned by persons who were not friendly to your good cause; and I join with you in thanks to Him, whose faithful servant you are, that He has made them to be at peace, and I hope, in brotherly kindness, also, with you.

"I rejoice to find that more friends to yourself, and to the objects of your pious efforts, have been given to you. Lord Kenyon will have it much in his power to assist you. Dr. Gaskin, likewise. An introduction from him to the vice-chancellor of Cambridge, if you should visit that university, will be of powerful aid to you; and you will not be without

introduction to Mr. Simeon, both from Mr. Pratt and myself. I have received from Mr. Pratt some more copies of the Appeal. I hope there will very shortly be a list of the subscribers added to it, which will help it forward very much.

“I remain, dear sir, with sincere kind regard, your humble servant and friend,  
GAMBIER.”

According to the above letter, addressed to Lord Gambier, the writer pursued the humble path marked out to him by Divine Providence. He knew that nearly all were prejudiced against him in London, but he knew also that God was able to enlighten their minds, and to turn their hearts. A few already had been led to visit him at his humble lodgings, and inquire for him in his absence. This might lead others to do the same.

Somewhere in the first week in April, he believes it was, that he saw the conjoint appeal to the British public for donations in money to the General Theological Seminary in New York and to the Episcopal college in Connecticut.

“THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1824.

“Breakfasted with Bishop Rider — a man of middle size, neat in dress, and a sweet countenance; wife quite agreeable, and a family of twelve children. He received Mr. Marriott and myself graciously — said that Lord Bexley had read the Appeal, and was desirous of seeing me. Mr. Marriott proposed that Bishop R. would address Lord B., which he immediately did. I took the note home with me, and wrote to accompany it the following: — ‘The Bishop of Ohio having been, by the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, honored with the letter enclosed, presents his most respectful compliments to Lord Bexley, and begs the favor of a note, informing him when it may be convenient to his Lordship to grant him the honor of an interview.’

“From Hereford street we went to Grosvenor’s square, and called on Lord Calthrope, well known to Mr. Marriott, who gave him means of information on the subject of Ohio. We walked then to Hatchard’s, in Piccadilly, where we met Dr. Maddy, one of the clergymen of St. James’, who told me

his wife was an American, born at Albany, and that her father was Col. Jessup, intimate with Cornwallis. At Hatchard's, also, I was introduced by Mr. Marriott to the Rev. Charles Richards Sumner, canon of Windsor and domestic chaplain to the king.

"We then walked to my lodgings, and taking a lunch, set off in a coach, and at a quarter before three arrived at Stoke Newington, the beautiful and peaceful parsonage of the Rev. Dr. Gaskin, whom I have before mentioned, but whom I cannot sufficiently admire and love. Learned, judicious and inflexibly upright, this aged and venerable servant of the Apostolic Church of England seemed at once to prove himself to me a father and a friend. He honored me with the reading of a number of letters and papers respecting — and X—, and from the part he had taken in the correspondence, I had the clearest evidence of the wisdom, and uprightness, and godly sincerity of this worthy gentleman. He said he hoped my visit would be repeated, and desired to receive some of the Ohio Appeals. We took tea as well as dined with him, and at eight o'clock we put ourselves in a coach for Holborn.

"The Doctor took us while we were with him to see his Church, which is venerable and neat, but small for so great a man. He mentioned that there is coming out a book, or statement, proving beyond a doubt that King Charles I. is indeed the author of the *Ikon Basilikee*.

"In passing through Newington, Mr. M. pointed out the residence of the celebrated Dr. Watts. We passed, in the Kingsland road, a place of burying, where was an epitaph known by Mr. Marriott by heart, as follows:—

"TO THE MEMORY OF AGNES BELL.

"READER, to tell of the evil that dwelt in me, would not profit thee; and to speak of my better dispositions, would not become me. But let this stone convey to you one great and important lesson:— Draw nigh unto God and he will draw nigh unto thee.— In His favor is life.— Well grounded hope in Him on earth, is heaven begun; and those only are truly miserable who forsake him."

"If I might express my feelings concerning the events of this day, they would be those of unfeigned gratitude to God, for his unmerited yet evident providence in favor of the cause which brought me to England."

"APRIL 9.

"Breakfasted by invitation with Mr. J. Thornton, Marchmont street, 41 Russell square. The joint application puzzles him. He demands to know *all* the nature and minutiae of this business, or he will do nothing. What can I do? I sent him to Dr. Gaskin, but he is not acquainted with him.

"Received the following letter from the Rt. Hon. Lord Kenyon:—

"*Gredington, April 7, 1824.*

"RT. REV. SIR:—

"My excellent friend, G. W. Marriott, says you would be glad to hear from me. I cannot but feel gratified in your having such a wish, and feel an additional pleasure in having systematically, from the outset, considered your application for Ohio deserving of the support of our Apostolical Church, and in your kind acceptance of my trifling offering of twenty pounds towards its encouragement. Most truly do I wish you the fullest success, as I do also to Mr. W——n, and his praiseworthy object for Connecticut, and to —— for the theological seminary at New York—an object of importance to the Church throughout the United States.

"I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again at our good friend's, on my return to London, and of seeing you likewise in Portman square; and should Wales be visited by you, should be pleased to receive, for the first time, in you, an American Bishop at the abode of my honored father.

"Believe me, my dear sir, with high respect, your obedient, faithful servant,  
KENYON.'

"In addition to the good tidings contained in the above letter, being the first I have ever received from this nobleman, there are many things transpiring in the country very favorable to Ohio. The Rev. Robert Marriott is doing much for the cause in Cotesbatch and neighborhood."

"APRIL 11.

"Dined yesterday with the Rev. Mr. Clark at the Royal Military Asylum

"To-day received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in



the church in Queen's square, at the hands of the Rev. Mr. Martyn, the curate. Mr. Charles Crawley and Mr. Gibbs accompanied me to St. James' church in the afternoon. Dr. Andrews preached; text—'Let him be crucified.' The sermon was very fine. Came to Mr. Marriott's, and after dinner spoke to his son on the subject of confirmation. After tea Mrs. M. played many sacred hymns."

"APRIL 12, 1824.

"Breakfasted with Wm. Evans, Esq., M. P., No. 29 Norfolk street, Park lane. The Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, the author of the article which brought me to England, came to see me this night. Never shall I forget him. Deeply learned and unfeignedly pious, he holds the even tenor of his way, leaving disputes to others while he himself is sure of the kingdom of heaven. He told me more of what is doing in America since I left it than I have learned from all other quarters."

"APRIL 13.

"Breakfasted with Mr. Thornton. Came home, and he soon followed me, and insisted on knowing the whole matter—all the publications relating to my coming to England, *pro* and *con*. He addressed me as follows:—'Sir, when I read the appeal in behalf of the diocese of Ohio, I was deeply interested. Yet as I had heard that there were made some objections, I asked of you to state to me those objections, believing you would do it fairly, so that, knowing what they were, I could obviate them to my friends, and thus serve your cause. You observed that there were some objections made, but they had been recently withdrawn. This might have satisfied some, but it did not have that effect on me; for it occurred to me that the same might be stated concerning *any* thing, the objections to which might be *substantial*, though withdrawn for peace-sake. I thought I saw evasion in this reply, and must confess, felt my respect for your character somewhat lowered; yet your cause was so good in its nature as to have made a deep impression on my heart, and my conscience would not let me rest till I had done something in your favor.

“I had learned that the objections to your measure in coming to England had been made by one esteemed and eminent for his talents. This circumstance heightened my wish to know of what nature and extent they were, that, before embarking in your favor, I might be sure of sailing in a smooth sea—that of truth and justice, propriety and duty. I therefore frankly told you, that if you desired me as a *friend* and *helper* in your cause, by exerting myself in recommending it to others, especially those who are more enlightened, and from their high station have a right to be informed in all particulars, you must let me have a full view of the whole subject, and keep nothing from me. When you observed you did not fear investigation on your own account, but on that of others, and *that* with a view to smother controversy, in which you had refused to enter, I thought your sentiments might sound well, but that, from the very nature of the thing, they must militate against you.’

“The result of this is, the papers and pamphlets are now in his possession. The event will be known.”

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

LETTER OF REV. ROBERT MARRIOTT — INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S — REFLECTIONS — STATE OF ENGLAND ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION — THE WRITER'S SLAVE JACK AGAIN INTRODUCED TO THE READER — DEATH OF HIS SON PHILANDER — AN OLD LETTER BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

On the 14th of April the writer received the following letter from the Rev. Robert Marriott, rector of Cotesbatch; and as it takes a more general view of the subject and of the results of present measures, and of the state of British feeling, it is thought the nature and design of the present biography require the insertion of it here. It follows:—

“Cotesbatch, April 13, 1824.

“MY DEAR FRIEND:—

“I have been extremely glad to hear continued good accounts of you and your proceedings ever since you left us,

in several letters from my brother George; and I believe I may truly say, that I never in my life more sincerely rejoiced in the readiness of my good brother in the art of letter writing. You are seldom or never out of my thoughts. I see so much good to be derived to this country and to yours from the Appeal, that I have no doubt whatever of the hand of the Almighty Projector and Disposer of events being in the work throughout; first, in disposing you to those labors which excited the writer in the British Critic, and next, in disposing him to write in the feeling way he did, which encouraged you to take such a journey to this country. *Humani nihil a me alienum*, should be the feeling of every Christian; and I verily believe it is much the character of this country. But we are sadly and strangely divided in our notions of what is right, and consequently in our attachments. But as I said before, the Appeal is calculated to do us most essential good, to enlarge our minds, to enlarge our hearts, and to humble us under a sense of the great blessings we have so long enjoyed, and the little right sense we have had of them.

“I also look with great interest to you, my dear sir, as a peace-maker, and that upon sound ground. Christianity is the only sound ground of peace and unity amongst men, and no one can go to work as a promoter of peace and good-will amongst men, a workman fitted for his work, but with those views of the nature of Christianity and of the Christian Church which you have, and which you are always ready to impart, as a Bishop ought to be. My dear friend, you must never again be downhearted. God has given you a great and good work to do, and he is with you, I have no doubt. The Appeal must be printed, and reprinted, again and again. It gives you an influence wherever you go amongst us, which you are turning to great account. By your own honest confessions we are deriving all this good principally, under God, from our good old divines. I am certain that the good you do is incalculable amongst us; so much so, that I am sure you would have reason to rejoice and be glad all the days of your remaining stay upon earth, even though your journey was quite to fail as to the immediate object of it. And in this point of view very great good has been and may yet be derived from the ill

usage you have received; because the hearts of those amongst whom I particularly look for good from your influence, will be the more engaged in your favor. 'All these things are against me!' said the good old patriarch; but he lived to learn that all those apparently untoward circumstances were overruled for his good. Jacob was a plain man, and so are you, and may nothing in this country ever make you otherwise; — not that I am at all alarmed for you on this score. 'First pure, then peaceable,' as was said of Bishop Lake, should be the motto of every one who wishes to disseminate Christianity. I believe it would save your brother Bishop — a world of uneasiness.

George talks of your coming here with him next week. Nothing can give us more pleasure than the thoughts of your coming to us at any time you please. I shall most gladly meet you at Rugby at the time he proposes, and convey you from thence to Cotesbatch. But I do beg that you will deliberately arrange your own plans, without any embarrassment from any plans or schemes of any one else. My brother John is much delighted at the thoughts of seeing us (if we should put our scheme in execution) in Devonshire. Sir Thomas Ackland, who resides in his parish, called here on Friday, in his way from the funeral of Mr. Hartop, and I gave him a copy of the Appeal, which he took with him to London, and another to his companion, Mr. John James, which he took into Bedfordshire. My sister was here on Saturday, and took a few more of the Appeals to Rugby, but I could not spare many. I think you had better bring a few more with you next week. I hope you have been to see my cousins at Greenwich. Tell George to introduce you to our friend Cumming. My wife unites in kind regards and good wishes with yours sincerely and affectionately,      ROBERT MARRIOTT."

The journal thus continues from the writer's lodgings in Featherstone buildings, London: —

"APRIL 14, 3 O'CLOCK, P. M.

"The Rev. Mr. Wheaton called. I had learned before that the Archbishops and the Bishop of London had subscribed to

the Joint Appeal. While Mr. W. was with me, Mr. G. W. Marriott called, and read his brother's letter."

"11 O'CLOCK, P. M.

"Drank tea at seven at good Mr. Marriott's. Miss Duff Macfarlane came in, and in the midst of Ohio anecdotes a note was received from the Bishop of St. David's, Dr. Burgess, addressed to Mr. M., who said, 'This good prelate has at length arrived from Durham, and Bishop C. ought to lose no time in visiting him. And what should hinder now?' he added. 'Pray go this night. It is but half past nine; you can call a coach; you'll soon be there, and the good Bishop will be glad to see you.'

"No sooner said than done. We found him sitting in his modest chair, neatly but plainly dressed, with his books and papers before him. He received me in a friendly manner, and entered warmly into my cause: said he was happy to learn that the opposition, for which he had never seen any reason, had been withdrawn: that he had subscribed five pounds some time ago to Mr. Wheaton, and now would contribute ten guineas to Ohio: that he would thank me to send him a dozen of the Appeals, and he would see that they were communicated to the Bishops: that *he had no doubt of my success.*"

This opinion, as the event proved it to be, might be set down as *prophetical*. Yet the *means* by which it should be brought to pass were hidden and unseen as footsteps in the great deep. All London was prepossessed against the writer, with the exception of a very few who had been convinced by private means. The withdrawing of the objections contained in the "Notices," (if they may be said ever to have been withdrawn,) did not obviate them. They were considered in full force and virtue, although, for secret reasons, not urged as at the first. The prelates of the Church of England and all their friends, excepting as above, were of this opinion, and viewed the writer as a factious schismatic.

And what could remove so mighty a difficulty as this? Had the writer any ability for so great a work? Alas, no! He felt his hands tied: not a finger could be moved in public. God

only could help him to disabuse the British public mind by means beyond the reach of man's ability to divine. Consider, first, the British parliament. Not a man of them, that felt any interest in public affairs, (except the few mentioned,) but harbored great aversion to the name and cause of the writer. And how came they to change their minds, so as in any considerable numbers to support what they had before rejected and despised? In answer to this take the following plain narrative. Facts are God's footsteps; and though they are wide and far between, yet, tending to one point, they show the Divine Author by their benevolent and wise results.

In the current year of our Lord, 1824, the British parliament was much divided on the great question of the national redemption of the colored population in the West Indies. The *pros* and the *cons* were counted to a man; and while the scale was held in equal balance, there was no estimating the value of a single vote. Whatever would favor one side and help to procure a preponderating suffrage, was estimated far beyond its intrinsic excellency; and any man who had shown a favorable disposition towards the slave population, or made any the least sacrifices in their behalf, was sure to be caressed.

Now there was a man in London, a member of parliament, who, acting with Mr. Wilberforce in most things, was his particular friend in this. This man's name was Joseph Butterworth, a gentleman of unbounded benevolence, and intimately acquainted with the police of London. Through this channel he had known the writer ever since he took up his residence in No. 10 Featherstone buildings. He knew that he was there, unnoticed and unknown, from November till after his return in the spring from the north, and he had thought little of him, merely because others did so. "And how," the reader will ask, "came Mr. Butterworth to think otherwise of the neglected being living in No. 10 Featherstone buildings, High Holborn?" Simply because Dr. Robert Dow, of New Orleans, came to town. "And how could this gentleman influence so sound a judgment as that of Mr. Joseph Butterworth?" The story was this.

Dr. Dow had emigrated from Scotland to New Orleans when young in his profession. In that city he had accumulated a

competent fortune, even before the writer removed there, and often was heard to say that he desired to spend the evening of his days in his native Cathcart, among his relatives. Many years after the writer's leaving Louisiana this resolution was fulfilled in his sudden removal from New Orleans to Scotland. Stopping in London to invest his funds, he inquired who was a proper person to give him advice, when he was referred to Mr. Joseph Butterworth. In the interview which followed,—during which all his wishes were fulfilled,—a conversation something like this occurred:—

*Mr. B.* “So you are from America, Dr. Dow?”

*Dr. D.* “Yes, just arrived; and now my pecuniary concerns are settled, shall hasten on to Scotland.”

*Mr. B.* “Were you acquainted with Bishop Chase?”

*Dr. D.* “Yes; he used to be our pastor in New Orleans, and I was his physician and intimate friend.”

*Mr. B.* “If this be the case you can tell us something of his real character. Is it good or otherwise?”

*Dr. D.* “Always good; and why is it questioned? Is he in town?”

*Mr. B.* “He is, and has been since November last. While another American prelate, who has also been in town during the same period, is treated with great respect, *he* is neglected; and from what is circulated in the papers, it is presumed the ill opinion of him is in some way well founded. Pray put us right in this respect if we be wrong.”

Here the honest Dr. Dow took occasion to express both his surprise at what had been uttered by Mr. B., and to answer his question in a manner the most favorable to the character of the writer.

*Mr. B.* “But there must be something *singular* in this gentleman, or he would not be voluntarily in the situation in which the British public now regard him.”

*Dr. D.* “Singular! I never knew anything singular in him but his emancipating his yellow slave; and that, I should suppose, would not injure him here in England, though we in New Orleans thought it *foolish* as well as singular.”

Here the doctor told the story of the yellow slave Jack, as given in the 159th and 160th pages of this memoir.

This story caused a great alteration in Mr. Butterworth's mind, insomuch that he took the writer's part, invited him to his house, introduced him to his friends, and solicited the favor of the company of great and good men to meet him at his table. Among these the writer remembers to have seen Dr. Jebb, the Bishop of Limerick, the Rev. Legh Richmond, Mr. Pownell, and many others of like character for true benevolence. The Ohio cause grew and waxed strong, and subscriptions of considerable amount came in; few could tell why. The cause of this wonderful change was unknown even to the writer, until, some time after, he received a letter from Dr. Dow, dated 12th July, 1824, giving an account of this disclosure. His words are these:—

“I impressed the fact on the mind of good Mr. Butterworth, and the willingness you showed to emancipate your slave, though he was an ungrateful fellow. I mentioned it as a proof of your consistency of conduct, as relates to your profession and the part of the United States you inhabit.”

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DEATH OF THE WRITER'S SON PHILANDER.

On the evening preceding Good Friday, 1824, the writer received the painful intelligence of the death of his beloved son Philander. It was communicated in a letter from his esteemed friend Bishop Bowen, of South Carolina, which is here inserted entire:—

“*Charleston, March 2, 1824.*

“RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

“Your very excellent son expired last night about ten o'clock, (as his constant and most affectionate attendant, the Rev. Mr. Rutledge, has expressed himself to me,) without a struggle or a sigh. He died, I have reason to believe, in perfect peace, having been blessed, from the Giver of every good and perfect gift, throughout his illness and even to its latest and most painful moments, with a spirit of the serenest resignation. I scarcely know how to tender you any sympathy, but in the rejoicing with which as a parent you must receive the intelligence that this truly to be lamented young man



exemplified to all who knew or saw him in his sickness, and even in death, every lesson of piety and faith, which had been so carefully inculcated by yourself, and enforced by the word and the good Spirit of God upon his heart. He was indeed the instructor of all who approached him; and there are many who, I trust, will long bear upon their hearts the impression which such an instance of the efficacy of a true faith cannot but have deeply made.

“It is by his request, my dear sir, that I take this so early opportunity, even before his remains are interred, of acquainting you with the bereavement with which it has pleased God that you should be afflicted. ‘Tell my father,’ said he to me very shortly before his death, ‘tell my father as early as possible, that to be separated from him thus early is the bitterest part of death. I had hoped to live to show him my gratitude and affection; but tell him, strong as I have felt the ties that bound me to life, I have been content, nay, I have become glad, that they should be loosened thus early; for later, my spirit might not have so rejoiced in God my Saviour’s call. The world and its interests might have had more power for me than they yet have had. Tell him I died in perfect faith in the merits of my Saviour and the mercies of my God, though sometimes, through the sense of sin, not unrepented of, but yet possibly unpardoned, trembling and afraid.’

“The last time he spoke to me he asked, with a calm and serene expression of countenance, ‘Do you think God will save me?’ On my answering that I felt the happiest and most confident persuasion that he would, ‘Then come,’ said he, ‘Lord Jesus. Oh, come quickly and release me!’ It has, in short, to us all been a most interesting and instructive scene. May God sanctify it to our good!

“It will no doubt be consolatory to you to be informed that your son had every possible attention paid him, as a sick stranger, from his first arrival among us until he breathed his last. The Rev. Mr. Rutledge has been to him a brother, constant, unwearied and most tender; watching and attending upon his sickness through all its stages, with the most extraordinary fidelity and affection. Nothing indeed has been left undone that your own affection could possibly have dic-

tated; nor was there at any time any want of anything necessary to his comfort or to his recovery, had it been God's pleasure that he should have been continued in life. It has been his will that you should resign to him that most inestimable son. I know you have already been 'content to do it.'

"An opportunity not offering to despatch my letter until after the interment of your son, it is proper to inform you that we to-day, the 3d, committed his remains to the ground, with every testimony of respect that became the occasion. A grave being prepared in St. Michael's church-yard, at the eastern extremity of the church, the funeral service was read by myself, and an address delivered by Mr. Rutledge, founded on a passage of Scripture which the deceased had himself pointed out and commented on, as one which he thought suitable, and from which he wished those who might be assembled at his funeral to be usefully spoken to. The effect was all that this saint departed could have desired. Though dead, he spoke to the hearts of many, through the forcibly interesting representation which Mr. R. made of his sentiments and feelings, in dwelling with him on the passage. His funeral was attended by all the clergy of our Church; and those of other denominations also generally joined in the procession to the Church and grave, and manifested a Christian sensibility to all the interest which the occasion was fitted so seriously to inspire.

"Now, my dear sir, having resigned your son to God, as into the hands of a faithful Creator, what have we to do but to rejoice in hope of the day, 'when this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality?'

"With a sincere interest in your feelings, I remain your friend and brother,  
N. BOWEN."

The above letter from Bishop Bowen was received on Thursday night. The following record appears for the day following:—

"GOOD FRIDAY, 1824.

"Psalm xcix. 8. 'Thou wast a God that *forgavest* them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions.'

"By this text, it appears that God can forgive, though he

punishes for sins. He hath taken my dear son from me, and thus brought my manifold sins to remembrance. Wash them away, O, blessed Jesus! with thy blood this day shed on the cross for the sins of the world; and thus sanctify this, the second heaviest affliction of my life, to my soul's benefit.

"But yesterday my dear Philander was an infant. I have lived to see him pass through the years of childhood and youth. I have lived to be the instrument of his ordination to the work of the Christian ministry. I have seen him a husband and a father. He is now gone. Having finished his course—short indeed—he is now entered into his rest, leaving me to travel the rest of my journey of life alone. *It is God's will*: I am content. Confident that he is happy in Abraham's bosom, I wish him not back again in this troublesome world. Amen and amen.

"The Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne took me to Christ's Church Hospital, of glorious memory in its foundation and usefulness. Seven hundred boys, poor and indigent, are here continually educated, of whom my friend was one.

"The divine service was performed by himself; the Rev. Mr. Crowther preached the sermon, which was very good. I spent the intermission with Mr. Horne, his wife and two lovely daughters. They live in Great Isling street, about two miles from the church. We took a coach in going and coming. Himself preached in the afternoon; his text was the title over the cross of Christ.

"Came home at half past eight. By invitation went to good Mr. Marriott's; saw Mr. Thornton. They all read the good letter of Bishop Bowen, concerning the death of dear Philander. Read part of a chapter and prayers, and came home. O may God support me under this heaviest affliction, through Jesus Christ! When shall I flee away and be at rest? In the good time appointed of the Lord. O tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong and he shall comfort thine heart. Put thou thy trust in the Lord. 'Thou, O God! shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion; for the time to favor her, yea the set time is come.'

"It is the gloomiest time just before day."

The above is an exact record made of passing events on the night of Good Friday, 1824. Private thoughts and feelings are more fully transcribed than is usual, because there seems something *singular* in them, when taken in connection with the events that followed.

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THE OLD LETTER.

It will be recollected that the writer, in the winter of 1821-2, had sent a letter,\* in answer to the inquiries of Rev. Dr. J——, of Boston, respecting the way and means by which the Episcopate of Ohio was supported. It will be recollected that this answer, though composed in haste and surrounded with painful circumstances, yet might be supposed to be somewhat descriptive, and feelingly expressed. Intended only for the eye of a sympathizing friend, it is natural to believe it went into some particulars of privations and sufferings, too humiliating to the Church to be exhibited openly to the gaze of her enemies, or to the mortification of her friends. Yet every word was true, and served to show, not the method, the ways and the means, by which the Episcopate of Ohio was supported, but that there was no support at all; that the Bishop travelled at his own expense; that he paid his own laborers to earn his bread at home; and that, when the means to do this failed, he had to labor, and wait on himself, and perform the menial offices of his domestic affairs, though at the same time discharging the duties of the Episcopate, and those also of a parochial clergyman.

Now will the reader believe that this letter, intended only for the eye of his friend in Boston, and long since forgotten, was, in the year 1824, actually in the hands of a lady in London, who had been several times in company with the writer at Mr. G. W. Marriott's, in Queen's square? Yet she had never mentioned it to any one. Silently listening to what was said of and by the American Bishop, till she was convinced he was the same who had written the letter, she desired an interview. Her letter was dated on Good Friday

\* See page 176.

evening, and expressed a wish to see the writer at the house of her relative, living in Laurence Pountney lane, adding these words:—"I assure you I feel that you will do me a great favor in coming so far; but I hope you will not regret it. I am, Rt. Rev. and dear sir, most truly and respectfully yours,  
DUFF MACFARLANE."

And who is this lady? the reader will inquire; and what had she to communicate that makes it proper to stop the current of this narrative to speak of her?

She is a daughter of Bishop Macfarlane, once of Inverness, in Scotland, a friend of the Episcopal Church in America, and acquainted with Dr. Samuel Seabury, the first American Bishop, and, the writer thinks, present at his consecration. She had come to London to advocate the cause of the Scottish Episcopal Clergy; had been for some time the recipient of the bounty of many generous persons in England, and had contributed to alleviate the wants of the non-established Church of Scotland. She had great influence with the intelligent and benevolent portions of society, and knew what cords of sympathy to strike, that the vibration of charity and love might be felt throughout the land. The persons who knew her worth were the rich in faith and the great in good works; and few could resist her influence.

One thing was conspicuous in her character, viz., the virtue of Christian disinterestedness. The Scotch Episcopal Church was dear to her; yet the wants of others might have a paramount claim, without exciting her jealousy, or rousing her *opposition*. She never dreamed of clogging the wheels of benevolence by that short-sighted jealousy, which had been so recently set forth in London. Such and all such she seemed to despise.

But to return to the invitation to breakfast with this lady. It was accepted, and the writer was introduced to her relative, a worthy and agreeable gentleman. The conversation was on ordinary topics till the breakfast was over and the gentleman retired. It was then the lady produced a letter, and asked if the writer was the author of it? Something like amazement ensued for several moments. The eye ran rapidly

from one end of a very indifferent letter to the other. The superscription was to a well-known friend, and the signature could not be denied. But the contents of the letter! The writer had forgotten many things, and had to read several lines together, in order to refresh the memory. At length all rose to view. And what suggestions accompanied the developing of such facts at that time, and under the circumstances in which the writer then was in London? That the whole perhaps was presented as an obstacle to be surmounted by an apology for having disgraced the Church, by submitting to menial employments. The very thought caused a blush of shame and a stammering of utterance, which cannot be described.

The truth was, that the writer, since in England, had been so accustomed to obstacles laid in his way, that everything coming suddenly on him partook of the quality of stratagem. A reverie of this sort, however, was soon dissipated by the kindness of the good lady, who repeated the question named—"Are you, sir, the author of this letter?" "Yes, madam; and feeling pained that the things contained in this letter should be made known beyond the eye of a friend, for which only they were designed, I have reason, I think, to ask how this letter came into your possession?" In answering this, the lady went into a history of the whole matter. She said her father had written to Dr. J——, requesting some information concerning the American Church; the number of dioceses and clergy; the manner of raising the salaries of their Bishops, &c. That the good Dr., after some delay, had sent an answer to the queries, in respect to all the dioceses but that of Ohio, the Bishop of which, he said, was under peculiar difficulties, on which he would make no comment, but send his own letter to speak for itself; hoping to apologize to the Bishop for the liberty taken, when they should next meet. The letter, she observed, instead of needing an apology, was considered by all who had seen it since her father had sent it to her, which was some time before, as truly worthy and interesting to the feelings of devoted Christians. That one person to whom she had shown it had directed her to give ten guineas to the Bishop of Ohio. The writer thinks this was done by some dying person, who heard the letter read, as

an evidence of his departing blessing. The lady said that, to the sum thus obtained, she would add five guineas more, all for the writer's use. But being told that all presents for personal benefit to the writer were declined, she said she would apply the money to aid in the purchase of communion plate; which was accordingly done.

But it may be said, "Why lay so much emphasis on these benefactions of Miss Macfarlane? Their magnitude is not important, although respectable." The plain answer is as follows:—This lady, as observed above, had influence with others, and through the information which she disseminated, the cause gained friends, and donations were sent in. The Rt. Hon. Countess Dowager of Rosse was made acquainted with the Ohio cause through Miss Macfarlane alone, and on her munificence, it may be said, the crowning success of the whole depended.

In this train of providential events, who does not perceive that the ugly letter, the letter which was written under the most painful circumstances, was the means, in the hands of God, of great good to Ohio?

Note to the writer from G. W. Marriott:—

*"Saturday, April 17, 1824.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—

"Miss M. *must* see Bishop Bowen's incomparable letter, but I hope you will, on your return from the city, send it to Mrs. M., that she may be allowed to make a copy for Lord Kenyon. Your addresses to the Archbishops put off all *my* communications yesterday evening. I trust, therefore, that we shall see you either at five to dinner, or seven to tea, this day. And you *must* dine with us on Monday at six, when I have invited the Bishop of St. David's to meet you.

"Yours most devotedly, G. W. MARRIOTT."

## CHAPTER XXX.

JOURNAL CONTINUED—THE WRITER VISITS THE MAGDALEN HOSPITAL—VISITS THE BISHOPS OF ST. DAVID'S, DURHAM AND LONDON, AND ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY AND YORK—VISITS GREENWICH, STOWE NINE CHURCHES, COTESBATCH, ETC.—ASSEMBLAGE AT LORD BEXLEY'S.

“ON Easter day, 1824, Mr. Marriott called and took me to the chapel of Magdalen Hospital, and introduced me to many of the committee, of which he also is a member. The chaplain, the Rev. John Prime, said he had been forty-nine years in the ministry, and forty years chaplain of that institution, and was intimate with the Rev. William Jones, of Nayland, whom on all accounts he much esteemed. I received the holy sacrament at his hands.

“The *Penitents* were separated from the congregation by a screen, and when the sacrament was given to them they were out of sight. The design of this arrangement is judicious, and has a happy effect. What can impress more deeply on the minds of all the numerous and respectable congregations, the guilty stain which sin produces on the female character, than this spectacle?

“At great expense this asylum has been prepared for repenting sinners; yet, lest this charity should encourage sin, the guilty are forbidden to mingle with the chaste and honorable part of their sex. Thus, while mercy pities, justice condemns their fault. Their sin is of too polluting a nature to allow their persons to be seen; yet the blood of Jesus can cleanse their souls, and his ministers are continually leading them to repentance, and fitting them for useful though humble stations in life; and when this is done, saying unto them, as Jesus said to one like them, Go and sin no more.

“A small sacramental cup and paten were shown me. They were given to Mr. Prime by his father, who was a jeweller, in 1784, in consequence of his having complained that, in the private administration of the blessed sacrament, he had frequently been much annoyed, by the unsuitableness of the vessels which he was obliged to use. As we were coming



home, Mr. Marriott observed that he had been struck with the great convenience which vessels like these would afford to a person, situated as he thought I frequently was, in the new countries, and accordingly had mentioned it as his intention to procure a set.

“In passing over Blackfriars bridge, I was struck with the magnificent appearance of St. Paul’s church. It rises in its lofty dome, and while it preserves all its proportions, it seems, when compared with the innumerable spires of other churches all around, like a mighty giant, unrivalled in strength and beauty. The height of the dome is more than four hundred feet. The ball, which appeared to us no bigger than a milkmaid’s pail, can contain a dozen men.

“Mr. Pratt says that Lady Rosse has sent two hundred pounds, and Mr. Cotton fifty pounds. *Laus Deo.*”

“EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 19.

“Attended church at St. James’. In the evening received a letter from the Bishop of St. David’s, of which the following is a copy:—

“April 19, 1824.

“The Bishop of St. David’s presents his compliments to Bishop Chase, and will be happy to go with him to the Bishop of Durham’s to-morrow morning, (the 20th,) at twelve o’clock, if Bishop Chase could conveniently be with the Bishop of St. David’s at a quarter before twelve. The Bishop of Durham is prepared for the visit.’

“The writer of the above note keeps the following Latin memorandum continually on the leaves of his pocket-book; so says G. W. Marriott, who is intimate with him:—

“Memento mori. Memento tibi ipsi mori: et Deo soli vivere. Memento tibi non placere; tibi displacere; tibi ut alii displiciant velle; ut alii te contempnant et aversentur. Modo amet Deus et faciat omnia tibi cōperentur in bonum.”

"EASTER TUESDAY, APRIL 20.

"Received notes this morning, of which the following are copies:—

"*'Easter Tuesday, 6 A. M.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—

"I wrote to the dean of C. by the *first* post this morning, and if I mistake not you will soon hear of him to good purpose. He, as well as Dr. Gaskin, was of a committee for relief of Scotch Bishops and clergy. You will probably find him in the Annals I sent you. Remember *this* when you meet, and that the dean is very intimate with *Prince*.

"Our hired carriage is to be with you at the Bishop of Durham's, at a quarter after twelve, and wait your time. But as soon as you have left the Bishop, you must come to us, for we shall not otherwise get through half our destinations of this day, and they are most important to your cause.

"Remember that the Bishop you are going to see will be ninety next month, and was a Bishop in 1769, and has been father of the Bench of Bishops twenty-four years.

"G. W. M.'

"*'Great George Street, April 19, 1824.*

"Lord Bexley presents his compliments to the Bishop of Ohio, and is very sorry he was so unfortunate as not to see the Bishop this morning, which Lord B. the more regrets, as he is about to leave town for the Easter Holidays. He hopes on his return to have the honor of seeing the Bishop."

"WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21.

"Walked yesterday three miles to the Bishop of St. David's, Upper Montague street. Arrived before the Bishop had come from Church. He most kindly addressed me when we came in, and soon were we in the carriage and drove to Cavendish square.

"The Lord Bishop of Durham gave me, on entering his study, a hearty welcome; told me he had heard of me, and the object which had brought me to England, and highly approved of my design. Making a sign of referring to his

papers, and at the same time inquiring for my banker, the Bishop of St. David's observed that I received no collections myself, but that all this was done through the medium of my friends, of whom Mr. G. W. Marriott was one. At this the Bishop of Durham laid down his book, and proceeded to talk of the Ohio seminary. I showed him the map of the western states, and pointed out the waters of the Mississippi. 'And your plan is to found a seminary for the supply of this vast country with Christian ministers, according to our primitive Church?' 'The same, my Lord,' said I. 'It is good,' said he; 'I like you and your plan, and I hope to hear more of both. Come and dine with me on Thursday, at five, and we will talk it all over.'

"Mr. Marriott having sent a coach, I was soon at his door, and found that, instead of being at liberty to dine with the Bishop of Durham on Thursday, I was engaged to spend all that day at Greenwich. I sent the following apology:—

"*No. 10 Featherstone buildings, April 20, 1824.*

"MY LORD BISHOP:—

"It is with the most unfeigned regret that I am compelled to forego the pleasure of complying with your Lordship's very kind invitation on Thursday. I find that, by an engagement of near three weeks' standing, I am expected to spend nearly the whole of that day at Greenwich, where several gentlemen who have received the Appeals are to meet me, and one travels seventy-two miles for that purpose. I am sadly apt to forget this sort of engagements; and in my great desire to have the honor of waiting on your Lordship, I overlooked that of Thursday, and, indeed, had confused the name of *Stow*, (the gentleman at whose house I am to visit on Thursday,) with that of the place I am to visit on Friday, on my way to Warwickshire.

"I shall avail myself of my first opportunity of having the honor of seeing your Lordship, by calling in a morning.

"I am, with sincere veneration, your faithful brother in Christ, and much obliged servant,

"PHILANDER CHASE."

"APRIL 21.

"Yesterday, at three, went with Mr. and Mrs. Marriott, Eliza and Sophia, to Stone Layton, the residence of Mr. Wm. Davis; all most agreeable.

"Called to-day, by invitation, on the Lord Bishop of London, who received me kindly, but said he was sorry I did not present my appeal in conjunction with the gentlemen I have heretofore referred to. I observed that I felt extremely sorry that any non-compliance on my part to measures which all who are acquainted with the whole case saw inexpedient, should have met with his Lordship's displeasure. The junction was deemed impracticable, and the gentleman himself, before he left England for Rome, had solemnly agreed to withdraw his opposition, which he had no more right to make to thwart my measures, than I had to oppose his. We were on a footing in our own country, and there was no reason for either to assume authority over the other here in England. His Lordship will patronize the Ohio cause.

"This day received a note from the Archbishop of York, of which the following is a copy:—

"40 Grosvenor Square, Tuesday }  
Evening, April 20, 1824. }

"The Archbishop of York has received from Bishop Chase the Appeal in behalf of the Diocese of Ohio, through the medium of his friend, Mr. Gray, of York. The Archbishop had previously received a full and detailed account of all the circumstances connected with Bishop Chase's visit to England; but hearing also that another American Bishop, within whose province the district of Ohio was said to be included, is soliciting assistance to carry into effect *a general plan of a similar kind for the benefit of the entire province*, the Archbishop has judged it necessary for the present to suspend his determination as to the line he may himself eventually take on the occasion. In the mean time, the Archbishop will have great pleasure in receiving Bishop Chase either to-morrow or Thursday, between twelve and one o'clock."

“THURSDAY, APRIL 22.

“The events of this day have been most important;—the calling on the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and a visit to Greenwich.

“That there existed inveterate prejudices against me in the minds of these eminent prelates was certain: that they withdrew these prejudices with reluctance was equally plain; and that every step in approaching their good opinion was to be gained by a clear demonstration of the fallacy of the bugbears raised in their minds by the misrepresentations of last winter, was no less evident. I saw, in my first glance to the face of his Grace of Canterbury, a settled cloud, which, fully to dissipate, needed the full blaze of truth, and that plainly told. But whether this was afforded is not for me to say.

“At one o'clock I called on the Archbishop of York. Under what impressions I approached this eminent prelate may be seen by turning to his letter. His Grace supposed that Ohio was within the jurisdiction of New York, and had no right to act in any case—not even in soliciting the means of ecclesiastical existence—contrary to the mandates of the Bishop of that diocese. His letter above alluded to implies all this. This fixed and expressed opinion was evidently the necessary result of what had been assumed in the publications of last winter. Thinking those claims to exclusive right to be the truth, his Grace's opinion, as expressed in the letter, was built upon it. What is said about Ohio being ‘within the province of New York,’ is meant in the sense of *jurisdiction*, and not of *locality*, as the words seem to imply. They meant that as the Bishop of New York had archi-episcopal authority over the Bishop of Ohio, the latter had no right to come to England and make collections without his permission. This opinion he founded on the claims of last winter, and it must be acknowledged that it was just, if those claims were such. A true statement of the perfect equality of position among the American Bishops in regard to authority, as set forth in our constitution and laws of the Episcopal Church of America, was sufficient, and the interview terminated most agreeably.

“Both their Graces gave me a general invitation to come

and see them. The Archbishop of Canterbury said he hoped to see me at dinner soon after my return from the country. Both will subscribe to the Ohio cause!

“There is something so pleasingly strange in the evident change which God hath wrought in the hearts of these highest dignitaries of the Church of England, that it begets amazement and awe in the human breast. When the mind contemplates it, one feels inclined to think God is present, and the whole earth should keep silence before him, and to say, ‘Not unto us, O Lord, but to thy name be the glory.’

“In the afternoon went in company with Mrs. Marriott to Greenwich. Her nephew, Mr. Caldicott, student in the temple, accompanied us. Mr. Matthews and Mr. Stowe received us with great hospitality. After refreshments, we all went through the Park to the Royal Observatory, from whence so many important discoveries have been made in the heavens.

“The view from this elevated building is both grand and beautiful. The park immediately beneath you,—even the top of the trees being much lower than the Observatory; the town spreading all around you to the right and to the left; still beyond both, the river Thames winding almost in a complete circle, with innumerable white sails on its silver bosom; and to crown all, and above all, the vast city of London, with its thousand spires, like a forest of trees, and St. Paul’s and Westminster Abbey giving an apex to the picture. This, said I, is worthy of that impression which by traditionary lore, aided by a glowing fancy, I had from my infancy formed of England’s greatness. When such are her natural mingled with her artificial beauties, no wonder she is the admiration of the world.

“From the Observatory we went on board one of the vessels engaged in making discoveries at the north pole. I was struck with the peculiar strength of its construction. A marine hospital ship next engaged our attention. Any sick seaman, from any nation, is here received and ministered to by nurses and doctors till he is well, and after his discharge he is at liberty to return to his lodging and food till he can find employment.

“Dined at Mr. Stowe’s, in Greenwich. In riding home, I

was set down at Mr. Pratt's, No. 22 Doughty street. The good news pleased him well.

"I received this afternoon the following letter from good Mr. Wiggin:—

" *Manchester, April 21, 1824.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—

"Your favor of the 15th did not come to hand till Monday.

"That of the 19th gave me great confidence in your success. The donations of Lady Rosse and Mr. Cotton are munificent, and the letter from a barrister is very gratifying to me. It shows more liberality of feeling than I often meet with in this part of England. How gratifying your success would have been to your dear and ever to be lamented son, could he have lived to see the auspicious dawn of the Church in Ohio! It has pleased the Almighty to order it otherwise, and to remove him from a troublesome world; and it is our duty, while we most deeply mourn his loss to the Church, to society and friends, to submit without repining or a murmur.

"To you I can write nothing consoling. He was endeared to you by his virtues, and his usefulness to that Church which is dearer to you than all earthly things. His place you cannot supply; but those amiable traits of character which so much endear his memory and make the loss irreparable, afford you a well-grounded hope that he is now in heaven. You have been prepared for the event, and, although the act of separation could not fail to cause the deepest anguish, you know well the duty of a Christian under the afflicting dispensations of Providence, and can derive no support from anything I can say or do; but you shall have my prayers and best wishes, that you may feel the support of that Being on whose mercy and goodness you place your whole reliance.

"Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me most faithfully yours,

T. WIGGIN.

"P. S. I expect my daughter will arrive in London from Paris, by or before the middle of next month, and it is my intention to meet her there. I hope to see you about that time, as I expect you will find it for the interest of the cause

to remain there till then. The annual meetings of the great societies will take place soon, and I expect you will attend them.'

"And now, my dear wife, in closing this record of the cheering incidents of this day, let me add that the brightest prospects are in the hopes set before us in the gospel. The blessed triumph over death, which Jesus at this season of the year did accomplish, is more animating than all this world can afford. Through faith in this, I am sure my dear Philander 'is not dead, but sleepeth.' Jesus will awake him by a word at the last day, when he shall arise, as the sun ariseth in splendor to call all mankind from their beds; and in awaking the son, will He forget to call a sleeping father, also, that both may be clothed with the robes of His righteousness!"

"FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1824.

"Rose early, to be prepared for the coach at six. Wrote a note to the Archbishop of Canterbury, giving his Grace the names of the principal subscribers. Rode sixty miles with Mr. Marriott to Stowe Nine Churches, to visit the dear Crawleys—a fair sample of English hospitality and kindness. Addressed the young clergy present. The Rev. Robert Marriott, having been notified by his brother, came twenty miles to meet us here; a most joyous event!"

"APRIL 24.

"Set off about noon for Rugby; with a hearty welcome was received by all. Visited Rugby Grammar School, Dr. Wool; several hundred scholars. Went the same night to Cotesbatch, where most welcome.

"Received a letter from Lord Kenyon, from which the following is an extract:—

"*Gredington, April 24, 1824.*

"MY DEAR SIR:—

"I KNOW not where to find our excellent friend, G. W. Marriott; but as I understand that this will assuredly find you at Cotesbatch; and as we three (I say it most thankfully) are in perfect sympathy in everything relating to your own and the other American claims, I take the liberty to let you



know, and him through you, that I wish to add ten pounds to my subscription to Ohio, to make it thirty pounds, as I have written, last night, to Mr. W——n to desire that my twenty pounds to Connecticut may be made into fifty pounds, now he and —— are united. Most heartily do I congratulate you, and rejoice with you, my honored sir, at the prosperous result which is now assured to your truly Christian conduct.

“I am glad to think we shall meet again before long in London, and truly glad shall I be to attend you at our central school, or anywhere else your kind wishes or my time may allow. I am not so selfish as to wish to see you here to the neglect of any duty you have to perform, and I well know I should not succeed, *were* I so selfish; but I very much hope it may be in good Dr. Gaskin's power to accompany you here, as all circumstances connected with you give you so entirely a place in my heart.

“I beg my kind regards to your excellent host and hostess, and remain, my dear sir, with true respect, your obliged and faithful  
KENYON.’”

“SUNDAY, APRIL 25.

“G. W. M. and myself crossed the green field to Lutterworth. Here we saw the pulpit, the candlesticks and the chair of Wickliffe, the reformer and first translator of the Bible, more than one hundred years before Luther. The very cope, also, of purple velvet, but now in rags, preserved on a cotton cloth, was spread before us. So much is his name revered, that this cloth, with the cope, was for many years used as an altar-cloth. The brook of running water, into which his ashes were cast by the Romanists, was shown me. These deluded beings had dug up his body, and showed their spleen by burning it and casting the ashes in the stream. They were indeed carried away, and with them went the news of this barbarous act and the truth of gospel light.”

“APRIL 26.

“Went to Leicester. Mr. Babbington's carriage ready to take us to Rothsay Temple. The country beautiful, and the antiquity of the buildings and chapel very interesting. Saw Lady Temple. Much talk about Ohio. (It is said this is the

house and family which Mrs. H. More had in her eye when she drew the picture of the Stanley family in her *Cœlebs*.)

"Mrs. Babbington took me to Lady Palmer's. Sir Charles at the sessions. Lady P., a native of America, unites dignity with gentleness. Returned to Leicester.

"King Richard's dead body once brought through the streets of this town, across the saddle of a butcher's horse. Kings must not hire cut-throats to murder innocent children. God will find out and visit their iniquity. I thought this as I walked along the streets of Leicester.

"Dined with the magistrates, at their united invitation, presented by Sir Charles Palmer. The good Marriotts were present. Slept at Mr. Mitchell's. Breakfasted at the Three Crowns with good Robert M., with whom I set off for Lutterworth by the way of Welford. Naseby in sight, at which place, June 14th, 1645, was the famous battle between King Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. Called in our way on the Rev. Mr. Cotton, grandson of the author of the '*Fireside*.' Four lovely children.

"Mr. Riddell's carriage meeting us, we dismissed the post-chaise and rode with our friends to Cotesbatch. Dined at Mr. Marriott's. Present, Mrs. Caldicott; Miss Arnold, of Lutterworth; the Rev. Mr. Schomberg; and the Rev. Mr. and Miss Piddock, of Leicester. Much pleasant conversation."

"APRIL 29.

"Rev. R. Marriott took me in his coach to N. Hampton. St. Paul's church, of this place, built by Sir Christopher Wren, is one of the best churches of the kind in England. The Rev. Mr. Thursby is the vicar, who followed us to Stowe Nine Churches. All dined at good Mr. Crawley's. Mr. Bush was present. All the company most delightful."

"FRIDAY, APRIL 30.

"Took leave of the Crawleys early. Breakfasted with the vicar at N. Hampton. A little before seven stepped into a coach, and at four P. M. was in London. Found letters from America; all well. Also a note from Dr. Gaskin, saying that he had dined with the Bishop of London, and was glad to find I had been there in the forenoon; trusted that the next day I

would see his Grace of Canterbury, and that my reception with the other prelates would be as I would wish. This letter was dated on the 22d of April. Another note on the table was from good Lord Gambier, and as follows:—

“ ‘ *Iver Grove, April 24, 1824.*

“ ‘ MY DEAR SIR :—

“ ‘ I have long wished for the pleasure of another visit from you at this place. I conclude this will find you in London, and that you will not make another excursion till after the general meetings of the several religious societies are over, (the beginning of next month.) I would therefore propose to you to give us the pleasure of your company here, if possible, on Monday next, and to stay with us till the Monday following, when you will perhaps like to return to town for the meeting of the Church Missionary Society the following day.

“ ‘ I remain, my dear sir, with sincere regard, your very humble friend,

GAMBIER.’

“ ‘ This was the day appointed to dine at Lord Bexley’s. Took a coach at seven, and was most affectionately received. Present, Bishop of Chester, Bishop of Limerick, Dr. Stuart, of Canada, and Lord Bexley and sister; all most agreeable. Came home at eleven. Thus ends the month of April. I cannot better conclude it than by inserting here the following note from Mr. Stevenson to Mr. Pratt:—

“ ‘ *No. 4 George Street, April, 1824.*

“ ‘ REV. SIR :—

“ ‘ I have enclosed fifteen pounds for the worthy purpose to which you desired my assistance. I read the Appeal with tears of approbation, and at the same time pity for the situation of that truly apostolic Bishop and his flock. Indeed, I feel inclined to give much more, but I cannot afford it at present. The donations of last year have left me nothing beforehand; my heart went with them at the time, and ever since. May the Lord prosper all such pious undertakings, and make our Church the praise and glory of the world. I shall always be ready, as far as I am able, to contribute my mite to

the good cause. I hope friends will be raised up, from time to time, to contribute to such pious purposes.

“I am, reverend sir, your respectful, humble servant,  
“‘K. STEVENSON.’”

If the author of the above note shed tears at reading the Appeal, the writer of this memoir had reason to shed many at reading what he wrote, accompanied by another letter, some time after received from this same Mr. K. Stevenson. They were both enclosed in a letter, and sent by Mr. Pratt, of London, to show what *faith* is; what simplicity and godly sincerity are; and how deeply, when in exercise, they affect the human heart. England is not made great by her immense wealth, uselessly spent, but by her primitive Christian benevolence in spreading the gospel throughout the world. In this way she is the glory of all lands, and has done more than all the Protestant world put together.

Read this note also, and see how this is done:—

“*George St., Hampstead Road, Oct., 1824.*

“REVEREND SIR:—

“With pleasure I enclose thirty-five pounds, to make up the fifty which I wished to give towards Bishop Chase’s seminary, but could not spare the money when you wrote to me in April. However, I determined not to forget the worthy prelate, when it was in my power to give something more.

“I am, reverend sir, yours respectfully,

“K. STEVENSON.”

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

MUNIFICENCE OF LADY ROSSE—JOURNAL CONTINUED—LORD KENYON  
—DR. GASKIN—BISHOPS OF ST. ASAPH’S, CHESTER, AND DURHAM—  
REMARKABLE RECEPTION BY THE LATTER—CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENT  
SOCIETIES—STRONG TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF THE CHURCH OF  
ENGLAND LITURGY.

Soon after the writer’s interview, some time ago, with that worthy daughter of a Bishop, Miss Duff Macfarlane, he had

ventured to address by letter the Rt. Hon. Countess Dowager of Rosse, at Stretton Hall, near Wolverhampton, and this was preceded, he thinks, by the Appeal and a letter from the good young lady mentioned. The result of this was a donation of two hundred pounds to the Ohio cause, and subsequently one hundred pounds as a donation to himself. The letters (all that have been preserved) touching this subject are as follow:—

*“Stretton Hall, near Wolverhampton, April 26, 1824.*

“Before Lady Rosse had the honor and pleasure of receiving the worthy Bishop of Ohio’s very kind letter, she had written an order to her banker to pay into Messrs. Hoare’s bank one hundred pounds for the Rt. Rev. prelate, which she hopes he will honor her by accepting. The great sacrifice which he has made of ease and comfort, almost of health and life, as well as his property, made her take this liberty. She rejoices greatly that there is one able and so willing to promote true religion where it is so much wanting, and is most anxious for his success and the recovery of his good son. Her wish to be informed of this, and if there are any ideas of building or constructing in any way places of worship or churches in his diocese, has induced Lady R. to trouble him with this letter, that she may learn from the best authority if she can have the pleasure of assisting in it, or any ways promoting that true religion which he professes, and which she fears, greatly fears, is likely to be taken from poor Ireland through mistaken policy. If religion is destroyed in one country, its rising fast in another is cheering, and must make one doubly interested for this ‘rose in the west,’ that persecuted Irish Protestants may benefit by it.”

The following is the writer’s answer:—

*“No. 10 Featherstone buildings, May 1, 1824.*

“DEAR LADY:—

“Your Ladyship’s note of the 26th ult. was handed to me on my arrival in town from a short excursion into Leicestershire. By this note, and one shown me by the Rev. Mr.

Pratt, I am informed your Ladyship has added to a former donation of two hundred pounds to the theological seminary of Ohio, that of one hundred pounds to myself, for my own personal benefit.

“Such instances of benevolence are seldom found, and my heart swells with an indescribable feeling of gratitude, when I know your goodness is exercised from the purest motives towards our infant Church in the western wilderness. But at the same time that I accept with all gratitude your Ladyship's bounty, I beg leave to give my reasons why I could wish to make an application of the last one hundred pounds somewhat different from that mentioned by your Ladyship. Instead of using this for my own personal benefit, I could wish your Ladyship's consent that it might be applied towards the erection of a modest yet convenient chapel for the use of the seminary. And here a thought strikes me with so much pleasure that I entreat your Ladyship will not forbid its indulgence—that the chapel may be called after the name of the donor.

“If I be asked why I refuse to have this applied to my personal benefit, I have some things to say, which, duly to appreciate, wants order of expression more than sincerity in utterance.

“Having given up all my earthly substance to the promotion of the prosperity of the Church in the west, I tremble at the thought of keeping a separate purse. My expenses will be borne out of the public fund, and for the comfort of my family I have lately received such assurances from Ohio, excited by the sympathy of God's people, that I can have little doubt they will do all that is necessary to keep both myself and dear family in all due comfort. As the head of the contemplated institution, I shall have what is necessary. My friends also in New York will, I trust, do something to relieve present wants, before the funds, according to specified forms, can be drawn for. Why then should I entangle myself again with self? I bade farewell to this principle when I gave up my estate in Ohio. Small as it is, it was given, I trust, with a single eye to God's glory. And beholding my family provided for in the affections of my people, I feel a relief in being thus separated from the world, which I want words to express.

“But your Ladyship’s present comes most opportunely, if not to relieve *my own*, yet the wants of our dear seminary. This, as observed, will need a chapel, and that soon; and though the sum, the use of which I am now considering, may seem small in your Ladyship’s eyes, yet with *us* it will be great indeed. It will lay the foundation on which, encouraged by this munificent example, others may be disposed to erect and complete the edifice. Methinks I see this lovely spectacle rise to my view, and quickly filled with devout worshippers from the ‘sons of the soil,’ all in successful training for future ministers of the blessed gospel of salvation. Amidst our wild woods, where so lately were heard only the war-whoop of the savage and the howlings of the forest wolf, will be sung the sweet songs of Zion, mellowed by the controlling power of the pealing organ. Blessed sight! more to be prized, even in prospect, than all the world, as such, can bestow.

“It is due to your Ladyship not only to answer the inquiries specified in the note, but to give all the information in my power concerning the state and prospects of the infant Church, which your Ladyship is so graciously patronizing. To this end I shall send perhaps with this (if not, soon) some other papers.

“In the mean time, I am most gratefully your Ladyship’s faithful and humble friend and servant,

“PHILANDER CHASE.”

The record proceeds as follows:—

“MAY 1, 1824.

“Breakfasted with Mr. Marriott. Called on Mr. Thornton. Wrote a letter that I will dine with Mr. Butterworth on the 5th. To Dr. Gaskin, that I will attend Church at Stoke Newington to-morrow.

“Dr. Stuart, of Canada, called; said he had harbored objections to the Ohio cause, but was now convinced of its righteousness. How deep had the root of prejudice struck, and how far and wide had it ramified! When will it be eradicated? Perhaps not for generations.

“Lord Kenyon having returned to town, at half past eight,

P. M., I took a coach and went to see him at his residence, No. 9 Portman square, and a kind and free reception he gave me. How different from moneyed aristocracy is *educated* nobility! Besides, Lord Kenyon is a true Christian. His faith is that once delivered to the saints, not of modern date; and his life is answerable to his Christian profession. He was educated by the Rev. Wm. Jones, of Nayland."

"SUNDAY, MAY 2.

"Being rainy, I went in a hack to Stoke Newington, and attended Church with good Dr. Gaskin—heard him preach and received the blessed sacrament at his hands. His text was,—‘Hold fast the form of sound words.’ Such a form was doubtless drawn up by the apostles, which in the end was substituted by the apostles’ creed. Liturgies were in ancient use. There never was a time till lately, that Christians did not use them in public worship. The English liturgy is now the ‘form of sound words,’ and proves the apostolic character of the Church. Being according to God’s word, and designed to preserve that word, which is the truth, as the vessel preserves the oil which it holds, every man is bound in conscience to ‘hold fast and adhere to the liturgy by the precept in the text.’

"In hearing such a man, and of such profound learning, come out so boldly in favor of the truth, and in communing with him in the sacrament, and mingling souls together in the worship and praise of God, there was inexpressible delight. Dr. Gaskin is a man of unshaken integrity, and hates all species of manœuvring; and in following his judgment and feelings in this respect, he can detect the sinister proceedings better than most men. There had been unwearied endeavors by Mr. X——, to convince the Dr. that there was an ‘exclusive right,’ vested ‘somehow or another,’ in a certain body in New York, to ask alms of, *alias* ‘present claims’ to, the English Church and nation; but the Dr. could not find it in the constitution or canons of the American Church; and then boldly said, there was, and consistently with the rights of dioceses and individuals there could be, no such thing. This honest opinion cut the whole ‘*snarl*’ of the argument in pieces, and left Mr. X—— without support."



"MAY 3.

"Breakfasted at G. W. Marriott's; present, Miss Duff Macfarlane, and Miss Smith, her friend. Read a letter I had received from good Mr. Morse, of Ohio; all delighted with its contents. Talked much of Lady Rosse and her singular excellence.

"At eleven o'clock, according to appointment, went to Portman square. Lord K. glad to see me; said he had been giving the subject of Ohio, and of the present efforts to relieve her wants, a thorough examination, and had become not only convinced, but highly interested; and that he would consent that his name should be added to the number of my trustees. He then accompanied me, without a coach, in the rain, to the residence of the Bishop of St. Asaph's. A map was spread before this good man—a very necessary item in forming a right judgment on the merits of the Ohio cause. His Lordship desired some Appeals might be sent him. Lord K. then accompanied me to the Bishop of Chester's. This prelate wanted information on the subject of Ohio. Lord K. had to 'demonstrate' that I was not a schismatic, and this was done; the conversation was free, and all aid promised.

"We then proceeded to Cavendish square, the residence of the Bishop of Durham. Here Lord K. left me, as I had already been introduced to this good prelate. He is ninety-one years old, yet well and cheerful; said he was glad to see me again; had subscribed to the *joint* fund for New York and Connecticut fifty pounds, and would give to Ohio one hundred pounds, and thank God that he had seen me. This he said with tears, in alluding to what was observed in the Appeal, and in refusing Lady Rosse's *personal* present, and applying it to the purposes of the contemplated seminary. He first asserted that by so doing I had refused to 'provide for my own household,' and had thus incurred the apostolic censure of one 'denying the faith, and becoming worse than an infidel.' Being uttered in evident good humor, the fact was denied, and the assertion made, that there *was*, or had been, provision made. When asked what provision, the answer was, 'Better than that on which your Lordship depends. Your Lordship relies on the *obligations* of the Bank of Eng-

land: I would fain depend on the *divine promises*. "*Jehovah-jireh, God will provide.*" Bishop Barrington was exceedingly affected at this, and taking me by the hand, said, 'God bless you for this; I will give you an hundred pounds. I thank God that you have come to England.'

"When I mentioned to him my intention of going into Ireland, he said that, though at his time of life he wrote with great difficulty, he would give me a letter of introduction to the Archbishop of Dublin, M'Gee. When I went away he said he would always be glad to see me. Many other things he said to me, which to relate here would be improper, as they expressed his commendation of me, and on this score I fear I have already said more than is right.

"Came home at two. Found a letter from Rev. Mr. Osborne, of Edisto Island, South Carolina, once my presbyter. It is entirely approbatory of my coming to England. Having lived in the west, and taken a view of the whole case, he is esteemed a good judge. He alludes to Philander's death in Charleston.

"Drank tea with Mr. Pratt. Went with him to Church at St. Brides'. Himself read prayers. Heard an excellent Church missionary sermon. Had much conversation with Lord Gambier in the vestry-room, and he brought me in his carriage to my lodgings."

Did ever one see a child who had been harshly treated when very young, rising into favor by sheer modesty, coupled with an obedient and faithful discharge of all her duties? Such was the Church Missionary Society. The more she was frowned on, the more cheerful obedience she manifested; and the more she was accused of want of duty to her mother, the Church, the more zeal she discovered in her cause, and the closer she clung to her maternal bosom.

The anniversary of this growing and most useful society took place on the 4th of May. The writer of this memoir was present, but, for want of ability to speak off hand in so great an assembly, took no part in the addresses. It might have given strength to his cause to have done so; but God hath his own way of giving success to his purposes, and often the only evi-

dence that he is the author of mercies appears in the nothingness of the instrument which brings them. Lord Gambier presided, and the Rev. Josiah Pratt was secretary. They have now both gone to their reward, in the presence of their heavenly Master. Does the soul of the former, or the faithful heart of the latter, regret that they were made the honored instruments of so much good in spreading the gospel of salvation through the world? Surely they will be numbered with those whom Jesus will delight to honor in the presence of his Father and the holy angels.

The next day, the 5th of May, was the meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society; Lord Teignmouth in the chair. Dr. Morrison, just from China, was there also, and with him stepped on the platform his little son, bearing the volumes of the Holy Bible translated into that language, spoken, it is said, by three hundred million souls. This glorious work had cost him the labor of seventeen years. Before the meeting closed, and after many of the most eloquent speeches, the Earl of Roden narrated, in the most unaffected manner, his own impressions of the importance of the Bible cause. His having witnessed what others were doing to spread the Bible, had led him to think of the utility of the sacred Scriptures to his own soul. If its truths were necessary to others, how could he be unaffected by them and be happy? All this was told in the form of biography, which was so ingeniously contrived as to lead to no suspicion that his Lordship was himself the subject of his own story till the end; and when this was discovered, the whole audience were in tears.

Another heart-stirring scene was presented in the sudden and unexpected contrast between two admirals, who having commanded mighty fleets, each in behalf of his country respectively, dealing death and destruction at the cannon's mouth, now met in peace, to promote each other's welfare, and that of the souls of men. All this the effect of the word of God and the Gospel of reconciliation. The French admiral alluded to this in his written speech, and as he did so, the writer saw the tears flow down the cheeks of good Lord Gambier.

After this meeting, the writer dined with Dr. Morrison, at good Mr. Butterworth's. The number of gentlemen present was twenty-five; after which there was family worship. The Scriptures were read and the collects repeated by the writer.

In attending the meeting of the Prayer Book and Homily Society, on the 6th, Lord Bexley in the chair, the same Dr. Morrison presented his translation of the "Book of Common Prayer," in the Chinese language. In doing this he remarked, "that though bred a Presbyterian, and as such, from his youth, prejudiced against a liturgy, yet when in China his conscience told him to lay down his enmity to so good a book; for, after a due examination, having seen its purity and holy purpose, he was fully of the opinion that no other book came so near the Bible, and no other book could he translate which would bring the Holy Scriptures more effectually into saving use in the hearts of the Chinese." This the writer thought a strong testimony in favor of the liturgy of the Church of England; and, added to the fact of the translation of the prayer book into all languages, it shows that God has made it the means of preserving in its purity the features of Christ in the earth, till his second coming.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

JOURNAL CONTINUED—A NEW OPPONENT—VARIOUS SCENES AND INCIDENTS—LETTER OF REV. JAMES DALLIN.

"FRIDAY, MAY 7.

"A NEW opponent, a layman, has arisen, being, as is supposed, the agent of certain disappointed persons. The initials of his name are J. W——. Lord Kenyon tells me he is doing the cause of Ohio much harm; says that Dr. Gaskin must write to his friends in Cambridge, and see that in my visit thither this Mr. J. W—— does not poison the minds of many.

"His Lordship then conducted me to the Central National School, on entering which his Lordship immediately betook himself to the task of teaching. Never was there a more

striking exemplification of Christian humility. An English peer, remarkable for his good sense and dignity of manners, now on a level with babes, teaching them the first principles, yea, the very elements, of human and divine learning, strengthening the feeble, encouraging the timid, and by his smiles and kindness of manner, making all to love him!

“Attended the meeting of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, Sir Thomas Baring in the chair. When the business was closed, Mr. Pratt accompanied me to dine with Lord Bexley. Bishops of St. David's, Litchfield, and Coventry, were present, with others. Piety, civility, and good sense, were manifest in all that was said and done by these English worthies.

“The following note was this day left on my table from Dr. Gaskin:—

“ ‘*May 7, 1824.*

“ ‘MY DEAR BISHOP:—

“ ‘I return to you the enclosed, because it is probable you may want it. I have written, on Lord Kenyon's suggestion, to our Dean of Ely, who is master of St. John's college, Cambridge, and to Dr. Wordsworth, the master of Trinity. Whether my letters will be of any use to you I cannot say, but you know I have your cause at heart, because I believe it to be the cause of God and his Church.

“ ‘I wish I had a few more copies of the Appeal for Ohio. If they are left at Bartlet buildings for me I shall get them. They ought to be well circulated at Cambridge.

“ ‘In great haste, I remain, my dear Bishop, truly and respectfully yours,  
GEO. GASKIN.’

“ MAY 8.

“Breakfasted with Lord Kenyon, and accompanied him to the Clergy Orphan Asylum, where his Lordship is at once the teacher and the friend of these interesting orphans. It may be truly said of this pious and dignified nobleman, as it was said of a Grecian king, ‘He is like the sun in its evening declension; he emits his splendor, though he retains his magnitude.’

“At three P. M. called on Mr. Pratt, who mentioned the

opposition of Mr. J. W—— as a violation of the agreement, and said 'that if he (Mr. Pratt) were one of the parties, he should withdraw his name from the copartnership and subscription on the ground of a breach of promise.'

"Mr. G. W. Marriott, having been collated as chancellor of the diocese of St. David's this day, accompanied me to Greenwich, and while on the way showed me a MS. letter from J. W——, calling his (Mr. M.'s) attention to a pamphlet which had lately arrived from New York. Arrived at Mr. Matthews'. Dined at six; present, Mr. and Mrs. Stowe, and Dr. Burney, the Greek scholar, with whom I agreed to dine this day week, with the Bishop of Oxford. Rode home, and read the pamphlet from New York. The writer is mistaken in almost everything. This will do the theological seminary in New York great harm."

"MAY 9.

"Mr. Stowe, though he resides at Greenwich, is warden of 'St. Mary's at Hill,' in the old city of London. As appointed yesterday, he called on me this morning and took me to that church. The Rev. Legh Richmond preached on the conversion of the Jews, a favorite theme with him; an excellent discourse. In the afternoon I attended St. Andrew's, Holborn. The rector, Rev. Mr. Barresford, took me to the parsonage. Has a lovely wife and nine children.

"What renders this visit memorable is, that he told me that when dining with the Bishop of London he had much conversation with the Rev. Mr. Ward, an old and dear friend of Jones, of Nayland, who wished to see me. His address is 'Great Horkesley, near Colchester.' On returning home, found a note from Mr. Marriott, wishing to see me at Dr. Gaskin's, with which I complied. The Dr. very kind; warm in the Ohio cause; has engaged several to befriend it. He will go soon to Ely, and make many friends there.

"An English nobleman said that on the 8th of May he had dined with a number of persons at Lambeth, and that Mr. X—— acknowledged he had turned Bishop Chase out of doors when he first came to London, yet owned that his cause was a good one in the abstract. The violence and absurdity

of this conduct was not approved of, but pointedly condemned, and the cause of Ohio had gained friends by it."

The following is an extract from a letter of the Rev. Charles Fyvie, of Inverness, to his friend in London:—

"I received your packet with the Appeal yesterday, and to say I was pleased with it is to say little. I was surprised and delighted; it made me *at once* close with Bishop Chase's views, *notwithstanding all I had heard*. This morning I looked over again the British Critic for May and June last year, which has confirmed this impression. Of Bishop ——'s views I have never been able to learn more than this, viz., that they are in opposition to Bishop Chase's, and that Bishop Chase is wrong; which in my mind amounts to nothing. I have questioned ——, who, you know, admires Bishop —— so much, but could hear nothing at all to the purpose.

"Bishop C.'s zeal is without any mixture of fanaticism—I do not say enthusiasm, for in one sense we ought all to be enthusiasts. What he says of the young men being educated in Ohio, and all the reasons, brings the recollection of facts with which *we* are *all* acquainted. The fervency of his expressions is extremely natural, and breathes the spirit of primitive times. The anger that I suspect exists is mysterious, and it will not bear a third, scarcely a second, question. I am particularly obliged to you for sending me the Appeal. If you have a copy of my sermon remaining, pray give it to Bishop Chase as from a clergyman 'beyond the mountains,' who has read and *feels* his Appeal. Mr. Mackenzie has just read it. I never saw him in such raptures with anything."

The writer to his noble benefactress:—

"No. 10 Featherstone buildings, }  
Holborn, May 11, 1824. }

"MY DEAR LADY ROSSE:—

"I have thought of your Ladyship's kindness so much that I feel authorized to begin my letter with more tender expressions than any other circumstances would justify. On Miss Macfarlane I depended to make some extracts and send to

your Ladyship, which might in a small degree fulfil your kind inquiries concerning the state of the churches in Ohio.

“We have now four brick churches and four built of wood, besides the top, or upper stories, of seven academies or school-houses. In all the other parishes the worshippers are obliged to meet in court-houses, or places built for the administration of justice, and in private dwellings. In a new country we are obliged to commence in this way, or not at all. If the house be too small, as often is the case, to hold the congregations, we repair to a shady wood to perform the sacred offices. And though this may appear indecorous and somewhat profane in a country where the churches and means of grace are so abundant, yet I will assure your Ladyship we feel the fullest trust that, while the measure is a matter of necessity, God accepts our services through Jesus Christ. Jacob found God in the wild wood, though at first he ‘knew it not,’ and there he made a covenant with the Lord God of his father Abraham; he promising obedience and the Jehovah promising a blessing. The apostles also preached in ‘upper rooms,’ and prayed while they knelt on the sea-shore. These are examples worthy of our imitation, when situated, as we are, in similar necessity. But we hope the day is approaching when we shall see better things.

“Should God be pleased to prosper our present work, we trust the wilderness will soon be glad, bud and blossom like the rose. When I think how ‘God hath hitherto helped’—how out of nothing so great a thing has come to pass as that a diocese has been framed, twenty-nine parishes instituted, and other flocks gathered from among the scattered lambs in the woods; when I think what hunger and thirst after righteousness have been, by the good Spirit, either created or kept alive, almost with *no means*;—my soul doth bless God and take courage; no difficulties seem too great to surmount; a highway will be made in the desert; we shall run and not be weary, we shall walk and not faint. The fields being white unto harvest, God will send forth laborers, and His garner shall be full of the flour of wheat. To be an instrument in accomplishing this most blessed work, is my greatest joy; a joy which I would not exchange for the brightest diadem.



"I was speaking in this way to the Bishop of Durham, when his Lordship approved of my words, and observed that he thanked God that he had lived to see me. This was a great honor to be thus noticed by so good a man; and while I cannot disguise that I am sensible of this honor, yet I would always place this and all other instances of God's favor at the foot of the cross.

"Pardon me, dear Lady, for thus familiarly addressing you, and be assured of my unfeigned gratitude and esteem, while I am always your Ladyship's faithful servant and humble friend,

PHILANDER CHASE."

"MAY 11.

"Many persons called; much talk about the New York letter. Those whom it was designed to aid are most desirous that it should be suppressed! The confused state of opinion in relation to me at Oxford was mentioned. A pamphlet from Mr. X—— has found its way thither. The well-informed regret, and the prejudiced rejoice. Robert Caldicott's letter to his uncle, G. W. M., makes mention of this, and prays for correct information. Mr. Greswell is a great friend of the Ohio cause in Oxford.

"Dined by invitation with Lord Barham; Lord Gambier, and Mr. George Sanford, of Bristol, were present."

"MAY 12.

"Dined to-day with the venerable Bishop of Durham; present, the Bishop of St. David's, and the two Mr. Duncans, of New College, Oxford. The conversation was at once learned, pious and cheerful; at times like the majestic flow of a deep river, strong and peaceful; at others, more swift, exhibiting the transient rainbow sprays of wit and humor. The aged patriarch, the father of the English bench of Bishops, more than ninety years of age, is now standing on the banks of Jordan, ready, it is hoped, quite ready, at a word to pass through 'the swelling flood' to the shores of blessedness. He takes, more and more, an interest in the Ohio cause."

"MAY 13.

"Mr. W., my excellent Manchester friend, has arrived

in London. His bosom still glows with benevolence for Ohio."

"MAY 15.

"Visited yesterday the Central School with Lord Kenyon. At three called on the Bishop of London, who has subscribed to the Ohio fund. Dined with the Marriotts; many present.

"To-day received the following letter from the Rev. James Dallin. Few letters during the course of my life are more highly esteemed, and few have done more good by a general circulation among friends:—

"*Rudston, near Bridlington, May 13, 1824.*

"RT. REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR:—

"I think myself much obliged and honored by your letter of the 18th ult., containing the copy of Bishop Bowen's letter respecting the death of your son, both of which have been very interesting to me, and all your friends in York. As a part of your letter related to our most excellent friend Mr. Gray, sen., I put both into his hands; and as he expressed an intention of writing to you, I delayed my reply till my arrival at this place, where I shall stay till Thursday in next week. Having just arrived, I sit down immediately to take the first opportunity my leisure affords to express, as is always most grateful to me, my regard and respect for you, and the sense I entertain of the bereavement with which it has pleased Almighty God to visit you.

"Your loss is to appearance very great. To have had the assistance of such a son as has been taken from you, in the extensive plans which you have formed for your diocese, would have no doubt much facilitated their execution. But we should remember, in faith and patience, that Almighty God has his own ways of accomplishing the designs which he puts it into the hearts of his servants to undertake for his name; and then ordinarily most effectually promotes them, when all outward things obstruct, for the present, their execution. I cannot but hope that the present painful visitation, so unpromising, may turn out to the furtherance of the gospel in the country to the spiritual good of which you have devoted all the energies and means you possess. There is one

laborer less in your part of Christ's vineyard; but how know we that other laborers may not spring up, as it were, from his ashes, incited by the example of his faith, and that your present clergy may be cheered and invigorated by it to abound in the work of the Lord?

“To them it must be a subject of most grateful contemplation; and to true Christians in general, and others to whom your most excellent son was known, his death may preach more powerfully than he could have done by the most fervent discourses. Some Christians are appointed to glorify and serve God by their lives, and some by their deaths. Bishop Bowen writes, “to us all it has been a most interesting and instructing scene.” But in whatever way it may be, I doubt not of God's accompanying your endeavors with his blessing. *Indeed, he is doing it*, and I hope and pray that he will continue and enlarge his goodness to you. You may feel bereft, and as in a wilderness, for the present; but the Divine presence and blessing will do more for your comfort than the company of the best of sons; the temptations to which you now feel yourself more than ever exposed, that aid will enable you to resist, and the trials and sufferings of life it will enable you to sustain. How reviving is the recollection of the prophet's description of the goodness of God in past ages, now no doubt also extended to his faithful servants! “In all our afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them. In his love and in his pity he redeemed them.”

“With the consolations of the word of God before us, how confidently may we expect that he will “deliver his spiritual Israel out of all their troubles.” Even viewed under existing circumstances, your situation affords abundant ground for hope and comfort; but if your son's death be viewed on his account, *how greatly* may your consolations abound! To the son, who received from you the image of the first Adam, you have been under God the means of communicating the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. Christ was formed in him the hope of glory.

“It has pleased God to take him early to his rest, to the enjoyment of Himself in a blessed eternity. Who can wish him back again in this vale of tears? It is the consummation

of our hopes with regard to others as well as ourselves, that they may so pass through things temporal as finally to attain things eternal. We must therefore thank God for all who have died in his faith and fear; and with regard to the increase of care or trial which this separation occasions, cast all our care upon him, for he careth for us; and thus, trusting in his goodness, we shall find crooked things made straight, and rough places plain, before us, for which we shall rejoice and praise God when, with all the redeemed from every kindred, and tongue, and nation, we assemble before his throne to dwell with him forever.

“‘I should have been glad to fill this sheet with the interesting and grateful reflections which the contents of your last kind favor to me has given rise to, but I must reserve a portion for some points connected with the object of your visit to this country, and leave the thoughts with which my mind feels crowded, to some future opportunity, if upon reflection I think them worth your perusal amidst the multitude of cares which you have to attend to.

“‘In the last *Christian Observer* I perceive that our Archbishops have given you their countenance, and promised you their assistance, and that other Bishops are following their example. This is one of the great points gained which caused your anxiety, and the remaining one will probably follow as its consequence — a sufficient amount of contributions for the establishment of your diocesan seminary. The subscription in York is not quite closed. Mr. Vernon last week subscribed five guineas. He is one of our residentiaries, and a son of the Archbishop; you will perhaps remember him.

“‘Next week, on my return, or the week after, I will see a friend, a few miles from York, who has not yet been applied to, and will I think favor your good designs. I hope the subscription is going on well in London. When you have leisure, I shall have pleasure in being informed of its probable amount, as you cannot perhaps speak with certainty at present.

“‘I stated some time back that I thought there were persons in Sheffield likely to favor your plans. If there be any danger of the contributions falling short, be so good as to

inform me whether any exertions have been made on your account in that place. I hope Mr. Simeon, or some other like-minded person, has taken up your cause at Cambridge. The books, which your friends in York intend for your seminary, will be ready to send to Liverpool in a few days. Be so good as give us timely notice when you think of leaving England.

“I remain, very dear sir, yours with respect and esteem,  
“JAMES DALLIN.”

There is reason to believe many have been awakened from spiritual deadness, and stirred up to faith in God and good will towards men, by the perusal of this dear, *Christian* letter. How affectionately sympathetic is it, especially to one situated as the writer then was; and how reasonable and scriptural are its reflections; and, to crown all, how near to God's presence and powerful blessing does it bring one!

By publishing it now, the writer has hopes of its continuing to do good, especially to his children, pupils, and descendants, for many generations. In this view, how wonderfully will it be itself an example of the truth of one of its chief sentiments, that “God hath his own ways of accomplishing his designs,” and by the smallest, and, to human eyes, the most casual means, often bringing to pass the greatest and most lasting good!

Soon after reading the Rev. Mr. Dallin's letter, one was received from Lord Gambier, on the same subject, expressing similar kind and affectionate sentiments.

“MAY 15, 1824.

“Mr. W., of Manchester, called at my lodgings; much most interesting conversation on past and present occurrences.

“With Mr. Marriott went to Greenwich and dined with Dr. Burney. This proved a feast of learning and piety, seasoned with urbanity and gentleness. Never saw Mr. Marriott in better spirits or more full of anecdotes. All were much interested in the Ohio seminary.”

“SUNDAY, MAY 16.

“Attended divine services with Lord K. at Marylebone. The Rev. Mr. Dibden preached. In the afternoon attended

Church in Queen's square. Received a letter from the Rev. Richard Greswell, of Wooster college, of a most interesting and benevolent character; wishes a new statement of the Ohio cause to be published. Lord K. has sent a note desiring that a meeting may be called of the trustees of the Ohio fund, to take into consideration the propriety of publishing a new statement of facts, to meet late objections from America. Lord Gambier having been consulted, fixes on Tuesday, eleven o'clock, at Mr. Marriott's, Queen's square, for that purpose."

"MAY 18.

"Breakfasted yesterday with Lord Kenyon. All things well.

"To-day Mr. Wiggin breakfasted with me at my lodgings. The same, with Mr. Marriott, sat with the trustees at eleven o'clock. Long consultation. Mr. Pratt came from the meeting to my lodgings in *good spirits*. Says a new statement of facts will appear in behalf of Ohio, but dignified and above controversy, passing over many things for the sake of peace.

"Soon after this a man called, as a messenger from Lady Dowager Rosse, with a *fourth hundred pounds sterling*, to build churches in Ohio. Sent it to the fund. Dr. Gaskin and Mr. Marriott called to enjoy the good news of her Ladyship's bounty. We are all to meet at Church in Stoke Newington next Sunday. Lord Kenyon says he will be there also. Mr. Wiggin invited me to stand sponsor for his daughter in baptism.

"The following is from Lady Rosse, accompanying the one hundred pounds:—

"*Stretton Hall, May 16, 1824.*

"The Lady Dowager Rosse returns many thanks to the good Bishop of Ohio for his kind letter and the information she so much wished for, and that sent through Miss Macfarlane. Lady R. dares not object to the disinterested disposal he wishes to make of the one hundred pounds, though really disappointed at not being allowed to serve one she highly respects. Lady R. thinks the idea in Miss Macfarlane's letter, of small subscriptions towards building chapels where

most wanting, is an excellent plan, and requests to subscribe one hundred pounds towards it, which will accompany this letter. She wishes it to be distributed, as the Bishop may see fit, among three, four, or more parishes, as may best promote the good cause he has so much at heart, and which she most sincerely wishes may prosper, and be the means of bringing many to the knowledge and practice of true religion.

“It will give Lady Rosse great pleasure to hear of the health and welfare of the Bishop and his family, and the success of all his plans. Miss Macfarlane is so good that she will save him the trouble of writing whenever it can be done. If any to spare, Lady R. would be glad to get another of the printed Appeals for a friend.

“Lady Rosse forgot to answer that part of the Bishop's letter mentioning the high compliment he wished to pay her in naming the chapel for the seminary. She is truly sensible of the honor intended, but must decline it for many reasons. But it would be a great delight to her if it were to have an organ, and she should wish to contribute towards getting one. Some are made to play with or without an organist.’”

“FRIDAY, MAY 19.

“Made quite happy by the company of my good friend from Manchester at my lodgings, with his daughter.

“At five P. M. Mr. Marriott called, and observed in relation to the opposition to the Ohio cause, ‘This is against all good faith.’ He seemed much grieved and indignant. Mr. W. and his daughter took leave for Manchester.’”

“MAY 20.

“Wrote a letter to Lady Rosse: can it be called an answer to hers of the sixteenth? It follows:—

“*No. 10 Featherstone buildings,* }  
*May 20, 1824.* }

“VERY DEAR LADY:—

“When the mind is deeply affected with uncommon events or objects, silence is the best expression of our feelings. This is no solecism, but is exemplified in many instances.

“When last summer I visited the Falls of Niagara, my

wife and children were with me; and as we drew near that vast cataract, and felt the trembling of the earth beneath our feet, and saw the rising sun pictured on the bosom of an awful cloud, rolling its curling columns to the skies, I could say nothing, could *do* nothing but press the hands of my lovely babes in silent awe. To me it seemed that God was making himself known through his works. For myself to speak would seem to mar the scene and interrupt the majesty of High Heaven. We looked one upon another, and in silence lifted our eyes with reverence to God, the Maker of all things and the Judge of all men.

“‘Something of this kind was renewed in my mind on my visit to that wonderful structure of art, the York minster. It was uncommonly beautiful and majestic. The mind in beholding it would wish to retire within itself, and, unseen by mortal eye, endeavor to indulge in feelings of admiration and praise to Him who could put it into the hearts of his people to erect such a temple to the glory of his name.

“‘The like also has been experienced when, after a storm at sea, the serene sky appears and the sun breaks forth in his glory. God’s goodness is so sudden and conspicuous, that language is stifled in feelings of wonder, gratitude, and praise.

“‘I could not assign a reason why I have thus addressed your Ladyship, but that I might thereby carve out a rude representation of the state of mind and feelings into which I was thrown, by the *contents of the last note from Stretton Hall*.

“‘Ever since the year 1817, when first I stepped my foot on the ground of my future labors in the west of America, I have been struggling with difficulties; and although, through God’s mercy, borne up by the Divine promises, and the object of many thousand undeserved blessings, yet my hands were tied, and the work before me, for the want of laborers, languished. And when, to seek relief for Christ’s scattered fold, I had come to this country, I found myself o’ershadowed with a cloud as gloomy as it was unexampled; and though my conscience was clear in the path of duty, yet that path was strewn with thorns and beset with foes. Some late instances



also had conspired to give sharpness to the one and fury to the other.

“ ‘It was at *this* juncture that God lifted up the light of his merciful countenance upon me, and pictured, as in the expanse of an ebon cloud, the promise of his goodness on my gloomy prospects. Your Ladyship and other good friends were raised up, by means almost miraculous, to convince me that God hath all hearts in his hands, and that He alone is worthy to be praised.

“ ‘I take the liberty of enclosing to your Ladyship, under a frank from Lord Kenyon, the Appeal mentioned, and am, most faithfully, your Ladyship's grateful and obedient servant,

“ ‘PHILANDER CHASE.’

“At twelve called to see Mr. Marriott, where I met Lord Kenyon and Dr. Gaskin examining the manuscript of a proposed statement of the Ohio cause. Lord K. asked me how I intended now to conduct in relation to the Archbishops? Answer,—‘As I always have done, with truth and honor.’ He said, ‘This is right, and I thank you for the letter you sent me yesterday.’ Of this I am sorry to say I kept no copy.”

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

JOURNAL CONTINUED—STOKE NEWINGTON—THREATENING ASPECT  
OF “THE OPPOSITION”—CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

“MAY. 21, 1824.

“BREAKFASTED at Mr. Marriott's; Lord K. was there. Went with him to the Central Schools, and spent several hours there. On the way, his Lordship spoke of the late conduct of the opposition, ‘as a flagrant breach of good faith, as well as a cruel persecution of an innocent man.’ Called on Mr. Justice Park; he is entirely my friend.”

"MAY 22.

"Wrote the following letter to Bishop Bowen, of South Carolina, in answer to his of last March:—

"*London, May 22, 1824.*

"**RIGHT REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:—**

"**"It is not in my power to write you an answer worthy of the letter which your kindness dictated on the occasion of the death of my dear son. It is so full of charity, and the unction of divine, heavenly consolation, drawn by the hand of friendship from that fountain of mercy to our dying world, our holy religion, that I cannot find terms in which to frame a suitable reply. All I can say unto you is, that I have read your letter over many times, and as often thanked God that he had provided such an asylum for my poor son, in his last and greatest need, as that of your city, your friendship and that of good Mrs. Rutledge.**

"**"My son's life was short, but it was as dear to me as it was short. He grew up as a flower in the garden of the Lord, the Church, which he so much loved. The storms beat upon his tender head, and he bowed meekly to all their fury. He is now cut down by the hand of Death, but the fragrance of his holy life remaineth. It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth to him good. Nature feels the stroke, but the balm of our holy faith heals the wound.**

"**"To say that I mourn not would not be true. I have shed more tears on this occasion than on any other; yet they are not for *him*, but for MYSELF alone. In a foreign land—my best deeds misinterpreted by those whom I have ever respected, and who should be my friends; struggling to obtain means to augment the number of Christ's faithful ministers, lest his Church perish in the west, and yet called to mourn over the untimely death of two out of seven on whom, under God, I had relied for assistance in the great work before me, and one of them my son—and *such* a son, too, whose very example was a continual sermon, persuading to holiness more powerfully than all my best endeavors! For these things I mourn, and mine eyes gush out with tears. But, thank God, complaint**

and despair are far from me. On the black cloud which surrounds me God paints his *promises* in bright and vivid colors. He saith to me, 'O tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong and he shall comfort thine heart; put thou thy trust in the Lord.' 'I will deliver thee out of the hand of the wicked, and I will redeem thee out of the hand of the terrible.' The same Sun of Righteousness, whose glory is thus reflected from the cloud of adversity in the language of promise, cheers my heart with the warmth of his grace, and my very soul praises God for the refreshments which come down from his mercy-seat, even in storms.

"On your goodness, dear brother, I will further rely for making my most grateful sentiments known to all who noticed and contributed to the comfort of my dear deceased son. For their loving kindness in this respect they must wait for a better reward than I can give them, even for that which passeth understanding, which God alone can render. To Mr. Rutledge, and his mother, and all there, do mention me as in an especial manner grateful. What would I give to be permitted to pour forth into their bosoms what I feel in my own! When I shall return to my dear people in Ohio I know not, but hope it may be in the course of the summer.

"Ever faithfully and gratefully your brother,

"PHILANDER CHASE."

"At two o'clock Mr. Pratt called and showed me a subscription of the Rev. Mr. Rogers for two hundred pounds to the Ohio cause. This is the gentleman who has written a tract on the truth of the proper divinity of Jesus Christ, the substance of which is, Why did the Jews crucify him? Because he affirmed his own proper divinity. And did he affirm that which was false, and in so doing lose his life, when, by affirming the truth, he could have saved it? The gentleman who wrote so judiciously on this subject has given what is equal to a thousand dollars for the spreading of the truth in the west of America. What Christian will not rejoice at such instances of genuine faith?

"At six we dined at Mr. Joseph Wilson's, in Highbury place, about four miles from the city, yet all the way as if a

city. It is a lovely place, embosomed in trees. Young Mr. Wilson, from Oxford, was there; young Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Butterworth, and many others, both gentlemen and ladies. Young Mr. Wilson, as I walked out, civilly conducted me to his room, and showed me a marble statue of Jesus Christ, representing him in the very act of yielding up the ghost, — the most affecting sight I ever saw. It is said to be the same which Louis XVI. possessed.”

“SUNDAY, MAY 23.

“This day was spent in attending church, morning and evening, at Stoke Newington. At an early hour the good Lord Kenyon called and took both Mr. Marriott and myself to that peaceful church, and there we met the venerable Dr. Gaskin, again ready to preach the word and administer the bread of life to the faithful.

“After evening church was over, and while Mr. Marriott was reading something quite interesting to the Doctor, Lord Kenyon walked with me in the garden. Surely I have reason to bless God for the acquaintance and support of this nobleman of unshaken integrity. He stands in the breach which my enemies have made, and manfully defends my righteous cause. What am I, O God! that thou hast given me such a friend, when most of all I need him! How pleasant is this day made unto me! In the neighborhood of one the greatest cities in the world, filled with all the bustle and pride this world can muster — ourselves retired in a quiet garden, abounding with flowers and blooming shrubbery, and majestic trees spreading their boughs, and yielding their luxuriant freshness above, below, and all around — the neat, old-fashioned, modest, convenient and well-stored wooden parsonage-house, with its learned, pious and hospitable rector — a friend like Marriott reading to him, and embellishing everything he reads with religion, learning and wit, in language of never-failing charity — and myself permitted to enjoy all this, in company with one of the mildest and most faithful of friends, in the person of an English nobleman, and he the warm and generous Kenyon — how wonderfully, thought I, doth God mercifully counteract the evil with the good!

Whenever he permits the enemy to strike, then he sends the balm to heal the wound. This is soothing indeed.

"In coming home we all got out near Doughty street, and his Lordship's carriage was ordered away. Mr. M. called to see Mr. Pratt, while we walked on, and soon separated, I to my lodgings, he to Portman square."

"MAY 24.

"Attended with Lord Kenyon the Clergy Orphan School; dined with him, and then went to the Parliament House. Was introduced to the House of Lords. Lord Liverpool was exceedingly eloquent on the subject of restoring an ancient family to their honors. Lord Gambier came and spoke to me most kindly."

"MAY 27.

"This morning Mr. Marriott called at my lodgings, and read a long and very good letter from the Rev. Thomas H. Horne, about the '*foolish opposition*'—how much harm it is doing in its new and revamped edition in London. '— will come back from Rome soon, and may I not hope,' said he, 'that Bishop Chase will meet him at a friend's house?' I answered that I should have satisfaction in meeting him at any time and any place. Happy was I that I had not intentionally done him harm, and would freely forgive what harm he had done me. What harm he was doing to the Church, he must account for, not to me, but to God. At half past nine I set off for Cambridge.

"The following letters, the one from Mr. Bull, of Christ's Church College, Oxford, and the other from my old and best of friends, Mr. W., of Manchester, being of this date, were forwarded to me, but should be inserted here:—

"*Christ's Church, May 27, 1824.*

"RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

"I have to acknowledge the favor of your letter, which, with its interesting accompaniment, Lord Kenyon was so good as to enclose to me. Subscriptions have been opened in this place for the General Seminary and that of the diocese of

Ohio, and I have had the satisfaction of contributing my mite to both.

“‘ In the earnest hope that our trifling aid may advance the important cause you have taken in hand, I beg to subscribe myself, with great respect, Rt. Rev. and dear sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

JOHN BULL.’

“‘ *Manchester, May 27, 1824.*

“‘ MY DEAR FRIEND: —

“‘ Your favor of the 24th was received yesterday, and read with much pleasure. The liberal donations of the Bishop of Chester, the Rev. Mr. Rogers, and Mrs. Sheppard, improve the complexion of your cause, and I hope they are an earnest of future liberality. I have this morning received the new circular, and think well of it. It must be considered conciliatory in spirit and letter, and if this will not convince your opponents of your earnest endeavors to secure the unity of the Church, as well as its extension and prosperity, I think nothing will. Such pure, disinterested and judicious opinions, as are expressed in this circular, are entitled to great weight and to my acquiescence. I sincerely hope it will produce the hoped for effect, and be the means of making peace in America and of preserving it here.

“‘ Since I left you, nothing important has come to my knowledge. I arrived safe with my daughter at Platt Hall the evening after I left you, and found my family enjoying their usual health. They were not only glad to see us, but delighted to hear good tidings of you. You know the sincerity of our friendship, and need not fear our jealousy of superiors, who take you cordially by the hand, and with equal zeal exert themselves to promote your views; for whoever does this for the good of the Church, becomes our friend and the promoter of our happiness.

“‘ When you can communicate anything interesting I shall be glad to hear from you, if you can find time to write, and you will not fail to do so when you think I can render you any service. All your friends here desire to be kindly remembered, and express their desire to see you when you may again visit us.

“I see the subscription is not much short of three thousand pounds, and that from Huddersfield has not been paid in. You are quite triumphant, and no one rejoices more sincerely than your faithful friend,  
T. WIGGIN.”

In Cambridge, England, religion and learning are united; nothing but folly ever put them asunder. The record of the writer's time, passed in his first visit to this venerable university, is so full, that to use the half would cause the stream of this humble biography to overflow its bounds.

Professor Farish received him with great kindness under his hospitable roof, and Mr. Simeon showed him every mark of affectionate regard.

Mr. George W. Marriott says, in a letter dated London, May 28, 1824:—

“A most shameful and malignant article has made its appearance in the *British Critic*, according to the account given of it to me by Mr. Pratt. He thinks, and I think, an answer must be written. Lord K. will set the Bishops right on the subject to-morrow, I am sure. It entirely overlooks him and Dr. Gaskin, and attacks Lord Gambier only of the trustees. I cannot add more now, for want of time.

“May the God of peace and love, to whom, *I am sure*, these measures are hateful, prosper you, is the constant prayer of your devoted and affectionate friend,  
G. W. M.”

The 29th of May is a feast day in Trinity College. The writer was introduced, by Professor Farish, to the vice-chancellor, and with him attended Church. The litany only was read, and a sermon preached. At three was conducted to the great hall, to dine with the fellows. Everything was in the most perfect order, indicating generous confidence and mutual love. The broad-brimmed silver platter of rose-water was not forgotten, to cleanse and shed sweet fragrance round. Grace and singing an anthem closed the dinner.

The following letter is from good Mr. Pratt:—

“*London, May 29, 1824.*”

“RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

“By a letter from Mr. Schomberg, I rejoice to hear that you are beginning well at Cambridge. I send in this parcel such copies of the Appeal and Declaration as I can collect. We shall get to press with a new edition. These I hope will answer present calls, till more can be prepared.

“I beg to be kindly remembered to Professor and Mrs. Farish, to Mr. Schomberg, and all friends, and am ever, dear sir, your very faithful servant,  
JOSIAH PRATT.”

“MAY 30.

“Attended morning service at the parish church of Professor Farish. At two o'clock, at St. Mary's church, University. Sermon by Rev. H. Rose; a full congregation. Half past three, at prayers in King's College chapel. It is one of the most splendid buildings in England; the lofty arches, interlacing in Gothic style, and finished with the most curious workmanship, strike the beholder with delight. Being so lofty, it wants a transept to make it perfect.”

“MAY 31.

“Breakfasted with Mr. Thore and lady; several members of Trinity College were present.

“Dined with Professor Farish; Mr. Simeon, Professor Lee, and others, were present.”

“JUNE 1.

“Dined with Mr. Simeon; many present, especially at tea. Much said about the passage in the Holy Scripture, ‘Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.’ The text was referred to me, and though at the fountain of religious learning, the following opinion was offered:—

“As it is the part of a ‘friend’ to give advice, especially by example, ‘to make friends’ is the same as to seek instruction; e. g., ‘Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and receive instruction from the bee, ye rebellious people,’ would be the same as to say, make friends of these industrious and loyal insects; i. e., take example from them. As they provide with industry and order for the exigencies and extremities of their being, so are



we to be industrious and loyal. In the same way, to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, means that we are to take example from the men of this world, who, being 'wise in their generation,' do with laudable foresight make provision for the last extremity; and when we know the day of reckoning, the last and final judgment, is inevitable and at hand, it is the demand of wisdom and duty to provide for it.

"There are minor parts to be explained, but this is the main design of the injunction in the text; for our Lord immediately adds, that 'the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light,' which seems to fix the meaning of the whole according to this interpretation.

"Mr. Simeon said this was not the way in which this verse had been rendered by the commentators. Professor Lee said he thought it a true interpretation, according to the usages and idioms of speech among the ancient eastern people.

"The next was the subject of *natural religion*. The question was, whether there was any such thing as the deists mean by it; i. e., that man can have religion by nature, as he inherits his physical faculties? No, was the answer; 'for faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.' But persons born deaf, and of course dumb, have religion. Answer—not before they learn language; and this being done through the eye, it amounts to the same thing; and the proof of this is, that the deaf and dumb confess they knew nothing of God, heaven or hell, of any rewards and punishments in another world, till they were taught it by the word of God.

"But what can you say of the words of the apostle, 'When the Gentiles which have not the law, *do by nature* the things contained in the law,' &c.? Answer—put the comma after the original word, which signifies *nature*, and the passage will read thus: 'For when the Gentiles which have not the law by nature, do the things contained in the law;' and the meaning is evident, that persons who fulfil the will of God, by believing his word and obeying his commands, may be accepted of him in Jesus, who is the end of the law to every one who believeth, as much as the Jews, who were born under the law, or legal dispensation. In this way the verse would be exceedingly appropriate for an Epiphany sermon."

The following extract is from a letter from Bishop Skinner:—

*“Aberdeen, May 20, 1824.*

“RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

“Although we possess neither silver nor gold to further your endeavors, you may rest assured of obtaining that which we have in our power, our fervent prayers to the Divine Head of the Church for his continued blessing on your invaluable labors, and especially for the success of your mission to this country. In hopes of their being of some use to the theological seminary, which you are so anxious to establish in Ohio, I beg your acceptance of the accompanying volumes, the labors of my grandfather, father and brother, in the cause of Episcopacy.

“And having for a long time felt a most lively interest in everything connected with the welfare and prosperity of your American Church, I will look forward with increased anxiety to know the result of your indefatigable endeavors, which, through the Divine blessing, will, I hope, in time be crowned with complete success.

“Your faithful brother in Christ, W. SKINNER.”

In a letter received at this time from the writer's Manchester friend, Mr. W., alluding to the opposition, he says: “A good cause in the midst of dangers and troubles, like a stanch ship in a storm, gives buoyancy to our spirits and a gleam of hope to cheer us on our way. This I trust will enable you to surmount all obstacles, and finally to accomplish your mission with pleasant reflections and brighter prospects.”

The following letter was addressed to Lord Kenyon by the writer while at Cambridge:—

*“Cambridge, June 2, 1824.*

“MY DEAR LORD KENYON:—

“I have been introduced to the vice-chancellor, and am to dine with him to-day. I hope also to-day to see the Bishop of Bristol. To-morrow I shall go to Lady Olivia Sparrow's,

on my way to London, and on Friday morning shall, *Deo volente*, be at No. 10 Featherstone buildings.

“On Saturday next I hope to bear your Lordship company in a *pilgrimage to Nayland*. I know not how it is, but I can say with great sincerity that, of uninspired authors, I know of none at whose grave my soul could pour out a more grateful prayer to God for the blessing of his writings, than the Rev. William Jones, of Nayland. May God enable me to improve by contemplating the sentiments and character of that primitive clergyman.

“I had just finished the above sentence when the post brought me your Lordship's kind note of yesterday, enclosing one from the Rev. Mr. Ward, of Great Horksley, near Nayland. How many things conspire to raise my anticipations of pleasure in this visit to Nayland! I fear I have mingled too much expectation of delight in it to allow its consistency with our imperfect state. Our life is but a journey; abused always when not used as such. And although the fashion thereof, as objects and scenery in a fleeting course, passes swiftly by, and we are permitted at proper times to be refreshed at the *inn*—or, when the vehicle is climbing slowly up the hill, to descend from it and pluck the flowers, or drink of the pure brook in the way—yet we must remember that this refreshment and these flowers, being those of a journey, must in their nature be fading and imperfect, and as such should engage but an inferior part of our affections. Let us then remember, (so did our good Jones of Nayland,) that ‘heaven is our home; this life a journey.’ Thither *onward*, as those to whom all joys are husks but such as are tasted in the forgiving bosom of a reconciled Father!

“Ever your Lordship's most grateful and affectionate friend  
and humble servant, P. CHASE.”

“JUNE 3.

“Left Cambridge in the coach of good Mr. Simeon, who also himself accompanied me to the residence of Lady Olivia Sparrow, Brampton Park, near Huntington.”

But this is better explained by a letter which the writer of this memoir addressed to his wife after arriving in London:—

*“London, June 4, 1824.*

“MY DEAR WIFE:—

“You will see by the enclosed memorandum where I have been—to *Cambridge*. My journey on the whole has been pleasant. The Rev. Mr. Simeon took me in his carriage to Brampton Park, about eighteen miles distant from Cambridge, and leaving me about the same distance from London. This jaunt was commenced yesterday morning at eleven. We arrived at the Park about one, and in that place, its mansion-house and manifold conveniences, saw very great perfection. Lady Olivia B. Sparrow, her daughter the Viscountess, and her son-in-law the Lord Mandeville, received us very kindly, and we were entertained as if princes.

“The walks, the gardens, the fields and the flowers, joined to many paintings and instances of beautiful statuary, were all surveyed. But amidst them all I thought of home, of you and the dear children, without ceasing. It was only when the conversation drew near to something which would seem to facilitate my journey to Ohio, that I felt any life. Lady Olivia is a grandmother, yet is apparently quite young and beautiful. Her equal in this respect I think I have never seen. Like us she lost a darling son of the consumption, and now more than most people turns her whole heart to the practice of devotion. Her household is very numerous, yet is the most decently devout, except that of Lord Gambier, I have witnessed in England. When assembled for prayers in the great hall, I counted fourteen servant-maids, and should judge the men-servants not to be quite so many. A poor blind girl, trained for the purpose, played on the organ, and few congregations have I ever heard sing more melodiously. The chair for reading the Holy Scriptures was given to me, though Mr. Simeon was, I knew, much more worthy.

“At ten P. M. I set off in her Ladyship's carriage for Rugdon, about two miles, whence I jumped into the mail coach, and by seven this morning was at my lodgings.

“Mr. X— since I have been away has been publishing an article in the *British Critic*, more spiteful against me than anything heretofore put forth. The pamphlet furnishes him with some bitter materials, and he seems quite in his element.

I still adhere to my first resolution, to say nothing, however flagrant the falsehoods which mine enemies bring forward. I hear, however, that a private person is about writing a letter to Lord Kenyon, the object of which will be to state facts and put crooked things a little straight. May God bless you and the children!

PHILANDER CHASE."

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WRITER'S VISIT TO NAYLAND AND HORKSLEY—RETURN TO LONDON—VISIT TO OXFORD.

THE chief incidents connected with this visit, which was one of the most interesting events connected with the writer's sojourn in England, are thus given in a letter to his wife:—

“ *Whitsun-Monday, 1824.*

“MY DEAR WIFE:—

“I am now at the parsonage of Great Horksley, the present incumbent being the Rev. William Ward. How I came here, and what has passed since here, the following sketches will show.

“At nine o'clock on Saturday last, in Queen's square, London, I stepped into the carriage of Lord Kenyon, with whom and our mutual friend G. W. Marriott, the coach set off full speed to this place, all in the best spirits. We soon lost our way, (as if we were in the woods of Ohio!) Then there was great difficulty in settling who was to blame in directing the postilion,—his Lordship or Mr. M. On stopping to inquire, multitudes were eager to put us right, and we laughed at our own unwillingness to believe what all said was the *true* way simply because we *thought* we were going the right one. Stopped to inquire again, when the same disagreeable truth was repeated, ‘You must turn short; you will never be in the right by keeping your present course.’ So we turned, and went back as we came.

“Many useful reflections occurred to the mind by this inci-

dent,—repentance, conversion, and amendment of our ways, if we think we are already right.

“The country, as we rode swiftly through it, was level, and the hamlets pleasant. The tired horses were sent back, and the rest of the journey performed by relays. These, as we passed on, were furnished at the proper stages with great speed. No silence in such a ride as this. Neither distance nor time was counted.

“At four arrived at Horksley—sooner than we were expected. Mr. Ward had gone out. Mrs. W. received us most pleasantly. The fields invited us to walk, and we were soon joined by good Mr. Ward. We strolled together to a point whence we could overlook Nayland, the place so dear to Lord Kenyon as a pupil, and to myself as a sincere admirer, of the Rev. William Jones. Nayland is in a valley. A small river runs through its verdant and flowery bosom. The gently rising grounds adorned the receding view, and in the midst was the modest church where once that holy preacher proclaimed the gospel. In distant prospect on every side were six churches, the names of which were told me, but I have forgotten them. No matter; Nayland church is enough for me now to dwell on.

“Turning our faces to Horksley parsonage, how pleasant was our converse!—the glebe proving by its neatness the incumbent's taste and virtues; its walks how well kept; its trees how well trimmed; its flowers how fragrant and how tastefully arranged! But what are these compared with the inhabitants within! There was Charlotte, the eldest of this good man's daughters, most gentle in her manners; next sat Mary, now kindling into a flame of zeal for the Ohio cause; with several smaller buds of promise. And here comes the dinner—entirely English; plenty without profusion; the best served in the best manner. The Rev. Mr. Sims, the successor of Jones of Nayland, was present; and the day passed off, as few do in this naughty world, without a subject of regret.

“*Whitsunday, 1824.* I spent this holiday in Nayland church. What pleasure, mingled with reverence, did I enjoy as I entered this venerable edifice, and saw the pulpit where that good man preached, and received the sacrament from the

table of the Lord where he once ministered. Including Lord K., Mr. Marriott and myself, there were seventy-two who partook together.

“In the vestry-room there is a vault-stone, underneath which are the earthly remains of the author of ‘The Catholic Doctrine of the Trinity.’” \* \* \* [The rest of this letter is lost.]

Thus closes the memoranda of this visit to Nayland and the tomb of the author of “The Catholic Doctrine of the Trinity,” “The Figurative Language of the Scriptures,” and other works that will never die. Memory, however, though at so great distance, is able to supply some things that may serve to fill up the picture. As if yesterday, the writer recollects that the Book of Church Records was presented to him, and in that book he wrote the following short note of his visit to Nayland:—

“On Whitsunday, A. D. 1824, P. Chase, Bishop of Ohio, in North America, attended morning service and received the holy sacrament at the altar in this church, and gave most sincere thanks to Almighty God for all the mercies of our common redemption, and especially that he hath lived to see the place where the good and great William Jones ministered to the Lord. The Bishop of Ohio leaves this church with the most devout prayers for blessings on the present incumbent, and all who receive the word and sacraments here forever, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

He also remembers the feelings he had when he knelt at the altar with good Lord Kenyon, and the excellent Marriott, and the pious Christians of Jones' loved flock, and how he realized there the *koinia*,—the communion of saints,—mentioned in the creed. He remembers returning with his friends to Horksley, and attending the afternoon service, where Mr. Ward, the rector, afterwards the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Mann, now he trusts a saint in Paradise, officiated. He remembers going from the church to the parsonage, and of witnessing the order and beauty of a pious English family,

bred up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—their zeal for the truth—their devotion to God and his Church—their sympathy in the wants and sufferings of others. He remembers spending the afternoon and evening in reading the divine word, in singing God's praises, and in laying on that holy ground the foundation of a Christian friendship, which will cease only with death.

The writer thinks it his duty to notice in this memoir that he was not unmindful of the munificent donation, already mentioned, received from the Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Berkeley, Somersetshire. It was feebly acknowledged in the following letter:—

*“London, June 7, 1824.*

“REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR:—

“I feel so grateful to you for your very extraordinary liberality to the cause which absorbs my whole heart,—the prosperity of the primitive Church in the west of America,—that I am compelled to write you, though it be without the ordinary formalities. I know you will forgive my attempt, for the sake of the sincerity with which it is made.

“The permanent extension of the primitive faith, as held in the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, and of her daughter, the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, I deem one of the most important objects which the present age presents. To aid in accomplishing this, you, Rev. and very dear sir, have contributed two hundred pounds. This munificent gift penetrates my heart, and a deep sense of gratitude pervades my moral frame. As God is the fountain of all goodness, to Him I offer my devoutest praise. To you, his honored instrument, I beg leave to present my most thankful regards, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you before I leave England for my home in America.

“The opposition I meet with I trust God will overwhelm with the truth, and the exercise of that Christian magnanimity conspicuous in the character of pious Englishmen.

“I go to Nayland with Lord Kenyon and Chancellor Marriott, and return on Monday; stay a week in London, and then visit Oxford. I remain, dear sir, your faithful and grateful friend and servant,

PHILANDER CHASE.”



On his return to London, the writer found the following letter at his lodgings from his excellent Manchester friend:—

“Manchester, June 7, 1824.

“MY DEAR FRIEND:—

“Your favors of the 4th and 5th are received and read with much interest. I was aware of the article in the British Critic, for we have one at the Portico. Your enemy has by this act thrown a firebrand into combustibles which may consume *him*, but nothing more than the smoke can reach you. Individually you have nothing to fear from a controversy; and if you should have been the cause of one incidentally, I hope a little fermentation in the Church will not endanger its peace and harmony, but merely serve to carry off impurities, whose influence would be more injurious undiscovered than in a state of exposure. With this, however, I hope you will have no concern.

“Your materials for a reply to the article are abundant in *all-powerful truth*, and that will ultimately prevail. With that weapon and the able friends you have about you, who can doubt the issue? I never believed that your opponents would lose an opportunity to injure you and to prevent the success of your cause. One thing I regret, and that is, that you have not got the ‘minute of agreement’ that *you* signed, and which — did not return. This he ought to be called upon to return, or to write to you or some friend that it was destroyed.

“The article in the British Critic was no doubt intended to put a stop to contributions to your cause, and it probably will prevent the Archbishops (and many who are cautious) from coming forward in town; but I think its influence in the country will be very limited. I have no fears myself, and am glad to hear from you that your mind is firm, notwithstanding the malice of those who seek your ruin.

“Truly yours,

T. WIGGIN.”

Note to the writer from good Mr. Butterworth:—

“*Bedford Square, June 7, 1824.*”

“Mr. Butterworth presents his kind respects to Bishop Chase, and lest, before he has the pleasure of seeing him to-morrow, he should form some other engagements, begs now to request the favor of his company at breakfast on Thursday morning next, in order afterwards to attend the anniversary meeting of the Charity Children at St. Paul’s, which is the most interesting sight to be present at of all the gratifications presented by this metropolis.”

This meeting of the Charity Children in St. Paul’s church, London, the writer did indeed attend, though unhappily he has lost the record made of it at the time. A more imposing sight was never presented to his view. These “little ones” of the Church, collected by her maternal care from the most indigent portions of the city,—clothed, fed and educated by her tenderness, and at her expense,—thirty thousand their whole number, the third part now actually before him assembled in decent attire, as is their annual custom, to appear before the Lord, in the vast amphitheatre of this splendid dome, to offer the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to Him who made the world and redeemed mankind, for the light and influence of his glorious gospel, without which the world never would have known a *charity school*—made no ordinary impression on his mind. He will always remember it as a means of mercy and grace to his soul forever.

Might, and majesty, and praise, and adoration, be ascribed to the King of kings and the Lord of lords, who hath gotten himself the victory over the enemy of our race, to produce such a spectacle as this! A Bishop preached before a vast concourse, chiefly of the clergy. The hymns were sung from the lips of the Charity Children so as to bring tears of sympathetic joy from all.

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VISIT TO OXFORD.

The writer’s record from the time he left Great Horksley, near Nayland, shows the following facts in order:—

“Rode with Lord K. and Mr. Marriott to London on Monday. Same day dined with Dr. Gaskin at Stoke Newington parsonage. Took tea at Mr. Freshfield's, an opulent parishioner of the Doctor's. Spacious walks over many acres within four miles of London!

“On Tuesday dined with Mr. Butterworth, M. P.; present, the Bishop of Limerick and others. Wednesday, at Mr. Gibbs'. Thursday breakfasted with Mr. Butterworth. Mr. Charles Crawley accompanied me to Mr. Hewett's, above the Regent's Park. The Rev. Mr. Wilks came in, and we spent the evening most agreeably.

“On Friday dined with Lord Bexley; present, Lord and Lady Teignmouth, and Mr. Latrobe, of the Moravians. On Saturday morning, the 12th of June, before I set off for Oxford, before breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Marriott and good Mr. Pratt came into my little parlor at my lodgings, to see me and help me get ready, to arrange my papers and wardrobe, and above all, to encourage and bless me.”

In recurring to this fact, the writer, even at this distant period, can hardly refrain from tears, to think of their kindness, how disinterested, how benevolent, and how tender! That day he went to Oxford, and the day following began his correspondence with Mr. Marriott:—

“*Oxford, June 13, 1824.*

“VERY DEAR FRIEND:—

“Alone in the coach yesterday, my thoughts had a fair opportunity to dwell on the scene which had just occurred, replete with kindness. You had written something in the blank leaf of that work of Robert Nelson which you gave me. In numbering this with the other books, just before you came into my parlor in Featherstone buildings, yesterday morning, I had noticed the tender expressions which you used when conferring this favor; and the recollection of them was on my mind all the time you and Mrs. Marriott were present, and heightened the value of everything you said or did, and when alone in the coach I had time to think of you and of all your goodness.

“Nothing occurred on the journey worth recording except the following:—About midway, a gentleman about the age of twenty-five, complaining of cold on the outside, had placed himself within the coach. Having stopped to change horses, another gentleman of his acquaintance appeared at the door of the coach, and asked him to read a little book which he had been perusing with much pleasure. He took it with some eagerness, and casting his eye on the leaves, threw it back, saying, ‘*Some canting stuff—I’ll not read it!*’ Now this book, I had reason to believe from what the gentleman had said, was a very good book, and because it *was* good the gentleman rejected it.

“And do men openly assign the *true* reason at last—that they reject a thing because it *is* good? They may give it some nickname, but the truth is evident to all but themselves. God knoweth, angels know, and all impartial bystanders know, for they see that men reject a thing simply because it is good. And what regions can such as these inhabit? Can they dwell forever where there is nothing else but goodness? Suppose we saw insects flying from the fragrance of a rose, as if it were pestilence to them, where would be their dwelling-place? Men who hate goodness now must have its opposite to dwell in through eternity. In this life they may keep themselves in countenance by calling everything that is good ‘*cant,*’ but they will find that things will not change their nature at man’s bidding. God is good and changeth not, and everything that draws us from sin to him is good; and if man throws away the Saviour because he is good, he must take his portion with the destroyer, who is bad.

“I arrived at Oxford about five. Found a note from Dr. Macbride, to meet a number of gentlemen at his house on Monday next, which follows:—

“‘*Magdalene Hall, June 12, 1824.*

“‘RT. REV. SIR:—

“‘I learn from a letter from Mr. Marriott to a friend of mine, that you purpose passing a few days in Oxford. In the hope of seeing you, I have invited a few friends to dinner at

half past five on Monday, when I trust you will favor with your company your humble servant,

“ ‘T. D. MACBRIDE.’

“Mr. Caldicott called. Soon after, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Greswell, of Wooster College. The former invited me to dine next day. Drank tea with Mr. Greswell and Mr. Caldicott, at Wooster College.

“I find no one understands, even here, among our best friends, the merits of the Ohio cause. The necessity of keeping silence, which our wish to avoid a controversy has imposed on us, has done us much harm. You will be surprised to find the mistakes which are in circulation, even admitted by our friends. The whole truth is most desirable. Mr. Caldicott told me that the obscurity of the ‘Statement,’ put out by the trustees of our own fund, had done much harm. ‘So many things,’ said he, ‘are kept back, that it needs more knowledge of the question than even the best friends of the cause in Oxford possess to understand what it means.’

“On Trinity Sunday I received the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper from the hands of the Bishop of Oxford, at the ordination in Christ’s Church cathedral; solemnities very impressive. Attended St. Mary’s. Mr. J. Bull preached an excellent sermon. Dined in the Hall of Oriel, with the vice-provost and the fellows, most agreeably. Attended evening prayer in Oriel chapel. Nothing can exceed the order and beauty of God’s worship, as exemplified in these young men. Drank tea with Mr. Tyler and Mr. Haskins.

“On Monday, the 14th of June, dined with Dr. Macbride, master of Magdalene Hall; present, the Dean of Exeter, who is provost of Wooster College; the vice-provost of Oriel, Mr. Pusey; Mr. Duncan, of New College; Mr. Barnes, and the vice-chancellor of the University.

“On the 15th, attended Mr. Buckland’s lecture on geology; exceedingly interesting. Dined with the Duncans and the other fellows of New College. I found all things well except the *grace*, which was said by a person of inferior rank, and in a too rapid and slovenly manner, to give room for the exercise of that piety and gratitude to God which the instances

of his bounty before us so forcibly suggest. You know, dear Marriott, my best of friends, that I am no itinerant croaker; so far from it, that I deserve, perhaps, to be, as I pass through this blessed country and behold its manifold perfections, regarded as an indiscriminating panegyrist, who, good-natured soul! being pleased on the whole, cannot find time, place, or disposition, to make distinctions and find fault. But in the instance alluded to, I feel too deeply the importance of the subject to be silent.

“I would consider God as our father, the Church as our mother, and ourselves as the children. The father giveth, the mother prepareth, and the children receive and enjoy, the unmerited, innumerable mercies. When these are spread most copiously before us, the mother, in obedience to our father's command, ordains that acknowledgment be made on the part of the children of the bountiful goodness of the father, and a sense of their own dependence. *Query*: In what *manner* ought this to be done? *Answer*: The same as that which He delights to behold in his dutiful and grateful children; deliberately, distinctly, sincerely; in a form not too long, nor said for ostentation and display, but the reverse. It should be said solemnly, yet modestly, and with gravity. To which end, and for the honor of the Father, it should be said by the chief of his sons present. To delegate this duty to inferior parts of the family is indecorous and unbecoming.

“At New College the dinner was most pleasant, the company of the students and fellows was most agreeable, and the attention paid to your friend was much more than he deserves. A desire to be of use to the Ohio cause was manifest in many. With these gentlemen I attended their chapel services, I hope with profit. The anthems in choirs I think exquisite. The grounds and gardens attached to the college are very pleasing; from them we have a view of the magnificent tower of Magdalene.

“To-day, the 15th of June, at twelve o'clock, I had an interview with Dr. Copleston. He spoke most freely to me, and manifested great friendship. Received a letter from Lord Kenyon; shall answer it to Gredington. Robert Caldicott is

more my friend than you can imagine. Greswell and Pusey are my next best.

"Wednesday, was taken very ill while at the vice-chancellor's dinner with my old complaint of sick headache. The Rev. Mr. Niblock kindly called to see me at the King's Arms. On Thursday many persons called to see me from nine till three. At five I accompanied Mr. Hutton, a nephew of Lady Palmer, to dinner at Magdalene Hall. Was introduced to the president and vice-president, the fellows, and many strangers.

"If it please God, I shall leave Oxford on Saturday; shall spend Sunday at Iver Grove with good Lord Gambier, and see you by Monday noon.

"N. B. If I go to America this year it behooves me to hasten. The Alleghanies must be crossed with my family before cold weather. A fair copy of my deed of gift, accompanied by the conditions, countersigned by the trustees of the fund, must be furnished me before I go. Tell Mr. Pratt to send the first copy to Lord Gambier for his signature."

Here end the few extracts from the letters written to Mr. Marriott while the writer was in Oxford. His success he owes to the goodness of his cause and the influence of his friends, at whose suggestion many civilities were paid him, which, considering the very great prejudices existing against him in that University, were highly gratifying to his feelings and favorable to his cause. The impression made on his mind when he left that hospitable city of colleges, famous for their deep erudition, was that of veneration and gratitude.

On the writer's arrival in London from Oxford, he found the following letter from the Rev. Mr. Dallin:—

*York, June 16, 1824.*

"RIGHT REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR:—

"It was with peculiar pleasure that I could perceive, in reading your letter, the Christian submission and cheerfulness with which you bear the bereavement which it has pleased Almighty God to add to your cares and anxieties. The more the event is considered in connection with its circumstances, so instructive to those your son has left behind, and with its

happy consequences to himself, the greater reason will you have to rejoice, and your friends to rejoice with you. I mentioned in my last letter, that Bishop Bowen's account of your son's death had been lent to several of your friends in this place: it has given the greatest pleasure to observe how graciously our Heavenly Father deals with his children, as they have to pass the valley of the shadow of death, giving them strength equal to their day. The account is truly instructive, and the reperusal of it excites fresh interest in my mind; and judging from the description of your son's piety as it is related to us, I cannot but be confident of the effect it must have produced among those who witnessed it. Thus Almighty God appoints that some should glorify him by a continued life of faithful services, and others by their early deaths, snatched away from whatever in this life can gratify the mind of man. In every case, the death of his saints is precious, and, exhibiting the power of his holy and eternal truth, spreads abroad the savor of His name, and of that Redeemer who has purchased us with his blood.

"I am much obliged by the detailed accounts you have given me, in answer to the inquiries of my last letter: they are very acceptable to me. Since I received the printed list with which you favored me, I have seen one which brings down the subscriptions to a later period; and from that it appears that they have amounted to the sum which is necessary for a commencement in your plans, so that your visit to this country cannot now fail of its object. As much more as can be obtained will add to the efficiency of your undertakings in your diocese, and I hope will considerably exceed the present amount. If I recollect right, I did not perceive donations from Bristol. Your friends in London will no doubt bring your claims to the notice of that important place and its vicinity. I believe there are many wealthy people there, and that they are in general good givers. The subscriptions from Manchester are singularly liberal, especially from Mr. Wiggan's family. Those of Lady Dowager Rosse are munificent.

"I perceive with great pleasure that our prelates are coming forward in support of your plans. Dr. Gaskin also takes a part in your concerns; his name is subscribed to the last



statement published. If I understand the view this gentleman takes of religious concerns, none of our clergy will feel adverse to you, now that he is satisfied. Countenance from this quarter is doubtless important to you, on account of what has taken place in your native land respecting your mission to this country. All pretension that you have degraded the American Church in the eyes of the Church of England must be put out of countenance. The contrary is most certainly the case; you have raised it in our estimation, and endeared it to us. Thus God's good providence is prospering your wise and judicious plans, and in that point in which you were, and could not but feel, concerned and anxious; viz., in relation to the part the superior clergy amongst us might think proper to act. It is painful to see the part which some person has acted, in publishing the pamphlet you mention. It comes, however, much too late to do your cause any injury. The only fear on this point I think is, lest there should be any animosities in the minds of the clergy of your Church still remaining, which might be troublesome to you on your return. But on this point also, an assured trust may well be placed in that good Providence which has hitherto so kindly carried on your affairs.

*“Scarborough, June 23.* Having been called to preach the Visitation sermon here yesterday, I was obliged to lay aside this letter till to-day. I have no York news but this, that your friends there were all well on Monday.

“If you should have leisure before you leave London, I shall be obliged by your sending me ——'s pamphlet, Bishop B——'s and Mr. W——'s American Education Appeal, and the list of subscriptions up to the present time. I would not trouble you for the two former publications, but I despair of the booksellers in York getting them for me. I shall return thither to-morrow.

“I took for my text yesterday, Matt. xxviii. 20: ‘Lo, I am with you,’ &c. How full of comfort is this and many such precious promises to us! O! for stronger faith to live upon them. The congregation were very attentive, and seemed as much interested in hearing as I had been in composing the sermon. The leading idea in my mind through the whole

was this, that the Great Head of the Church will *most certainly*, amidst all discouragements, accomplish the purposes of his commission; viz., by his ministers.

“But I must draw to a close, by assuring you that I am and shall always be your faithful and respectful friend and servant,  
JAMES DALLIN.”

On the 22d of June, wrote the following letter to the Rev. Mr. Ward:—

“No. 10 Featherstone buildings, }  
 June 22, 1824. }

“REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR:—

“If I were asked why I think so much of my visit to Great Horksley, near Nayland, my reply would be divided into chapters.

“I. I should have something to say of *yourself*—how we met in your blooming clover-fields, and how soon we were ‘acquaint;’ how, from the borders of your glebe and summit of your hill, you, like Moses on Pisgah, pointed out the goodly land before us—a land not indeed of ‘promise,’ but of sweet remembrance,—for such it was to the noble Kenyon, lingering with moistened eye behind us, and relating to his and our good friend Marriott how, in that loved spot, that lone village, now so much esteemed, he had been taught the ways of wisdom by Jones of Nayland.

“II. Mrs. W., that nameless air of dignity and love, which, like the radiance round the prophet’s head, is visible to all but himself who in meekness wears it; this should fill up the second chapter.

“III. The third should be exhausted in describing your dinner-party. The Rev. Mr. Sims and others, with their sage remarks; the reminiscences of good and sainted Jones; how he died in faith of a heavenly Canaan, his favorite topic; how he blessed the Lord that Jordan’s flood was stayed by the ark of God’s covenant in Jesus Christ, so that even he, who had dreaded death through the whole journey of life, saw now in him no terrors. ‘If this be dying, my fears were groundless,’ said he, and leaped on the heavenly shore.

“IV. And what have I for this chapter? Let your daugh-

ters come in for their full share in this book of delights. Flowers they are of the sweetest fragrance; wet with the dews of heavenly grace, they bend their modest heads to the 'Day-Spring from on high,' 'the Dawn,' the Sun of Righteousness. O! may His rays ever beam gently on them, not in a consuming fire, but in the effulgence of love, as of glory through the covering of the tabernacle, till changing more and more, from flowers to fruit, they at length become fit for the heavenly Master's use.

"Dear friend, this is indeed a florid and a fruitful subject, and if it do but lead us on to our prayers, so much the better. I love a garden and I love innocence, for they were man's enjoyments before the fall; and if, even now, we would be happy, happy as this poor world can make us, we must seek the new Eden and the innocence of Jesus.

"I can hardly bring myself to believe, much less to tell you, that, notwithstanding all my endeavors, I cannot go again to Horksley. It grieves me to the heart to think I can no more see you on this side of heaven. My pressing necessity of returning immediately to Ohio forbids me the pleasure of seeing you and your lovely family again. God's will be done!

The month of September is the only month in which it is even tolerable to a young and tender family in passing from New York to Ohio — six hundred miles. One fortnight in the preparation, and nine or twelve days to New Hampshire and Vermont, to visit my relatives, and one month or more in crossing the Atlantic — what portion of time then remains for me in England? Very little. The 16th of next month is the furthest. In the mean while I must go to Devonshire and Bristol. O, my dear friend! you and I must meet hereafter *only* at the throne of grace. We have one heaven to go to; there let us meet as oft in prayer, so finally in happiness.

"Ever faithful,

PHILANDER CHASE."

The following is Mr. Ward's reply:

"*Great Horksley, June 24, 1824.*

"MY DEAR BISHOP:—

"It is impossible that you could be more gratified with the visit with which you have honored us than we have been. I

thank my God that I have lived to see an American Bishop under my roof — a Bishop whom my children will never forget, and whose words will remain engraven on their memories, and be transmitted perhaps to their children long after you and I are in our graves. But are we indeed to see you no more? This indeed is a sad disappointment to all this house, and many in this neighborhood. Had I foreseen this, I should have made a better use of my time while you were with me, for I had a thousand questions to ask about America.

“O, my dear Bishop, strive and pray against disunion. It was the first thing that the devil endeavored to introduce in the Church between Paul and Apollos. Heresy, heterodoxy, envy, ambition, and worldly-mindedness, are the implements he works with. Let the servants of Christ be on their guard against these, for they will be sure to meet with them; but so long as they are one with Christ and Christ with them, they have nothing to fear. Bearing and forbearing, and overcoming evil with good, is the great art of war in the Church militant. The meek shall inherit the earth, even the earth lately reclaimed from the desert in Ohio.

“Surely nothing but calls indispensable should induce you to leave this country before you have done everything that can be done to accomplish your object. Surely you mean to visit Ireland. Rest assured there is a spirit in that nation which you can form no idea of in this country, unless you take my little Mary Ohio as a small item of Irish enthusiasm. Would that all the Church of England felt for the spiritual wants of the Church of America as this dear child does. She is working hard for the children of Ohio. I hope the prayers of them and their Bishop will attend her. She has named the room you slept in Ohio; she has written all her effusions to some friends in and near Exeter, and we have written also, and sent several of the Appeals, and the ‘Letter to Lord Kenyon.’ We have many friends there, all of whom shall be prepared to receive you; and should you go to Dublin, I shall be happy to introduce you to some of the choice ones of the earth. You shall not be forgotten, nor the cause you have at heart; and do not forget us, I pray.

“You are very good to caution me against too strong attachment to my happy earthly lot; but a minister of Christ, who feels his awful responsibility, and his sad infirmities, will always have enough to humble him, and the three great enemies of his salvation will never fail to spoil his paradise on earth, and make him know and feel that there is no real rest, or peace, or true happiness, on this side of heaven. — ‘*In cælo quies.*’ It was a saying of the good old Jones, that he never went into a parish where he did not meet the devil. You are not to be surprised, therefore, if the devil oppose your great undertaking in the diocese of Ohio. Being a bulwark erected and directly aimed against his kingdom, he will do everything in his power to thwart and destroy it. I am sorry he has annoyed you in England, but that excellent ‘Letter to Lord Kenyon’\* will, I am persuaded, frustrate his mischievous attack in the British Critic.

“I hope we shall be able to do something for your cause in Colchester, but not near so much as if you could have come down. We shall be anxious to know your success in the west. I expect great things await you in Bristol, and Exeter, and Bath.

“Adieu! my dear Bishop. May the great Shepherd and Bishop preserve and prosper you. Your letter shall be treasured by my children as a grateful memorial of you, and we shall never cease to love and bless you, and your dear wife and children. Pray, when you see the excellent Lord Kenyon, remember us all to him. I feel the sincerest respect and esteem for his Lordship, as well as for your zealous friend, Mr. Marriott.

“Believe me, my dear Bishop, your ever devoted servant  
in the Lord, W. WARD.”

On the 23d of June, the writer again paid his respects to the Bishop of Salisbury, and the afternoon he passed most agreeably with the Marriotts, in Queen’s square.

\* “First letter of Rev. J. Pratt in vindication of Bishop Chase against his enemies.”

## CHAPTER XXXV.

VARIOUS SCENES AND INCIDENTS—VISIT TO MRS. HANNAH MORE—  
PREPARATIONS FOR RETURNING TO AMERICA.

ON the 24th of June the writer breakfasted with good Mr. Pratt and family, and the same day went, according to appointment, down to *Mitcham*, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Marriott, and their daughter Salina. The object of this journey was to pay a visit to good Mr. Hoare, the banker of the Ohio fund, and to be introduced to his daughter and son-in-law, Sir Thomas and Lady Acland, persons of uncommon merit; and, indeed, he found them such, in all respects most excellent. His reception there was most affectionate, and indicative of great goodness, the most finished urbanity, and gentleness of manners.

In the course of the afternoon, Sir Thomas urgently requested to introduce the writer to his friends in Bristol, Blaise Castle, Barleywood and Devonshire, to which end appointments were made and all things arranged. The dinner and company were most agreeable, and when it was closed, the company, servants and all, were twenty-four, who kneeled down and joined in family worship.

Rode to London in the same evening, and the next day, the 25th, dined, by particular invitation, with Mr. J. Goldsmith, 32 Dowee square; present, Mrs. Frederick Thurston, Lord and Lady Seymour, Col. Cheney, Bishop Jebb, of Limerick, Rt. Hon. Henry Golbourn and his brother Edward. A company so respectable for their station and urbanity, as well as for their learning and piety, could not but be highly interesting to the writer. As if now before him, he sees this constellation of English worthies, and is thankful to God for the privilege.

The day following, 26th of June, as previously arranged by friends, the writer went to the city of Colchester, and was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Hutton, Sen., and to his excellent wife, sister to Lady Palmer, and to the Rev. Mr. Marsh. At six, went over to see "once more" the dear friends at Horks-

ley! Early Sunday morning returned alone in Mr. Ward's coach, and attended church in Colchester all day.

The particulars of this day's enjoyments, with those of Monday in the Castle, when so many met to hear Mr. Marsh, Mr. Ward, and others, set forth the claims of Ohio, are marked down with a pencil, illegible to all but to one who has them, and very many instances of kindness shown him in this ancient city, inscribed in his heart. Never was there a more kind and sympathizing people than the Christian citizens of Colchester, Old England. Mrs. Hutton and her daughters came up to the Rev. Mr. Marsh's to bid farewell. At parting, the persons who kneeled down to pray for a blessing were the Rev. Mr. Marsh, Rev. Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Ward, his daughter Charlotte, Mrs. Ravenscroft, Mrs. Marsh and four children.

"JUNE 29.

"Went to London, the scene of my sorrows and my joys, and this day of my '*farewells.*' A few choice ones met at Mr. Coulburn's,—Mr. Justice Park, Charles Crawley, Miss Macfarlane, and Mr. and Mrs. Marriott,—to dine at five. We talked of what was past, and with pious confidence looked forward to future fields of duty and of sufferings. God's promises in Jesus Christ, like the pillar of fire on the ark of the covenant, were at once our guide and support, that 'as our day was, so should our strength be!'

"How affecting the last parting kindness of such friends as these! Mr. Marriott accompanied me to Piccadilly, and there, at half past eight, June 29, 1824, we parted to meet no more till the great day!"

The writer rode all night, and arrived at Bristol at ten in the morning of the last day of June. Received a kind note from Mr. John T. Harford, to dine that day, and one from the Dean of Bristol, to breakfast the following morning.

It was a bachelor's breakfast, and entirely alone with the good Dean; yet it was most pleasant; and the acquaintance thus happily begun was continued, much to the satisfaction of the writer, as they rode together the same day over the high

hills to Blaise Castle, a place commanding a full view of Bristol bay and harbor. The mansion-house is surrounded with a thick wood, except at intervals, through which are seen the gardens and the dairy-house, neatly and conveniently built.

There were present at Blaise Castle on the occasion referred to, 1st July, the following persons:—Lord and Lady William Somerset, the Bishop of St. David's, Sir Thomas and Lady Acland, Rev. Mr. Trevelyan, Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. Gray, Sir Edmund C. Hartopp, Mr. Grove, Mr. and Mrs. Harford, the Bishop of Ohio, the Dean of Bristol, and Mr. Harford Battersby. To describe an afternoon and evening spent in such company in England, would be to write a book.

The good Bishop of St. David's seemed, when on the subject of the Ohio claims, to open his heart and pour forth his good wishes without measure. The conclusion of one of his sentences to the writer was a blessing most fervent. "May God bless you in this work!" said he: "may God bless you in all you think, in all you say, and in all you do!"

It had been agreed that the writer should accompany Sir Thomas and Lady Acland into Devonshire, and in so doing would pass by Barleywood, the residence of the pious and distinguished Mrs. Hannah More. What rendered this visit an indispensable item in the route to Devonshire was the reception of a note from Mrs. More herself, inviting the writer, in the most affectionate terms, to pay her a visit. This relic of that most esteemed lady is here subjoined:—

"Mrs. Hannah More presents her most respectful regards to the Bishop of Ohio. By a letter just received from Sir Thomas Acland, she is encouraged to flatter herself with the hope of a visit from the Bishop on Friday. Honors are not always pleasures; but in the accomplishment of this kind plan they will be identified. Sir Thomas hopes to get away from his sick sister in time to accompany the Bishop. Should that not be the case, Mr. Harford will have the goodness to give him the necessary information for reaching Barleywood, where he will condescend to visit a convalescent in her sick chamber, who will be much gratified to see him.—*Barleywood, Wednesday, June 30, 1824.*"



Early in the day of the 2d of July, Barleywood was descried by Sir Thomas Acland, and pointed out to the writer, as they sat together on the "outside" of a post-coach to enjoy the passing scenery, while Lady Acland and the children were "inside" below. "There she is, in the bow window in the second story, looking out for us! Now she sees us, and now she salutes us in her best manner! This is the woman who has done so much good in the world!" By this time the postilion had driven us swiftly around to the entrance, and we alighted in Barleywood house, which, however humble, is more celebrated than an eastern palace of a king. The ill health of this dear lady would not allow us the pleasure of speaking with her till we entered her own room above, whence she had seen us coming.

With Sir Thomas Mrs. More used all cordial frankness, elevated sentiment, and chastised wit. Towards the stranger from America her manners were in every respect engaging. A mellowed courteousness bespoke both her humility and mental greatness; and towards the polished Lady Acland she gave loose to those endearing qualities which bind British females so closely to each other. Not a moment of time was left unoccupied. Words fitly spoken, like apples of gold in network of silver, filled every vacant space in conversation. No one seemed restive or jealous of his privilege to tell the next story; yet his turn came, and all would listen and feel the full force of what was said. The whole garden, full of the flowers of literature, was open, and each might enter and cull from thence what flower he pleased; and should it vary in color or fragrance from those of others, so much the better it occupied its appropriate place in the nosegay tied together by good English humor. The pious matron of Barleywood, however, would never suffer one flower, nay, two, to be omitted, viz., "the Rose of Sharon" and "the Lily of the Valley,"—Jesus Christ and his holy religion in the hearts of men. These seemed essential to her enjoyment.

The next day, bidding adieu to this most eminent Christian lady, the writer proceeded to the residence of the Rev. John Marriott, in Devonshire, brother to the two worthy and most esteemed persons who have borne so conspicuous a part in

these memoirs. The writer's reception here was in every respect becoming a minister of Christ to afford to a fellow-disciple of the Cross. In him were united the pastor of a flock and a friend of the stranger. While he paid all due attention to the latter, the former were not neglected. This the writer witnessed, as with him he visited the sick, and heard his pious counsel to the young, and his admonitions to those who had erred from the path of duty. This dear man has now gone to his high reward; but the effects of his example doubtless remain for a memorial of him.

While here the writer received the following letter from Lady Sparrow, highly commendatory of Mr. J. Marriott, and rejoicing at the writer's visit to Devonshire:—

*“Brampton Park, June 30, 1824.*

“DEAR BISHOP:—

“Though much hurried at this moment, having some friends in the house and momentarily expecting two more, (Lord Calthorpe and Bishop Jebb, of Limerick, with the last of whom I hope to have much converse about you,) I will not delay a few lines, as yours just received tells me you are going to Mr. Marriott's, which I did not know you intended, and which I hear with much pleasure, as he is a very excellent and agreeable man, who adorns as well as supports his Master's cause. Pray remember me very kindly to him, and tell him I hope he means I should see him when opportunity permits it. You will also meet a promising youth, a nephew of mine, the only son of my eldest brother, who I hope will receive your blessing and find it blessed to him.

“I rejoice to find you have the active support of the truly amiable Sir Thomas Acland; and though I cannot but regret not having the pleasure of further intercourse with you, yet I feel persuaded that your cause will be as warmly supported when you are away as when here. I trust you will have the happiness of finding all those nearest to you on earth well in every respect, and that your highest pastoral wishes may receive the fullest accomplishment.

“I shall feel much gratified by a few lines, when your leisure permits it, in your distant abode, and it is a source of

higher gratification to feel assured that you will there occasionally, when you go to the throne of grace, remember your cordially sincere and obliged friend,

“OLIVIA B. SPARROW.

“N. B. Lord and Lady Mandeville, as usual, desire to be kindly remembered. You have not given me the information I want as to the mode of addressing you.”

The following is from the writer to his wife in America, and was dated while at the Rev. Mr. Marriott's:—

“*Broad Clist, near Exeter, Devonshire, July 4, 1824.*

“MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE:—

“After mature consultation among all my friends, it is agreed that I leave England for America on the 16th of this present month, July. This determination was made previously to my leaving London, which was at eight o'clock P. M. on Wednesday of last week; i. e., the last Wednesday in June, 1824. You see that I am now in Devonshire, the south-western part of the island. How I came here, and with what adventures I have met—luck good or ill from the hand of a wise Providence—I cannot now inform you. My friends are all kindness and zeal. The enemy seems for a moment silent. The ‘Letter to Lord Kenyon,’ which I sent you some time ago, has stopped all mouths and dissipated all surmises.

“On the 10th inst. I am to be at Manchester, where I hope to spend a few days, till the 15th, in preparations for the voyage. Lord Kenyon, who has some relations in the neighborhood, will meet me under Mr. Wiggin's hospitable roof. They met in London, and were mutually pleased. The voyage will be hence to New York, at this season, about forty days. Lord Gambier, an old seaman, told me this. He has proved most affectionate as well as faithful.

“God Almighty protect and bless us both and our dear children. Pray get everything ready for an immediate journey to Ohio. Our success has been signal; let all our thoughts and actions conform to God's will.

“I hope something has been done for me, or will be done

for me, in my own country. So great an object as this before us must not be supported solely by foreigners. It grieves me to think of the coldness of our own people at home on subjects of the greatest importance, and which concern *themselves* more than all others.

“Adieu! renew your prayers for one who scarcely for a moment has ceased to pray for you, dear, dear Sophia, and the children. Once more God Almighty grant we may soon meet and be blessed, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen.

“PHILANDER CHASE.”

On the 5th of July the writer visited the venerable cathedral at Exeter, after which he spent a very happy day at Sir Thomas Acland's. Of this noble Baronet and his lady the writer continued to receive proofs of unfeigned friendship, and deep solicitude for the success of his cause. It was Lady Acland who set on foot a subscription, which eventuated in the purchase of a printing-press and types for the Ohio seminary, and this item thenceforward became an essential part of the writer's plan to benefit his diocese.

On the 6th of July bade adieu to Exeter. Sir Thomas accompanied the writer in his post-chaise a long distance, when, entering a stage-coach, the road through Taunton and Bridgewater was soon measured back to Bristol. Here many letters awaited, among which was one from Lord Kenyon, extracts from which follow:—

“*Gredington, June 26, 1824.*”

“MY VERY DEAR BISHOP:—

“Like dear Mr. Marriott, I feel quite grieved at the thought of bidding you farewell, probably forever in this world, when we next shall part. In all such sorrows the true comfort is, what I have experienced in my own most melancholy loss, the hope of the faithful, and the reflection that time is very short compared to eternity. Very sincerely shall I feel the like comfort in parting with you, my much-prized friend. And all the intercourse I have had with you, and all I have known of your doings, have but increased those consolations, and the

humble endeavors not to counteract, but, by God's gracious aid, to endeavor to forward, His unmerited mercy.

"I shall hope to meet you at Manchester on the 10th of July, and to see you and good Mr. Wiggin at my venerated aunt's, at Peel Hall, nine miles from thence. I will write to Mr. Wiggin and desire him to fix a day for that visit, which I must crib out of your time, and for him to say if we may both stay a night there or not. You will both be truly welcome, I can promise. I shall leave my precious daughters by the sea-side opposite Liverpool, that I may have the comfort of meeting you, but anxiously wish they may see you, and receive from you that apostolic blessing which few can value more than I shall for them.

"My kind regards to your excellent host at Broad Clist. I hope he will be able to serve you and your cause, as every Marriott of that blood must wish to do. God bless and prosper you, prays your obliged and affectionate friend,

"KENYON."

In Bristol, on the 7th of July, the writer was present at a meeting of about twenty gentlemen and one lady, accompanying her husband, at the chapter-house of the cathedral of Bristol. The Dean presided. Sir Edmund Hartopp and the Harfords were there, and the good Mr. and Mrs. Spencer. Two hundred pounds were sent from this meeting to the treasury of Ohio in London.

Found all seats in common coaches taken, and was obliged, with another gentleman, to hire a post-chaise. Rode all night; coachman fell asleep; pitched back and broke in the glass window; horses took fright; fellow-traveller jumped out; coachman, having recovered his seat, gave the reins to the writer, and went back to find his other passenger; soon came up and helped him to a seat, but, alas! he had lost his reason. It was just at daybreak when this happened. The man growing troublesome, the coachman was ordered to drive fast. It was about ten miles to Birmingham, and on arriving at the inn, sent for a surgeon. The man was bled and came to his senses, and never saw a more grateful person when told what had happened. Caution: Don't jump out of the coach in like

cases. There may be nothing serious, and if there be, you'll find more safety in the coach than out of it. It will shield you in case there be an overturn. See the like advice by the learned Prideaux.

The Rev. Mr. Burns treated the writer with great civility, and he dined at his house in Birmingham. Went in a coach to Woolverhampton, and thence in a post-chaise to Stretton Hall, the residence of Lady Rosse, the writer's most munificent benefactress. Hitherto the acquaintance had been only by letter; now it was indeed face to face. Her Ladyship was sitting alone at her tea-table when the writer was bidden to walk in. Never were there appearances of greater surprise, accompanied by a perfect collectedness of manner, than in the countenance and address of this venerable person. Speaking of this in a letter to a friend afterwards, she said, "I had figured to my mind a small and emaciated form in the person of Bishop C., but, instead of that, a very large man darkened my doors as he came first to meet me."

Commanding a chair, she bade the writer sit down and partake of her favorite beverage. It was indeed a delicious repast, especially to the mind and intellectual taste. She was evidently very far advanced in years, yet there was an expression of great strength of thought in her countenance. This, joined with lineaments of benevolence, covering, like the thick foliage of a tree, the golden fruits as well as the vigor of the moral frame, gave the beholder great satisfaction.

When endeavoring to execute what his heart had long dictated, a commission of grateful expressions for her unexampled benevolence to the Ohio cause, he was stopped on the threshold of his speech by her saying, "Bless your heart, Bishop Chase, you have done me a greater favor than I you! I am more blessed in giving than you in receiving. God's word assures us of this. Besides, your cause is a good one, and I am morally sure the funds will not be misused, and that is more than I can say elsewhere. I have not," she continued, "been out of my house, except to the house of God, since my good Lord died; and when good Miss Macfarlane wrote me of your case, and pointed out the way in which I

might serve you, my spirit rejoiced, and I have not for many years enjoyed so happy a winter."

The whole evening, till ten o'clock, was spent in devising ways in which she might still aid the Ohio cause. When that hour came, she rose and bade me farewell, saying she would not probably awake early enough to bid adieu in the morning. The whole house was directly in profound silence, till the servant called at the appointed moment for the coach. As the writer came down with great caution, lest he should awake his beneficent hostess, she met him in the parlor with expressions of continued benediction, and giving him Bishop Wilson's *Sacra Privata* as a keepsake, she reiterated her adieus. He need not say how precious this little book has been to him ever since.

Memoranda in coming from Stone:—"Trent, a small river. Spring Valley—beautiful *jet d'eau*, or water-spout. Lunatic hospital, built by a private gentleman. Enchanting view of hills on the right beyond the Trent. The Marquis of Stratford's neighborhood, in neatness and comfort of both house and fields, exceeded by none seen in England. Rode for the first time on the outside; views most pleasant.

"Approaching Manchester; at Longside at eight o'clock, P. M., on the 9th of July, 1824. Hired a man to take my trunk across to Platt Hall, the residence of good Mr. W. The pleasantness of the evening—the voices of boys at play—the mild, smoky atmosphere—the chapel dimly discovered—the palpitating breast in fond expectancy of embracing friends, the first, and of the truest and best in England; no words can record the rest.

"On the 10th July Lord Kenyon came to Platt Hall and dined. Never was there a nobleman more cordially received. On the 11th, Sunday, attended the Collegiate Church all day with his Lordship, and dined at Platt Hall."

"JULY 12.

"Bidding farewell to this dear place, and to Mrs. Wiggin, who, like an angel of mercy, had watched over my welfare, and by her prayers of faith had called down answers of blessings on me, we proceeded to Bolton and thence to Peel Hall,

the residence of the aunt of our noble friend, Lord Kenyon. Nothing could exceed the cordiality of our welcome here. The venerable matron, aged seventy-eight, perfect in her mental powers, and able in her natural frame, and, above all, strong in faith in the Lord Jesus and unbounded in her charity, rejoiced to make happy the friends of her noble relative. The very servants, of whom there were many, both old and young, the happy tenants of this ancient domain, seemed to catch the flame of piety from their mistress' bosom, and at a word assembled and prayed and worshipped God together. This singular dwelling, uniting many humble houses together, was built in days of yore. The last was founded in 1637."

"JULY 14.

"Yesterday Mr. Wiggin returned to Manchester.

"To-day bade adieu to Peel, and accompanied Lord Kenyon to Liverpool. Found all ready to receive us at No. 21 Clayton square. Mr. Wiggin again joined us."

His Lordship went across to Hoy lake for his daughters, and while he is absent the writer will recur to many letters which bear a previous date, concentrated here as the place of departure from England:—These were, one from A. Baring, (now a nobleman,) enclosing twenty-five pounds; one from Lord Gambier, informing the writer that Lady Olivia Sparrow had contributed fifty pounds.

Other affectionate farewell letters from Henry Goulburn, Thomas S. B. Reade, Rev. Josiah Pratt, John S. Harford, Rev. John Scott, and others. The two last named are here inserted:—

*"Blaise Castle, near Bristol, July 12, 1824.*

"MY DEAR BISHOP:—

"We have often thought and talked of you since your departure, with feelings of lively regard and sincere interest in the important object of your pursuit. Yesterday afternoon the Rev. Mr. Gray introduced the subject of it into his sermon, which he rendered very interesting, not only by a general detail of your plan, but by particular extracts from your



printed Appeal, as well as by a striking display of the grounds upon which the American Episcopal Church may fairly apply to the sympathies of British Christians of the same communion.

“Our subscription amounts at present to about two hundred and forty pounds. Mrs. Harford has more than collected *the* twenty guineas. Mrs. Burgess, the Lady of the Bishop of St. David's, has sent her a message to add her name to the list. We are taking means to promote the subscription in Bristol, by means of a printed circular, with a list of subscribers, and a short but forcible appeal annexed to it.

“It rejoices me to think that you will carry away with you a pleasant impression of the land of your fathers. I trust that an intercourse of affection, and promotive of objects of Christian utility, will be every year augmented between England and America. May the blessing of the Great Head of the Church ever attend your labors, and render you the honored instrument of erecting, as you desire, a spiritual oasis in the desert, whence faithful ministers and missionaries of Christ shall go forth to enlighten and to edify the western world.

“I presume you have already written to Lady William Somerset. Her direction is Frenchay, near Bristol. I desired several newspapers, containing our Bristol list of subscriptions, to be forwarded to you by Saturday's post.

“Mrs. Harford unites with me in cordial regards and best wishes to you. Let us pray for each other, and hope to meet again in a better world; and while we remain in this, may we be enabled to abound in the work of the Lord. I shall be glad to hear from you as you promised. I am, my dear Bishop, your affectionate friend and servant,

“JOHN S. HARFORD.”

“Hull, July 13, 1824.

“RT. REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR:—

“I am very much obliged to you for the two kind letters with which you have favored me. In the former I was sorry to find that what we had done here in your good cause had been overstated to you. However, we had done perhaps ‘what,’ under existing circumstances, ‘we could,’ and we are

much gratified at your kind acceptance of it, and at your retaining so affectionate a remembrance of your friends in Hull. I have communicated the contents of your last letter to such of their number as I could, and they all desire most respectful and affectionate regards to you, and express their earnest wishes and prayers for your safe and prosperous voyage, for your success in all your labors for the honor of our Great Master, and the good especially of that part of his flock over which he has made you overseer.

“We feel some surprise, and even a little disappointment, at your leaving this country so soon; but the reasons you assign for it appear quite sufficient. We regret the opposition, and the painful feelings connected with it, which you have encountered here; but you will know how to consider even this as a token for good. No great and good work but what meets with opposition in this world. Nothing here that succeeds greatly and extensively in the end, but what meets with painful discouragements in the progress.

“I have mentioned your request to Mr. Dikes and Mr. King. They desire their respects and love to you. We all purpose to comply with your wishes publicly next Sunday. We apprehend, indeed, that you refer to a ‘collect’ which we have not in our Common Prayer Book; but we intend to mention your request at the commencement of the Litany, and then to refer particularly to you among those who ‘travel by land or by water.’ I hope we shall often remember one another elsewhere, more privately; indeed, that we shall have ‘good remembrance of one another always.’

“Our prayer will be for you, that you may have a safe and prosperous voyage and journey, by the will of God, to join your Church and family again in peace; and though your meeting must be with some tears of sorrow for the bereavement that you have suffered since you parted with them, yet that even these may be mingled with tears of joy, both for yourselves and for him who is so much earlier removed to a better world;—that you may return to your family and your diocese ‘in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ,’ your heart comforted, your hands strengthened, your whole soul animated in the work of the Lord;—that you may be

the honored and happy instrument of forming a long-flourishing Church in the wilderness, (as you yourself describe it,) and of founding for it an institution whence may proceed 'pastors after God's own heart, to feed his people with knowledge and sound instruction' for ages yet to come. May 'the wilderness and the solitary place be glad for you, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.'

"I assure you you have left a warm and very affectionate remembrance of you here, and as far as I have heard, wherever you have gone; and you have excited a feeling of interest and of satisfaction respecting the American Episcopal Church which exceeded our expectation, for we knew little of it before your arrival.

"Mr. Scott and myself have been spending a little time at York, where we were talking of you to this effect:—'I wish we had got our school teachers, &c., together in Hull, to give you the meeting, and particularly to receive a practical illustration of that sort of use of the Common Prayer Book, for instruction and devotion united, which you describe.'

"I remain, Rt. Rev. and very dear sir, with the greatest respect and esteem, your faithful, humble servant,

"JOHN SCOTT."

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

RETURN TO AMERICA—ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK—MEETS HIS FAMILY  
AT KINGSTON—JOURNEY TO OHIO—ARRIVES AT WORTHINGTON—  
CONVENTION AT CHILLICOTHE.

LORD KENYON came over to the city early in the day of the 15th of July, with his son and three daughters. The object was a farewell interview, accompanied with prayer and benediction. Of the accomplishment of this it becomes not the writer to state. All he can say is, that the impression on his own mind is very lasting. One circumstance deserves to be noticed in speaking of this last meeting in Liverpool, which was the presence of good Dr. Dowe, once of New Orleans, now of Cathcart, in Scotland. He had come to see his old friend,

and confirmed by word of mouth what he had related in a letter about Mr. Butterworth's being won to his cause by the story of his yellow man Jack.

Among other letters which met him here at Liverpool, was one from Halifax, signed "A Raven," alluding to 2 Kings, xvii. 6. It contained twenty pounds. Mr. Wiggin was present at the opening of this letter, and immediately applied the contents towards paying the writer's fare to America. Same evening drank tea with the Liverpool clergy, at the house of Mr. Adam Hodgson; a most affectionate interview. The son of the Bishop of Bangor, Mr. Majendie, was present; also Messrs. Dawson and Buddicombe.

The 16th of July was the day fixed for sailing to America, but contrary winds prevented. The ship *Orbit*, Capt. Tinkham, in which the writer came, was to take him home.

On the 17th he was still detained. Sir Charles Palmer, Dr. Trevor, Dean of Chester, and others, came to the ship as she was setting her sails, and ceased not their tokens of English kindness to the writer till he was out of sight. The pilot-boat brought his last farewell to his numerous friends.

What things are most opposite? Answer: The writer's feelings when he entered, and those with which he left good Old England.

Forty-three days spent on the ocean in the months of July and August, are not the most interesting parts of one's life. God's protecting goodness, and the kind treatment of a worthy captain and affectionate passengers, constituted all that was worth recording during the voyage from Liverpool to New York, where the writer arrived on the 29th of August, 1824. His landing-place was at Whitehall wharf, where, not a year before, when embarking for England, he had embraced for the last time his beloved son Philander.

It was now Sunday night: the church bells were ringing for evening service; and never did he join with more fervency in the prayers and praises of the Liturgy, or feel their adaptation and holy efficacy more deeply. And surely never had he more reason to rejoice and be glad, and say, "Let the people praise thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise thee!" than on that occasion.

It was somewhat remarkable that the want of information in New York, touching what had recently transpired in England, was such as to induce many citizens to believe that the writer had been without patronage in that country, especially from the heads of the nation. This belief was so general, that a notice written by some friend, he knows not whom, and published in Liverpool after he left, was, on its arrival in New York, regarded as a FICTION; and Mr. Dwight, who had republished it in the Daily Advertiser, was assailed in the other papers for having uttered things which were not correct, and thus needlessly disturbed the public mind.

From the facts detailed in the foregoing pages, the reader will judge if the public mind did not want information concerning what had passed in England during the writer's visit to that country. It is believed that *that want* of information still exists in the minds of many estimable persons in the city of New York, to his no small disadvantage, and to the hindrance of his usefulness in promoting the best interests of the primitive Church in the west and far west of his country. Our Atlantic cities must help the western institutions of religion and learning, or they will never arrive to maturity. This is especially true in regard to New York; for she is to the western states what the heart is to the human limbs;—the blood must circulate—she must throw her wealth and influence abroad, or there will soon be a stagnation of the genial current, which will bring on moral death. These reflections make the writer deeply regret the existence of any prejudices against him in that city. If he had but the confidence of the Church there, his missionary work would be prospered indeed. But to return to the narrative.

The writer went immediately to Kingston, where he had left his dear family.

Why is it that we are said to violate the rules of true taste when we attempt to describe domestic joys? Are they less real than our sorrows? In weighing them by contrast, must we give all attention to the doleful side? When last the writer visited this lovely place, (Kingston,) a dark cloud hung over him, ready to burst and destroy his peace. In remembering the chapter of the sweet briars, and what was thrown over

them into the dressing-room, who did not sympathize? Contrast that scene with the return of the husband and father, crowned with complete success, into the same house, and mingling with hearts now turned from mourning to joy! In mentioning these facts is true taste violated? Still further will the writer boldly advance in telling his causes of joy and gladness. He found another son added to his family, and soon went to Hartford and presented him before the Lord for holy baptism, by the hands of his respected brother in the Lord, the Bishop of Connecticut. He took the name of that dear son, of whom so much is said in these memoirs, whom God had taken to himself—Philander.

To cross the mountains with a family in 1824 was more trouble, and took a longer time, than to go to Europe and back again in a steamer at the present day. The journey, however, must be performed, and one month was occupied in reaching Worthington from Kingston. On arriving here, the writer found his pleasant residence, built some years ago by himself, now embosomed in trees twenty and thirty feet high, covered with wild grapes purposely left for a shade and beauty. These vines in two years, from the time the writer left Worthington for Cincinnati to that of his return from England, had overtopped the trees and spread their branches so as to touch in several places the roof of the house. An early frost had given them the autumnal tints, and caused some of the leaves to fall, so as to discover the abundance and attractive color of the fruit. "How delicious!" said the children. "Yes," said the father; "but the fruit is *natural*, and as such it is sour and unpalatable. Before good fruit can grow on these branches they must be *changed*: they must be grafted upon. Some good scion must be inserted into every branch, and the wild branches pruned away. Even so must it be with our wicked nature. Our hearts must be changed, and we must 'receive with meekness the ingrafted word which alone is able to save our souls.' By baptism we are ingrafted into Christ, the true or good vine. This is our regeneration. By receiving Christ by faith, the hope of glory, we have the change of heart and become new creatures. The one is to be in Christ; the other is to have Christ in us. Our covenant relation to Christ, in

the former figure, is a great privilege: to enjoy the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, as by the latter, is a still greater. 'He is not a Jew who is one outwardly, but he is a Jew who is one inwardly, and circumcision is that of the heart and of the spirit, whose praise is not of men but of God.'"

On the 14th of October, while at Worthington, the writer addressed a letter to the Hon. Henry Clay, from which the following is an extract:—

*“Worthington, Ohio, Oct. 14, 1824.*

“VERY DEAR SIR:—

“I have delayed, I fear, far beyond the proper period, forwarding to you the enclosed letter from Lord Gambier. My apology is, the very sincere wish I have indulged of a personal interview on the subject of which I presumed the letter treated, namely, his Lordship's very great regard for you, and the essential service of which your letter to his Lordship proved to me.

“I wished also to see you, perhaps at the United States court in Columbus, that I might assign the reasons and obtain your pardon for using your name as the umpire in a certain deed of donation of my estate, where I now am, to the contemplated theological seminary for the education of young men for the Christian ministry. As it is, I can only send you a copy of that instrument, and to it beg your favorable attention.

“The meeting of our convention takes place in Chillicothe on the 3d of November next. I need not say how much pleasure the seeing of you there would afford to

“Your faithful and sincere friend and servant,

“P. CHASE.”

On the 3d of November, 1824, the convention of the diocese of Ohio, consisting of the Bishop, four presbyters, and twenty-three lay delegates, met at Chillicothe, a town nearly in the centre of the state. The Bishop's address was principally recitative of events already recorded in this memoir. It stated that the writer, from a sense of duty, had during the past year paid a visit to the Parent Church in England; that his sole

object in going thither was to obtain funds to found a theological seminary in Ohio, in communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church in America; that the Bishop was to be at the head of this seminary, and that its object was the education of candidates for holy orders in the Episcopal Church; that, in the execution of this design, he had met with much opposition, but had finally succeeded. On this subject he says:—

“When a resolution is once formed, evidently in accordance with the word of God, and sustained by a consciousness of divine direction, it is no subject of regret that the efforts to carry it into execution are surrounded with difficulties. It makes us feel our dependence to be on God alone; and when crowned with success, it makes the glory more conspicuously His.

“With this dependence on God was the mission to Old England undertaken, and most signally has a trust in Him been crowned with success. That great and generous people, the members of the Episcopal Church in England, who are spreading the gospel throughout the world, received your Bishop with kindness, heard his story of your wants with compassion, investigated his plans with candor, examined all objections, and finally determining in his favor, munificently contributed to your relief.

“My powers,” said the Bishop, “are not equal to an enumeration of all the kindnesses shown me, nor to give a full estimate of the fellowship which in the bonds of our common Church accompanied their rich gifts to our infant *Western Zion*. Very pleasant, however, is the recollection thereof. Their memory is embalmed in my heart, and no delight is greater than the duty thus publicly and officially to acknowledge them.

“Never was benevolence more disinterested; never was Christian zeal more active. Delicacy, as well as generosity, characterized our benefactors. The task of soliciting being assumed by the most respectable characters, the rich feasts of intellectual intercourse and Christian courtesousness were everywhere spread before your Bishop, and he has reason to bless



God for giving him grace in the eyes of this favored people, whose God is the Lord, and whose kindness to him was evidently the fruit of the gospel of peace."

The address then spoke of the large set of communion plate, the avails of a donation left as a legacy to the writer by John Bowdler, Esq., and given by Miss Duff Macfarlane to him, viz., a flagon, two chalices, two patens, and collection plate. On it was this inscription: "Appropriated to the use of the Rt. Rev. Philander Chase, D. D., Bp. of Ohio, and by the Bishop's desire dedicated forever to the service of this chapel, A. D. 1824." He then proceeds to state the sum already collected in money (besides the stereotype Prayer Book and the Acland press) to be about twenty thousand dollars, which sum was much increased afterwards. After referring to the deed of donation of the 27th November, 1823, the address proceeded:—

"By that instrument it may be seen how foreign from my mind it is, and ever has been, to create any division in our Church by making our Ohio institution in any way independent of the constitutional and canonical authorities. To the superintending control of the General Convention and House of Bishops, all our institutions of this nature ought to be subject. In case there is a departure from our landmarks, — the Articles and the Liturgy of our primitive Church, — a controlling power should be acknowledged in those to whom God hath committed it."

The address closed with the following devout prayer for a blessing:—

"That God may have this council of his Church, here assembled, in his holy keeping; that he may graciously forgive us our sins, and direct us in all our ways, and further us with his continual help, so that in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in Him, we may glorify his holy name, and finally by his mercy, through Jesus Christ, obtain everlasting life, is the prayer of your affectionate pastor."

Throughout the whole of the above address there was a designed suppression of everything which tended to strife, although by so doing his reputation he knew greatly suffered in the eyes of many thousands, who were unacquainted with the facts while the writer was in England and since he had left it. Peace, with a wounded reputation, is better than perfect vindication obtained by contention. This he owns was a hard task, for the attack had been renewed in England, of which he had frequent intelligence by letter.

The following, from that noble and best of friends, whom he has so often mentioned in this memoir, will suffice to explain this:—

“*Hoy Lake, August 9, 1824.*”

“MY VERY DEAR BISHOP:—

“If I were to follow the disposition of my mind, no week would pass without my writing to you. Most cordially do we *all* trust you are proceeding well on your voyage of devotion, and that it may please God to bless all your undertakings; for I am persuaded all will be directed to his glory and to the edification and unity of Christ's Church.

“My good aunt is still with us, and has expressed her wish to good Mrs. Marriott to be on her list for the printing press. You have heard that our two Archbishops have given their names, though only for twenty-five pounds each. \* \* \* You heard that the Bishop of Bangor has given his name, in reply to my application, very handsomely regretting that demands on him for his cathedral, his family, &c., would not allow him to feel justified in giving more than twenty-five pounds. The warden and fellows of New College, Oxford, have given twenty-six pounds five shillings, in addition to what the warden had given before. And I rejoice to find that my *Alma Mater*, Oxford, has more than doubled her pious offerings, as they amounted when I last heard to four hundred and thirty-six pounds, instead of one hundred and eighty-five pounds. ‘The Welshman,’ [his Lordship's son,] of Christ Church, five pounds, should be added.

“My good friend, Bishop Law, now of Bath and Wells, continues ardent in the good cause, and I trust will be the

means of obtaining further aid and sanction towards it. I still anticipate Lord Liverpool's name will be added, as Lord Bexley has applied and has promised to apply again to him.

"From our dear friend W. I heard yesterday. I sent him word of the gratification I had experienced on the preceding Sunday in attending to the altar my four eldest precious children, and that I should rejoice to hear that *he* had attended his excellent wife and children thither. In reply he said: 'I cannot contemplate a more interesting sight than that of a father taking his dear offspring to the altar, to receive the holy sacrament, and I hope I shall be able ere long to tell you that I also have done my duty. This holy ordinance has not been administered at our church since you was here. Perhaps I am too scrupulous in doubting my fitness for receiving such comforts; but the good example of your Lordship ought not to be forgotten, and I assure you the subject has had my most serious consideration. Your kindness on all occasions entitles you to my warmest thanks.'

"There is just come forth a paper of sixteen pages, pretending to be a reply to the letter addressed to me, called 'Remarks.' It is attributed to —, and I think gives internal proof of being his. Our friend G. W. Marriott is as angry at it I think as I am, and more so he can't well be. It is dated the 30th of July; but I understand that, though he did not communicate his return till the 16th or 17th, he had been actually returned a fortnight before to England.

"After the peace established between you, in the publication put forth with his concurrence, as expressly declared, in April last, to see in these remarks personal attacks made against you, strikes my mind with horror. I love you and your cause, because I consider you and it to be founded in Christian charity and truth, and there is not one word in the 'Remarks' which shakes my assurance. There is much of art I think in the composition. \* \* \* There seem to be insinuations so glaring, that the disclaimer of such intention is even worse than the positive charge would be.

"Still I am persuaded that peace will continue to be *your* object. I have all along considered you to be persecuted for righteousness' sake, and I doubt not that great will be your

reward. On two points I rest as containing the merits of the case. Your clergy must be 'sons of the soil,' because none other will thrive there; and the American bench of Bishops must have due assurance, which you have volunteered to give them, that the instruction given in your seminary will be sound in principle and satisfactory in extent as to learning. They, however, who require great things in the latter respect, are the more to blame in proportion to the impediments they interpose to prevent your having the power of making them such.

"I have had the satisfaction, within the last week, of making my subscription one hundred pounds from fifty pounds, and shall be ready and desirous, according to my power and other pressing demands on me, to do as much more as I can for a cause in which my own heart and those of my precious children are deeply engaged. So is that of my excellent aunt, who returns to Peel Hall to-morrow, having kindly been here for a fortnight. She and all my precious children unite in respectful and affectionate remembrances, and believe me, my very dear Bishop, your own faithful, grateful and affectionate friend,

KENYON.

"P. S. I had yesterday a letter from good Bishop Jolly, who sincerely wishes you well. To-day has brought kind expressions from Bishop Skinner, and twenty pounds from Earl Harrowby."

The answer to the foregoing letter was delayed till another was received, when a reply to both was given, (as will be seen a few pages hence,) on the 14th day of December, the writer's birth-day.

The *original* letter of Lord Kenyon, from which the above are faithful extracts, is deserving of perpetual record, in that it affords evidence of the true intent of the donors, of whom he was an acknowledged representative, in founding the contemplated Ohio theological seminary. And should there be, at any future period, a departure from the principles therein expressed, this letter might be appealed to, as one among many others, as good evidence of the truth.

For example, should the Ohio seminary, following in the

path of a very well-endowed college in our country, fall into heresy, by denying the great doctrines of the Trinity, the divinity of Christ and the atonement, and be confirmed in their possession, while in their heresy, by the civil power, what means could be used for ejecting the heretics and recovering the property to its rightful use, better than the evidence of his Lordship's letter that the original donors intended it for the use of those who held the doctrine and discipline of the house of Bishops and the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church? If there be justice, and if there be regard to the common law of the land, the courts would decide that the property belongs to those to whom the donors bequeathed it. This also confirms the previous principle.

The next day, viz., on Thursday, the 4th of November, the following resolutions were passed:—

“Resolved, That this convention approve the resolution of the Bishop to visit England, to solicit pecuniary aid towards establishing a seminary for the education of ministers in the Church.

“Resolved, That this convention approve the conduct of the Bishop, both in this country and England, in regard to the objections urged against his mission.

“Resolved, That the convention do most cordially unite with the Bishop in the sentiments of gratitude and respect which he has expressed for his reception and treatment in England, and for the liberal donations that have been made towards the foundation of a theological seminary in our diocese.”

These resolutions the writer regarded, and still regards, of immense importance, not as they were complimentary of his conduct, but as they formed the foundation on which the seminary should stand, and manifested and fixed its nature forever. It was to be a theological seminary, under the direction of the Bishop for the time being, and in all respects conforming to the canons and constitution and liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America; for such had been the express condition on which the donations

were made. Their "approving and receiving," therefore, bound them to the conditions by common law, as in the nature of all contracts. The donor and donee are parties, and a covenant is formed between them, if there be conditions annexed, by barely "giving and receiving." This is established, although a word be not said by the donee. The latter may promise or *not* promise; and after he has received, explains or *not* explains; yet there is no alteration in the nature of the conditional contract.

Thus, in this case, no subsequent act of the convention of Ohio, either by constitution, or by-law by legislative enactment, or statute law of the corporation formed by the legislature, would alter the nature of the *primary contract between the donor and the donee*. If the conditions of the donors did not suit, the only way of avoiding their obligations would have been, to *refuse the donation*. But when the donation is voluntarily received, the obligation to observe the conditions is binding, and remains till the donation is given back with usury.

The report of the committee on the theological seminary about to be established in Ohio falls in with this doctrine of common law, and shows that the lawyer who drew it up had in view a *previous obligation*, created by the acceptance of the donations from England. It is as follows:—

"The committee to whom was referred so much of the Bishop's address as relates to the theological seminary, report, that they have examined the deed of donation of his estate, executed by the Bishop on the 27th of November, 1823, in England, and the outline of the plan of the seminary, stated in the printed letter from Bishop Chase to Bishop White, referred to in the deed. From these it appears, that, before the funds subscribed in England can be received, a constitution must be formed, and an act of incorporation obtained, upon principles specified in the deed. The committee herewith report a constitution in conformity, as they conceive, with the provisions of the deed; and they recommend that a committee, to consist of two members of the Church, be appointed to procure the passage of an act of incorporation.

“The deed requires that the seminary be established on the estate conveyed by the Bishop, unless an estate of equal value be given at some other place, which the convention may deem more eligible; and whether the estate be of equal value is to be decided by the Hon. Henry Clay, of Kentucky.

“According to the plans which form the basis and foundation of all the donations made, the Bishop of the diocese is to reside at the seminary, and to have the charge and direction of it as one of its principal professors and president, and as such, is to receive a proper compensation out of the funds contributed. The committee conceive that the essential interests of the seminary, as well as the obligations of good faith, require that this part of the plan be strictly adhered to, so that the seat of the seminary is closely connected with the proper point for the Bishop's residence. This connection ought to be recollected in all our deliberations on this subject.

“According to the Bishop's deed, upon which all donations are predicated, the real estate proposed to be given, and the appendages to it, will revert to the present proprietor, in the event of establishing the seminary in any other place. But notwithstanding such reversion, it will become the duty of the Bishop to reside personally at the seminary. These *facts*, as resulting from an examination of the deed, are stated for the information of the convention.

“The committee have considered that the fixing of the seminary is a matter with which they have nothing more to do than to state the principles upon which it must be effected.”

Thus it was plainly declared that there were *previous principles* which no subsequent act could rightfully alter, and from which none could lawfully depart, without giving up and relinquishing all claims to the donations.

The convention adopted a constitution to carry into effect the first principles of the donors in the establishment of the seminary, but did not fix the place where it should be *located*, thus avoiding for the present a subject on which there was great diversity of opinion, and peacefully adjourned, to meet again on the day fixed by canon, the following June, at Zanesville.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

REPLIES TO FRIENDS IN ENGLAND—ADDITIONAL LETTERS FROM THEM.

ON the writer's return from the convention, he found time to reply to many of the letters received from his friends in England, some of which replies follow:—

“*Worthington, Ohio, Dec. 23, 1824.*”

“MY VERY DEAR LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S:—

“I never reflect on my visit to Old England but with gratitude to God and good-will towards men. What I heard there instructed me; what I suffered there, I trust, has made me better. God was gracious unto me, and gave me favor in the sight of those whom, by every book, precept and line in my education, I had been taught to admire and love, the sound and pious of the Church of England. Among the most excellent of such, I must ever, with great veneration, rank your Lordship; and if this is not said in so courtly a manner as might be, I entreat that its sincerity may plead its apology and make amends for its roughness.

“I remember every instance of your Lordship's goodness to me with great delight. It was in your Lordship's eyes I first read that there was favor amongst the British prelates for Ohio; it was your Lordship who introduced me to the father of the English bench of Bishops; and it was your Lordship who so solemnly and in such plenary terms blessed me, in the name of the Lord, at Blaise Castle. God hath indeed blessed me, according to that prayer, ever since your mild eye beamed on me. The Hand of Mercy restrained the dangers of the sea and the violence of enemies.

“I found my family in health, and with them in safety passed the high mountains to this my abode in Ohio.” [The letter then recites the events, in substance as related, respecting the seminary and convention.] “But that which seemed to comfort all hearts was the spirit of *peace* in which our affairs from the beginning had been conducted. This sanctified



every gift from our parent Church, and cast a holy radiance over everything in prospect. And though we were not, and are not, unapprized of what has been done and still is doing to disturb this peaceful course in both countries, yet confident we were, and still are, that, by following the example of Him who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, God will give us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.

“Several places offering very liberally to contribute in lands and buildings, provided the contemplated seminary can be placed in their vicinity, the convention have appointed a committee to receive all proposals of that nature, and report at the next June convention, when the question as to where the seminary will be established will be finally determined.

“In the mean time the act of incorporation is to be obtained of the civil legislature, and I am to do what I can to get together a few students with whom to commence with some promise. One teacher is already with me, and a few, say from eight to ten, scholars, will constitute our incipient school. Another teacher will be with me in June, and we humbly hope to succeed; but it must be a work of great labor, and time, and patience.

“On this and all our efforts designed for the glory of God, I am confident of your Lordship’s prayers. None are more sincere than mine for your Lordship’s happiness.

“Most faithfully, I am your Lordship’s humble friend and servant,  
P. CHASE.”

The writer’s answer to Lord Kenyon’s letter of the 9th of August:—

“*Worthington, Ohio, Dec. 14, 1824. }  
(My birth-day — forty-nine years of age.) }*

“MY VERY DEAR LORD KENYON:—

“I wish I could put on paper if it were no more than an imperfect resemblance of what passes in my own breast *this day* and at this moment. That your Lordship may conjecture, I will relate what I think to be the causes of my grateful and pleasing sensations. I am in very good health, as also are all my loved family. I am with them in my quiet home, ‘with food convenient for us.’ My children play about

my knees, and Mary in particular often contests the point with her elder brother, — and both their ages do not exceed seven or eight years, — who shall accompany me when next I go to Old England. \* \* \*

“But my greatest source of happiness is the consciousness that God is blessing me, however unworthy, in all my works, through Jesus Christ our Lord. One great instance of this heavenly favor I acknowledge in what has been done for me in England, and in the many streams of delight which flowed and still flow from that one fountain. As an item of this, my heart swells with delight while I mention the reception of your Lordship's favors of the 9th of August and the 16th of September, with the precious enclosure. The number of times that I have read them over I cannot tell, but never have done so without thanking God that I became acquainted with you and your daughter Margaret, ‘precious’ in the eyes of a friend as in those of her noble father. O, may her eternal happiness be ever so in the eyes of our Heavenly Father! That excellent lady, the good aunt at Peel Hall, how vividly does my remembrance bring back what passed at that peaceful spot!

“In my name, have the goodness, my Lord, to thank their graces of Canterbury and York for adding their names to the Ohio list of subscribers. When they see the constitution of our theological seminary, particularly the sixth, seventh, and eighth articles, I am confident of their approbation. Such is the goodness of our cause, the plainness of its reasons, and the integrity with which it has been and is pursued, that, under God, we fear no harm. We pity our antagonists, and mean to answer them only by our silence and our devout prayers to God that they may be forgiven. They may call this ‘affectation,’ but they are mistaken.

“The Bishop of Bangor's goodness, and that of Bath and Wells, affect me exceedingly; the latter, by his frank and generous manner, when your Lordship did me the honor of presenting me to him, preëngaged my whole heart, and may God reward him. Your Alma Mater, Oxford, has done she knows not what good. Tell her to look forward into future days, and see our children rising up and calling her blessed.

Lord Bexley, and his good sister, Miss Van S——, conferred on me, when in London, so many favors, that the kind mention of their names by your Lordship makes me love you, if possible, better than ever. I was not honored with Lord Liverpool's acquaintance; but your Lordship may recollect that in the House of Lords I heard that accomplished nobleman advocate the restoration of the Staffords to their ancient family honors. Little else was wanting to make me love and honor him.

"The quotation from Mr. W.'s letter delights me, and that for reasons which I cannot name without tears. I love this man and his family, and to see them all walking in company '*together,*' in the path of eternal life, and that by your advice and good example, makes me happy indeed.

"I have now almost finished answering, after a most indifferent manner, your Lordship's letter of the 9th of August; but when I notice in the end Earl Harrowby's subscription of twenty pounds, and the doubling of your Lordship's donation, from fifty to one hundred pounds, my grateful feelings break forth afresh. What is thus lent unto the Lord may He return in choicest blessings.

"I wish I had room and ability to answer as it deserves your Lordship's favor of the 16th of September. The kind anxiety to see an answer to the '*Remarks,*' proceeds doubtless in your bosom from a sense of justice and benevolence; yet the weakness of the cause which that pamphlet advocates is so apparent, that I have but little fear from this assault, were it never answered. It has been republished in this country.

"Be pleased to thank the anonymous donor of fifty pounds in my name, and beg him to reveal his. Our *founders* ought to be made known to posterity, and I ardently desire to have his name, and that of all others who have so munificently contributed to bless us, in everlasting remembrance.

"The good Dr. Gaskin, G. W. M., and Sir Thomas Acland, whom your Lordship mentions, are scarcely a moment from my mind. I have written to them all, and hope in turn to be favored. Stoke Newington, where we spent that happy Sunday, will never be forgotten. How mild was the day.

and how holy were our duties, and how exquisite the pleasure!

“I am your Lordship’s humble friend and servant,  
“PHILANDER CHASE.”

Extract of a letter addressed by the writer to the Hon. Henry Clay:—

“*Worthington, Jan. 27, 1825.*”

“VERY DEAR SIR:—

“Your kind letter, in answer to mine of the 14th of October, dated at Washington, the 14th of December last, was duly received.

“That you condescend to become the umpire in the matter alluded to commands my respect and grateful consideration, and I firmly trust your name will prove as serviceable in the *progress* as it was in the beginning of our seminary’s prosperity. My English correspondents continue to increase in number and zeal.

“The legislature of Ohio have granted us a charter. We are allowed to conduct our affairs in our own way, and hold to the amount of twenty thousand dollars annual income. The Bishops are to be members of our corporation, and have a visitatorial power. What severe reflections will these auspicious tidings bring on all who reported me as a schismatical and scheming fugitive, unsupported by my own state and people!

“The place where our seminary will be fixed will not be known till the next June convention. In the mean time I am faithfully and gratefully yours,  
P. CHASE.”

The following letter is from good Lord Gambier:—

“*Iver Grove, Nov. 15, 1824.*”

“MY DEAR BISHOP:—

“The receipt of your kind favor of the 15th September, notifying your safe passage across the Atlantic and your happy return to your family, gave me very great pleasure. Most thankful do I feel to the Giver of all good, that He has graciously led you through all the difficulties and dangers that you have had to encounter since you quitted your peaceful abode, and I trust are now returned to it to renew your zeal-

ous labors in the vineyard of your Great Master, to His glory and the salvation of many souls.

“It affords me great satisfaction to find by your letter that so many of your brother prelates have so much approved of the course you have so wisely and prudently (and with regard to your adversaries so charitably) pursued, in the pious work in which you are so faithfully and zealously engaged. And as to the opposers that have stood up against you in this country, you may smile at them all, seeing that the Lord has so graciously prospered the work of your hands, and raised up so many friends in this country, both to yourself and to your righteous cause.

“There is one of your adversaries, (I will not name him, but you will readily divine who I mean,) whose conduct towards you does greatly surprise me, upon which I will not make any remark; but it must astonish every person who hears that he who so fiercely opposed you, should desire to have a share (I will not say for himself, but for a similar cause in which he is engaged) in those contributions that had been made to advance your pious work.

“I am happy to find that the fund raised in this country for your intended seminary amounts to about five thousand pounds. However short this may fall of our wishes, it exceeds the most sanguine expectations that I could have, when we first began to call upon our friends for their aid towards it.

“It is very remarkable how Divine Providence has led on your steps and blessed your zealous endeavors in this pious work. Surely you may with confidence trust in your Divine Master that he will carry it on to its completion and perfection. May He bless this your work of faith and labor of love for His name's sake, and sanctify it to the good of many thousand souls in generations to come.

“We shall of course hear from you when the act of incorporation of the college has passed through the legislature.

“My esteemed friend Mr. Wilberforce, who was upon a visit to me with his family about the time of your departure from this country, expressed his great regret that you should have left us without his having the pleasure of some friendly

and Christian communication with you, during the time of your short stay in this land.

“Lady Gambier desires me to express to you her kind and affectionate regards. We have now, my dear Bishop, nearly a fourth part of our vast globe intervening between us; but neither time nor distance can diminish the sincere friendship and Christian love which I bear in my heart for you. That our gracious Lord may prosper your ministry and the work of your hands, and bless you and your family abundantly, is the cordial desire and prayer of your humble friend,

“GAMBIER.”

The following are extracts from an answer to the foregoing:—

“*Worthington, Ohio, February 7, 1825.*”

“MY VERY DEAR LORD GAMBIER:—

“If peace and good-will be the fruits of our holy faith—if to cement nations as well as individuals together in love and friendship be the design of our heavenly Christianity—may I not humbly trust that my late visit to England, abounding as it does with such precious fruits and such blessed effects, has not only been directed but approved by the Source of all good? And when God approves, what will avail the frowns of men? \* \* \*

“Long before this reaches England your Lordship will have received the journals of our convention. \* \* \* It is a matter of unspeakable praise and gratitude to God, that the legislature of our state so readily and unanimously confirmed our constitution by granting us a liberal charter. All the Bishops of our American Episcopal Church are, *ex officio*, acknowledged as a part of the board of trust, and *expressly* authorized to see that all things, both in doctrine and discipline, be conformable to the liturgy and articles and canons of the Church. It is true we do not put our seminary under the direction of the General Seminary; under existing circumstances this could not be done without hazarding the peace of the Church. What has been lately witnessed of an intolerant spirit, has greatly prejudiced the minds of good men against such a measure. We feel second to no diocese in a

faithful adherence to the constitution and canons of the Church.

“Your Lordship is pleased to mention that good man, Mr. Wilberforce, and his regret at his not having met me while in England. Pray have the goodness to name me in grateful terms to that amiable and distinguished philanthropist.

“Your Lordship will soon hear from the Hon. Henry Clay on the subject of the ‘deed of gift.’”

A letter from G. W. Marriott, Esq., to the writer:—

“*Queen's Square, Christmas, 1824. Evening.*

“MY DEAR AND VENERATED FRIEND:—

“*This* day is ever one, you will readily believe, in which my heart delights, but your letter just received has made it shine with one more ray of joy upon me and mine. All your intelligence is a call to gratitude. You will approve of my having sent it without delay to Mr. Pratt, who proves up to this day his zeal in the ‘unextinguishable cause.’

“The ‘Gospel Advocate’ having supplied us with the *Address* we so much wished to see, (after the allusion made to it in the letter of Bishop Bowen to you, announcing your beloved son's death,) I suggested to Mr. Pratt that it would be well to reprint the *Address* in England. He immediately caught the idea, and prepared a short memoir of the life and character of your son, from such materials as he could command, to accompany it, and you will receive, perhaps before this reaches you, some copies of a ‘Memoir and Obituary of the Rev. Philander Chase, Son of the Rt. Rev. Philander Chase, D. D., Bishop, &c.’ It has already given much pleasure to some of your friends here, and must do good to all who will read it with attention.

“You will also, I trust, soon receive a parcel of books for the future seminary, which the eldest son of the late excellent Mr. John Bowdler, the donor of the chapel sacrament plate, has made up for this purpose. The parcel will contain a memoir of his father, and some engravings of English worthies, whose example may be useful to excite your disciples of a Protestant Episcopal seminary to imitation. I intend to

solicit one of the venerable Bishop of Durham: you have already got one of the Bishop of St. David's. Their two names stand first on the pocket sacrament plate, and their veneration for you justifies the compliment which will thus be paid to them.

"In my last to you, I alluded to the correspondence between our inestimable friend and Mr. Kip. It is a great delight to me to think that the former's letter must have been for some time at New York. How low must the opposing cause have fallen, before the supporters of it are driven to such contemptible measures for keeping it alive!

"Most heartily thankful-do we all feel for the safe and happy journey vouchsafed to you and your dear family from Kingston to Ohio. May the consoling influences of God's Spirit be granted to your afflicted daughter-in-law! Her situation is indeed most afflicting. The report of your habitation was quite as good as could be expected on your arrival. Heaven will bless it, I have no doubt, and make it the abode of comfort to you and yours, and an object of the love and veneration of your neighbors.

"I shall spread with great glee your report of the convention proceedings, and be somewhat impatient till the arrival of the Bishop's address. The interest which is now felt in the American Church, and especially in that of the western wilderness, will never cease or lessen, but, I have no doubt, will continually increase. About thirty years ago Bishop Horsley confessed that after he was an English Bishop he was in ignorance that there were Bishops in Scotland. Much greater, till last year, was the ignorance of an American Episcopacy, except the colonial one, and even of *that*, thousands, who only wanted to know of its existence to feel its importance, were ignorant till the stir made for Ohio.

"You will be glad to hear that Mr. Wheaton has made an English edition of Dr. Johnson's life. It not only tells of the early and most interesting days of your Church, but shows the Christian aid it has from the first had from its mother in England, and more than justifies, could it want any defence, what has been lately done. How long a few narrow and party-spirited minds will continue to avow their disapproba-



tion of that, I know not. I feel that I never promoted, by any humble exertion of mine, the credit of my Church and country so much, and that they never in my experience exhibited in a greater degree or in a truer way that spirit which encourages me to hope for the continuance upon them of the blessing of God.

“I could not hear anything more gratifying to my feelings than that the spirit of all your convention proceedings has been that of Christian forgiveness and charity. I entirely think with you, as Lord Kenyon, you will find, also thinks, that all reasonable security is provided by your preliminaries. No one, I believe, ever doubted that it would be, except those who wished to be dissatisfied, and those who were misled by them. That your hopes of ‘valuable donations in lands and buildings’ may be realized, I need not say that I sincerely pray, subject to that wisdom which *only* knows what external aid will tend to the ultimate and permanent prosperity of any institution dedicated to the glory of God and the good of man. It is most cheering to hear you speak of collecting students this winter.

“I shall endeavor to get your intelligence respecting Mr. — to the good Lady Rosse, by sending a copy of your letter to Miss Macfarlane, who has visited her, and acquired a sufficient acquaintance for any communications half as interesting as whatever respects Ohio and its Bishop.

“I called about a week ago on the Bishop of Durham, and found him most earnest to know all that could be known of you and your cause. I shall hope soon to read your letter to him. He desired to be at the head of the contributors to the portrait to be given to the seminary, as he had been in the list of those who gave the pocket sacrament plate, and are engraved on the bottom of the paten.

“I do not know what letters cost in their way to you, but beg you will let me know in your next, because, if we live, I shall do right or wrong very often. On this occasion I shall venture on sending two, unless Lord K. knows better and withholds the second, which is only for the sake of sending one of the Memoirs of your dear son somewhat sooner than the parcel of them, which will wait for the Church

Missionary parcels to Liverpool, can go towards its destination.

“Your wish, of which I am most unworthy, of being remembered in my daily prayers, has been hitherto continually performed by me. It is among the many grounds of increased assurance that God’s providence will cherish mine and me with which I am blessed, that I know your prayers ascend for us all. May they never cease till our mutual faith is lost in vision, and our hopes in fruition!

“My dear wife is thoroughly well, and all my numerous flock stout, except dear Selina, who has been somewhat ailing and weakly this winter since our return from the country. She is, however, much better already, with no extra aid, and we live in great hopes of seeing her quite restored.

“With the united love of the whole Christmas circle, believe me ever your most devoted and affectionate friend,

“G. W. MARRIOTT.”

Extract of a letter to Lord Kenyon, in answer to his of the 25th of October and the 12th of November:—

“*Worthington, Ohio, Feb. 8, 1825.*

“MY VERY DEAR LORD:—

“In both letters which I am now answering your Lordship is pleased to advert, with great and very becoming solicitude, to the preservation of the unity of the Church in America. All that is or can be said on the great importance of this matter, is but a transcript of my own sentiments; and never did I bless God with more fervency than for his disposing of all things which have lately happened to this end. It is now clearly seen that, had the principle contended for in the *British Critic*, of conferring power on any one seminary in any one place to grant or refuse to grant branch seminaries throughout our vast country, been maintained, it would have thrown the Church into endless and incurable divisions, and given rise to a system of oppression and misrule hitherto unexampled in the history of the Christian Church. The Roman pontiff never broached so wild a scheme of bringing the world in subjection to his control. It was therefore in

mercy to the Church in America that the progress of this principle was checked in time, and other ways and means of securing the unity and harmony of the Church were devised.

“Long before this reaches England your Lordship will have received the journals of our convention ; also an act incorporating a board of trust by our legislature. By these it will be seen that the Bishops of our Church are members of our corporation, and have a visitatorial power, and the general convention have a veto on our laws. These facts being known, who can refrain from blessing God that he hath brought good out of evil, and secured the unity of the Church by means of defeating those measures which were calculated to destroy it ?

“As to the progress of our seminary, your Lordship must not regard it as capable of the same facilities as if placed in England. Our distance of one place from another, and the badness of the roads, forbid frequent communications, on which despatch in any measure greatly depends.

“But difficult as are our means of communication, I have, by opening my own doors, gathered a few students together of considerable promise. Would they were further advanced in learning ! The day of having a supply of ministers to keep our Churches alive is put far from us. O that God would stir up the hearts of a few well-educated young men to present themselves for his all-important work, to supply *present* want ! As it is, what can we do ? May God keep me from despair ! I ought to have begun his work four years ago. But why do I complain ? God hath been already, almost miraculously, good to me, and who knows but He may go on to bless us with facilities to keep alive our parishes. \* \* \*

“In the spring I shall erect some temporary buildings (cabins.) The two houses belonging to the premises will not accommodate more pupils than are now engaged.

“I am your Lordship's most faithful and affectionate friend and servant,

P. CHASE.”

In answer to this letter his Lordship writes under date of the following April, from which the following are extracts :—

*Portman Square, April 11, 1824.*

“MY VERY DEAR BISHOP:—

“This day I have returned here from a three days' visit to Brighton with my precious Margaret and Edward, and have found your most kind and welcome letter of February 7th and 8th. Most heartily do I bless God for the good account of your sacred cause, of yourself and of your beloved family, which it contains, and fervently pray for every blessing on your labors and on yourselves.

“On Thursday last I had good Dr. Gaskin, G. W. Marriott, and Mr. Pratt at dinner here, and we have laid the foundation of another statement, to be put forth by your trustees, and which is especially to express our gratification at the fulfilment of all our most anxious wishes in respect of the perfectly sound principles on which your seminary is established.

“Our stay in London is intended to end on the 20th of June, by which time the special duties of parliament are likely to be over. The health of my sweet children, and country claims, make me wish to get again to Gredington, and to see my loved and honored aunt at Peel. I heard from her this very morning—a letter written in good spirits, and with all her characteristic kindness and affection towards me. I hope this month to see good Mr. Wiggin in town, and shall try to make him better acquainted with us all.

“A. Hodgson is anxious about a bill in parliament for a railroad between Liverpool and Manchester. I trust he may succeed this year, but have no fear of his doing so next year, please God all things go on well with this signally favored country. Would that we had but hearts duly to appreciate, and duly endeavor and humbly to deserve, collectively and individually, the high blessings vouchsafed to us. There is much salt, I trust, among us, and in this city, I humbly trust, there are many truly righteous, though it is not relying on the merits of any men, but on God's special mercies only, that any blessings are to be hoped for.

“The dear good Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Burgess) I have seen several times lately. He is, thank God, quite well, and busy as ever in endeavoring to fulfil his every duty. He showed me your kind letter to him, which he highly prizes,

and talked of you with true affection and regard. I wish we could send you some clergymen to relieve you in your duties, which must be overpowering. God grant you may have a supply.

"My respects to Mrs. C., for whose kindness we all feel much indebted, and with all our kindest wishes, I am, my very dear Bishop, your greatly obliged and affectionate friend,

"KENYON."



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE LOCATION OF THE SEMINARY—CONVENTION AT ZANESVILLE, 1825.

THE great question where the theological seminary should be placed, had not been settled. The certificates of the donations from abroad had been thrown into the common lap of the diocese, and while they remained there unappropriated to any particular place, all was apparent gratitude, quietness and peace. The Bishop, who had been the means in God's hands of collecting the money, was regarded with complacency, and, without any support from the diocese, *suffered* to open the school at his own expense in his own house, appoint the teachers, and pay them out of his own means, for nothing had as yet come from England. But the moment he began to agitate the question, and designate any place where, in his view, the institution ought to be placed, he began to fail in the estimation of his friends, especially those who lived in towns having, as they thought, the greatest claim to the location of the seminary. This was carried so far, that, when he had made some overtures to landholders to make donations to encourage the placing the institution on Alum creek, he was censured and treated as an enemy on entering the towns that so lately were loud in his praise. "If you will place the institution in or near our town or village," said they respectively, "we will give you our patronage; but not a farthing otherwise."

In such circumstances there was created a necessity for acting independently; for the giving way to the claims of any one place was sure to create the enmity of all the rest. And this proved to be the fact; for when the writer had made a provisional location on Alum creek, and appeared in Zanesville, the convention, who met there, were decidedly hostile to his views. He, however, plead his cause in his address; and although he did not insist on the place he had selected, freely giving it up, and agreeing to bear all the expense he had been at from his own private funds, yet the principle of locating the institution far from towns, and of purchasing a landed domain as a permanent endowment, was maintained as fundamental, and without which the seminary would never prosper.

The convention of Ohio met at Zanesville on the first day of June, 1825. There were present six presbyters and nineteen laymen. The canon requires that immediately after divine service the Bishop shall make his address. Extracts of what he delivered on this occasion are as follow:—

“BRETHREN OF THE CLERGY AND LAITY:—

“In the accomplishment of any great design, there are many previous points to be gained; and although, as in surmounting the Alps, we may felicitate ourselves and praise God most devoutly that we have succeeded in ascending one steep, yet even this rejoicing seems intended to prepare us with courage to overcome fresh difficulties, which one after another rise still higher and higher on our view.

“I introduce my address to you, my brethren, on the subject of our seminary, by this remark, with the triple intention, that we may be excited to gratitude for past mercies, be apprized that difficulties still exist, and animated with holy courage to overcome them. Of these each a little in its place.

“Of past mercies I told you something when we last met. Since that time I have been certified, through numerous and most respectable channels, that the cause of our seminary, set forth in the ‘Appeal in behalf of the Diocese of Ohio,’ has continued to gain ground in the best affections of our English friends. Considerable accessions to the fund have been made,

and the spirit of good-will and Christian fellowship, which it was our object always to promote, was daily increasing. Scarcely a post has passed without bringing some good tidings of great joy to our infant seminary. The most encouraging words and deeds have been recited to me in letters from persons most eminent for private virtue and public station. Would that their loved and respected names could be here recited! But you know them, and will embalm their kindness in your memories.

“Aware that the sum already raised is short of what it would have been, but for some events which took place to stop the flow of British kindness, our friends in England, deeply sensible of the importance of our plan of founding a Christian college, containing all the means of full instruction for the gospel ministry, have given me good assurance, that while our funds are accumulating, both from their own interest and additional contributions, we shall receive at least what would equal their annual interest, in separate benefactions meant for current use.

“As to the remaining difficulties, there are none greater, we trust, than such as may arise from honest differences of opinion, and which, being discussed with a Christian spirit, we hope soon will vanish.

“To determine the great question *where* our seminary is to be established, I always considered as a right belonging to the convention; for by that body I understand an assembly of men acting in the fear of God for the diocese in general; free from prejudice, partial views and local interests; in short, an assemblage of the wisdom of the whole diocese—of the Bishop, of the clergy, and of the laity. As an integral part, therefore, of this body, I have thought it my duty to give this subject all the investigation and deliberation in my power; the result of which, the same sense of duty now compels me to lay before you.

“Before we enter on the consideration of any particular place, the proposals for the seminary divide themselves into two classes, viz., those for *town* and those for *country* places. Having come to this question with an unbiased mind, I have, it is believed, investigated without prejudice both these classes

of proposals, and am fully of opinion that the latter has the preference, and for the following reasons:—

“1. In the country we can have the choice of a site most eligible for health, which is not always the case of our towns, as experience abundantly proves.

“2. Wherever in the country our seminary is placed, the lands for many miles around will greatly increase in value; and if they should be in a state of nature, that increase, in the opinion of good judges, would be more than doubled. Should, therefore, the seminary, by gift or otherwise, previously to the determination to fix absolutely on any place, be certain of being the possessor of some thousands of acres of the surrounding country, how surely and how innocently, yea, how justly, might it share in the gains of which itself would thus be the parent. Count these gains, and on the most moderate scale contrast them with the highest offer which any town will make, and the preference of fixing our seminary in the country will be apparent. I have done so, and am satisfied; do so yourselves, and I trust you will be of my opinion.

“3. By placing our seminary on lands of which itself is the owner for some distance around, we might possess, and, if we chose, might *exercise*, a power as effectual as salutary—a power by right of soil—to prevent the evils which otherwise often the best of collegiate laws cannot cure.

“Such is the nature of our civil government, that it must be employed rather in *punishing* than in *preventing* vice. Thus, of necessity, the woe falls more on the *seduced* than on the *seducer*. The *tempted* is punished, while the *tempter* often, too often, escapes unhurt. In schools and colleges placed in cities, and receiving students from abroad, these evils are most alarmingly apparent. Young men are often disgraced by punishment, and sometimes ruined by expulsion; whilst, when compared with their seducers, they are innocent, and those who enticed them from the paths of rectitude chiefly ought to suffer.

“There is a time in youth when the body, not the mind, has attained maturity—a time when, amid the storms of passion, reason's feeble voice is scarcely heard—a time when inexperience blinds the eye, and pleasure, like an opiate, lulls



the conscience fatally to sleep—a time when the paths of sin, though they end in death, are by the arts of Satan strewed with flowers—a time when all restraint, though imposed by Mercy's self, seems hard and galling. There is in youth a time like this, and this is that which is commonly spent at college, when, for the want of means to prevent temptation, they are most exposed to the seducements of wicked and designing persons. This is so true and so frequent, that through a life of half a century, and far the greater part of this spent in being taught, or in teaching others, there has been no one subject on which my mind has dwelt with deeper and more melancholy regret than this, namely, that there were not in our seminaries of learning some way invented, or some power reserved, by which the temptation might be suppressed, and thus the crime prevented, or at least the tempter, for example's sake, more severely punished;—some way, I say, by which our youth, when removed from the guardian eye of their parents, might contend with vice on more equal terms—might be taught at least the use of weapons of self-defence, before they are brought, as in our city colleges, to contend unarmed with the worst enemies of their happiness,—those who find it their interest or malicious pleasure to seduce them from their studies into vice and dissipation. And here—may God be praised both for the suggestion and the way to accomplish it—this much-desired means of preventing evils which no collegiate laws can cure (till that cure come too late) is now before you. *Put your seminary on your own domain; be owners of the soil on which you dwell, and let the tenure of every lease and deed depend on the expressed condition that nothing detrimental to the morals and studies of youth be allowed on the premises.* This condition, while it secures good men for the first settlers, will ensure them such forever; and in so doing, will close up the greatest, widest, and most fatal avenues to vice.

“This expedient is so beneficial that it finds a friend in every parent's bosom, and it is so practicable that the wonder is not at its intrinsic nature, but that, in a country like ours, it has not been before adopted. It is an expedient which embraces so effectually the vital interests of our seminary, as

of itself to extinguish all objections. We might therefore spare ourselves the pains to state them; for were they ever so numerous, and with ever so much plausibility urged against us, this one feature of our plan would, like Aaron's rod, devour and destroy them.

“But however convincing may be our reasons for fixing on a country place as the site of our seminary, yet there are some objections which, though of minor consideration, seem to be urged with so much candor and simplicity as to deserve an answer.

“It is said that there are manifold difficulties in opening a new country, and that these will *retard* the operation of our seminary.

“We answer, that however great the difficulties, the object we have in view is still greater; and to minds bent upon doing the will of their Master, these difficulties will but add fuel to the flame of desire to accomplish it to the glory of God and the good of posterity. Besides, if those who will have to encounter these difficulties do not complain, *others*, it might reasonably be supposed, would be silent. As to retarding the operations of our seminary, we believe our plan will have an effect immediately and directly contrary.

“It is understood that our seminary is to go into operation in the house and on the place of my present residence, near Worthington, Franklin county, immediately after the rising of the present convention. If the buildings there should prove insufficient to accommodate the students, others of a temporary nature might be erected, or houses hired in the neighborhood. Here the seminary in all its branches, from the grammar school through all the courses of collegiate instruction to those of theology, as required by our canons, might proceed; and while this is doing, and perhaps as prosperously doing as if our conveniences were still greater, will it be an appalling and disheartening circumstance that such a plan as this is in operation for the future benefit of the Church? Will the consideration that we have an ample domain under the specified salutary regulations on which our lands are clearing and buildings erecting, and to which are drawing the best feelings and wishes of our country, as to a centre of hope and promise—

will this retard the present operations of our seminary? Will this discourage the young men whose names are first enrolled on the pages of its records? On the contrary, the prospect of the future utility, greatness, and glory of our institution, founded under such auspices as these, will, it should seem, unite all hearts and animate all endeavors to build up its walls and adorn its palaces. By giving this firmness, though but in prospect, to its foundation, and by thus exhibiting its future strength to public view, more courage even for the present will be inspired, and more strength will be exercised in removing even present difficulties; for who does not know that man's *present endeavors* are in proportion to his *future hopes*?

“If I were to judge in this matter from my present feelings, and if it were proper to express them here, I should be compelled to declare my great dislike to the confining of our views within the contracted sphere marked out by some for a city seminary; and that both my judgment and my feelings accord with the expressed opinion of benefactors in England, I myself am witness and do here testify.”

The Bishop then spoke of his having selected a site on Alum creek, twelve miles from Columbus, and of his having proceeded to make some improvements in clearing the lands given him by a generous individual, concluding his remarks in these words:—

“But by no means would I urge you to receive them if they be not accompanied by other offers from neighboring landholders, which it is so much their interest to make. It would be a deed so manifestly unreasonable for our seminary to enrich a neighboring landlord, by more than doubling the value of his estate, while he withholds all contributions to the same, that, rather than submit to such imposition, my predilections in favor of the site selected would vanish, and my mind be open to similar offers from other places. And lest my proceedings should be in any wise construed into a semblance of a pledge of myself or the convention to fix our seminary on the proposed ground, it is proper to say that all that has been done has been at my own expense and on my own responsibility.

“Thus, as was my duty, have I laid both my sentiments and actions touching our seminary before this convention. If you, my brethren, interpret them as favorably as my endeavors have been sincerely directed to secure the best interests of the Church, I shall be most happy.

“Having thus tried, by the grace of God, to do my duty in this important matter, am I not commanded by my station, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to tell you what is yours? Act then solely for the good of the seminary, and however you may wish it were consistent with *that* good that the same were placed at your own doors respectively, yet remember that God willeth that, in deliberating on this subject, you lay aside all sectional, partial, and self-interested views. The nature of the funds of which you are now to dispose,—given in a foreign land from the purest motives of Christian love, and confided to your disposal with a magnanimity worthy of apostolic days,—seems to call on you, as God once called on Moses, for more than ordinary consideration.—“Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground;” yes, beyond dispute, too holy to entertain any sentiments other than those of zeal and unanimity in the pursuit of the one great design which gave birth to all our efforts, namely, that of founding and erecting a seminary, not for the aggrandizement of any city, town or village, but for the general encouragement of religion and learning, in the education of pious young men for the Christian ministry.”

After speaking at some length of the Bishop's employment in Episcopal visitations since his return from England, the address thus concludes:—

“With regard to our affairs in England, it becomes my duty to state, that, besides the permanent fund, now rising of five thousand guineas, there remained at the last advices a large collection of books still in London, given by most benevolent individuals; also the stereotype plates for our Prayer Book, and a separate fund for a most complete set of printing types, to carry into effect an essential part of our plan. Of the books given in England already arrived in America, some, together

with one hundred and twelve pairs of blankets, a large pair of globes, and a set of mathematical instruments, are on their way from New York hither.

“The books from England already come to hand and now embodied in the library are four hundred and thirty-six. These, added to what we had before, (about seven hundred volumes,) and to what are still in London for us, will cause our hearts to sing for joy; for a better selection, both for piety and sound learning, is scarcely to be found. Besides the books enumerated already in our library, there were many duplicates to be distributed among our clergy and infant parishes. A whole box of these, consisting of many hundreds, principally of publications by that most estimable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, was the gift of one to whom we are already so much indebted, and whose name we shall never mention but with blessings, the Rt. Hon. Lady Countess Dowager of Rosse.

“I have now, my brethren, after a very imperfect manner, brought my address nearly to a close. During the course of this duty my mind has undergone a painful restraint, from which I rejoice to be set free, though but for a moment.

“I have been, through necessity, speaking solely of outward things. Let us now speak of those things which concern the heart and the spirit;—I mean our prayers to God for his blessing on all we do. Pray ye then for the good of our loved Zion. Until very lately a cloud dark and heavy hung over her infant head; and even now, the light which by God's mercy has broken in upon us from the east serves but to discover how weak we are. And though on the bosom of the tempest which surrounds us, British benevolence has painted the rainbow of hope, yet that hope must be cherished with faith, and that faith must live by the breath of prayer. O pray we then to Him, who ordereth the storm for our trial, and sendeth the rain for our comfort. Though in ruins, cast us not off forever, O God of mercy! Raise up thy power and come amongst us: Lift up the light of thy countenance upon us, and give us peace, both now and evermore.—Amen.”

During the delivery of the above address in the convention

at Zanesville, there was manifested great uneasiness, and when the time came to make remarks, there was great opposition made to placing the seminary anywhere but near some town.

“To build up a literary institution from the stump, in the woods, was a chimerical project, and would surely fail, and become an object of ridicule.” This was the sentiment of Col. John Johnston, of Piqua, who mentioned Franklinton, near Columbus, as an eligible place, and offered to procure the old court-house, and other buildings of that county, as a gift to the seminary, if placed there, alleging that they were worth twenty-five thousand dollars!! as by his statement made in writing is still to be seen. Others insisted on its being placed in Chillicothe, others in Worthington, others in Cincinnati, others in Zanesville, Delaware, etc. All went to procure the postponement of the resolution to fix the institution on Alum creek, and to set a time, the term of ten months, in which the Bishop might receive propositions from other, or any places within the diocese, which he should preserve, and lay before the next convention. It was also resolved, that public notice should be given during the first six of the ten months, inviting such proposals. This defeat of the Alum creek project was at the time a supposed triumph; and such certainly it was, but not in the way expected, for God ordered it not to gratify a mercenary anti-Episcopal spirit, but to enlarge his Church, and the means of doing good. And often has the writer since reflected on the painful moments which he passed in Zanesville, at this convention, with feelings of peculiar gratitude, in view of the glorious results of his failure on Alum creek.

Will not all our disappointments in life be made to end something in this way?

On the third day of June, 1825, the first meeting of the trustees of the Theological Seminary of Ohio took place in Zanesville, it is believed, on the very day on which the convention of the diocese had adjourned.

The writer presided.

There were only three clergymen present, of whom the Rev. I. Morse was chosen secretary; Col. John Johnston, of Piqua only, of the laity, attended. On the minutes of this meeting it was thus recorded:—

“The following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted — Whereas, the convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church within the Diocese of Ohio, at their late session, (June, 1825,) did authorize and direct that the trustees of the Theological Seminary should take immediate measures for opening said seminary, on the premises of the Bishop, near Worthington; and for continuing the same there until a permanent location be made therefor: RESOLVED, by the board of trustees aforesaid, that the Bishop is hereby authorized and empowered to cause to be commenced the different courses of instruction which may be necessary in the same, to employ teachers, a steward, and all other persons proper and necessary to carry the views of the Board into effect; to fix and regulate their compensation, the price of tuition, boarding, washing, and lodging, and to exercise all the controlling power over the said seminary which is generally customary in incorporated seminaries, the board reserving to themselves, at all times, the power, in conjunction with the Bishop, of repealing, altering, or amending any such rules or regulations aforesaid.

“Adjourned. (A true copy) Attest.

“INTREPID MORSE, *Sec'y pro tem.*”

Thus was the writer invested with power to do that which he had already done, and to carry on an institution to which neither the convention nor the trustees had personally or officially contributed a dollar. He might go on in his duties as Bishop and President, but he had not the promise of a cent of income to pay his expenses. He might appoint the teachers, and other officers, and pay them himself. He might board, and teach, and wash, for the students, and get his pay as well as he could. Not a farthing was provided by the board to carry on the great work, and no way was pointed out, or even thought of, by which a loan could be effected to pay even a servant or a secretary. The writer saw all this, and the guarded care by which even this power was extended to him.

But these circumstances did not disturb his peace. He

went steadily on, as if the world was at his command, and the gold and silver thereof were all at his disposal. By the tenor of the above instrument, especially by the words "AUTHORIZED," "EMPOWERED," there seems to be conveyed an idea that the seminary should be responsible for his pecuniary obligations, if he should make any, and thus to raise a credit for him on which he might go on and prosper in the work of founding the Western Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church. But in point of fact nothing could be more aside from the truth than this. The seminary had no credit. All its *corporate* powers could not borrow a shilling without his personal responsibility.

The writer never signed his name as president and agent of the corporate body, to any obligation binding them, and not himself. If he had, the same would not have passed in trade for anything. He never thought of such a thing. Never exceeding his personal ability, he made all his obligations, and entered into all his contracts, in his own name; and thus, in the very commencement of the great stream, never venturing beyond his own depth, he *waded* through all his difficulties uninjured.

The school went on at Worthington, in his own house and farm-house, and other buildings erected at his own expense on his farm.

The writer appointed his teachers, and paid them from his own funds, and such as he collected from the students themselves. His wife was his secretary, his housekeeper, his adviser and treasurer, in all this. Such a commencement of a great institution of religion and learning, on so economical a plan, was never elsewhere witnessed. Everything was the subject of the minutest examination, and every hour was filled with solicitude and care.

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The record of this year is best closed with

A FEW SELECT LETTERS FROM FRIENDS ABROAD.

The writer's Journal, containing dates of this current year, 1825, and till June convention, 1826, is correctly stated in his *Address* to his convention; but as his correspondence, espe-



cially with friends abroad, being inadmissible in that document, are nevertheless calculated to embellish this memoir, a select few will here be inserted, especially such as speak of public events.

1. From Geo. W. Marriott, Esq., to the writer.

*“Queen’s Square, 20th June, 1825.*

“MY DEAR AND VENERATED FRIEND: —

“I usually dislike crossing letters, and shall be found to wait till you have acknowledged my last, before you are troubled with another; but yours of the 24th of March to Lord Kenyon may account for disturbing my ordinary course. We hail your prospects with delight, and thankfulness to God, who blesses his own cause in your hands!

“You will not, I trust, quarrel with Lord K. and myself for giving your letter all the circulation we could privately. I sent it to faithful Robert Caldicott, at Oxford, where your friends have read it most eagerly, and to Mr. Roberts, in N. Wales, who immediately opened a correspondence with Mr. Wiggin, and meant to go to him if necessity arose. I really hope your wish of having some English or Welsh among your new settlers may be granted.

“You will much rejoice to hear that though we have not yet seen [X] a letter has reached Mr. Hartwell Horne, from Dr. Turner, one of the professors in the seminary at New York, wherein he expresses his full conviction of the expediency of the proposed seminary in Ohio, and hopes it will be as leading an institution for the western as that at New York is for the eastern states. Mr. H. H. received at the same time a letter from Dr. Jarvis, of Boston, who speaks most satisfactorily of the general popularity of your plan in America. Surely it will make a most important topic in the subjects to be brought forward at the next general convention.

“My excellent relation, Mr. Stow, of Greenwich, (from whom I think you have heard since your return,) has taken a great interest in your last letter, and made some suggestions which I cannot help communicating to you. You will pardon so occupied a man if I do not transcribe them. Your friend the Bishop of Durham has quite recovered from a pain-

ful illness in his ninety-second year. Bishop Burgess' translation to Salisbury, on the death of Dr. Fisher, has led to such public testimonies of the reverence and affection felt for him by his Welsh clergy as are hardly to be paralleled in any period of the history of the Church. I enclose you the Carmarthen address, which you will delight to peruse, and read to others. I fear that I must request it may not be published. I trust that the well-deserved laurels which adorn his brow may operate usefully on all other Bishops, and especially his successors in St. David's.

"I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Pratt say that Wickliffe's candlesticks were to set out the day before yesterday towards Ohio. I hope they will not be injured. They are an exact copy of the originals at Lutterworth.

"He will send you the new statement by the trustees, which is chiefly from the pen of Lord K. Mr. P. talks of getting it, or large extracts from it, into the periodical publications, which I greatly encouraged.

"I am most thankful to say that my dear wife and family are quite well. They join me in kindest remembrances to you and all yours. I am ever, my dear and venerated friend,

"Yours most affectionately,

"G. W. MARRIOTT.

"P. S. I have just opened a letter from a South Wales clergyman, to whom I sent a copy of yours to Lord K. He says, 'I have transcribed the whole of it, with the view of showing it to my friends in the diocese of St. David's, and becoming perhaps the humble instrument in promoting in some small degree the pious designs of the apostolical American Bishop, in our poor principality. May his truly Christian exertions be crowned with every success, is my sincere wish and humble prayer!'"

2. The following is an extract from the writer's most affectionate friend, afterwards Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man. The date is not annexed, but the mention of the dying condition of the Duke of York may fix its period with sufficient precision. The Rev. Mr. Ward, then rector of Great Horksley, near Nayland, says:—

“I have just returned from the funeral of an old divine, a great friend and favorite of the good Mr. Jones. I this moment remember you saw him the first night you were at my house, the Rev. Mr. Halward. He administered the last sacrament to Mr. Jones, and performed the last holy office over his remains at the grave.

“He was a perfect and upright man, who walked humbly with his God, trod closely in the steps of his Saviour, and labored earnestly through a long life to draw all his flock to heaven after him. The good man, on this day week, sat down to dinner in perfect health and good spirits, and just as he had finished, before the cloth was removed, he was struck with apoplexy, and in less than half an hour it was all over, without a sigh or emotion. No person could fall asleep with more apparent ease.

“It was a common saying of his, ‘Sudden death to the believer is sudden glory;’ I am sure it was to him. It is very remarkable, the Sunday before his death, in giving out the sacrament for Christmas Day, he did what he never did before, (for he was a strict observer of canonical order,) he addressed the congregation from the desk. He said he had given notice of the sacrament that day in preference to the next Sunday, in order to give them more time to prepare, and that more might attend that holy ordinance. Those that were not prepared to receive that holy sacrament were not prepared to die, and any of them might be struck dead with a stroke of the apoplexy before they reached their homes; ‘Come, then,’ said he, ‘come all, and come well prepared; let me not miss one of you; I want to take you all to heaven with me.’ These last words he uttered with great energy of tone and gesture. Thus the good old man of God performed his Church duty twice on the last Sunday of his life, said grace over his last meal, and returned thanks for that and all mercies, and now his spirit has joined the beatified spirit of the saint of Nayland, in heaven, and their bodies are sleeping near each other on earth *in spe Αναστασεως*, till the morning of the resurrection. He preaches from the grave to us all, saying, ‘Be ye therefore ready also, for the Son of man cometh in an

hour when ye think not.' May we all be prepared to say, 'Come then, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'

"Our Duke of York is dying — a great loss to the nation, according to our imperfect view of things. But if it go well with the Church of Christ by \* \* \* \* \* abroad and at home, our empire will flourish and prosper. May all the blessings of the season attend you and yours, including family and diocese — the affectionate prayer of your faithful,

"W. WARD."

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

ADDRESS TO THE CONVENTION, 1826 — FIRST VISIT TO THE FUTURE SITE OF THE SEMINARY — INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH THE MOHAWK INDIANS — RESULTS OF A VISIT TO THE EAST — RESOLUTION AND ACT OF THE CONVENTION.

THE thread of this memoir will now best be preserved by introducing here such extracts from the writer's address to the convention on the 7th of June, 1826, and the journal of that year, as give a summary account of his doings, and those of the convention, at that time.

*"Brethren :*

"The history of the P. E. Church in Ohio, during the last year, exhibits little more than the deplorable effects of the want of clergymen. Except my own feeble endeavors, the parishes in the diocese have been blessed with the regular ministrations of but three clergymen; these are the Rev. Messrs. Morse, Johnston and Hall. The Rev. Mr. Searle has been for the greater part of the year absent from the diocese, I am told, for the recovery of his health. The Rev. Mr. Armstrong, residing in Virginia, has been able to devote but a small part of his time in this diocese.

"My own duties, during the past year, have been so weighty and difficult, and withal of such different natures, that I fear but few of them have been rightly discharged. They need the forbearance of man and the mercy of God. Some of these

have related to the diocese, some to the institution of religion and learning committed to our care, and not a few of those to struggles for the means of living.

“At the convention of last year in Zanesville, I confirmed seven persons, and admitted Mr. Gideon McMillan, a candidate for Holy Orders. Thence having returned to the place of my residence, I did the duties of a parochial clergyman in Worthington, Columbus, Delaware, and Berkshire, as well as my manifold avocations would permit. Not a Sunday is recollected, except two, in which I did not perform divine service morning and evening; and I often preached on week days in these parishes when not engaged in distant journeys.”

[Then follow the particulars of a journey of nearly two months' continuance, (during which divine service was celebrated, a sermon delivered, and the sacraments administered, nearly every day,) throughout the counties of Licking, Coshocton, Holmes, Perry, Knox, Huron, &c.]

The narrative proceeds:—

“*August 17.* Went to Mr. Woodward's, where I read prayers and preached. And though brevity in my narrative is indispensable, I cannot refrain from stopping to record some things which have touched my heart's best feelings, and given a new and most interesting direction to our endeavors to benefit the human family. These things concern the natives of our land.

“Some time ago I had heard of the scattered remnants of the Oneida and Mohawk tribes who still retained the use of our Liturgy, once taught them by the British missionaries when they resided under that government. It was my most anxious wish to see and converse with them. This wish it pleased God most graciously to gratify. I paid them a visit, setting off from Mr. Woodward's after divine service and a sermon. We lodged at Mr. Coles', the last house in the white settlements.

“*August 18.* The morning of the 18th of August gave some hopes of a fair and pleasant day, but it proved otherwise. The sky was soon overcast, and a dark gloom hung over the forest, already dark and gloomy by the thickness of

the deep green foliage. Our way was nearly west, towards the Sandusky river, and lay through a pathless desert, with hardly a trace to guide our steps; but confident in the goodness of our cause, and the protection and blessing of the common Father of men and nations, we set forward. The beauty of an open oakland scenery for a time cheered us; but it soon changed to a thick, dark, underleafed forest, in which, having missed our path, we travelled in the rain, it was judged, five-and-twenty miles, before we reached the huts of the Indians we were seeking. To us, wet, hungry, and way-sore, these little shelters from the storm appeared like the abodes of comfort. Some aged men and women of the Mohawks, fit emblems of their tribe, once vigorous, now in decay, met us at their lowly cabin doors. My worthy friend and guide, the Rev. Mr. Coe, who had seen and known these interesting people before, now told them my name and errand. I passed around their little settlement, and the evening and the morning were spent in trying to do them good. I found them not like heathens. They had known Jesus, their Creator and Saviour, from their youth; and the liturgy and formularies of the Church of England, with part of the book of Genesis, and the Gospel of St. Mark, translated into their language A. D. 1787, had been the blessed means by which this faith has been taught and handed down by their forefathers.\* What a comment this on the great utility of accompanying the translation of the Scriptures with the formularies of primitive devotion! And what an overpowering refutation is this of the ungodly objections made to the Christianizing of the heathen, by diffusing the light of the Holy Bible among them! From this instance of God's blessing on the means, let Christians take courage. Their bread being cast by faith on the waters of God's providence, shall return blessed after many days; and though now, through much persecution from the hosts of infidelity, they go on their way weeping, yet, if they persevere,

\* The English "Society for Promoting the Gospel in Foreign Parts" is to be thanked for this notable effort to save the Aborigines of America. This translation of the Bible and Liturgy into the language of the Mohawks has been the means of salvation to thousands of this unhappy race. How blessed of God is that people who published good tidings!

the whole world will, like a ripe field of corn, come to the Christian faith with joy, and bring their sheaves of holy fruit with them.

“*August* 19. Divine service was performed with these Indians on the morning of this day; though it rained incessantly, they came in goodly numbers, and seemed with one heart and voice to join in the responses, as the prayers were read by myself, and repeated by an elderly person in their language. By their apparent simplicity and godly sincerity, I was reminded of the accounts given us of the Apostolic worship.

“I could not part from these most engaging people, without giving them some hopes of being benefited by the school, which had been committed to our care, through the bounty of their former benefactors. I promised to take several of their young men and boys, board and educate them, looking to God for means and ability to support me in so great an expense. And here I cannot resist the desire to connect the sequel with the beginning of their history, though it destroy the order of my narrative.

“Soon after my visit to the Mohawks, on Sandusky river, I mentioned the subject casually in a letter to the Secretary of State, and he most kindly mentioned it to the Secretary of War, at whose judicious disposal is committed a small fund for benefiting the natives. Through these means God was pleased to bless the object I had in view. After performing my tour, I went again from my home, in the month of November, in my own carriage, for the promised Indian lads. The distance from my residence to their dwellings in the woods is one hundred miles. The weather was cold, and the road, a part of the way, very bad. Yet God enabled me to bear the fatigue, and crowned my efforts with success. Six of the Mohawks came with me, four of whom I have seen proper to retain at the school as lads of great promise. Since that, one of another tribe has, by a private gentleman, been placed at the school.

“The goodness of God appeared especially, when, on my arrival at my dwelling with my interesting charge, I found on my table assurances from the Secretary of War that I should

be indemnified for their maintenance and education. Government will allow me one hundred dollars per annum, apiece, for six. Before quitting this subject I cannot but add, for the benefit of the friends of this part of the human family, that the youths above mentioned, viz., *John Heron*, *John Buckingham*, *Joseph Heron*,\* and *John White*, have behaved themselves with great propriety, have improved much in their learning, and attended to every duty with great cheerfulness: particularly have they seemed to take delight in reading and committing to memory the words of the Holy Scripture, and to join with great devotion in the exercises of daily worship. How they will bear temptation, when once more thrown into the corrupting company of the baser part of our own color, who prowl around our frontiers to destroy them, I know not. They need the prayers of all, that God would convert their hearts, and cause their morality to grow on the only legitimate stock, true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. In a direct line it is fifteen miles from the Mohawk dwellings to Mr. Woodward's, to whose house I rode after preaching to the Indians, and by whom I was most hospitably entertained."

[Then follows the record of services performed during a period of twenty-seven days, in another part of the diocese, not necessary to the design of this memoir to be inserted here.]

"*September 17.* The Rev. Mr. Morse having prepared all things for the presentation of the persons for confirmation, and the administration of the holy communion in Steubenville, went to Cross creek, and there officiated on the 18th; while on the same day, in Steubenville, I performed morning and evening prayer, preached twice, administered the communion to about sixty, confirmed thirty-two persons, and baptized one adult.

"*September 19.* Rev. J. Armstrong joined me at Steubenville, and accompanied me to Cross creek. Here, assisted by my two reverend brethren, I performed the holy office of consecrating St. James' church. It is a neat wood building, envi-

\* Joseph Heron has not forgotten his friend and teacher, though twenty years have elapsed. Being about to follow the fortunes of his race and cross the Rocky Mountains, in the spring of 1847, he wrote to him a most affectionate farewell letter.



roned entirely by a deep oaken forest. And when I saw it crowded and surrounded by some hundreds of immortal souls, anxious to benefit by the approaching solemnities, the pleasure I felt seemed a full reward for many of my past troubles. I blessed God and took courage. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, and the sermon delivered by myself. Fifty persons were confirmed, and seventy-three received the communion. The day is worthy of fond remembrance, for it was a day of much joy and comfort in the Holy Ghost. The Rev. Mr. Morse and myself returned the same day to Steubenville.

“*September 20.* The Rev. Mr. Morse agreeing to fulfil my appointments in Ohio till the next Sunday, I thought it my duty to pay a visit to the owner of the lands in Knox county, which had struck my mind so forcibly on account of their healthy and central situation, and other excellences. This gentleman residing in Brownsville, Pennsylvania, the whole of four days was necessarily consumed in going and coming, (it being about one hundred miles,) and in transacting the intended business. This was getting from Mr. Hogg, the owner of the lands alluded to, a proposition to sell them at a reduced price, as a site for our seminary and college. This was accomplished in company with Bezaleel Wells, Esq., of Steubenville, whose kind advice and assistance in this business I hereby most gratefully acknowledge.”

[Then follows the record of services in Wheeling, St. Clairsville, Zanesville, &c., until October 4th, when the Address proceeds:—]

“*October 4.* Was again in the parish of St. Matthew's, Coshocton county. Here I again visited the good Mr. Wilson, and with him performed holy offices, and baptized his grandchild.

“Being now about eleven miles from the lands proposed by Mr. Hogg as the site of our future seminary, according to previous appointment with a friend, I went again to see them; and on a reëxamination, found them to exceed my former estimation of them. This was done on

“*October 5—6,* in company with Messrs. Trimble, Rawden, and Melick.

"October 7—8. I returned to my residence in Worthington, where, and at Delaware, Columbus, and Berkshire, I continued to officiate, till, returning from the latter place, after performing divine service on Sunday, December 4th, my horse stumbled and threw me on the frozen ground with great violence. By the effect of this injury on my hip joint, I was confined till Christmas Day, when I officiated, though on crutches, in Worthington, and administered the Holy Communion to about fifty.

"An account of the remainder of my clerical duties will be here deferred, till I shall have said something of our seminary, and of my endeavors to fulfil my duties in relation to it.

"Having obtained the means to complete the education of young men for the reception of degrees in the arts and sciences, it seemed no more than reasonable and just, that the President and Professors, by whom they were educated, should have the power of conferring these degrees. Accordingly I thought it my duty to petition the civil government for such a privilege: and I am most happy to state to this convention that the prayer was granted with unusual unanimity and cheerfulness.\* The name and the style under which they are empowered to confer degrees, is that of 'THE PRESIDENT AND PROFESSORS OF KENYON COLLEGE, IN THE STATE OF OHIO,'—thus expressing our respect, and perpetuating our gratitude to one of our principal benefactors, in England, and through him to all in that country who have done us good, or taken an interest in our welfare.

"Soon after the commencement of the session of Congress, I

\* An Act, supplementary to an Act entitled, "An Act to incorporate the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Ohio."

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio,* That the president and professors of the said Seminary shall be considered as the faculty of a College, and as such have the power of conferring degrees in the arts and sciences, and of performing all such other acts as pertain unto the Faculties of Colleges, for the encouragement and reward of learning; and the name and style by which the said degrees shall be conferred, and the certificates of learning given, shall be that of the "President and Professors of Kenyon College in the State of Ohio."

WM. W. IRVIN,

*Speaker of the House of Representatives.*

ALLEN TRIMBLE,

*Speaker of the Senate.*

January 24, 1826.

preferred a petition to our national legislature for the remission of duties on donations made by our friends in England to our theological seminary; but hearing that it was likely to meet with some difficulty, and greatly desirous of obtaining the grant of some lands to aid our endeavors to cherish a college for general learning, I thought it my duty to proceed immediately to Washington city. I had motives also for leaving the diocese. They were those arising from an anxious desire to obtain a few faithful ministers to keep our Church alive in Ohio. I had *written* much and often; I wished to see if a *personal interview* with some of the Atlantic clergy would not effect something. In trying to accomplish these several objects, I have to acknowledge the kindness of all with whom I had intercourse in our national district, and to bless God that I have become so extensively acquainted with the worthies of our nation. I had assurances from the committee of the Senate to whom my petition was referred, that the duties on our presents from England would be remitted. The petition for a donation of lands to our college is deferred till another year.

“Our hopes of obtaining the assistance of some faithful ministers to aid in the great work of sustaining the Church in Ohio, are not lost. God grant that the sympathetic expressions which everywhere met our ear from our dear brethren at the east, end not in the cold comfort of words only!

“But the great and crowning blessing which, by God’s mercy, resulted from my late journey to the east, was the reduction made by Mr. William Hogg in the price of his lands in Knox county, and the favorable and additional extent in the time of payment. The price agreed on last summer was the original cost and charges, nearly twenty-four thousand dollars for eight thousand acres. From this Mr. Hogg, considering the magnitude and usefulness of the object to which the lands were to be applied, most munificently agreed to deduct six thousand dollars, putting the lands at two dollars and twenty-five cents per acre, though they are of the finest quality, and rising of seven hundred acres are under cultivation. This quantity is from actual survey and measurement.

“This placed Mr. Hogg’s proposition in such a favorable point of view, that I thought it my duty to make it public by a circular notice, which, with the advice of some of the standing committee, I issued at Portsmouth, on the 23d March last. The object of this circular was, to give all an opportunity of examining the land, and of coming, as I trust you have done, to this convention, with minds prepared to give a righteous judgment. Such has been the general approbation of the plan, and such the just, *liberal support*\* with which it has met, that we all have great reason to be fervently grateful, for the divine blessing which has attended our feeble endeavors for his glory. Mr. Hogg’s proposition, together with the subscriptions in aid of the plan it embraces, will be laid before you.

“On my way to the eastward, I preached once in Granville and Newark, twice in Zanesville, and once at St. Clairsville, in Ohio. Out of the diocese, four times in Washington city, thrice in Georgetown, thrice in Alexandria, in the District of Columbia, and twice in Wheeling; on my return, I again visited Steubenville, and preached twice. Passing down the Ohio river, at Marietta I officiated four times, at Portsmouth thrice, baptized five children, confirmed five persons, and administered, both in public and to a sick person in private, the Supper of the Lord.

“Hearing here of the sickness of my family, I hastened home, where I arrived on the last day of March, 1826.

“Since this time, God has enabled me to do duty a number of Sundays in the neighboring parishes, and to perform a journey of three hundred and ten miles, through the counties of Delaware, Licking, Coshocton, Holmes, Wayne, Richland, and Knox; in all which I preached and performed divine service twenty-four times, and baptized twelve children. In the town of Newark, Licking county, I organized, according to the usages of the Church, and the statutes of the state, a new parish, by the name of the ‘Parish of Trinity Church, Newark.’ And while I mention this, it may not be irrelevant to

\* This had reference to the subscriptions obtained in the neighborhood of the seminary.

state, that three other parishes have been organized during the past year: St. Luke's church, in Marietta, St. John's, in Springfield township, Jefferson county, and St. Mark's, in Columbia, Lorain county; St. John's effected entirely through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Morse, St. Luke's through that of our pious and excellent lay-brother, A. Nye, Esq., and St. Mark's by the zealous exertions of a candidate for orders.

"Concerning the distribution of Lady Rosse's bounty, for encouraging the immediate erection of churches in small parishes, I state that I have promised to

|                                                      |           |          |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----------|----------|
| St. Peter's, Delaware, nearly completed,             | - -       | \$100 00 |
| St. Matthew's, Perry, roofed and floored,            | - -       | 100 00   |
| St. Mark's, Mill creek, to be roofed and floored the |           |          |
| present summer,                                      | - - - - - | 100 00   |
| Christ's church, Beaver, commencing,                 | - -       | 100 00   |
| St. Peter's, Morristown,                             | - - - - - | 44 44    |

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\$444 44

"Of the fifty-two Sundays in a year, nineteen have been spent in the parishes nearest my present residence, viz.:

|                       |           |              |
|-----------------------|-----------|--------------|
| 2 in ministrations at | - - - - - | Berkshire.   |
| 4 " "                 | - - - - - | Columbus.    |
| 5 " "                 | - - - - - | Delaware.    |
| 8 " "                 | - - - - - | Worthington. |

4 were spent out of the diocese.

2 on a bed of suffering.

27 in visiting the scattered parishes; though as yet they have not all been visited, particularly those in the north-west and western part of the state.

"In Worthington I have done all the extra duty in my power, though often I have lamented that the great benefit of parochial visits could not, under the great pressure of my extensive correspondence, be rendered to them. If the few moments which I have enjoyed at home have been dedicated to writing by night, and by day to the cares of a family of forty in number, and to overseeing the destinies of our seminary and college, my deficiencies in the pleasing work of parochial and social visitations must and will be pardoned. Let those who make complaints of this nature spend their breath rather in prayer,

that God would, into his almost deserted field, send forth laborers able as well as willing to do their duty.

|                                                  |                                                            |      |
|--------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| " During the last year I have baptized           | - - -                                                      | 63   |
| Confirmed 177, and omitted in last year's report | 30,                                                        | 207  |
| Administered the Holy Communion, (times)         | - -                                                        | 22   |
| Held service and preached,                       | { within the diocese, 144 }<br>{ without the diocese, 12 } | 156  |
| The number of miles I have travelled,            | {                                                          |      |
| including my journey to Washington,              | { - -                                                      | 2403 |

"I have consecrated one church, and solemnized several funerals and marriages. In discharge of all which duties, I do hereby acknowledge and confess my own unworthiness, and would proclaim, if I had language, the deep sense I have of the directing and supporting hand of our almighty and most merciful Saviour, Jesus Christ.

"To this crowded summary of public duty, and dry account of the state of our poor Church, in the State of Ohio, I have room to add but little concerning our infant seminary. This continues to increase in friends both at home and abroad. Having been placed, as it was designed from the beginning, under the ultimate control of the House of Bishops and General Convention, no danger is apprehended. So long as the fathers of our church walk in the ways of truth and godliness, so long must this seminary follow in their steps. In this light our institution is viewed, I am most happy to state, by the father of our present House of Bishops, the venerable Bishop White, of Philadelphia. In his letter to me, of May the 6th, he is pleased to speak in these most friendly terms: — *'It gratifies me to find, from various publications, that your college is in successful progress. Unquestionably our source of supply of ministers for the western states must be the education of natives of those regions.*

*"That, under the blessing of Heaven, your exertions towards this work may be effectual, is the wish and prayer of your affectionate brother,*

WM. WHITE.'

"I have thought it my duty to make the above quotation, verbatim, to vindicate the character of this venerable prelate from the slander which some have sought to cast upon it by

representing him as opposed to our plans for the establishment of a theological seminary and college in Ohio.

“The kindest accounts continue to reach us from our benefactors in England. Though the late commercial embarrassments had greatly depressed the funds held for us in the English stocks, yet it is hoped they will soon recover their former price. At the last advices, an organ for our chapel was completed and ready to send to us. A friend in New York had advertised me of the arrival in that city of a box of books, in addition to the noble presents of that kind which we had before received from our most generous friends in England. The number of volumes already received is five hundred and forty-six, which, joined to my own library, to be given at my decease to the institution, and now incorporated with the catalogue, makes the whole number in possession amount to twelve hundred and fifty-seven volumes of the choicest kind.

“During the continuance of a great weight of care heaped on us through the past year, and the uncertainty where the seminary would be finally ‘located,’ I have not found it in my power, nor consistent with prudence, to set up the printing press. The press, the plates for our Prayer Book, and the paper, are on the spot. The types are still in New York; the duties being high, I have not found funds to pay them. It will be remembered that this complete and ample set of type, together with one hundred pounds sterling to purchase a printing press in this country, is the avails of a most munificent subscription, separate from that of the fund; which subscription was originated and circulated among the ladies of the nobility and gentry of England by that most excellent person, Lady Acland, of Devonshire. No one subscriber, by her Ladyship’s plan, being allowed to contribute more than one guinea, the interest excited in favor of our endeavors to build up Christianity and learning here in the west of America was thereby more generally diffused; and most happy am I to add, that, by a letter received yesterday from my very worthy and most esteemed friend, G. W. Marriott, Esq., of London, it appears that this fountain of benevolence is not yet dried up. In his letter dated March the 5th, he observes, ‘There is a surplus of per-

haps fifty pounds from the press subscription. This, Sir Thomas Acland begs me to dispose of. I had intended it for Lord Gambier's subscription towards purchasing the land adjoining Mrs. Reed's gift. Do you wish it for that in Knox county?'

'Two small buildings (very temporary in their nature) were erected at my own expense; which, together with my own dwelling and farm-house, we thought would accommodate all the students that would offer this year. But we have found it otherwise. Our present number is thirty; and had we buildings and other means to enlarge our establishment, that number would soon be doubled many times. Our prices have been for each year or forty weeks' term—

|                                                                |   |   |   |   |   |         |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---------|
| For boarding and contingent expenses of candidates for orders, | - | - | - | - | - | \$50 00 |
| For do. of collegians,                                         | - | - | - | - | - | 70 00   |
| For do. of grammar-school pupils,                              | - | - | - | - | - | 60 00   |

'The above includes all expenses except stationery, books and clothing. Candidates for orders pay no tuition. We glory in these reduced prices; and though it is evidently necessary that the boarding department be made to defray its own expenses, yet conscientiously looking to the good of the public, especially of those worthy young men who are destitute of obtaining advanced learning, the very nature of our plan, of having our institution in the country, surrounded by our own domain, abounding in every necessary of life, gives us reason to expect that these prices can always be kept at their present unexampled and almost incredibly reduced rate.

'You will be aware from the above statement, that we have hitherto proceeded on the ground *that a college\* for general learning would be annexed to the theological seminary; not that the latter would take from the privileges of the former; on the contrary, it is believed that they can be of most important mutual assistance.*

'Much of the field of art and science is open alike to the physician, civilian and divine. What one studies the others

\* These passages in the address are emphasized in order that the reader may note that the ground afterwards taken by the writer was that on which he stood from the beginning.



must not neglect. The knowledge of the languages, philosophy and belles-lettres, is necessary to all; and in the attainment of this, the ability and number of the professors and teachers, the quality and extent of the libraries, and the usefulness and value of an astronomical and philosophical apparatus, may be greatly enlarged, for the benefit of each, by a junction of the funds of both.

“It was, therefore, to *promote, not to impede, the original design of our institution, that I have endeavored to annex a college of general science to our seminary*, and to open our door to students designed eventually for all the learned professions. That I have been actuated by a wish to be of service to my country, without regard to denomination in religion, I will not deny. Where no principle or rule of conscience is compromised, I deem it my duty, and I hope I may find it my pleasure, to be as extensively useful to all denominations of Christians as possible.

“But here it must be noted, that in joining a college to the seminary it is an indispensable condition that our funds increase in proportion to the magnitude of the design. To open our institution to the public without an equivalent—I mean an estate or property equal at least to the fund collected in England—would be as unreasonable as unjust. That this estate—this additional fund, worthy of the high destination of our seminary—might be at your acceptance and disposal in the very act of fixing the site of this interesting institution, has formed a principal feature of my last year's duty. It is presented to you in the proposition of Mr. William Hogg, of Brownsville, to sell to us, at a reduced price, eight thousand acres of land in Knox county, on which to fix both the seminary and college. The sale of one half of this tract, joined with the subscriptions already attained, and yet expected, will more than pay for the whole. The remaining four thousand acres, with the seminary thereon, valuable as it is in *itself*, must and will constitute an equivalent, if not far exceed in value the whole collections from abroad.

“Here is a foundation on which to erect an edifice worthy of the kind expectation of our esteemed benefactors. On this we can build, and expect the further assistance of a sympa-

thizing world; on this we can build, and justly expect the patronage of our civil government. And here I think it my duty to add that anything less than this would be to degrade, not to improve, our present blessings. To establish our seminary in a village, with no more accession to her fund than a village can give, and yet expect that she will open her door to students in general learning, and in all respects maintain the dignified character of a college, is an attempt to reconcile inconsistencies and accomplish that which is impossible. On the truth of this remark it is that I have refused to consent that our institution be established in the village of Worthington. For though, in so doing, my own estate and lots in that village would be enhanced in usefulness to myself twice twofold, compared with the benefit to be derived from it at a distance, yet the good of the institution, I trust, will ever prevail over all considerations of private interest.

“But two courses are before us; either to confine our seminary to theological candidates only, or, if we receive students in general science, to lay a foundation sufficiently strong and large to sustain the magnitude of the college which must be reared to do those students justice. In the former case nothing more is necessary than to turn your attention to the deed of gift of my own estate, executed in London, on the twenty-seventh of November, eighteen hundred and twenty-three, as the basis of all donations. This, both myself and family are willing to execute and carry into full effect. In the latter case, the only thing presented worthy of your attention is the proposed lands in Knox county. Should this be preferred, I leave my peaceful retreat, and the trees planted and engrafted by my own hand, and unite my destiny with that of our seminary and college. With this institution of religion and learning, I am willing to rise or fall, to suffer or prosper. If God vouchsafe to bless, who shall let it? if he shall frown, who shall not acquiesce that knows his wisdom?”

“PHILANDER CHASE.

“*June 7, 1826.*”

To the above address succeeds, among others, the following resolution and acts of the convention, recorded in the journal.

“*Resolved*, That a committee of five persons be appointed to take into consideration that part of the Bishop's address which relates to propositions for the location of the seminary, and report thereon to-morrow.

“Messrs. Bezaleel Wells, John Matthews, William Little, Zaccheus Biggs, and Stephen Sibley, were accordingly appointed.

“The following articles were *unanimously* adopted as substitutes for the fifth and tenth articles of the constitution of the Theological Seminary of the P. E. Church, in the Diocese of Ohio, viz. :—

## ARTICLE 5.

“The seminary shall be under the immediate charge and superintendence of the Bishop of the Diocese, for the time being, as President of the institution.

## ARTICLE 10.

“This constitution may be amended by the concurrent vote of the Bishop, a majority of the Board of the Trustees of the seminary, and a majority of the Convention of the Diocese, with the concurrence of a majority of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

“*Provided*, that no alteration or amendment whatever be made in this constitution, whereby the funds of the seminary, raised in England, shall be appropriated to any other use than the education and theological instruction of students for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. This proviso, however, does not preclude the lawfulness and constitutionality of *annexing a college to the seminary*, and making provision, so far as practicable, for the admission of other students, at their own expense, to the benefit of a college education.”

## CHAPTER XL.

HUMAN NATURE EXPOSED IN AN ATTEMPT TO RAISE SUBSCRIPTIONS  
—IMPORTANT DECLARATION OF THE ENGLISH TRUSTEES—DOINGS  
OF THE CONVENTION HELD IN COLUMBUS, JUNE, 1826—REMARKS  
THEREON.

In the foregoing address, allusion is made to a journey of three hundred and ten miles in the counties of Delaware, Licking, Coshocton, Holmes, Wayne, Richland and Knox. It may be asked, why mention these counties then in connection in particular? The answer is—Because in the centre of that tract of country was contained the eight thousand acres of land on which the location of the seminary was proposed, and at that time there was no other principle but that of self-interest to which he could appeal for assistance. Such, then, were the contracted views in which the institution was regarded, that it was from these counties thus contiguous to its proposed location the writer had almost exclusively any reason to hope for contributions in his diocese. However clear was the evidence that an institution of religion and learning would, if placed anywhere in Ohio, be of incalculable service to the diocese in general, yet if it did not benefit the worldly interest of the donors, if it did not serve to raise the price of *property*, the whole project had no charms. Except in some instances of his own personal friends living in Steubenville, and a few other parts of his diocese, the writer had no hope of pecuniary assistance but in applying to those places which were quite near the proposed location in Knox county. All others were opposed to the location, and of course to the seminary. “Place it near my residence, or in the vicinity of my property, or in or near the town or village that I inhabit, and I will give, *liberally give*, but otherwise not a cent from my pocket shall you have.” This was the general language, and it seemed wise in their own eyes when they gravely and archly uttered it.

One person, the writer remembers, when applied to for assistance to the plan of placing the seminary in Knox county, gravely asserted it was too far away from him, although he

himself inhabited no better place than in the woods on Whetstone river, not far from the southern borders of Delaware county. "None but a madman," he said, "would place *it away up there!*" Thus entrenching himself on the impregnable ground of his own contracted thoughts, leaving you the task of driving him from it at your *own* leisure; like the conceited schoolmaster in days of yore, who asserted the place where he lived to be "*the centre of the earth*, and if you did not believe it you might measure it yourself." So generally had the selfish and mercenary spirit spread throughout the borders of Ohio, that had it not been for that peculiar characteristic of *Christ's religion* by which the writer humbly hopes, in common with all true believers, his bosom is imbued—that distinguishing feature of the Saviour by which he sought those who sought him not, by which his Gospel was carried to those who opposed its benevolent and disinterested principles—his poor labors to benefit man would have been withdrawn from Ohio, to seek a soil more congenial. But the principle alluded to prevented. This one great truth seemed written by a sunbeam, to direct the writer in the path of duty. If the Son of God had stayed in heaven till he was *duly patronized* here on earth, the world would have had no Saviour. Antecedent, pure *benevolence* guided his steps to seek and to save; and why should not his followers try by his grace to walk in his steps? Never did the writer see poor human nature so exposed, as in the painful task of getting subscriptions for the theological seminary in Ohio. Not only those who were at a distance opposed it, because not brought nearer to them; but even such as lived in adjacent townships refused to subscribe, because the road to the seminary might turn the travel from their doors.

The following extract from a letter which the writer addressed to his wife will illustrate this:—

"Sunbury, April 18th, 1826.

"MY DEAR WIFE:—

"After writing you the letter from Delaware, performing service and preaching twice on Sunday, and on Monday morning writing a good deal, I set my face towards B. Just before

I put my foot into the stirrup, I espied Major Campbell, whom I persuaded to subscribe to the Knox county plan, two hundred acres of land, which, lying in the section adjoining east, I consider quite valuable. [This promise, however, was never fulfilled.] As a set-off to this piece of good luck, in coming to B., I found M. P. and J. P. dead set against the Knox county plan as such, because it would in their opinion direct the travelling from B. to S., and thus be no gain, but rather injury, to their property! I dined with these gentlemen at Mr. S.'s, and told them that such *selfish withholding* (of their substance) in a matter of so great consequence would be marked on the page of history by a stain which their children would blush to notice. \* \* \*

“Mr. Davis travels with me, and is very good; I keep him almost constantly copying letters and papers for me when I stop. By the time we return he will be quite a *scribe*. I hope all things go on well at home.

“May God bless you all, so prays

“Your faithful and affectionate husband,

“PHILANDER CHASE.

“To Mrs. S. M. Chase, }  
Worthington, Ohio.” }

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LETTERS FROM LORD KENYON—MEETING OF ENGLISH TRUSTEES—  
RESULTS IN AN IMPORTANT DECLARATION.

The next letter of the writer to his wife while on this journey to solicit subscriptions through the counties mentioned, which has not been destroyed by time or accident, is dated at the house of Thomas M. Thompson, Esq., not far from Granville, on the 24th of April, 1826. But before giving any extracts from it, there is a necessity of stating that while in Worthington the writer had received, some time before, a letter from his good friend Lord Kenyon, dated at Gredington, Aug. 29, 1825, giving the writer to understand that his old “opponent” had been in Wales, had called at Gredington on his way to Liverpool, and left a *written proposition* to be laid before the English Trustees of the Ohio fund for their adoption, the substance of which was, that the said Trustees should

make *conditions on which the moneys collected for Ohio were to be transmitted*. His Lordship's letter stated that he should call the Trustees together and communicate to them the said proposition, and await their united action on the same; for, in whatever they did, he had no doubt of their perfect union. The *written proposition*, having been copied by his daughter, accompanied his Lordship's letter, and the contents were borne in memory during the painful journey now being performed.

The writer was at Mr. Thompson's when another letter, dated October 1st, 1825, having been received from England, was forwarded to him. It contained the same proposition *acted on* by the English Trustees, and concerning it his Lordship says:—

“I now enclose with pleasure the resolution of your Trustees, which I have received this evening. We all entirely concur in opinion, as do our excellent friends and coadjutors, G. W. Marriott, Pratt and Wiggin, with us.”

The record of the meeting of the Trustees containing the precise proposition of ———, and their resolution thereon, is as follows:—

“At a meeting of the ‘Trustees of the Fund raised in England for the establishment of a THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY in the Diocese of Ohio,’ held in London on the 12th of September, 1825, present Lord Gambier, Rev. Dr. Gaskin, and Mr. Henry Hoare, attended by Mr. Timothy Wiggin and the Rev. Josiah Pratt,

“A suggestion was offered through the remaining Trustee, Lord Kenyon, (accompanied with expressions of his entire confidence in Bishop Chase and his coadjutors,) to the following purport:—

“‘The Constitution of the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Ohio enacts certain provisions which are understood to be the basis on which funds were collected for that seminary in England.

“‘The last article of the Constitution enacts that the said Constitution may be altered by the Bishop, the Trustees and the Convention, or by the unanimous vote of the two latter

without the Bishop. It follows that the articles containing the provisions above referred to may be thus altered. This contingency, not likely indeed soon to happen, but which may happen, can be guarded against on the present organization of the seminary only by the Trustees of the fund in England *executing a deed of gift* of the funds in which these provisions are stipulated as the *conditions* on which the funds are to be held; and in case of the violation of these conditions, empowering some corporate body, as for example the Bishops of other dioceses, *as a committee of the General Theological Seminary*, to institute legal measures for the obtaining of these funds to be appropriated for such purposes of the Church as they may direct.'

"The subject having been taken into consideration, it was unanimously

"*Resolved*, That it appears that the Trustees have no power to annex any conditions to the payment of the money raised in this country, when it shall be drawn for by the proper authorities in Ohio, being satisfied as they are that the constitution of the seminary established by the convention of Ohio is conformable to the views and wishes of the *benefactors* to the seminary.

"It appears, however, desirable to *recommend* to the convention of the Diocese of Ohio to add the following words, or words to the same effect, to the tenth article of the constitution of the seminary.

"*Provided* that no amendment or alteration whatever be made in this constitution without a concurrence of the majority of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.'

"Examined and approved by us,

(*Autograph Signatures.*)

"KENYON,

"GAMBIER,

"GEO. GASKIN,

"HENRY HOARE."

The importance of the above recited instrument, and its worthiness to be inserted on the pages of this memoir, will appear by noting the following particulars:—



1st. It gave occasion to alter the 10th article of the constitution of the seminary—an article drawn up by Charles Hammond, but never thought of without regret by the writer. This alteration was effected according to the above expressed recommendation of the English Trustees.

2d. This application to Lord Kenyon, and through him to the English Trustees, to trammel the transmission of English benefaction to Ohio, however gratuitous and sinister in itself, did nevertheless procure a *declaration* of the binding nature of common law recognizing the grand principle of all eleemosynary institutions, (viz.,) that the will of the donor is paramount. "We have no power," say they, "to annex conditions. The will of the donors who placed the money in our hands is all the condition which, as honorable men, we can acknowledge, and what governs us as agents should govern all others. The statement is not correct that the recipients of the donations in America can by their '*enactments*' set forth what is or is not the basis on which funds were collected in England. That basis is already made known in Bishop Chase's letter to Bishop White, in the Appeal which was chiefly selected from it, and in a deed of gift executed by the Bishop of Ohio to Lord Gambier, for the seminary in his own diocese; and how can we originate '*a deed of gift*' of that which is already given? and how in this deed frame new principles unknown to the donors? *We have no power to annex conditions.*"

Thus, by this extraordinary effort, this last and dying grasp at power to control the Ohio funds, was developed one of the first and greatest principles by which those funds could be, and, the writer hopes, will be, kept and directed to this true intent forever.

But to return to the letter of the writer to his wife, dated

"At the house of Mr. Thomas M. Thompson, }  
April 24, 1826. }

"MY DEAR WIFE:—

"Ten thousand thanks to you for the packet of English letters! How cheering is this in the wild wood! especially how comforting to receive such tidings of peace amidst the discordant yet never-ceasingly painful notes of the screech-

owls of selfishness! The resolution of the board of Trustees is precisely such as I wished and expected it to be. I had written a piece to be inserted in the public prints, of precisely the same character, and had it in my pocket when I received the English Trustees' resolution.

"The piece is under the title of 'A letter to a friend in Knox county, dated 22d April, 1826.' This I wish you to remember, as it shows the exact coincidence of the opinion of the friends with my own endeavors.

*"There will be no college for all professions if Knox county plan fail; no other can give any adequate encouragement.* This being settled, it behooves every benevolent person to strive that the features of this plan are not marred and defaced by the daubings of the hands of the sectarian and sectional policy. If I fail, it will not be for want of sincere endeavors on my part, and the public will have reason to sit in the sackcloth of contention and shame. If I succeed, it will be the triumph of light over darkness, and the good of the community at large over a spirit of mean selfishness, too unworthy to name.

"Do search and look up everything that you think can relate to my address at the convention. I want every paper and word relating to that subject to be laid before me in the best order for immediate use during the few moments between my arrival at home from Mt. Vernon and the time I shall set off for Columbus. I shall not have a *second* to lose. I shall be home, if God permit, on Monday evening, and must spend every moment writing. My journal comes on but poorly; I have had but a few minutes' leisure to devote to it. The subscription comes on better than I had reason, from the cloudy atmosphere at Berkshire, to expect.\* About fifteen hundred dollars cash I think is secure, and perhaps more than that given in labor, produce, and materials. Mr. Davis went to Mt. Vernon, and thence to Newark, to go to church yesterday. A regular parish is incorporated in N., and yesterday divine service and sermon there. Evening, early candle-light, I preached in Granville. This morning rode to breakfast to

\* But partially realized.

Mr. Thompson's; I set off immediately for Mt. Vernon. May God ever bless you! Direct to me, care of Mr. Norton, of that place, and remember that I desire your constant prayers, and am yours,  
 P. CHASE."

The following resolutions passed at the convention of June, 1826, in Columbus, seem proper to be here inserted:—

*"June 8th, 1826.*

"Convention met according to adjournment.

"The committee on the location of the seminary made the following report, which was accepted:—

"The committee to whom was referred that part of the Bishop's address which respects the site of the Theological Seminary and Kenyon College, beg leave to report, that they have had the subject under consideration, and satisfactorily ascertained, from the information received from others, and from the actual knowledge of the committee, that the lands in Knox county, conditionally purchased by the Bishop from William Hogg, of Brownsville, Pennsylvania, afford an eligible site for the seminary and college, and combine advantages of greater magnitude than any offer that has been made, being situated near the centre of the diocese, in a healthy part of the country, which is rapidly improving—the land watered with good springs and permanent streams, affording valuable mill-seats, well timbered, very fertile, abounding in stone and all the materials necessary for building. The committee further ascertain that the contract with Mr. Hogg is made on very favorable terms, particularly as to price; leaving it possible to save the lands wanted for the site from the proceeds of the sale of the remainder. The committee further report that a very considerable amount in money, lands, materials for building, and labor, has been subscribed, to be applied to the payment of the land and in erecting the necessary buildings, on condition that the seminary and college be established thereon. Therefore, in full view of all these advantages, with gratitude to God, that he has so signally helped us thus far, and with ardent prayers for the continuance of his blessing,

the committee recommend that the following resolutions be adopted:—

“*Resolved*, That this convention do approve of the conditional contract made by the Rt. Rev. P. Chase, Bishop of the Diocese of Ohio, with Wm. Hogg, of Brownsville, Pennsylvania, for section 1, in township 6, and section 4, in township 7, and the 12th range of United States military land, containing each four thousand acres,—and be it further

“*Resolved*, That the Theological Seminary of the Diocese of Ohio and Kenyon College be, and the same hereby is, forever established on such part of section 1, in township 6, in range 12 of the United States military land, as may be selected by the Trustees of said seminary and college.

“*Resolved*, That it be considered the duty of every clergyman, on or about the first Sunday after Easter, to preach a sermon in the parish or parishes in which he officiates, on the importance of supporting the Episcopate; after which, there shall be a collection made and forwarded to this convention. And it shall be the duty of the wardens of any parish, having no clergyman, to make said collections, and dispose of the avails in the same way.

“*Resolved unanimously*, That it is the duty of every delegate, and every member of the Church, as he values our holy religion, and of every liberal-minded citizen, as he regards the interests of science, to promote, by all means in his power, subscriptions for the payment of the seminary lands in Knox county.

“*Resolved*, That the next convention of this diocese meet on the first Wednesday of September, 1827, in Mount Vernon, Knox county.’

“The Bishop then congratulated the members of the convention on the unanimity and harmony of their proceedings, particularly in settling the great question of the location of the seminary and college: and attributing so great a mercy solely to the overruling hand of God, and the special influences of his Holy Spirit, he desired the convention to join with him in the devout use of the ‘*Te Deum laudamus*’ and other forms of devotion. Which having been done, and the Episcopal blessing pronounced, the convention adjourned *sine die*.”

*Summary of the Proceedings of the Board of Trustees of the Theological Seminary and Kenyon College.*

“The Bishop’s accounts were examined and approved, and all his proceedings during the past year, in relation to the seminary, met the approbation of the Board.

“Two professorships were created; the one of Languages, the other of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; the former is filled.

“The Bishop, the Hon. H. Clay, and B. Wells, Esq., are a committee authorized to have the seminary’s funds transferred from England so soon as the state of the money market may render it advisable.

“The Bishop is authorized to make all necessary improvements of the seminary lands, and to obtain a loan of money for this purpose.

“Authority is also given to the Bishop and B. Wells, Esq., as a committee of the Board, to memorialize Congress for a remission of the duties upon the donations from England and other favors, and the Ohio legislature for such aid as they may please to grant the college.

“The amendments of the fifth and tenth articles of the constitution of the seminary, adopted by the convention just risen, received the sanction of the Trustees.”

It appears from the foregoing extracts that the Bishop was authorized to obtain a loan of money for the carrying on the plan of the seminary. From this it will be naturally inferred, that the institution, aside from his personal credit, had *credence* abroad so as to induce the minds of men and moneyed institutions to *lend* their assistance. This was so far from being the case, that, *on trial*, not a dollar could be obtained in this way. The Bishop was blamed by each portion of the diocese, because he did not *locate* the seminary in the place and town or village which each had respectively selected.

This rendered the institution unpopular. He therefore was driven to rely on his own credit, and get on in his own way.

That the diocese in general had given him no assistance, appears from their having paid no attention to the resolution,

quoted as above from the minutes of the convention, which says, "*there shall be a collection made*" for the support of the Episcopate. The writer does not remember to have received anything as the result of this resolution.

Had it respected the acknowledged duties of the Bishop, and had he entirely neglected to comply with its specifications, would that neglect have been passed over in silence? *Individual responsibility is great—that of bodies of men often a mere cipher.*



## CHAPTER XLI.

TAKES POSSESSION OF THE COLLEGE LANDS — A TEMPERANCE RESOLUTION MADE ON A RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE — DESCRIPTION OF THE COLLEGE SITE, IN ITS NATURAL WILDNESS — THE FIRST LETTER WRITTEN THERE — A SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN THE OPEN AIR.

THE greatness of the plan, of placing a seminary on its own domain of eight thousand acres of land in Knox county, had for a time silenced the objections to a *country location*. Long before the meeting of the convention in Columbus, the offer of Mr. Hogg's land had been published, and the mind of the diocese in general was induced to think favorably of the plan, so that it was plainly to be seen that the measure of placing the seminary in Knox county would prevail. Those who contended for fixing it near a city did not make their appearance at the convention. But their minds were not quieted on the subject. They retained their objections in full vigor. They resigned their seats in the Board of Trustees, and predicted the ruin of the institution if placed on *Owl creek*, [Vernon river.] They maintained the incompetency of the founder to erect so great an establishment "*from the stump*" in the woods, and that it would be next to madness to try to sustain him in his project. Under these circumstances, the writer went to take possession of the land thus destined to be for the rise or fall of himself and his beloved diocese.

Mr. Douglass, his hired man, and his little son Dudley, were the only persons who went from Worthington to the promised

land, on this lonely journey. And must it be called lonely? Nay! he felt it otherwise. He experienced a consciousness of Divine aid in commencing this great work, which convinced him he was not *alone*. God was with him, and though, like Jacob, he should have nothing but the ground to rest on, and a stone for his pillow, he trusted that God's presence would be his support. But His spirit doth not support idle fancies.

Fresh at this time are the momentous thoughts and anxious cares which then occupied the writer's mind. The work to be undertaken, in its very beginning, must needs employ hands, and before it was done, some thousands would be the *better* or *worse*, according to the *means and measures*, good or bad, chosen to accomplish it. These reflections had special reference to ardent spirits, the free use of which, among workmen collected together in great numbers, he had often seen attended with very great evils. In many instances he had witnessed, that to mitigate the evils of this practice by any partial restraints was laboring in vain. A little use of drink would soon lead to greater, and the power of control would grow less and less as the drops in the glass increased. To begin, therefore, the use of ardent spirits in "*moderation*," was but the beginning of the road to ruin. The hands, if permitted to ask what they deemed a reasonable quantity, would soon become unreasonable in their demands, and if not indulged on the hill, would procure liquor themselves elsewhere. Rude behavior, neglect of duty, profane language, quarrelling with each other, injuries to their families at home, and in the rearing of large and elevated buildings some fatal accidents, would most likely follow, as the legitimate consequence of the use of ardent spirits. And then the solemn question occurred, who would be answerable to God for the commission of all this sin, if he who had it in his power did not bear a large share in preventing it? An immediate resolution was formed for a total prohibition of ardent spirits on the college hill; and when the writer stepped across the boundary line of the college lands, a prayer was offered that God would help him to perform the vow. This measure at that time was thought rash and unadvised — it

was an unheard-of thing: what buildings in America had been erected without the use of liquors? It was impracticable, and infringed upon the unalienable rights and liberties of others. Who in this land of liberty would be subject to such bondage as this? All men of *spirit* would revolt against it, and consider the Bishop who had made such a rule for freemen to work by, to be a self-deluded tyrant.

Now, gentle reader, be it known unto thee, this is no *fancied resistance* which this measure met with; it took place in all its disgusting reality, and among the disaffected party was counted good and solid reasoning. They argued from it the incompetency of the writer to carry on so great a work, even if it should begin to show itself above ground. He did not sufficiently understand human nature, and had not appreciated the liberties of his country.

What the writer named, after his noble and beloved friend, Gambier Hill, or Gambier Village, is a place nearly in the centre of the south section (four thousand acres) of land purchased, as before stated, of William Hogg. It is elevated more than one hundred feet above the surrounding country, and commands a view of the stream once called "Owl creek," now "Vernon river," as it enters the domain in the north-western quarter of the second military section, and as it pursues its winding way to the southward, and then turns like an ox-bow, and comes back and runs north-east, till it leaves the college lands, and is lost in the winding valley.

The whole surface of the hill was then a *windfall*, being a great part of it covered with fallen and upturned trees, between and over which had come up a second growth of thick trees and bushes. It was on such a place as this (proverbially impervious even to the hunters after wolves, which made it their covert) that the writer pitched his tent, if such it might be called. On the south end or promontory of this hill (near to which, below, ran the road used by the first settlers) grew some tall oak trees, which evidently had escaped the hurricanes in days of yore. Under the shelter of these, some boards in a light wagon were taken nearly to the top of the hill; there they were dropped, and it was with these the writer's house was built, after the brush was with great diffi-



culty cleared away. Two crotched sticks were driven into the ground, and on them a transverse pole was placed, and on this pole was placed the boards, inclining to the ground each way. The ends, or gables, to this room, or roof shelter, were but slightly closed by some clap-boards rived on the spot from a fallen oak tree. The beds to sleep on were thrown on bundles of straw, kept up from the damp ground by a kind of temporary platform, resting on stakes driven deeply into the earth. This was the first habitation on Gambier hill, and it stood very nearly on the site where now rises the noble edifice of Kenyon college.

It is said, by those not intimately acquainted with the facts and the nature of things, that the writer might have avoided the difficulties and exposures here described, by residing in the nearest village, or even by taking shelter for a time in the little log cabins already erected on the premises, from one to two miles off. Alas! if such had been his course, no beginning would have been made to the great work. He wanted money to pay a resolute person to go forward in a work like this, if such could be found; he wanted money to pay for his own board in a village four miles off; he wanted money to hire even his common hands and teams; those he used here being the hands and wagons usually employed on his own farm at Worthington. Now, if ever there was a necessity of saying come, and not go, to work, that necessity existed here, the donations hitherto collected being all pledged for the lands. This word was said, and, under Providence, to this he owes his final success. The following letter, addressed to his wife, will give some idea of the writer's work and condition at this important crisis. Its date is the earliest he can find written on the hill.

*“Gambier Hill, site of Kenyon }  
College, June 30, 1826. }*

“MY DEAR WIFE:—

“It will give you great pleasure to be informed, that Mr. Douglass, Dudley, and myself, have enjoyed perfect health since we came hither. As to our *progress*, we can say nothing but good things, though our hands are so few, and every-

thing is in such a rude state as to exhibit but little besides the incipient footsteps of the lion-like work we have now undertaken. The well, you know, was the first thing to be attended to; as soon, therefore, as we could get the thick bushes so far cleared away as to enable us to see the light of heaven above, and the face of the ground beneath, the men were ordered to begin the Herculean task of *sinking a well*, and finding water on the lofty ground. This makes the third day we have spent in it, and most happy I am to state we have dug eleven feet, a great part of which is through a rock. This becoming harder and harder, I have resolved to commence the use of an auger. Apparatus of this kind, together with a large cog-wheel as a part of the machinery to be set in motion, I have succeeded in obtaining in this neighborhood and in Mt. Vernon, so that I hope, by the middle of next week, to see this work of boring by horse-power commence in rapid style.

"If you ask how I get on *without money*, I answer, *the Lord helpeth me*. What do you think of his mercy in sending good Mr. Davis, with half a cheese from his mother, and twenty-five dollars from his father, presented to me out of pure regard to the great and good work which God enables me thus to carry on. Mr. Norton, too, has sent me three hands for a short time. James Meleck came one day, and old Mr. C. Elliott another. We have built us a *tent cabin*, and if we had any one to cook for us we should live. It is impossible to make the hands board themselves; we must find them provisions ourselves, or have none to help us; if we can get the poor neighbors to cook a little for us we do well. Judge Holmes has been here for three days, and is now engaged in surveying the north section. The streets and roads on this, the south section, have been laid out as far as can be till we find water. If this cannot be obtained here, we shall move to some other quarter.

"Pray send me, by Rebecca, two more beds and bedding similar to those I brought with me. I write you this by a poor, dim, hog's lard lamp, which, shining askance on my paper, will hardly permit me to say how faithfully I am your affectionate husband,

PHILANDER CHASE.

"P. S. Why don't the Journals come?"

Amidst the many hardships and difficulties unavoidably connected with this singular position of the writer on Gambier hill, there was one circumstance that cheered and consoled him. This was the very great privilege of beholding the smiling faces of a few *Sunday-school* children every Lord's day. They made their appearance through the thick bushes, from the little cabins within the circuit of three or four miles, and although at first they knew little or nothing of the letters' names, and still less of the name of the Lord, yet finding themselves received and entertained with kindness, they came the second time, and yet again, accompanied by some others of their fellows, till, in point of numbers, the Sunday-school kept under the well-pruned bushes of Gambier hill was quite respectable. It was summer, and here they sat on their temporary seats, and all the morning, till time for prayers and sermon, and during the intermission at noon, were taught their letters, and then to read the word of God, and their hymns to sing his praise.

So transitory were these pleasing duties of the writer's life, so soon did they pass away and give place to more important duties, that he does not know what permanent effect these instructions might have produced. But if even one of these little children, the happy subject of a Saviour's love, were brought to the knowledge of the truth, and saved by these humble means, he has reason to rejoice.

The congregations on Sundays, of worshippers on the hill, were not large, but always encouraging and attentive. The week-day's work also went on with appearance of success; the tenantry on the little farms, now transferred by promise of a deed from Mr. Hogg, the former owner, to the seminary, were visited and agreed with, some to stay and some to move away, as seemed best. A writ of injunction was granted that no depredations be thereafter committed on the property, and all seemed inclined to obey.

What time the writer left the hill to visit his family in Worthington cannot now be ascertained, but the following letter, describing his return to Mt. Vernon and the college hill, (when the effects of his long exposure to the chilling fogs,

especially in the night season in his cabin with no gables, began to make their appearance,) makes it evident he had been there.

*“Mount Vernon, Knox County, Ohio, }  
Monday, September 11, 1826. } ”*

“MY DEAR WIFE: —

“I wrote you a letter to come to see me, for I was very sick, and wanted you to nurse me, but I was much disappointed to find the coach had come in to-day without you; and, to vex me beyond measure, it was added that the post-boy had the letter addressed to you still in his pocket.

“I was taken sick at Mrs. Myers', in Sunbury, but thinking it might pass off by exertion, I rose early and set off on Tuesday morning, undiscouraged. But two miles was the furthest I could ride before the chills came on too hard to bear; I stopped at Mr. Perfect's, where I stayed through the delirium of a subsequent fever, lasting all night. The next day I rode on to Mr. Merrill's, within nine or ten miles of this place. Here the disease renewed, and four-doubled its force. Dr. Nettleton was sent for, and some of the most painful hours of my life ensued.

“On Saturday I was well enough to be brought hither, where I have been, by Mrs. Nettleton and the neighbors, most kindly treated. The disappointment occasioned by my not seeing you again sunk my spirits; but when I reflect that it is the Lord, and that the cares and wants of our dear family are perhaps greater than my own, I feel ashamed of my regrets, and would pray for a resigned spirit; I am better every day; to-morrow I hope to ride out, perhaps to the college grounds; next day, should my strength continue to increase, I think of going on my journey again; for it is time, if I expect to see my friends in Vermont, before the convention in Philadelphia.

“Your faithful and affectionate husband,

“PHILANDER CHASE.”

The writer's next letter to his wife has the following date, and from it these are some faithful extracts: —

“Oneida Castle, New York, }  
September 20, 1826. }

“MY DEAR WIFE: —

“I have agreed to wait here till to-morrow, that in the mean time I might have some talk with the chiefs about sending some Indian boys to our college.

“That branch of the nation to whom the offer of educating their children was first made, I think treated us rather shabbily, inasmuch as they did not send back but two, when they had the very great privilege of continuing six, to receive their education at our college; I felt mortified at their stupid indifference and insensibility to their own interest, and inasmuch as I was providentially prevented by sickness from going and seeing them on the Sandusky river, in Ohio, I determined to see what I could do with the parent stock at Oneida.

“By what I can learn from Mr. Davis, the teacher, and Dennis, the Indian interpreter, I think I shall succeed in getting two, if not more, most promising youths. But more of this before I close this letter, after the expected interview.

“Now for a little piece of my poor history. I rode in great pain from Mt. Vernon to Sandusky city, owing to the blisters which the doctor had drawn on my ancles when sick with the fever; one of my legs and of my feet inflamed and swelled exceedingly, and has continued to trouble me much to this very moment. I have been obliged to bind it up tight with a bandage from the toes to the calf of the leg, to keep the skin from splitting. Thank God, it is now a little better, and I am in hopes to get on with less pain.”

“September 22d.

“We have had a conference with the Indian chiefs; it is agreed that Abraham Laforte, the most pious, well-informed, and well-behaved young man, about twenty-four, now a school-teacher among the Indians at Onandaga, shall be written to and solicited to go to our seminary and study for orders, and that he bring along with him three young lads from the Oneida tribe in this place. Mr. Davis, the catechist, and all the head men, are fully persuaded of the correctness and practicability of this plan; if it be of God, as I humbly trust it is, it

will succeed, and you may expect these persons in addition to our family, in the course of a fortnight, or a month at furthest, after you shall have had this.

"I am, thank the goodness of God, better this morning. I have the company of good Mr. Nash, who most providentially happened to come clear from Otsego county, and called at this very house as I was writing your letter yesterday. He spoke most beautifully last night to the Indian chiefs.

"I am most affectionately your husband,

"PHILANDER CHASE."

In Albany the writer found much satisfaction in a most friendly intercourse with good Dr. Lacy, then Rector of St. Peter's. On the following Sunday he preached in Troy, and saw his old and fast friends in that city. On his arrival at his brother's, in Randolph, Vermont, amongst other things which cheered him, was the following letter from the pen of his Hon. and most efficient friend, Henry Clay. The contents of this communication are so evidently identified with the main subjects of these memoirs, that it would seem desirable that all of it should be published here in its proper place.

*"Washington, 26th Sept., 1826.*

"MY DEAR BISHOP: —

"I returned a few days ago, and found that Mrs. Clay had reached the city some days before me, full of gratification with her visit to Worthington. I also found here your favor of the 29th ult. I regret the continued decline of your capital in English funds. As to the best investment of it in this country, when you wish to draw it from that, we have time enough to think of that operation.

"I have seen the Postmaster General about the establishment of a post-office at Kenyon college, and your appointment as postmaster. He promises to comply with your wishes in both respects as soon as you remove and are established there; prior to that it would be irregular.

"When you happen to write to Lord Gambier, I pray express to him the very great gratification I derive from his kind recollection of me, and assure him that his friendly sen-

timents are cordially reciprocated; I shall ever recollect that the days I passed with him at Iver Grove were among the most agreeable of my life.

“This letter will find you at your brother’s, to whom I will thank you to communicate the friendly regards of your obedient servant,

“My dear Bishop, H. CLAY.”

“The Rt. Rev. P. Chase.”

From Lord Gambier.

“*Iver Grove, 22d June, 1826.*”

“MY VERY DEAR BISHOP: —

“Your letters of 28th December and 25th March came duly to my hand, and gave me the same pleasure that every communication that comes from you has ever been attended with since we first met in our earthly journey. I have delayed my acknowledgment of them, and my thanks for your kind remembrance of me, knowing that you would receive from your highly esteemed friends, Lord Kenyon and Mr. Wiggin, every information that you could desire relative to the interesting concerns of the object so near to your heart, the intended college, as to that part thereof which was transacting in this country. Your last letter not containing any intelligence as to the state of your health, I trust I may justly infer that you are in the enjoyment of it, and that you have recovered from the fall you had from your horse, on which occasion you were graciously preserved by a kind Providence over you.

“The offer made by Mr. Hogg, of the land in Knox county, was a gracious interposition of Him whom you so zealously serve. Little did you, or any of your coadjutors, think, when you were going on so prosperously with your pious work at Alum creek, that all that would be for naught, and that the Lord had better things in store for you. It is a gracious dispensation, on which great and mighty things, for his cause, in future generations, depend.

“I do hope and confidently trust that ‘the Lord will provide,’ and that you will be graciously supplied with abundant means to accomplish your great and pious design of founding

the theological seminary, and that a great company of zealous laborers in the Redeemer's cause will be raised up to preach the blessed gospel to every individual throughout your land, to the glory and praise of his name.

"I thankfully acknowledge the honor you confer upon me in giving my humble name to the intended town; I must, however, confess myself utterly unworthy of such a distinction. Lady Gambier desires to join me in the most kind and cordial regards towards you, with my fervent prayers for your health and prosperity, and that the blessing of the Great Head of the Church may be shed abundantly upon your pious labors in His vineyard, upon yourself and your family.

"I am glad to think that you have a son of my esteemed friend, Mr. Clay, under your tuition. I am sure it will prove a blessing to the lad, and a happiness to his father. If you should have, shortly, any communication with Mr. Clay, I beg you will make my kind acknowledgments to him for his obliging remembrance of me, and that I fail not to hold him in my memory. With sincere affection and esteem, I remain, my dear Bishop, truly your

"Affectionate and faithful friend,

"GAMBIER."

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## CHAPTER XLII.

WRITER'S PASSING TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER'S MEMORY—ATTENDS  
GENERAL CONVENTION—A SMALL FAULT NOTICED—A FRIEND  
FOUND—A PLEA FOR THE WEST PUT FORTH—FOREIGN CORRE-  
SPONDENCE.

THE writer remained but a few days in Boston, yet even in that short visit received many kind attentions.

On his passing through Mendon, on his way to Hartford, he made the following record in his journal:

"This is the place which I recollect often to have heard my sainted mother mention as the scene of her childhood. No one now remembers her, yet I have great reason to believe



she was once the fairest flower that bloomed on Mendon Plains. Many *roses*, no doubt, have since sprung where she once raised her modest head; they also have faded, and, with her, are sunk to the silent earth. May they have grateful friends to record their names, as I now do that of my angel mother, *Alice Corbett*."

At Hartford the writer was received with hospitality, but was obliged to pass rapidly on to New York.

After this he went to Kingston, Ulster county, and stayed two nights with his beloved relatives. In returning, called at Poughkeepsie, the place of his early ministry; but owing to his lameness, occasioned by his exposure on Gambier hill, he did not go up into the town, but met his friends at the landing. On Sunday, fifth, he preached for Dr. Feltus, in New York. He then went to Philadelphia.

The General Convention met this year in this city, and, as usual, would open by the performance of all its holy duties in St. Peter's church. Of this the writer was aware, and accordingly engaged a coach to take him, in his present lame state, from the house of his Reverend friend, Mr. G., now Dr., Boyd, in the Northern Liberties, to St. Peter's, in due season. But unhappily, the engagement was not fulfilled; the coachman did not come till it was too late to reach the opening of the convention. The writer, however, came, lame as he was, on foot.

When he arrived the sacred services were partially over, and he had no time to put on his robes. His singular appearance among the Bishops, all decently dressed, in their Episcopal robes, and himself in a master's gown only, (with those who knew not the cause,) was a subject of *severe remark*; which observing, the writer did not think it his duty to explain. Even if it had been an intentional fault, he thought it cancelled by the coarse censure poured out upon it. Let small faults pass, and give heed to the weightier matters of the law, *justice, mercy, and truth*. In attending this convention, the writer had little pleasure, by means of his great lameness; besides this, the House of Bishops having been suddenly called on to sympathize with the sufferings of the good Bishop

Bowen, who, by means of the distresses in his family in the death of a most beloved daughter, was obliged to leave for South Carolina, the writer was deprived of his most affectionate friend and adviser. After this he felt himself alone, as well as sick.

What had passed in England, as related in these memoirs and confirmed by so many original documents, being then, for conscience' sake, almost entirely kept back, the writer had to experience continually the pains of a kind of martyrdom to the peace of the Church. He had pledged himself to *peaceful measures*, and to redeem this pledge he must suppress the truth for fear of irritation. This was actually done, to such an extent as, in many cases, entirely to prevent a righteous judgment being formed of the whole matter, and it is feared this perversion of judgment has never been retraced to the present moment.

At the critical period of mental and physical depression just described, when the writer, in his need, was praying most devoutly for a *friend indeed*, he had the pleasure of an introduction to the Rev. Benjamin Allen, then Rector of St. Paul's church, Philadelphia. By him he was invited to "his own hired house;" by him he was accommodated with the best room, and the best bed, and the best physicians the city could afford—Drs. Mitchell and Physic.

Here the writer stayed; for many days and "wearisome nights were appointed unto him" while lying, by order of Dr. Physic, his feet horizontal with his head, to cure the swelling in his legs.

Here he was visited by several most benevolent persons, among whom was the then Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Bedell; well does the writer remember the heavenly conversation that fell from that good man's lips, and how affectionately he proffered his services to do him good. "Help me," said the writer, "to circulate a '*Plea for the West*, in behalf of the Theological Seminary of Ohio.'" This request was granted; and, on an appointed day, the Rev. Messrs. Allen and Bedell came into his sick-room, and read the first draft of the little plea from the hands of the writer, and then sat down the long evening through, and prepared the "*Plan of Kenyon College*," and

the "*Remarks*," &c., to be printed together, the whole forming but sixteen pages. How small, often, is the fountain-head of the greatest streams! It must be remembered, at that time the people of our communion were not in the habit of giving; the luxury of doing so was reserved for those who lived after the year eighteen hundred and twenty-six.

The writer of this memoir has a manuscript letter of a most eminent person in Philadelphia, *discouraging efforts of benevolence* by soliciting contributions; well might the writer, therefore, tremble as he essayed to address his countrymen for aid. Yet, from whatever quarter intimidated, God encouraged him to go on, and in so doing he found a blessing.

As to the "*Remarks*," mentioned above, being an appendage to the "*Plea for the West*," the circumstances were these:—The writer having received, since in Philadelphia, many letters from his friends in England, touching his late visit to that country, was solicited to show them to his select friends, assembled as above, to aid them in their work. He did so, and the same had such evident effect on their minds, as to create a wish that proper extracts from them should in some way come before the public. After a suitable introduction, the *Remarks* go on and conclude as follows:

"As we have been permitted to have access to some of the late correspondence of Bishop Chase, we shall give a few extracts, merely to exhibit the state of feeling that exists in England on this subject. The first is from a *daughter of the celebrated Jones of Nayland*:

"How earnestly have I wished it were in my power to testify my desire of assisting you, dear sir, in your labor of love, with an offering more worthy of your regard; but He who sees the heart did not despise the widow's mite, and I feel a degree of confidence that my most humble offering will not be disregarded by you. Did my *ability* keep pace with my *wishes*, the *units* would be converted into *hundreds*; but my heart is with you, and my humble prayers (in unison with those of your numerous more valuable friends in England and elsewhere) will never cease to be offered up while I have life, for your health, prosperity, and every blessing, temporal and

spiritual; and may they be heard and graciously answered, through the merits of Him whose you are and whom you serve.'

"The next is from a letter which accompanied a present of books for the library of Kenyon college :

"'REV. SIR :—The books which accompany this are sent to you at the request of my dear wife,—now, I trust, through the merits of her Redeemer, a saint in heaven,—who had the privilege of seeing and conversing with you in the Chapter house in this city, [Bristol,] where she was the only lady present when you made the interesting communication of the object which led you to this country, and who felt deeply interested in the success of that object. That it may please the Great Head of our Church to bless your endeavors for the spiritual benefit of your native country to his own glory, and to enrich yourself more and more with the manifold grace of his Holy Spirit, is the prayer of —— —.'

"The next from Lord Kenyon :

"'We cannot but heartily praise God for his goodness in so signally prospering your pious incessant endeavors to train up ministers for his blessed Son's flock in your Ohio. The Bishop of London, in the hurry of visitation, writes—'The success of Bishop Chase's establishment gives me great pleasure; I hope it may go on and prosper, and finally give a decided ascendancy, in those newly-peopled countries, to the purest profession of faith and the best form of church government.'" The Archbishop of Canterbury writes—"I thank you for the extracts from the letters of Bishop White and Bishop Chase. The zeal in the cause of Christianity evidenced by both is most satisfactory, and, in the unformed condition of the Church in America, most necessary."'

"The above extracts from Lord Kenyon's letter, however, do not show the full extent of his zeal for Christ. In the same letter he expresses his willingness to advance four thousand pounds sterling, for the four thousand acres of land which the trustees wish to dispose of, provided the advance should be necessary. He speaks of the inconvenience of his doing so, but declares, 'No private sacrifice of my own shall weigh with

me, if the cause be at hazard.' Here is a nobility greater than kings can bestow.

"The next is from the daughter of a highly respectable clergyman. At the time of writing it, she was but about fourteen years of age, and so great was her interest, that by her industry she raised nearly thirty-five dollars towards the object.

"May I beg of you to give my affectionate love to your children, and tell them how little deserving I feel myself of their love, and of my most honorable title, "Mary Ohio." I wish it were in my power to prove myself better entitled to one and the other, but I believe I shall easily gain credence when I say, that to repay to Ohio one iota of those blessings which I have received from her would be a real happiness to me. Of this your infant Zion may rest satisfied, that my voice will ever be joined with those of her sincere friends, in imploring the blessing of God for her. I think one who can give so little ought not to take so much of what is so invaluable to her, and therefore I will infringe no longer on your precious time than to thank you once more for your great kindness to me, who can only wish you well, and can plead your cause in no other way than by sometimes whispering, there is a "rose in the west," whose head is drooping for want of watering, and her stem bending for want of propping.'

"Throughout these letters are interspersed the most striking expressions of veneration and love for the person to whom they are addressed. The strongest of these we withhold, and permission to publish the above short extracts would not have been requested by us, but from a conviction that the Christian spirit they breathe, and the expanded benevolence they manifest, would profit, and at the same time go to show that the love of the gospel is confined to no particular circumstance of outward condition. The spirit once renewed, the man is a little child at the feet of Jesus, whether he be first lord of the English treasury or an humble cottager.

"Among the contributors was Hannah More, who took a very deep interest in the plans of Bishop Chase, and whose individual subscription was nearly one hundred dollars.

"We have given these extracts, and mentioned these facts,

to show the excitement which this subject produced in a foreign land; and if such was the interest abroad, would it not be strange if no corresponding feeling were produced at home? It would be disgraceful to our own country, if, with the example of British benevolence before us, to so great an amount as that of thirty thousand dollars, we should permit this noble design to be paralyzed, for the want of sufficient liberality among ourselves to raise the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, which would bring the whole into immediate and successful operation.

“Among the various plans of religious and literary beneficence, which are from time to time placed before the attention of the public, we consider this as having claims of a paramount consideration. It looks to the permanent establishment of a literary institution, whose great praise is, that it is based on the sure foundation of Christianity, and that from it will flow, in one broad and fertilizing river, the mingled streams of learning and religion. As the western states ascend in the scale of political importance, they should grow in the means of disseminating the blessings of a chastened literature and a pure Christianity: and as in the infancy of those states, and in the rapidity of their growth, it is impossible for the inhabitants to devote as much from among themselves as may be necessary to accomplish these desirable and infinitely important objects, it appears the obvious duty, and should be the pleasure, of the Christian patriot, to lend the aid of his exertions, and devote a share of the property with which God has blessed him, to further those objects which, if they can be carried into execution, must, in the providence of God, secure to present and future generations virtue and happiness. May the Lord incline the hearts of all to estimate the importance of, and to cherish accordingly, *this great and interesting enterprise.*”

This little “*Plea for the West,*” though it had no intrinsic value but its truth, yet produced a salutary effect. It opened the eyes of many who were prejudiced against a “western seminary,” and avowedly hostile to the going to England for assistance. It was like Noah’s dove, sent forth from the little

frail, tempest-tossed church of the apostles, in the vast ocean of the west, the Mississippi valley, uttering not the croakings of disappointed ambition, nor the warlike notes of revenge for past injuries, but bearing in its beak the olive-branch of *peace and love*.

In this light it was regarded in that city, ever famous for its brotherly affection. Many confessed themselves won by its gentle spirit, and the collections for the Ohio seminary were liberal. Soon after it was issued, the Rev. Dr. B., of the university, paid a visit to the writer, concerning which visit the following remarks are made, in a letter of the 6th December, 1826, addressed by the writer to his wife:—

“Dr. B. entered freely on the subject of my going to England, and said although he was opposed to the measure at first, yet had he known how kindly they would have received me, and how freely and generously, and even thankfully, they would have contributed towards my object, he should have been in favor, and not against, my going. He intimated that the letters and papers which, within a few days past, had been published in this city, had opened the subject to his mind in quite a *new* light, and that he now should be my friend.

“And now, my dear wife, you may from this example (for it is, I think, but a fair representation of a thousand others) see what the good God has designed for the Ohio seminary, by my lameness and consequent detention in this city. The far greater part of the Church, in this country, were in a kind of darkness concerning this said expedition to England. They knew neither the motives which led to it, nor the manner in which it was conducted. That greatness of mind, that goodness of heart, that fulness of charity, and that refined courteousness of manner, which are conspicuous in the English religious characters, were unknown to the calculating, suspicious minds of a great portion of the money-getting, worldly-minded, self-styled ‘*high-minded*,’ party in the American Church. While they thought they knew, it was by their own little minds they judged them, and they found themselves mistaken in the event.

“What is now before the public serves to counteract these

false impressions, and, at the same time, by showing how disinterestedly good and benevolent the English have been, to provoke into good works this country. Blessed result! And if, in the train to produce it, my detention in this city has contributed an integral part, how thankful ought I to be that I have been afflicted!"

In a subsequent letter, to the same, dated the 28th of December, 1826, the writer mentioned a subject then engrossing most of his deepest private cogitations: that of trying to place that accomplished English scholar and theologian, the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, at the head of the Ohio seminary, under the Bishop of the diocese.

After alluding to some other application for this important station, the writer says:—

"My heart is set more and more on T. H. H., and soon shall look for letters from Lord Kenyon on this subject, with great anxiety. If we be successful in the project, our institution will command more respect than any other in the United States. If its usefulness in training good soldiers of Jesus Christ be equal to its popularity, all will be well. The great sin of getting above your business, of waxing so fat on the mercies of God as to kick like Jeshurun, and for that cause only, be cast down and destroyed—this is most to be dreaded."

And here it may be well to state, that the proposition for getting Mr. T. H. Horne to the Ohio seminary was well received, but by that gentleman declined, not from any unwillingness on his own part to come, but on account of the inconvenience it would occasion to his family.

The matter of raising in England a sufficient support for him was of minor consequence; Lord Kenyon promising, as he did, to subscribe a handsome annual sum during his life, would have been readily followed by many. Thus circumstanced, the project was, to the great grief of the writer, relinquished.

While in Philadelphia, the writer, in making collections for the Ohio seminary, experienced great encouragement from that



honest and upright gentleman, Paul Beck, Esq. His home was open to him and his friends, his exertions in his favor were unremitting, and his donations liberal; all which laid the foundation of a lasting friendship in the grateful bosom of the writer.

But it is time to break off the thread of the narrative, for the more pleasing duty of inserting a letter from the writer's most excellent and learned friend, G. W. M., dated as follows:—

“*Hastings, 23d Dec., 1826.*”

“MY DEAR AND VENERATED FRIEND:—

“All the intelligence which has lately reached us, of you and your measures, has continually delighted our hearts, (thanks to Lord Kenyon and Mr. Wiggin, whatever comes to them reaches us,) and I cannot express the gratification I have derived from that connection with the Church in its comparatively infantine branches, which I owe, as to America, and to the trust as to the Episcopalian fund, with which Mr. Bowdler invested me, as to Scotland. You must have heard that the Church there is profiting, as in so many parts it has lately done, by the spirit of *education* which characterizes our age. At Edinburgh, an Episcopal college is in the course of being established, and Bishop Jolly has already devoted his extensive theological library to its use, forever after his death, as good Bishop Burgess has his, to St. David's college. By-the-bye, that blessed institution (the greatest boon, I believe, that any English or Welsh Bishop ever gave to his diocese, and which led the venerable founder to say, ‘Bishop Chase is just as much a schismatic as myself’) has just commenced its operations, and takes in, at one time, (in the very heart of a diocese of almost unexampled extent, and peculiarly destitute previously of the means of clerical education,) seventy-five students, at the expense of fifty pounds per annum, for each. I trust that you have long ago received, what I know you will highly value, both for its own and for the Right Reverend donor's sake, the engraving for the college, which the Bishop sent you through my hands. I saw the original last summer,

and the engraving might have done *much more*, without an iota of flattery.

“Where are the Diocesan Convention Journals? It is now so long since you wrote of them as *arrived* in England, that I fear that some mishap has befallen them. With still more eagerness, if possible, I shall look for those of the *General Convention*; it cannot be but that splendid and triumphant notice should there be made of the Ohio seminary and college. The case is like that we sometimes see of individuals, whose merits are such that neither their own modesty nor the envy of others can prevent their full, though perhaps late, acknowledgment. Three years ago, when the General Convention met, your mission had not taken place, though possibly your intention was known; but now it has produced effects as to America, and as to England and America viewed relatively, on which the General Convention cannot be silent, or even tame in the language used.

“On the subject of colleges, I forgot to mention that Windsor college, in Nova Scotia, is now in such action, that the Propagation Society are solicited not to send forth missionaries from England; and in Barbadoes, Codrington college is to be advanced from a limited and initiatory school to a seminary, conferring degrees in divinity and completing the education of ministers for the Church.

“The *Regeneration Controversy* has been in a degree revived, but I hope only to be settled forever by an admirable address to Episcopalians in Scotland by Bishop Jolly, several of which found their way to England, and by the visitation sermons of Mr. Jerram, who succeeded Mr. Daniel Wilson in the Bedford Row chapel. Both these publications, especially the latter, have had a most favorable acceptance. Mr. Jerram has the merit of candidly avowing that in a former publication he had taken a loose and erroneous view of the subject, and gives an account of his being rectified by the suggestions of a brother clergyman, in consequence of which he fully investigated the subject, and came deliberately to the conclusion that regeneration, in the sense of our Church, is confined to baptism. In what he adds of the change of *nature* which all true Christians undergo, Robert considers him as most remark-

ably coinciding with *your views* of this subject. This reminds me of Robert's frequent and affectionate allusions to you. He keeps up the fondest remembrance of your visit, and would rejoice, I doubt not, more than in almost any human event, in a repetition of it. Pray charge me with some commands to him and his, and to Lady Palmer, your countrywoman, whose regard for you is of the nature of asbestos.

"Entirely do I feel that a private answer is an adequate set-off against the public attack of ——. But I much more lament that the only public answer given should be what you think calculated rather to increase than to allay mischief, and to give him triumph rather than a check. His conduct, I verily believe, has done much to rectify your cause here. Many are there who remember that all their opposition to you issued from him, and many who cannot forget that, even while they opposed, they doubted.

"The good Mr. Rogers, of Bath, whose sermon against Unitarianism you determined to publish in a cheap form in America, has published a sixth edition here, to be had from Longman & Co., Paternoster Row, London, and Crutwell, Bath. The good Bishop of Salisbury having been at Bath for his wife's health, has had much communication with him of late. The Bishop frequently mentions you, and always with affectionate veneration, and courts a communication of all intelligence respecting you and your measures. He is much bent on bringing about a greater coöperation between the Protestant churches of England, Scotland and America, for the sake of their joint opposition to Popery.

"My dear wife charges me to tell you how undiminished and unalterable a regard she bears towards you, and how the welfare of you and all yours occupies her heartiest wishes and prayers. She had the company of Mrs. Wiggin here for about three weeks, and formed, in that interval, a highly increased value for her.

"I have seen as much as I can of the family in Harley street during my exile from my own, and shall hope to visit them very soon after my return next Monday. We never find the Ohio cause fail.

"Adieu! my dear and reverend friend, with my warmest

wishes that the blessings of this blessed season may be showered on you and yours. I am ever devotedly and affectionately yours,  
 G. W. MARRIOTT."

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### CHAPTER XLIII.

THE WRITER VISITS NEW YORK—"APPEAL" PUT FORTH THERE—  
 GOES TO BOSTON—"KENYON CIRCLE"—G. M. WEST INTRODUCED.  
 —OPINION OF BISHOPS GRISWOLD AND BROWNELL RELATIVE TO  
 HIS ORDINATION.

It had been said that the pictures of the literary and religious wants of our western country, drawn by the writer while in England, were "*too highly colored.*" In like manner and with equal confidence it was asserted, by a certain class of people, that he exaggerated his account of English beneficence.

Now, after what has been related in this memoir, and after what is *known* of the state of religion and learning in the valley of the Mississippi, he appeals to the reader to settle the question whether both these opinions were not founded in error.

Every well-informed person cannot but be struck at the strict conformity to truth, in all the statements made by the writer in his appeals to the public, setting forth the deteriorating effects of neglecting the means of sound learning and true religion in the western states. And who that has thus far read these memoirs can say there was any false coloring given to his reception in England, and the unbounded kindness shown him there? But in January, 1827, the veil was not withdrawn from the eyes of a great proportion of our beloved Church; and the writer then entered the city of New York, the city where he had been ordained, under a cloud of prejudice truly appalling. A western seminary, in their opinion, was not yet called for. The scheme was schismatical and chimerical, and to have asked aid from abroad was enough to make it disgraceful to assist in its completion. These were discouraging circumstances, and had not a divine hand sup-

ported him, the writer, even at this stage of success, would have sunk under a never-dying opposition.

Remaining in New York a few days, he ventured to publish as follows:—

*“An Appeal in behalf of Religion and Learning in Ohio.*

“The undersigned entreats to be heard a few words touching the interests of our common beloved country in general, and of the western states, and of Ohio, in particular. His story will be short, but, as he trusts, worth the hearing.

“It is well known that the progress of settlements at the west has hitherto far outstripped the means of religion and learning. A few years ago, Ohio was a wilderness, no trace of civilized man was seen in all her extended forests. That state is now inhabited by a million of immortal souls. As with a mighty stream, collecting itself from all quarters of the world, the western country has been overspread ere those who were left behind were aware that the settlement had commenced.

“But in making this sudden transition from an old to a new world,—a transition which for its extent and celerity is unexampled in the history of man,—impossibilities could not be effected. The means of perpetuating the science and piety of his forefathers could not be obtained, nor continued, while every man had not only to pay into the treasury of the United States, frequently, his last dollar, for the soil under his feet, but to contend with the manifold difficulties of subduing the forest,—difficulties which undermine and destroy the natural constitution of more than one generation before they are entirely overcome. To institute schools, build colleges and churches, and maintain ministers of the gospel, in any degree adequate to the great necessity, during the continuance of this vast work, was literally impossible, and experience has witnessed the sad consequences. The son, save in a very few instances, knows not, nor, unless something more is speedily done, is he ever likely to know, what his father knew. A deterioration both in knowledge and religion takes place, too painful to describe.

“Placed by the providence of God over a portion of the

Christian community in Ohio, and feeling for their welfare, the undersigned deemed himself in duty bound to do something in his humble sphere for the common good, in trying to remedy and prevent these dreadful evils, *ignorance* and *irreligion*. How was this to be effected? To advise his people to send their sons into the old settlements, many hundred miles away, for their education, literary or religious, would have been to advise them to impossibilities, or, in their straitened circumstances, to measures almost ruinous. To say that none should be educated but such as should go to the eastern institutions for their learning, where the expenses, in comparison with those which would be required in the west, would be as three is to one, was equivalent to saying that the whole western country should be doomed to never-ceasing moral and religious darkness.

“To institute a seminary of learning, therefore, and place it on the spot where it was wanted; where the *sons of the soil* could be educated at an expense within their reach, and in habits suited to their sphere of life, was as necessary as it was reasonable. But how to commence, and whence to draw the means to begin so vast a work, the God of heaven, who hath the hearts and wills of men and the world itself at his command, alone could tell. Under the weight of this anxious inquiry, and humbly seeking for direction and aid from above, the undersigned turned his attention towards the pious, enlightened, and liberal members of the Church of England. The reason which sustained the propriety of this measure rested on this important fact, that of the number of settlers in Ohio, to whom the undersigned is appointed to minister, a full third were and are British-born subjects; and while these, in common with our own countrymen, mingled in the mighty stream which was populating our western country, and, by its very rapid and inundating effects, producing a religious and literary famine, it seemed but reasonable that their brethren, in their own immediate parent country, should bear a part in the benevolent work of affording them relief; and never was there a sentiment by the result more fully justified. No sooner was the appeal made unto them, on this ground, than they met and answered it with an open and liberal hand. ‘Take,’

said they, 'our proportion in full, to accomplish your great and benevolent design; but in so doing our wishes are appropriate and just, *that what we give be regarded as a fund to be laid out in lands, or otherwise, for the permanent benefit of this and future generations.*'

"It would be unpardonable in the undersigned, while he thus states the munificence and reasonable wishes of our transatlantic brethren, to omit the expressions of Christian piety, charity and courteousness, which accompanied all their gifts. Frequently was it observed, 'that so far from considering it to be an unworthy or degrading office to be the bearer of the wants and wishes of their countrymen and fellow Christians, now removed into the new world, they felt themselves honored, and deemed it a blessing to be thus applied to and thus to be the instruments of doing good.' Accordingly they gave, and their gifts amounted to nearly thirty thousand dollars.

"With a heart deeply penetrated by grateful emotions for such unexampled benevolence from a *foreign* fountain, the undersigned would turn, with reasonable confidence and with great respect, to his own countrymen, and while he does so, he offers an anxious and fervent prayer to God, that he may find favor in their sight.

"He earnestly desires them to consider, that the steps taken by the undersigned have been approved by the Christian world, and by his own community in Ohio in particular; that the convention of Ohio, having framed a constitution and appointed trustees of the intended institution, in conformity to acknowledged principles, the civil legislature has established the same as a corporate body; that a tract of land of great intrinsic worth, especially as a future, sure and increasing revenue to the college, has been purchased at a very reduced price, and the seminary and college unanimously and permanently fixed thereon; and that, for the payment of this land, consisting of eight thousand acres, the funds collected in England have in a great measure been pledged.

"The result of all this is the *imperious necessity of obtaining the means to erect the requisite buildings.* That this necessity may appear undisputed, let the greatness of the

undertaking and the smallness of the means hitherto obtained, however munificent in themselves, be compared; and how conspicuous will be the disparity! What college was ever reared with only thirty thousand dollars? If we saw our buildings *now* erected, and if the funds obtained in England were *now* at interest, the whole would constitute but a *beginning*, but the *foundation*, of so great a work. What, then, must be the solicitude of every true Christian, and lover of his country, for the fate of this benevolent work, when he is told that the buildings are scarcely *commenced*, and the funds, according to the design of the donors, are invested more for *permanent* than for *present* use. Was it unreasonable, when the undersigned stipulated with the benefactors, in England, that if they would contribute towards the *permanent* fund, his own country, *America*, would furnish means for the buildings? To refuse such a condition would have been to bring a stain on his native land. The honor, therefore, of the American name unites with the goodness of the cause, in sustaining the fervent hope and humble trust, that this stipulation will be fulfilled. The Ohio seminary will succeed; Americans will do something to erect the buildings, when their religious brethren in England have done so much for its permanent support.

“PHILANDER CHASE, *Bishop of Ohio.*”

This plea met with considerable success. To the honor of New York, many persons proved themselves exceptions to the spirit of prejudice so long cherished against a western seminary, and to the writer as its advocate; so that, in leaving the queen of our Atlantic cities for his native New England, the writer had abundant cause of gratitude.

The cause of Ohio had intrinsic merit, and notwithstanding the feebleness of its advocate, he met with signal success in Boston, Salem, Newburyport, and Worcester county; in Providence, R. I.; in Portsmouth, N. H.; in Portland and Gardiner, in Maine. The writer would go into particulars, but the designed brevity of this work will not allow.

There are two items of history, however, which he ought to notice; the one, a fruitful instance of female charity, the



other, the bitter fountain of many tears, by his becoming acquainted with a most unworthy man, whom he afterward admitted to the ministry. The former will be best introduced by inserting here an extract from a letter to his wife, dated as follows:—

“ *Newburyport, April 20, 1827.*

“ MY DEAR WIFE :—

“ I closed my last letter to you at Mrs. Carlisle's, in Salem. Yesterday morning, as I was getting into the coach for this place, I found I should have the company of the Rev. Mr. Cutler, of Quincy, going to the State of Maine. This made my little journey from Salem to Newburyport very pleasant. The Rev. Dr. Morss, and lady, received me with great kindness. They have nine children, all born since I was last in this house, (1806,) and yet the Dr. looks quite young, much as he used to do, only a little more corpulent.

“ And now, dear wife, I have a story to tell you, by way of introduction to what we are doing, and what will be done, in this town.

“ By a letter or letters which I received in Boston, I was partially apprized of the formation of a society in this place for the aiding of our, ‘ the Ohio cause.’ It is called the ‘ *Kenyon Circle of Industry,*’ consisting of ladies of Newburyport, associated to promote the prosperity of Kenyon college, Ohio. I say I had *heard* of this extraordinary instance of goodness, but I had little idea of the *extent* to which the little work of beneficence had been carried. When I arrived at Mr. Morss', word was immediately circulated that the above society were requested to meet at his house in the evening, and when the ladies came together, I was surprised to find them so numerous and so much engaged. The room was quite full, the number exceeding forty. They told me that the occasion, or rather the first moving cause, of the associating together for the above purpose, was the strong impression which the example of *Mary Ohio* had made on their minds. ‘ To see an English female, of only fifteen or sixteen years of age, stepping forward and heading the ranks of charity, and inviting by her zeal and industry so many of her pious countrywomen to begin and

execute a work so disinterested, and of such extended utility, was enough,' said they, 'to awaken hearts of stone. And shall we of America, we who pretend to emulate the virtues, *as such*, of our mother country, shall we do nothing in concert with those who are exercising their benevolence directly for our benefit—the lasting benefit of so many millions of our own countrymen?' The argument, then, once suggested and put in circulation, was irresistible, and the result most pleasing. About three weeks ago the formation of the society took place, and they have been faithfully and successfully employed ever since. What the exact amount of their industry is, I cannot say; perhaps it is not much when compared with the gifts of the rich and the great, yet we have the words of the blessed Saviour of mankind, to incline us to believe that it will be more in heavenly estimation. The very formation of the society has awakened the whole town to a due consideration of the subject, and there is good reason to believe that many will be incited to give to the good cause, because of the zeal of these pious and most benevolent ladies of Newburyport. Already has their example awakened a like spirit in the ladies of Portland, in the State of Maine, who have formed a similar society, and (I hear) are proceeding on in the same steps of benevolence."

Soon after writing the letter including the above extract, the following correspondence took place:—

" *Newburyport, April 28th, 1827.*

" RIGHT REVEREND SIR :—

" The circle whom you have kindly honored by your attention aspire only to contribute, in a private manner, towards the accomplishing of your important and much-approved plans; if we may speak in your own figurative language, we are but a little friendly moss, which would gladly collect a portion of dew around your favorite rose; yet, in compliance with your request, we offer you a mention of circumstances which led to our association.

" An early impulse was given to our sympathy for the church in Ohio, by the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Chase, your

son, who brought your first appeal in its behalf. Various public notices of your own exertions had subsequently increased this interest, but it was not until we saw the letter of Miss Ward that the thought of offering our assistance to this object was suggested. We should not have presumed to suppose so inconsiderable a contribution as our slender means can furnish worthy of your acceptance, had we not seen that the small sum collected by the young lady was received with kindness. This led us to hope that, in a similar manner, we also might do something for so good a cause, and a plan for this purpose was proposed by the treasurer of our circle, in whom these accounts had excited a most lively interest. By her exertions, a society was formed at the commencement of this year, and, giving the profits of our industry for some hours in every week, we have met once a fortnight, often rendering our meetings interesting by the perusal of your publications concerning Kenyon college. Our friends have kindly lent us some assistance, and we have found an interest for this object constantly increasing; several children have been pleased to offer us their mite, and one little boy of six years, excited by hearing your plea, brought us the whole of his little stock of money, while another older lad gave us the whole of his quarterly allowance.

“Thus, sir, have we been encouraged to continue our endeavors, and we now offer you their result, with our earnest wishes for the success of your benevolent exertions.

“We ask, also, your own acceptance of the purse which encloses it, as a trifling testimony to yourself of our grateful acknowledgment of your condescension, our respect, and our wishes for your own health and prosperity.

“On behalf of the Kenyon Circle,

“Right Reverend Sir,

“Yours, most respectfully,

“MARY J. WOART, *Secretary.*

“Right Reverend Philander Chase.”

ANSWER.

“*Newburyport, May 11th, 1827.*

“*To the Ladies of Kenyon Circle, in Newburyport.*

“DEAR LADIES :—

“With a heart overflowing with most pleasing and grateful emotions, I write this hasty note, for want of time to compose a better, to acknowledge the receipt of your very excellent and most affectionate letter of the 28th of April, enclosing *fifty-five* dollars, as the result of your most benevolent association for the benefit of Kenyon college.

“The history of your formation most deeply affects me, especially that circumstance which relates to my most beloved and now sainted son. His last prayer was for blessings on the Church of Christ, especially that God would send the dews of his heavenly favor on that ‘rose in the west,’ our seminary of learning and piety, now called Kenyon college. You, dear ladies, were the instruments of its fulfilment. Surely God will bless and reward you.

“What you say of that most interesting young lady, *Mary Ward*, so distinguished for her zeal in the cause which carried me to England, is highly gratifying to all who know her. How will her friends, and those who have taken an interest in the prosperity of our college, in England, rejoice to find that the meek zeal of ‘*Mary Ohio*’ (as she is appropriately called by her excellent father) has communicated its genial influence to the bosoms of some of our American ladies. When the fragrance of only one so modest and lovely a flower has served so good a purpose as that of awakening so many to imitate her endearing virtues, what may not be reasonably hoped for, when your praiseworthy example, and that of the ladies in Gardiner and Portland, shall have been duly known throughout our land ?

“I assure you that I am most pleasingly impressed at the exercise of a very benevolent disposition in the dear young boys which you mention ; please give my best love to them. Most earnestly do I pray God to bless them, and you, and all who, by good deeds, faithfully serve our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"Ladies of Kenyon Circle, Newburyport, I am your most faithful and grateful friend, and servant,

"PHILANDER CHASE."

"*Salem, May 2d, 1827.*

"RIGHT REVEREND AND DEAR BISHOP CHASE:—

"Your late visit to our town and family has excited in our parents and self the liveliest emotions of pleasure. When we reflect upon the object of your visit, in a moral, intellectual, and religious point of view, it overwhelms us with its magnitude. The wonderful success and merciful providences which have hitherto marked your progress in your journeyings, clearly evince that the blessings of Heaven attend you.

"Miss Ann M. Rust, a member of our Church, feeling a lively interest in the success of Kenyon college, has permitted me to unite with her in offering for your acceptance a pair of eighteen inch accurate English globes, with the assurance of our respect and esteem. And now, Right Reverend and dear sir, I will trespass no longer upon your time, only to offer you our ardent wishes for the success of your establishment in the west, and that the great Bishop of souls may preserve your life and health long after Kenyon college becomes as flourishing as any similar institution in our country.

"My parents unite with me, in wishing you a safe journey home, and that you may find your family in the enjoyment of health and happiness, which we pray may be long continued.

"I am, dear Bishop, your friend, &c.,

"SUSAN F. TREADWELL."

"*Boston, May 5th, 1827.*

"DEAR SUSAN:—

"I feel most sincerely thankful to yourself and Miss Ann M. Rust, for the very valuable present of a pair of eighteen inch globes, for the benefit of Kenyon college, Ohio. May God reward you, dear ladies, for this instance of your bounty.

"The mention you make of my reception in England, and of the subsequent kindness I received from my excellent friends there, is very acceptable to my grateful heart. That you will join me in most devout prayer for blessings on those

who saved me when ready to perish, I have little doubt. If you forget all others, remember dear '*Mary Ohio.*'

"For the kind wishes of your loved parents for my welfare, as well as for their most hospitable treatment to me when at your house, I am very thankful. May the angels of God's mercy watch over them and you, and all who cover with a veil of charity the many faults of their and your humble and faithful

"Friend and servant,

"PHILANDER CHASE."

In 1827, such instances of female exertion, to spread the means of grace and promote Christian unity, were rarely found in the Episcopal Church.

If the ladies in the cities above mentioned were surprised at the pious zeal of Mary Caroline Ward, of Great Horksley, in Old England, in behalf of an institution in America, more reason of surprise was there *at that day, that Kenyon Circles* should in so many places be organized after her example.

Then a truly self-denying missionary spirit was a tender plant in the Episcopal Church, often blasted by the breath of covetousness and the fear of ridicule. In the instances above mentioned it survived the shock of opposition, and waxing strong as it grew, and striking deep its roots into the hearts of the reflecting and pious portion of the community, it has never ceased to bring forth much salutary fruit. Surely the writer has reason to bless God for putting it into the heart of Miss Mary J. Woart to form the "Kenyon Circle of Newburyport." From that little fountain have issued the streams, which in their courses have not only refreshed Ohio, and other parts of the west, but have irrigated the parched prairies of Illinois. The writer firmly believes, that, by the good example thus set, others have been incited to hold up his hands in subsequent periods of his eventful life, and that even now, he is *kept from sinking* under the load of recent duty imposed on him by the hand of Providence. But this is outstripping the natural speed of time. He will return to a more painful subject of his narrative.

While the writer was in New England, in the year of our

Lord, 1827, somewhere in the month of March or April, a person by the name of *George Montgomery West* introduced himself to his notice. He came fresh from Old England, with letters from the writer's dearest, most esteemed friends, the object of which was, to have him immediately ordained in America, and then, as an Ohio clergyman, return to England, and there, and in his native island, make collections to promote emigration, and thus essentially benefit the grand design of building up the seminary, now the centre of so many and so fervent good wishes.

The most unequivocal assurances of good character were given in all the letters which he brought, so that there seemed nothing wanting but the writer's consent, and that of his standing committee in Ohio, to have the plan at once consummated, and the man put on his way back to England, and there to enter on his work of beneficence.

But this consent was not yet obtained, and the project would have been quashed in embryo, had not the writer previously obtained the concurring voice of his brethren of the Episcopal bench, on whose judgment, being entirely disinterested, he had more reason to rely than on his own.

G. M. West was directed to go on to Ohio, and there wait till further counsels were matured. In the mean time, the writer repaired to Bristol, Rhode Island, to consult good Bishop Griswold. Here he found him, and after having showed him all the letters from England, and explained the whole case, received from him the following certificate of his opinion and advice:—

“After considering the question respecting the ordination of Mr. G. M. West, it is my opinion that he may be admitted to orders, under the provision of the seventeenth canon, without violating the letter of any of our prescribed rules. And as I know of no usage or precedent to the contrary, and so far as I understand the case, expediency requiring it, I recommend that he be admitted to orders.

“ALEXANDER V. GRISWOLD.

“*Bristol, R. I., May 17th, 1827.*”

With the above certificate, the writer proceeded to Hartford, Connecticut, and laid the whole matter before Bishop Brownell, and received the following from under his hand:—

“Having seen the letters from several noblemen and gentlemen of Great Britain, directed to the Right Reverend Bishop Chase, in approbation of the character of George M. West, a minister of the Wesleyan connection, in Ireland, I concur in opinion with Bishop Griswold, that there are no canonical impediments to his admission to holy orders, by Bishop Chase.

“THOMAS BROWNELL.

“*Hartford, May 20th, 1827.*”

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## CHAPTER XLIV.

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
AND KENYON COLLEGE — EXTRACT FROM A SERMON PREACHED ON  
THE BANKS OF VERNON RIVER ON THAT OCCASION — FOURTH OF  
JULY — USE OF THE MONITOR — PETITION FOR WHISKEY — LET-  
TERS.

THE Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Ohio was fixed on a site named by the writer *Gambier*, in honor of his pious and noble friend of that name. On this site, most beautiful and commanding in its prospect, was located, and to be erected, a main building of the seminary, called Kenyon college, after a no less beloved and esteemed noble friend of the writer, *Lord George Kenyon*, the worthy heir of the honors and titles of the celebrated Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, of England. The engraving of this building had been taken at the east, and highly approved, and the commencement thereof, in the laying of the corner-stone, became an object of deep solicitude. Giving an account of this transaction, the writer spoke as follows:—

“Having appointed the first week in June for that purpose, I was permitted to be on the spot, and though unworthy of the least of God's favors, yet, through the merits of the Redeemer of mankind, I was honored with that which might



honor those who are inexpressibly more honorable than myself,—the office of laying the corner-stone at once of Kenyon college, and the Theological Seminary of the Diocese of Ohio, on Gambier hill. In performing this duty, I cannot frame my speech so as to express a but faint resemblance of my feelings. The signal mercies of the past, in rescuing me from so many perils and in overcoming so much opposition, and the countless blessings of the future to the Church of Christ in our dear country, of which this institution must, by the laws of Holy Providence, be the means of producing, in ages yet to come rushed on my mind, and raised (as the swelling flood raises the ship on its bosom) my whole soul in gratitude to God, the Almighty disposer of events, and the fountain of all mercies. Though surrounded by a very great company of spectators to the eventful scene, the whole seemed to me as the wilderness did to Jacob at Bethel—swallowed up in a deep sense of God's presence, filling all things, connecting earth with heaven; and, in prospect of future blessings, prompting the same expressions which he uttered, when, forgetful of all his earthly troubles and rapt into ecstasy divine, he exclaimed, 'Surely the Lord is in this place, this is none other than the house of God, and this the gate of heaven.'

"The building thus commenced is but the centre of the whole design, being only one hundred and ten feet long, by forty-four broad. The two wings will be one hundred and seventy-four feet each, and the whole, with the basement, four stories high.

"To support such a building, all of stone, the outside and centre walls will be no less than four feet thick.

"In delineating the plan of this edifice, no time nor pains had been spared in causing it to combine every convenience which economy could justify. Having it in your power to witness in your own persons the progress of this work, I should here say nothing to you on this subject."

What is alluded to in the foregoing extracts of the members of the convention "having it in their power to witness, in their own persons, the progress of the work, and of visiting the college grounds," may be explained by noticing that this

address was delivered in *Mount Vernon*, about five miles from the college land, a village designedly selected for the meeting of the convention, that the members might see and take an interest in all that concerned the institution, for it was well known that jealousies and prejudices still lingered in the bosoms of many. The cities could not abide the thought that an institution of such magnitude should be taken from them, and built up from the stump without their agency or influence. Many stood ready to find fault with the proceedings at every step, and still more had predicted its final ruin. And when such sentiments prevail among respectable citizens, it is not strange they should find entertainment in the bosom of the many, and thus account for that apathy touching the project of the seminary, and the fact of its founder being left alone on the college hill, amidst the trying scenes of setting many men to work, with but little to work with.

"There he is," said they, "without houses, and without timber to make them, with no friend to help bear the burden, and with scarcely a roof to cover him or to shelter his hired men. There he is carrying on a project of his own, and sinking under difficulties which he himself has created. Let him come down from the college hill in the woods, to our towns, and we will assist him. As it is, let him assist himself, or fail in the attempt." Except in a few instances, as in Steubenville, of men of liberal minds, few wished him well, and still fewer came to see him. Even the members of the convention could scarcely be persuaded to turn a complacent eye on the project, although the same seemed in all things (but the sufferings of its founder) to be in the full tide of experimental success.

The writer's family, and all the students, came up from Worthington to witness the laying of the corner-stone of Kenyon college on Gambier hill. To this allusion has already been made, but not to the sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Morse, of Steubenville, on the solemn occasion, under the shade of the sugar-maple trees, on the banks of Vernon river, to a large assemblage of people. Few discourses discover a more perfect Christian taste, or a purer flame of ardent piety.

The following extract is so appropriate, as well as so excel-

lent in itself, that to omit it would be to mar the face of this memoir by leaving out what is essential to its beauty. It is the third head of his discourse, and closes with the words of the text :

“ There is yet another claim of this institution on our patronage and support, arising from a consideration of the peculiar circumstances under which it was established, and from the present state and future prospects of the western country. It may be presumed, from the fact that the fund for the endowment of this seminary and college, having been principally derived from a foreign source, from the charitable beneficence of far distant friends, it will therefore present a stronger claim, from this circumstance, upon our affectionate regards and our most zealous exertions. We should prove ourselves unworthy of the munificence of our transatlantic brethren, if we do not most thankfully receive and faithfully improve their benefactions to the sacred objects for which they were bestowed. And here let me ask, shall Christians thus far distant, Christians separated from each other by half the intervening globe, do so much for the benefit of ourselves, and our offspring, while we do nothing, or next to nothing? It is true, our means are less, far less than theirs; but we should remember that the *widow's* mite was accepted and rewarded, as well as the richest offering. We should remember, too, that small benefactions become great in their aggregate. Behold this stream;\* trace it upwards to its source, and it will be found to issue from a single spring in the far distant forest. Follow it onward in its progress, and you will find it uniting its tributary waters with the fair Ohio, and the majestic Mississippi. Such, brethren, is *Christian charity*. As it is from numerous and small fountains that the mighty river is derived which bears on its bosom the wealth of foreign shores, and at the same time blesses and fertilizes the region through which it flows, so, in like manner, it is from numerous and small benefactions that the stream of benevolence is swelled, till it rolls on towards the ocean of eternity, bearing on its broad tide the fruits

\* Vernon river.

of Christian piety, watering each thirsty land, and making glad the city of our God. Who, then, would not choose to aid in that glorious work which shall cause righteousness and peace to flow down as rivers in a dry place? Who does not feel himself honored in being thus permitted to assist in evangelizing the earth? And who will not rejoice at the last day to hear it said unto himself by the Lord Jesus Christ, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.' 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' To the numerous benefactors of this institution, both at home and abroad, language is inadequate to express our obligations and our gratitude. The good deeds they have done are written on our hearts, they are engraved in our memories; we trust also that they are written and engraved even in the book of God's remembrance for evermore. Yes, brethren, for

'The quality of this mercy is not strained,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.'

"In conclusion of this part of our subject, it may be observed, that the present condition of our country in general, and of the western states in particular, renders the foundation of public institutions for the promotion of literature and religion peculiarly important and necessary to the present well-being and the future prosperity of our country. The world need not now be told that in the western wilderness, as it was once called, the means of piety and learning have not kept pace with the progress of population and the rapidity of settlement; this fact is but too well known. But it may be interesting to ourselves, and gratifying unto others, to know in what manner this evil may be remedied, and the deficiency supplied. On all hands it is acknowledged that something ought to be done, and done speedily, too, to stop the torrent of ignorance and immorality which prevails and threatens to overwhelm our land. All grant some restraint should be

applied, some barrier interposed, before the deluge become irremediable.

“And how shall this be done, but by sending forth a succession of those who, by Christian education and a cultivated talent, under divine grace, shall be able to stop the torrent? Those who shall lend the weight of their influence and example to the interests of piety and learning, and cause virtue and religion to predominate over vice and ignorance, and triumph against every opposer, against every attempt of the prince of darkness, or his infidel coadjutors, to waste and destroy the heritage of God. In regard to the western states, in particular, it is well known that ‘the progress of settlement has, hitherto, far outstripped the means of religion and learning.’ We have at present a population educated under superior advantages to what can be here enjoyed, they having emigrated from other and more favored regions; but another generation is now advancing into life, who must be educated here; and unless means for this end are provided, unless facilities for this purpose are afforded in the land which gave them birth, a deterioration both in knowledge and religion will take place, too painful to describe. As has been truly observed, ‘The son, except in a very few instances, knows not, nor, unless something more is speedily done, is he ever likely to know, what his father knew.’ To remedy and prevent these dreadful evils, *ignorance* and *irreligion*, this institution and college has been established, in which the *sons of the soil* may be educated at an expense within their reach, and in habits suited to their sphere of life. What parent does not rejoice in the prospect which it opens! What patriot or philanthropist, above all, what *Christian*, is not ready to say, ‘God speed,’ success and prosperity to the work! In short, who is not ready to exclaim, in the language of the text, in reference to this subject, and in direct application to the circumstances on this occasion—‘*Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children! Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.*’”

So entirely was the writer occupied in his manifold duties of watching over the destinies of the theological seminary on Gambier hill, that but few records were kept of the succession of particular religious services in the neighborhood.

It appears, however, that the writer was in Mount Vernon on Sunday, the 10th of June, and the 17th in Delaware, at which latter place he consecrated St. Peter's church, a neat little building, to the erection of which he had appropriated one hundred dollars of Lady Rosse's bounty. Here he ordained a deacon, and admitted G. M. West to full orders. The same night he rode to Worthington, and preached in the evening. The pleasure of seeing the students all in church, and of witnessing their good conduct in the little, now crowded, establishment, at his own residence, was exceedingly great. There he found his wife, who had returned immediately from Mount Vernon, now busy in superintending the domestic establishment, and keeping all things in their place. It was evident that had her judgment and constant services been wanting at this very difficult period of time. the whole flock of boys would have been scattered, so that the shepherd's care could scarcely have collected them again for the fold preparing for them at Gambier; and had the same continuity of domestic care been wanting there, the whole scheme would have proved abortive.

It is said of John Wesley, that he had collected much money from his rich friends to found a school in England, but all to no purpose. When asked the reason, he answered that "*the maids could not agree.*" Perhaps, if the truth were known, this would frequently be found at the bottom of the chief cause of failure in the incipient stages of like establishments. Their domestic concerns are not managed rightly. The mainspring is wisdom, joined to a meek and quiet spirit, and the foundation of the whole is the fear of God. Wherever this is wanting, in the head of any department, success is doubtful.

From Worthington the writer returned to the performance of his manifold duties at Gambier. In passing thither, through Mount Vernon, he stayed all night with his friend, Mr. Banning. What reason he has to recur, with feelings of the deepest regret, to the devotional exercises of the following morning,

which took place in Mr. Banning's chamber, in company with the person whom he had lately ordained, *George Montgomery West*, the reader will hereafter be informed.

The remainder of this month, and much of the succeeding one, was spent on Gambier hill, where he had many things to do, and little to do with. To collect suitable mechanics, such, especially, as could forego the use of whiskey, and pay them, needed much circumspection and forethought, joined with incessant correspondence by letter. The overseeing of the overseers, commonly called the *head men*, there being one to every department of labor, was no small task, yet this was done every evening. The clerk appeared with his book, the head carpenter, the head mason, the head teamster, and the head quarrier appeared, also, and gave in the work of all who had respectively been under their care that day, and the same was recorded; and it is worthy of remark, that such was the general opinion of justice in these decisions, although the hands were frequently *docked*, that there were seldom any complaints.

“*Gambier, Kenyon College, July 11th, 1827.*”

“MY DEAR WIFE:—

“I was delighted with your last letter, about the 4th of July, but with nothing more than with the small ingredient of religion which Mr. S. and Mr. W. were so good as to throw into the cup of festive enjoyment. Would that this day, which is the occasion of much intemperance and blasphemy in our land, were made in some sense subservient to the cause of religion! The devil has stolen from us, I mean from our country in general, *Christmas*, the day of our spiritual redemption, and converted it into a day of worldly festivity, shooting and swearing; why cannot we make reprisal, and take from him this 4th of July, in which our civil freedom was declared! Our Church endeavored to do it in ‘the *proposed prayer-book*.’ A service to Almighty God, appropriate to this day of our national independence, was set forth; but it failed, on the ground that each minister might do as he pleased. As our seminary is pledged to Almighty God, as dedicated to religion,

I do hope we shall try to introduce it on all proper occasions; and it gave me no little pleasure, that Mr. S., our professor, stood up in its favor on this occasion; but I should have been better pleased if he had insisted on the performance of the 'morning prayer,' and the reading of some appropriate lessons, and on what I think would have been a great *propriety*, I mean his and the family's presence at dinner. I was hurt at the circumstance of turning the boys over to themselves; if there was anything unfit for him, or you, or any, to see or hear, it ought not to have been permitted.

"When I was at home, I was sorry to find that the order of each having his Bible, and attending to the chapter with his personal inspection, was laid aside; amidst the ten thousand things which then pressed upon me, I forgot to mention this. Cannot this, which I deem a great means of fixing the wandering eye and the idle mind on the great duty before them, be again revived?

"Another thing I did not see when at home; I mean the continuation of our morning verses from the *Bible, the monitor*, and some comments on them. When begging at the east, and when asked what features our seminary or college would have, peculiarly Christian, I mentioned this among many others. I had rather give up a little of the heathen study, than this; instead of growing lax on this subject so soon, I think God's favors to us ought to prompt us rather to devise other means of mingling religion with all we do. Indeed, this world, and all things which pertain to it, have no value but as it respects eternity. I feel this more and more, and we who do feel it (I mean the president and professors of Kenyon college, for if we do not feel this truth, we ought not to be in our stations; according to our foundation, we ought to quit our posts, not as a matter of *propriety*, but of *imperious justice*) should act accordingly. If we do not, we surrender the ark into the hands of the Philistines; we betray the trust committed to our charge, and God will bring us to an account.

"Nothing has any value but eternity, and if our regulations do not have reference to that, we lose the chief end of our being. If this principle be not acted upon, as well as professed,



I have labored to little purpose, and a solemn contract with mankind, and a holy covenant with God, is broken.

“Your faithful and affectionate husband,

“PHILANDER CHASE.

“P. S. I wish you to copy and to show the parts of this letter which speak of the interest of Kenyon college to Mr. S., Mr. W., Mr. A. I feel something within me that tells me that to speak more plainly to them on these subjects is my duty.”

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PETITION FOR WHISKEY.

I. H. was the head carpenter on Gambier hill, and often was he with the writer in consultation on the ways and means of proceeding with the buildings. On entering the college service, he had agreed, as all the rest had agreed, to refrain from the use of spirituous liquors. The writer thought him friendly to this measure, and as he was a “Baptist messenger,” that he would second the views of the Bishop in promoting temperance. But in this there was sad disappointment. What with the love of liquor, the fondness of being the head of a party to maintain the “unalienable rights of the oppressed people,” and the desire of humbling the Bishop, the promise made when he came on the hill was laid aside, and a combination with the hands was formed, and their grievances were made known by *petition*. Mr. H. was the “scribe,” and the first to subscribe; and a majority of the rest, to the number of nineteen, chief men of the company, “men of renown,” followed his example. This famous petition was in the following words:—

“TO THE RT. REV. PHILANDER CHASE:

“SIR,—We, the undersigned, being mechanics and laborers under your employ, have agreed, after mature reflection, and a consultation held upon the subject, to address you a line by way of petition, thereby to make known to you our united request, which request, we presume to think, and humbly trust, will not be by you considered unreasonable; and from many considerations we are inclined to believe it not only

necessary, but certainly beneficial, both for the preservation of our health and the forwarding of the business in which we are engaged.

“Request is as follows: That you will grant us the use of spirituous liquors three times in each day, while we may be occupied in your service, in quantity one small glass at each time; inasmuch as it has become a custom, not only in this state, but throughout the United States, to have it more or less at all places where public works are going forward, a moderate use of which, we are of the opinion, would greatly forward the business in which we are engaged. The principal reasons which we urge for asking the foregoing, are the following, to wit: Having to work the principal part of our time under the influence of the sun's rays, and our provisions, though very good, is principally of the salt kind, and not having constantly a supply of good fresh water at hand, and in consequence of the reasons here assigned, we have many times drank more than was really good for us, and to remedy this, we have made the preceding request. If it meet your approbation, we think the expense will be repaid to the institution tenfold; if not, we shall await your command, and abide the consequences with due respect. We have the honor to be yours, very respectfully.”

*Names signed.*

This petition was sent to the writer, when in his log cabin all alone. He read it, and was considering its unhappy consequences, when a voice struck his ear from behind him.

“Mr. H. wants an answer,” said the little boy who waited on the hands.

“Tell Mr. H. please get the hands together under the shady trees near the timber, and I will come and talk with them about the matter.”

And now, gentle reader, what dost thou think were the feelings of the writer, as this little messenger ran swiftly away, to carry tidings that the Bishop was coming to speak with them?

Remember, the Bishop then “stood alone.” The great temperance reform had then hardly commenced its movements among individuals. Till the writer had begun it the

year before, he had never heard of its existence, and there was no example before him of carrying on a set of public buildings without the use of liquor. Yet he was determined to keep to his purpose; and what could be done? To refuse them their request, would evidently be followed by a general *strike*, and where and when could other hands be obtained? Not from the immediate neighborhood, whence the most of these came; and that others from the state in general could be induced, under such circumstances, to come, was equally hopeless, for many had predicted the very thing which had now taken place, and would regard it as an evidence of the folly, and as a proof of the mental weakness, of the projector; of the madness of all his schemes of founding colleges in the *woods*, by the means of temperance.

Such reflections as these tended to despair. Yet, "somehow or other," there was a ray of hope left. Who knows but God may help in this time of need! It is He, after all, who can assuage the raging of the sea, "and the madness of the people." But how this could now be effected without giving up the *whiskey law*, the writer had no conception. He went on with a heavy, but a prayerful spirit. As he approached the place where the hands were seated, there were signs of great unanimity—significant nods and bold looks; none spoke, and the suppressed yet half-uttered laugh indicated their expected speedy triumph.

The writer now took his seat on a piece of elevated timber, with a view to say something, yet found himself unable to utter a word, and for a considerable period there was nothing said; and when he did begin to say a word or two, it was not in language of reproach of their conduct, nor in any attempt to display his own oratory. Something different was now required. Their affections were to be won, their minds enlightened, and their wills persuaded. In short, he saw it was necessary to speak to them as members of the human family, and make them friends to himself, to their own selves, and to the true interests of the institution. To this end, he told them his own history, and in so doing, gained their sympathy, and enlisted their affections in his behalf. Many of them

were in tears, and all arose and went to work without a drop of whiskey.

There was something in this triumph over the spirit of faction, in sending so many to work without gratifying their craving appetite for spirituous liquors, under such circumstance of combined effort, which the writer had never been able to account for, but on a principle of a *particular providence*. It was God who gave him the victory. It was not his eloquence, nor the weight of his arguments, nor the keenness of any well-timed satire, that produced the effect. Nor was it the prepared state of their minds, by reason of any previous arguments on temperance, that led to the reflections; for then there had been nothing said in favor of abstaining from the use of ardent spirits. Not then, as now, was it *popular* to be a temperate man—not then, as now, were *reformed drunkards crowned with laurels and referred to as saints*; all was the dead sea of *whiskey drinking*. It was consistent with reputation to be a “hard drinker.” Everything, then, was a counter tide and wind to the breath of temperance. How, then, could it be expected that so many hands, collected from the surrounding woods, and combined together, would listen to any suasive language on a subject like this? Hence appears the matter of surprise, that they went to work without obtaining what they demanded, the “use of whiskey three times a day,” maugre the temperance law, and their previous agreement to observe it.

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But it is time to call off the reader's tired attention from these troublesome scenes to something more pleasing. This may be found in abundance in the writer's transatlantic correspondence. He had received, some time ago, a letter from his dear friend Dr., afterwards Bishop, Ward, of Sodor and Man, from which he selects the following paragraphs for reasons obvious:—

“MY BELOVED BISHOP OF OHIO:—

“Letters from Old England, no doubt, are very interesting to you, but I can assure you that yours are sunshine over every step you have trod in our country. Every intimation

of your success comes home to our hearts as our own dearest personal concerns.

“I have been collecting, though slowly, little contributions for my box, to render it worth the carriage. May all the rich spiritual blessings it contains light on the Bishop and Church of Ohio, and abide with them forever. Walton's Polyglott is very scarce, and will be a treasure in the west for generations yet unborn. This is the joint present of Lord Kenyon and myself, which you will doubtless acknowledge to his lordship.

“My warm-hearted Mary Ohio retains her first love, and is as cordial and zealous as ever, and so is my dear Charlotte. These dear children merit your blessing, and I am sure they will have it, because you have seen, and are convinced, they love you, and sympathize in your arduous labors.

“You will find in the box a handsome present from the tutor of my college, son of the late Bishop Cloghen, in Ireland.

“Professor Farish, and your other Cambridge friends, inquired kindly after you.

“Mrs. Walker and her family will send you a memorial of themselves, in grateful acknowledgment of your veneration for the memory of their sainted father. You will perceive that your Colchester friends have not forgotten you, nor will you cease to be remembered in Old England wherever you have set your foot.”

The daughter of this warm-hearted friend of the writer, alluded to in the above extract, was, indeed, all that her father believed her to be. For her years, (only fourteen or fifteen,) she was then eminently a Christian, and formed all her attachments on the basis of faith in her divine Saviour. Modesty, piety, and zeal for Christ, seemed her chief characteristics. The writer had mentioned to her in a letter that her example was imitated and was likely to do good in America. The following extract will show the pious use she made of this intelligence. She says:—

“What you tell me of ‘Kenyon Circle’ is indeed cause of

gratitude and praise to that God whose strength is made perfect in weakness; that he should put such honor on his most unworthy servant as to make me in this unexpected manner an humble instrument of his glory, is a striking instance of the freeness of redeeming love; it is also one among the many proofs which he has given of his care for your infant Zion; another evidence that it is his own work to prosper her, and that he can use what means he pleases to promote his purposes of grace.

“All those who know the love of Jesus, and the sanctifying influence of the Word and Spirit of God, cannot but be anxious for a communication of these blessings to the millions who are as yet unenlightened by the Gospel of Christ. No wonder, then, that all such who hear of it should be deeply interested in the cause you have in hand. It was delightful to us to hear such glad accounts of your prosperity.

“I can imagine nothing more interesting than the laying of the corner-stone of Kenyon college. No doubt the Lord was there, and consecrated the ground by His presence.

“We propose to papa to get a curate for three months, for Horksley, that we may go and pay a visit over the Atlantic. This would give us one month to go, one to spend, and one to return home in. But though these plans do very well for amusement, they do not afford any pleasure or real satisfaction. There is but one thought which can give these, when we think of those dear Christian friends from whom we may be separated forever in this world—*we all shall meet in glory*. Heaven is the Christian's home, and thither all his prospects lead. And oh, what free, what sovereign grace, must that be which brings the prophet and the child together, and gives the purchased crown to every ransomed sinner, whether they have worked one hour or many, so they have worked diligently, and for the love of Jesus. It was to her who had loved much that Jesus first revealed himself after he arose from the dead. Dear, honored sir, I know I have an interest in your prayers, and dearly do I prize the privilege. What I desire, above all things, for myself is, to cultivate more of the spirit of her who bathed her Saviour's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.”

The insertion of the above extract from the correspondence of Miss Mary Caroline Ward seemed called for by the kind mention of her by her worthy father, afterwards Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man, in his letter to the writer immediately preceding. If the writer of this memoir mistake not, the American reader will be pleased to witness the real character of English prelates and their families; a door thus unexpectedly thrown open will be regarded as a favor, if thereby we can have good evidence that the English clergy bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; imbuing their minds from their infancy with the principles of true faith, true hope, and true charity—the undoubted pledges of immortal glory.

The same, he thinks, may be evinced from the following extract from a letter of a daughter of the Rev. William Jones, of Nayland, to whom, and her gift of a telescope to Kenyon college, Bishop Ward also alludes in his letter.

Be it known that the writer had never seen this lady, or, at that time, any of her family. She, Mrs. Mary Walker, living at Gestinthorp, had heard of the writer's visit with Lord Kenyon to the town of her father, and of the object which brought him to England.

The following is the extract of her letter, dated August 10th, 1827, respecting the present which accompanied it:—

“I hope the small offering which accompanies this letter will not be altogether unworthy of your acceptance. I have not seen the *telescope*, but from the information I receive from my friends, I think it is of sufficient magnitude to be useful. I wish it could have been a superior one, but that was not within the reach of my ability, and I feel assured that you will take into consideration the weight of esteem and veneration with which it is offered, and believe the high honor I esteem it that I have been permitted to assist (though in so small a degree) an establishment for which I feel the deepest interest, and for the prosperity and increase of which I shall never cease to pray while I have life.

“I am sorry for the delay I have most unwillingly occasioned, for I had hoped that you would, before this time, have

received this instrument; but I am sure of your pardon when I tell you that, from my own weak health, (to which has been added a deep family affliction,) I have not been able to accomplish my share of the packages to go in the box with the telescope. We are all in a suffering state, but if our sufferings be sanctified for the sake of the blessed adorable Saviour, we can and do rejoice in them, feeling that they proceed from the hand of Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love, and will work together for good if rightly received.

“And now, dear sir, I will bid you farewell for the present. May the great and merciful God, whose you are, and whom you serve, continue to shower abundantly on you his richest blessings, and grant you long to remain an instrument in his hand for bringing many souls to glory,—that the crown you will cast before the throne may be adorned with many precious jewels.

“All unite in thanks for the honor you have conferred on us by the accepting of our humble offering. M. W.”

It was said that in the settlement of the bankers of the two separate funds, the one for the benefit of the General Seminary in New York, and the college in Hartford, Conn., and the other for Bishop Chase, in Ohio, there had occurred an *error* in favor of the latter and against the former of one hundred and sixty pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence, sterling. The following letters explanatory of that fact will show the very generous and honorable manner in which the same was provided for and settled.

“*London, July 30, 1827.*”

“*To the Honorable Henry Clay, State Department, Washington.*”

“SIR:—Messrs. Hoares, bankers and treasurers of the Ohio fund, have just discovered a mistake that was made by the bankers at Oxford, who remitted to them the subscriptions raised there for Ohio, and for the General Seminary, and Hartford college. They ought to have remitted to Messrs. Hoares only so much as was raised for Ohio, but they did remit what was raised for all these, and the consequence has been that I



received and paid one hundred and sixty pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence too much. The only way to correct the mistake now, is for the trustees of Ohio to pay to the trustees of the General Theological Seminary at New York, and of the college at Hartford, what I paid to them in error, say one hundred and sixty pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence, sterling, or what was realized from that sum. The enclosed lines to Bishop Chase will inform him of the matter. Pray excuse the trouble, and believe me, most truly, your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY WIGGIN."

"London, August 4, 1827.

"To the Honorable Henry Clay, State Department, Washington.

"SIR:—I wrote to you on the 30th ult., and requested you and your co-trustees to pay to the General Theological Seminary in New York, and the college at Hartford, one hundred and sixty pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence, out of the Ohio fund, that sum having been paid to it in error. I have now to confirm the error, but have also the pleasure to request you not to pay the money over without further advice from me, as a noble peer has given one hundred pounds to the Ohio institution, and I have hopes of raising the remaining sixty pounds. At present the donation is anonymous, but I believe it was made by Lord Goderich. I am sorry to trouble you so frequently in this matter; but rely on a continuance of that kindness which you manifested from the first towards the good cause.

I remain, truly, your obedient servant,

"TIMOTHY WIGGIN."

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## CHAPTER XLV.

PROGRESS AND PARTICULARS OF THE WORK—A VISIT HOME—INTERVIEW WITH A LUMBER SELLER—BUILDS A MILL-DAM—EQUINOCTIAL STORM—VISIT FROM A BOSTON LADY.

It was a consciousness of the purity of his motives, and that he was acting for the glory of God, which supported the writer

to bear the great toil and harassing care which fell to his lot while endeavoring to carry his plans of benevolence into effect. His personal oversight was necessary to a judicious application of the funds intrusted to his care for a sacred purpose.

Let a few extracts from letters written at this toilsome period be taken as an index of his daily labors.

*“Gambier, Kenyon College, August 2, 1827.*

“MY DEAR WIFE:—

“I wrote you a few words when I was in Mount Vernon last Friday, and enclosed a draft of one hundred dollars. As soon as Chapman and Upsom's account is rendered, and we can settle with him, that shall be paid. I think I told you of Mr. T. leaving me, and of the distress I was in, both on account of having the business, with very little knowledge of what had been the proceedings, all thrown upon my hands, and on account of the matter of *housekeeping*. Above forty hands were to be provided for, and served with their meat and drink in due season; and inasmuch as Mr. T. had, of his own, a few beds, not only their place was to be supplied, but, owing to an increase of some twelve or fifteen hands, others were to be provided out of whole cloth. What could be done? God helped me; as I told you, I went with the wagon, I don't know how many times, to Mount Vernon, for a new set, and an additional quantity of kitchen and table furniture, and our wants, however numerous, were after a sort supplied. While these things were going on, the demands of the masons were to be attended to. The stone began to fail in quantity on the spot, and no teams could be had but at an enormous expense (knowing I was in great want) to draw them. What could be done and whither could I turn? God opened a door, and through it sent me twelve pair of fine oxen at a very reasonable price—so much so, that if they work till winter they will, at the prices at which I am obliged to hire, more than pay for their purchase money.

“The chains and carriages are now nearly provided for them, so that we hope soon to have our business *before us*. You have little idea of the quantity of stone it takes; but think! as the walls are, they are raised, the one half of them

to the top of the basement story, and the other half is about two thirds up to that height. But you will ask how we can accommodate so many hands with *room* in our present scanty allowance of buildings? Answer—We had to make three or four sittings down at table at our meals, and the men found their lodgings in the cockloft of the shop, this dwelling, and the floor of the dining-room. For a dining-room we are putting up a little log-hewn house, between that in which we now live and the street. It will rather *join* it, so that the stove-pipe of the new may pass into the chimney of the old building. The dining-room inside will be about sixteen by twenty-three feet. Part of the roof will project over, so as to produce a shelter as you pass from the kitchen into the dining-room.

“If you ask how the little stone building comes on, I answer, but slowly. So few joiners have presented themselves, and so much work in making window-frames and other things to keep the masons going on well with the *great building*, that but little is done to this. The roof is on, and the joiners at work in it. The lower floor is laid, and half the chamber floor, and a part of the staircase and stairs up into the chamber are done.

“Our saw-pit frame is reared, and hands are engaged in getting out joists. I am more and more pleased with the plan of the college. It will afford more conveniences than any building I ever saw. If carried into complete effect, the plan will be more admired for its perfection in the accommodation of both professors and students than any other which I have noticed in the United States. We feel the loss of the Wilson horse very much, but hope God will enable us to get on with our work notwithstanding.

“We have instituted a parish on our college grounds by the name of Harcourt parish. After the papers are put on record, the corporation will be legal. Good news from Gardiner, Me., on the Kennebec river. The Kenyon Circle of that place have sent on and deposited in the North River Bank, in New York, for our college in this place, one hundred and fifty-two dollars and fifty-three cents. How good is God in blessing our weak endeavors to his glory!”

Again, the same to the same.

“ August 24.

“The great work progresses slowly but surely. The basement story is now completed. The tall scaffold-poles now rear their heads all around the building. The joist timbers are now taking their places, and the frames of the partition-walls below are putting together. The masons are pressing the carpenters, the carpenters the teamsters, and the teamsters the hewers. The whip-sawyers are not able to keep up with the demand in their line. The blacksmiths, two in number, are driven very hard, to keep sharp the hammers and picks, repair the chains, mend wagons and make new irons for them, and shoes for twenty-eight cattle in the teams.

“Our log-house, additional to that you saw, will receive its roof to-morrow, and in the beginning of the week, I trust, will be occupied as a dining-room. The stone Gothic building, for a professor's house, must soon be plastered. I go to Mount Vernon to-morrow for a thousand things, and shall put this in the post-office for you. We have now nearly sixty hands, all busily and faithfully at work; an account of each is taken every night.

P. C.”

During all this period of incessant labor on the week days, the writer was never unmindful of his more sacred calling as a clergyman. What his feeble self could do on Sundays, by the grace of God, he did on Gambier hill, at Mount Vernon, in Perry township, and other places in the neighborhood.

Worthington, where his family and school were, he by no means neglected. It was about the 10th or 12th of October he had planned a visit thither, when he found his wife suffering under a severe attack of the typhus fever. The weight of care necessary in conducting the destinies of a large family of boys, added to the anxieties of attending the sick bed of a dear relative, one of the teacher's wives, had brought this object of the writer's choicest affections nearly to the grave. She had, however, passed the crisis of the disease before he reached his home, and the heart-cheering sound, “*She is better,*” met his ears as he *jumped his horse over the fence* from the backwoods into the cultivated field where stood his lovely dwelling.

"She is better," said the sympathizing boys, clustering round their unexpected visitor. Indeed, he found it so, and blessed God sincerely; but duty called him soon away, with what feelings of deep regret may be gathered from the following letter, written on his return:—

"Gambier, October 16, 1827.

"MY DEAR WIFE:—

"I can't sleep in the latter part of the night, by reason of my great anxieties; and they are not diminished, I'll assure you, since I left you in a sick bed yesterday morning. The horse which I rode on bespattered me with mud more than usual, so that I was wet the whole day. I arrived at Mount Vernon, the sun one hour high, and after getting *my mail* from the post-office, and borrowing a horse from Mr. Banning, I set my face towards Gambier. The setting sun, gilding the variegated woods with peculiar brilliancy as I rode to the east by its reflected rays from the beautiful landscape, filled my eyes wherever I turned my sight. The road was dry, hard and good, not like the mud of Worthington; so that, mounted on a sturdy horse, and pacing gently along, I had full time for reflection. How constantly was my mind then turned on *you!* I had left you sick—very sick, and was going from you. Dear sister Fanny also sick, and little Philander quite indisposed. Was this my desertion of you from my own inclination? No! nothing but the great duty of overseeing what God hath so miraculously put into my hands could have persuaded me to do this. Even as it is, I feel a pang which I cannot describe to you. My eyes fill with tears when I think how I left you in sickness. But God's will be done! My exile here is the result of this submission.

On my arrival at G——, I found the family all well. Dudley had done as I told him, copied one chapter in the Bible every day. Mrs. Douglass never looked better. Would that *you* could, this past summer, have enjoyed this most healthy air. And now, my dear wife, having many more letters to write *before day*, for I have risen, as usual, just after midnight, to write and pray for you, I must bid you adieu!

"Your most loving husband,

"P. CHASE."

To those who are well acquainted with building, especially in a new country, where hands are frequently so difficult to be had, it doubtless has been a matter of surprise, that the writer should think of relying on whip-sawyers for a supply of joist and studding in building Kenyon college. In truth, the fallacy of this scheme was soon discovered. Scantling could not be had fast enough; skilful sawyers were scarce, and those who could be obtained rose in their demand of wages, so that the progress of the work was nearly at a stand.

"Why cannot I have a saw-mill of my own, like other people who have plenty of water and good mill-seats?" said the writer to himself. "Why? because it is thought by all my friends, that it is too great an undertaking, considering my want of means, my own inexperience, and the hazard run in building dams on sandy banks, and on alluvial foundations. They say I'll be ruined if I attempt it. What then can be done? I will go to the nearest saw-mill and see if a supply may not thence be had." This saw-mill was on a small creek which ran from the south, and entered the college premises, and mingled with the Vernon river at the extremity of the great bend. It was situate in the bosom of fine timber trees for saw logs, and in the spring and fall, there being a full supply of water, it had done a good business, and there was a quantity of lumber on hand nicely piled up to dry.

"This looks well," said the writer, as he rode up to the owner's house, next the mill, "and if he will sell reasonably, I need not be at the expense and hazard of erecting on the college premises. I can draw my lumber even from hence with my strong and numerous teams. Is this lumber for sale, my good neighbor?" "It is for sale," said he. "What is your price, if I take all you can spare?" "My price, sir, is —" (so and so, mentioning very extravagant rates.) "This is much higher than usual." "I know it," said he, "but there is my lumber, and I have told you my price, and if you are not suited, you know the way home again." "Indeed I do," said the writer, "and my horse knows it too; so good morning to you, Mr. Miller." He seemed to feel as his rider did, resolved on attaining his end by other means than by submitting to the unreasonable demands of the lumber seller.

It was at this crisis of time and affairs that the writer resolved to build a saw-mill, propelled by water power, for Gambier hill. His mind was made up, as he rode swiftly away.

The path, then a new one and overhung with thick bushes, was quickly travelled, till his horse plunged into the flowing stream and pure waters of Vernon river. "Here are the fine rapids at my left, and just below them, and a little above where I am now, shall be my dam." "And here," (as the writer ascended the bank,) "here," said he, "shall commence a race-way across this neck of land or isthmus, through which the water of the river shall be taken, and issue in the same stream below, after it has gone the round of the half of a mile.

"The fall, I judge, will be nearly ten feet, abundantly sufficient for all purposes of several mills. The race in distance will be some less than one hundred rods. But how shall I accomplish this great work? Who will have courage to build this dam, and excavate this canal, dig and prepare the places to set the mills below? 'Jehovah jireh,'—'God will provide,'" was the only appropriate answer, though the writer then, in his slowness of heart to believe, had hardly dared to adopt this (as through grace he has since done) as his motto.

On the hill, among the workmen, the news that the Bishop had come to the determination to build a saw-mill was received as if a long-expected friend had arrived. "It is a wise plan," said one. "It is what I expected," said another; "I knew we could not get on without it." "The goods from the east, to pay his hands and supply their wants, have come in the right season," said others. This was the language current among the hands, from which it was evident that they were in good spirits, and had confidence in the measure. As to the "*store of goods*" which had arrived, the want of them had been long felt. To buy everything from the little shops in the neighboring villages, at their exaggerated prices, would have ruined the college. The writer had foreseen this when in Philadelphia, and pledged all his credit in the purchase of a handsome assortment, which, arriving about this time, proved most useful.

The most of the hands, and all the teams, were now em-

ployed in erecting the dam for the mill. It was indeed a busy scene, absorbing all the thoughts, time, and energies of the writer. He now looks back upon it with astonishment; all his apology is, that it was a matter of necessity. No one came to his assistance. The reports of the rashness of this measure grew as they progressed through his extensive diocese. Nearly all being averse to his plans, his measures, of course, obtained no mercy, and were condemned as visionary and erroneous. This was the settled state of public opinion abroad. Nearer at home the writer had to experience what not unusually arises in the breasts of those who are disappointed in not getting the *profits* on the goods which they knew the college would want. Some said openly that they had subscribed in hope of this kind of gain, and now were defrauded of what they deemed an equivalent of their subscription.

Under date of the 23d of September, the writer, in a letter to his family, has these words: —

“The dam for the mill would proceed in building, but for want of hewers of timber; as it is, we shall finish the apron (or course of timbers at the bottom for the water to fall on) to-morrow. The boat is launched, and answers a most excellent purpose, it saves the work of ten teams in getting stone and gravel.

“29th. Thank God for his merciful goodness in keeping the equinoctial storm hushed, the streams low, and the weather fine. The dam is secured, though not finished. Much has been done towards completing the ‘*tail-race*.’ The ‘*head-race*’ commences on Monday. The running-gears of the mill nearly completed — the frame of the mill itself — timber hewed and laid out. . . . The story of the college, (above the basement,) one side up as far as the windows, and everything progresses.

“I wish our farm at Worthington to be advertised; give possession when we leave it next fall. It must be sold, or I am ruined in my plans about the college.”

— What was meant by the expressions in the above memo-



randum of "tail" and "head race," is this: The whole stream of Vernon river makes a bend almost equal to a circle, or rather it resembles an ox-bow. The canal to be cut across the neck of this bow is called the race. The lower end, where the water would issue below the place of the designed mill, is called the "tail-race." The upper end, or main space of the canal, commencing at the dam, and continuing across the whole neck, is called the "head-race." The former, or the place of putting the mill and the issue of the water to the main stream below, had, at the time of writing the above notes, been commenced. A mill-pit had been dug, and a small space for the outlet of the water, but it was, on account of the expense of excavating, on a small scale, compared with what was needed.

The divine goodness had pity on the writer, to remedy this, as will appear by the following story of our equinoctial storm:

The force of all the teams, with many *earth-scrapers*, had been employed for several weeks; but the work was more tedious than was anticipated, and went on but slowly, when a storm of rain, usual at that season, but seldom so copious, commenced. It poured down for several days almost incessantly. Vernon river rose to an uncommon height, and being stopped by the mill-dam, inundated the whole surface of the low lands. As Noah from the ark, so the writer, from Gambier hill, looked forth on a flood of water spreading like the sea all around. At that time his feelings deeply sympathized with the elements of nature. He felt as if all was lost; his dam was no more to be seen, and the water was rising and carrying everything with it.

There is something in despair which is *sui generis*; it has not its likeness, and of course cannot be described by similes or metaphors. But the deepness of despair serves often to set off by contrast the joys of returning hope. The assuaging of the waters brought to view the fact that the dam was not lost, that it had stood firm; and as the flood drew off its forces, a channel was found in the commenced race, not yet secured by a "head-gate." The water falling into the mill-pit already described, it continued to react and cause a continual caving

in, till not only the space was greatly enlarged to receive a saw-mill and float-mill, but the whole race was nearly all excavated, thereby saving the expense of many hundred dollars. This mark of providential goodness was of signal service in building Kenyon college.

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DISINTERESTED TESTIMONY.

Not long after the equinoctial rain, its favorable results on the Bishop's mill-race became the subject of conversation throughout the neighborhood. Amongst those who came to see, and be an eye-witness of what was done, was the driver of the stage-coach. Having walked over the premises, and examined the whole scene of the late providential beneficence, he seemed to wonder that the same freshet, which ordinarily does so much harm, should in this instance have been made to do so much good and save so much expense. Instead of going through the routine of second causes, the man went directly to the opinion that it was God who had interposed in the Bishop's behalf, and that henceforward it would be in vain to oppose Kenyon college. He should do it no longer, he said, for he found that having God for its friend, the whole matter was too serious a thing to be laughed at.

It was not many days before this stage-coach driver had an opportunity of manifesting that the opinion which he had thus deliberately formed could not be shaken by bold assertion nor artful ridicule. His carriage being full, and the driver, by reason of the peculiar construction of the backwood coaches, seated almost as one of the passengers, there was commenced a conversation which went to condemn and ridicule the plan of Kenyon college, and predict its failure. This was affirmed to be the opinion of all in the coach, and reasserted of all throughout the country. "The Bishop has no friends," said they; "his plan is hopeless." "You are a little too fast," said the driver, "a little too fast, gentlemen, in what you say—Bishop Chase has one friend." "And who is he?" was the general question.

"It is one," said the driver, "whom if you knew you would not despise, and knowing his favor to the Bishop, you

would no longer speak thus." "And who is he? who can this friend be?" was reiterated from the lips of all. "Gentlemen," said the driver, in a solemn tone of voice, "God is Bishop Chase's friend, and my proof is the fact that he caused the late equinoctial rain-storm to dig his mill-race for him, thus saving him the expense of many hundred dollars."

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It cannot be too often stated as the objects of this memoir—real life—matters of fact—moral and religious truth—faith—hope, and charity—all more or less ascertained from original letters, written with no design of publication. The following letter extracts, it is thought, fall in with this design.

A BOSTON LADY'S VISIT TO GAMBIER HILL.

Bishop Chase's account of it in a letter to his wife, dated Gambier, Nov. 11, 1827.

"MY DEAR WIFE:—

"Who should be here to see me but *Miss Farnum*, of Boston! You have often heard me speak of her as Mr. Eaton's attached friend, and Miss Gibbs' counsellor. I believe it was entirely through her advice that Miss G. gave us the one hundred dollars. She is very intimate, also, with the Gardiners, of Gardiner, Maine. Being on a journey to visit her relations in Indiana, she must come and see that which is now commanding the attention of the Protestant world—Kenyon college; would that she could have seen it in greater forwardness. As it is, she says she is delighted with our prospects, and seems to think that the report which she is now enabled to give to our friends in Boston will be highly satisfactory. This will be of great advantage to us, for there is no person whose judgment is more confided in, respecting these things, than that of this lady. Her ability to set her judgment in a clear light by elegant letters is unquestioned. If you ask how I got on in receiving and entertaining her here, with our poor accommodations, and no one but Mrs. Finley as our mistress, I will tell you.

"I sent, as soon as I could, to Mrs. Ash, who, immediately

obeying my summons, came, while Miss Farnum, accompanied by our young Philadelphia friend, was viewing the wonders of the establishment. Mrs. Ash, by the time we returned, had done wonders by way of setting things to rights and getting supper. We had a beef-steak, chickens, and pork, roasted and boiled to our mind, and with a clean tablecloth, and good company of smiling faces, the supper and the evening passed off pleasantly. \* \* \*

“We are to have divine service to-day, for it is the Lord's day. Oh, may we all spend it to his glory! Since the preservation of our mill-dam, and the good done to the amount of many hundred dollars to our race, by the late *awful freshet*, in a manner almost miraculous, I feel a constant thrill of gratitude to God, which I can hardly express; never was there a more signal mercy! Like all the rest which have befallen us, the hand of God was visible in it.

“I have been quite ill with a bad cold, and the effects of fatigue, but am now well again. Why did you not write by Mr. Carpenter? Ever your faithful

“PHILANDER CHASE.”

The writer of these memoirs has never indulged in anything like panegyric to any of his friends, whether deceased or living. Some tribute, indeed, he has, in passing, paid to his benefactors, evidently more of the heart than of the head, as a matter essential to a due sense of justice in his own breast. Much in this way, and actuated by the same motive, he would now mention the Gardiner family, of the State of Maine. In so doing, there is excited in his bosom a feeling of respect, as well as of gratitude, seldom equalled.

In this sentiment the Episcopal Church has reason to concur. Who were the first to introduce the doctrine and worship of our primitive Church east of Portsmouth? Who, with a just sense of their obligations to God, at their own charges, built and endowed a church of uncommon elegance and beauty, thereby rescuing our communion from the bad taste of modern days? What family was it, who, with their whole hearts, united to promote the spiritual welfare of Christ's kingdom, by their example, by their piety, and labors of love?

The answer is, the Gardiner family, of Gardiner, Maine. The following forms a part of the writer's history :—

Miss Emma Gardiner to Bishop Chase :—

*“Oaklands, October 25th, 1827.*

“MY DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR :—

“It was with great pleasure that I received your letter, a few days since, enclosing one from Miss Kenyon, which I have been expecting quite impatiently for some time past. I shall always look back upon your visit to Gardiner with gratitude and pleasure; nor forget, while bestowing our little earnings upon those objects which present themselves immediately around us, that it was you who gave the first impulse to our exertions. The amount that we can distribute is, indeed, trifling, but our meetings promote a pleasant social feeling, and under the influence of an intelligent and excellent clergyman, (Mr. Mott,) whom we are now so fortunate as to have amongst us, I trust they may excite religious feeling, and strengthen the tie which should unite all who belong to the same Church.

“I quite envied Miss Farnum's visit to you this fall, but I trust it is a pleasure that may be in store for me at some period of my life; at least, I shall place it among those pleasant things of the future, which, even if never realized, afford us much pleasant enjoyment. It seems to me that I can see the venerable trees and beautiful stream, which you described to us, with the church and college spires rising up amongst them, and the youthful crowds who are to disseminate knowledge and civilization through this large and fertile section of the country.

“We felt extremely sorry that the dimensions of our church should not have been received in season, but I trust they arrived soon after the date of your letter, and not too late to be of service.

“Believe me, my dear sir, with many sentiments of grateful affection and respect, yours,

“EMMA Z. GARDINER.

“P. S. We feel very desirous to hear how far the walls of

the college have advanced, and if the students are now around you at Gambier; but I cannot ask you to write, knowing how entirely your valuable time is occupied, but I hope to hear of all these things from my friend, Charlotte Farnum."

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In resuming the order of his narrative, the writer finds a chasm in his correspondence, from November to January. Both he and his family, however, remember that he paid a visit to Worthington, officiated there several times in preaching and administering the ordinances, and wrote an address, which he delivered before the members of the legislature of Ohio, at Columbus. In this address he respectfully requested a letter of commendation, approving of an application to Congress for a grant of lands for the benefit of Kenyon college. To this address the Senate and House of Representatives of Ohio readily acceded.

This event was a most happy triumph over many prejudices and sad predictions of certain defeat, and the writer might well be pardoned in entertaining hopes of being equally fortunate in his application at Washington.

The weather was exceedingly wet and inclement, even for that period of the year. There had been, though in January, but very little snow, but much rain, and the waters were very high and the mud in the beech woods was deep; yet the writer was not deterred from the prosecution of his plans, and about the middle of January he set off from Worthington for the east, but must needs go by way of Gambier, to make arrangements for so long an absence. The following are extracts, faithfully made, from a letter dated

“ *Gambier, January 22, 1828.*

“ MY DEAR WIFE:—

“ This morning, (after daylight shall have shown me my way,) I shall set off for Washington city. By this assurance, and the ocular evidence that it is *my hand* that makes it, you will be certain that I am yet alive, notwithstanding the mighty winds and floods, unexampled in the memory of man, through which I have passed since I left you. The day I set

off from Worthington, I got as far as Frinks, on *Big Walnut creek, only*. In the morning of the next day, all the trees in the woods were covered with ice to such a *degree of weight* that it was thought dangerous to ride through them. Towards night, however, I mounted my horse, after the rain had melted off a good portion of the congealed element, and being piloted by a man who led me round through many a run now made into a deep river, got as far as *Jennings'*, five miles only. Here, in a wet house, I stayed till morning, when I found the ground, the mud, and water, just frozen enough to constitute the most troublesome travelling, imaginable. I made out, however, to *get on*. I crossed Vernon river in a canoe, and swam my horse—talked with Mr. Norton, and came out to Gambier before night. Here I found Mr. Douglass sick and low, pale and emaciated. Damage done by the flood greater than Mr. Freeman represented, yet thankful that it is no worse. The following Friday I spent in reconnoitring, in going to town, and in giving instructions. On Sunday I administered the holy communion to Mr. Douglass, and about fourteen or fifteen of the parish communicants. On Monday I went again to Mt. Vernon, and paid *our taxes*; by-the-bye, the inhabitants have petitioned the legislature to have them remitted, according to the intention of the law to free colleges. I came home, and have made a final arrangement of the college affairs in my absence. Mr. — is constituted generalissimo of the whole troop; taking an inventory of all things, he will see that nothing is wasted. The head men are to meet every night, and give an account, not only of themselves, but of the work of every individual on the premises, which is to be noted in *the book*.

“You said something of dismissing the hands during the cold weather. I would do so were it not that my plans for next summer, especially that which relates to my getting my family here in May, would thereby be frustrated. The mill must be set going again; the quarry of stone must be opened, and the cellars for the six houses must be dug and stoned, or we cannot come hither until another long year. In a few minutes, (after I shall have breakfasted,) I shall set off for Steubenville, across the country. Before I start I shall com-

mend dear Mr. Douglass, I fear for the last time in his presence, to the mercies of our Heavenly Father.

“May God bless you, and all, even me a sinner, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

“Your faithful

P. C.”

Here the writer is constrained to pause; and as he is about, in retrospect, to plunge into a sea of trouble and deep anxiety, the question forces itself on him, would it not be most advisable to pass over in this memoir, as he has already done in all other of his communications to the public, *all* the particulars of his application to Congress, and apply himself direct to events more gilded with the sunshine of success? True wisdom saith nay. Man's life is man's trial, and the evil is as essential as the good. The days of his life, whether few or many, are directed by a wise Providence, so that all things may, by His grace, work together for the benefit of his soul.

Sometimes the sunshine, and sometimes the storm, are the instruments of his beneficence, as cloudy days and weeping days are as essential to the growth of plants, and the salubrity of the air, as the brightest sunshine and the serenest sky. Besides these reasons, not the less true and beneficial because they are trite, there is another for going over the history of soliciting Congress for funds to support Kenyon college.

It will give an inside view of our national government—what republicans are when least influenced by party politics—how much of *self* reigns in every man's bosom, when most he boasts of the love of *commonwealth*. Above all, it will show the fluctuations of the human heart, of an humble individual, when agitated by alternate hope and fear, on a subject which, in his view, involved the happiness, temporal and eternal, of very many of his fellow-creatures in this and coming generations. Far from claiming any merit, the letters will interest only as they are seen and known to be genuine, sincere and true.

























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