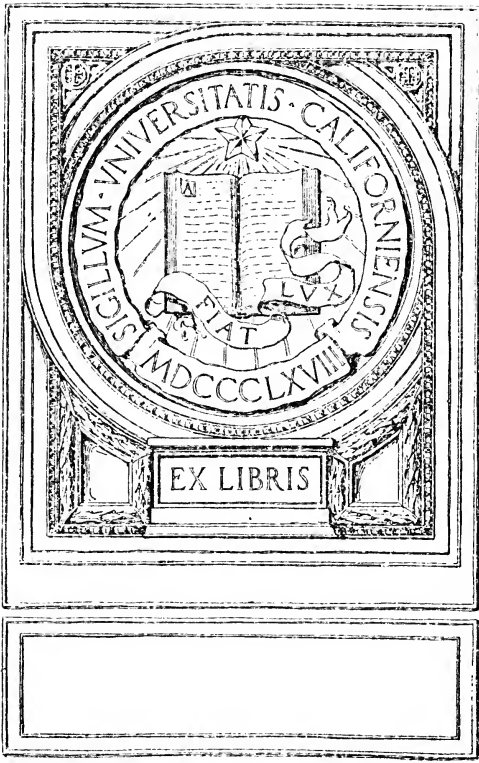


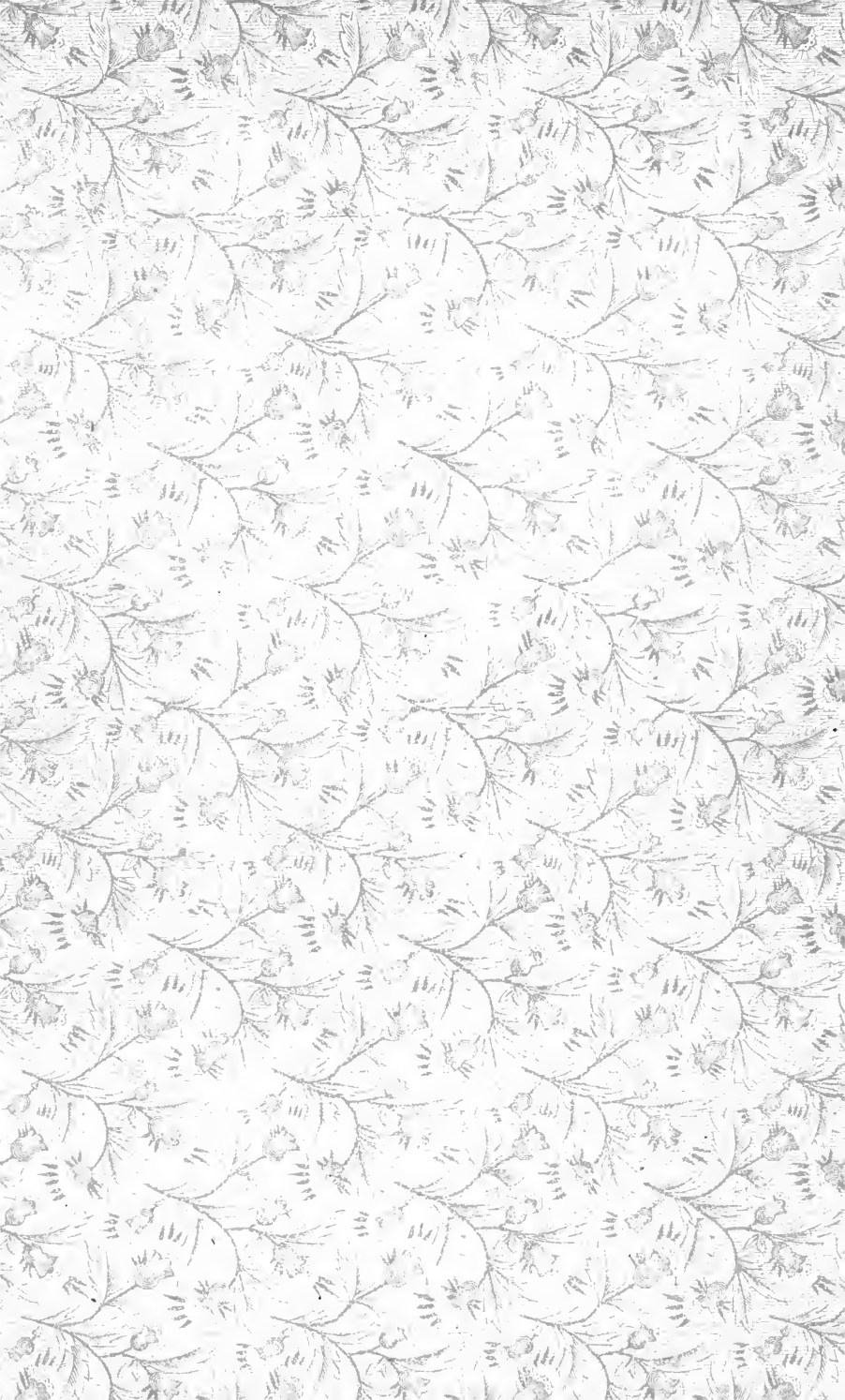
RECOLLECTIONS of AN OLD MAN

SEVENTY YEARS IN DIXIE

1827 - 1897

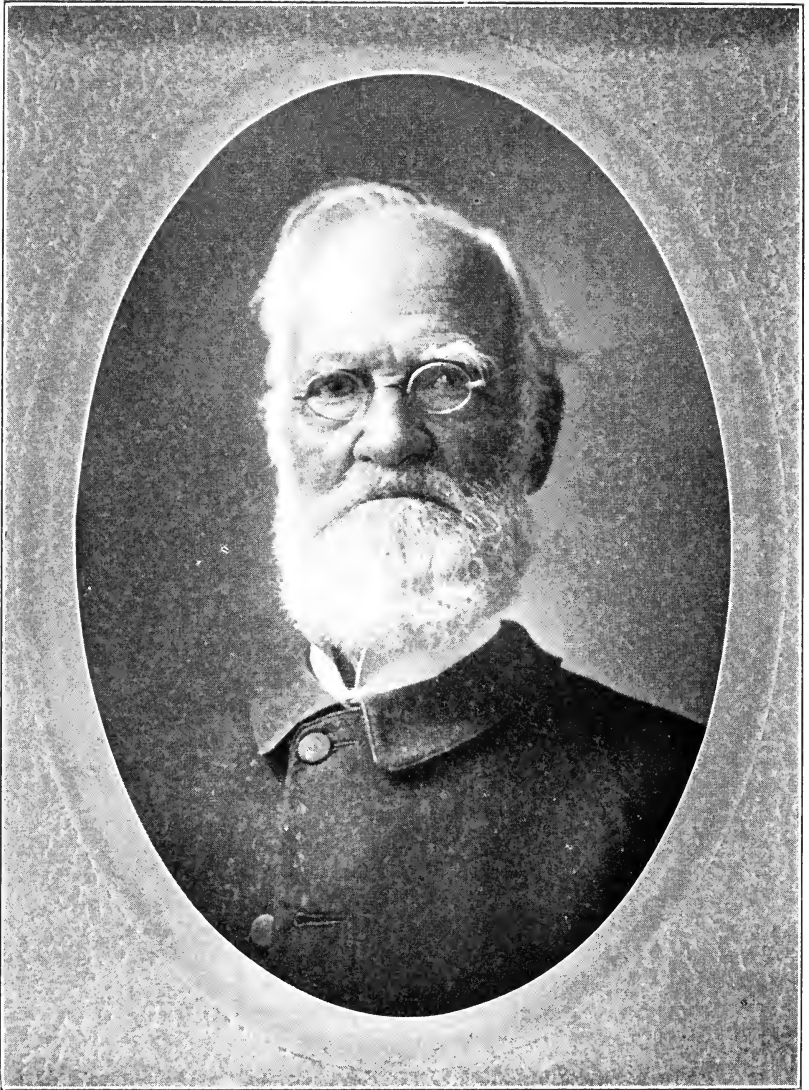
—
GULLINS





*RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD MAN
SEVENTY YEARS IN DIXIE
1827-1897*





D. Sullins-

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD MAN

Seventy Years in Dixie

1827-1897

BY

D. SULLINS

CLEVELAND

TENN.

SECOND EDITION



1910

THE KING PRINTING COMPANY

LEROI PRESS

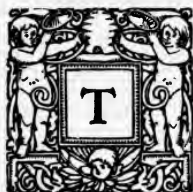
BRISTOL, TENNESSEE

EX 500

1.12

70 yml
450ml.100

INTRODUCTION



HOUGH not an old man, my memory goes back for somewhat more than half a century. The things that happened then are as clear in my mind as if they took place only yesterday.

In 1854-55, or thereabouts, Brother Sullins—they did not call any preacher Doctor, except Sam'l Patton, those days—was station preacher in my native town of Jonesboro. How distinctly he stands out before me as he then was: six feet and over tall, with a great shock of coal black hair on his head, blue-grey eyes that kindled when he talked to you, and a voice that could be as caressing as a mother's and as martial as a general's on the field of battle.

My mother was a Methodist of the old pattern, and Brother Sullins was often in the home. Two of my sisters went to school to him and loved him dearly. In social life he was a charmer, often breaking out into

Introduction

mirthful stories. Now and then he did not hesitate to play the boy. But for the scruples of his flock, I am sure he would have been glad on the frosty October mornings to follow the hounds after a fox; for the breath of the country was in his nostrils.

He was even then a wonderful preacher; at least there was one little boy in his congregation that thought so. But I loved best to hear him exhort and sing. Once in the midst of a great revival, he came down out of the pulpit, his arms outstretched, the tears streaming from his eyes, and walked up and down the aisles, beseeching his hearers to accept Christ. There was nothing studied in it, and the spontaneity of it thrilled me. I wonder if he dreamed how much he was stirring my childish heart. And how he could sing! There were no choirs in those days, and he did not need one, as he was entirely competent to "set and carry" any tune. Now and then he would sing a solo before the morning service, usually one of the great old Methodist hymns; but occasionally something new.

When he went away, everybody was sorry;

Introduction

the whole town was devoted to him. It was a long, long time ago! One whole generation has since passed into eternity, and a large part of another. But in the providence of God, Brother Sullins—now and for many years Doctor Sullins—still lingers with us; the old man eloquent of the Holston Conference, every man's friend and the friend of every man. More than four score years have passed over his head. He has been preacher, teacher, soldier.

A few years ago, at the urgent request of many friends, he began to write some reminiscences of his early life for publication in *The Midland Methodist*. He will not be offended when I say that even those who knew him best were surprised at the facility with which he used his pen. They had recognized him as an almost incomparable orator, but that very fact had perhaps blinded them to his other gifts. Anyhow the reminiscences were eagerly read, with a constant demand for more. Ever since the series ended there has been a succession of inquiries as to whether they would not be put into a book.

Introduction

And here they are! From New River to Lookout Mountain, they will be read again and again, often with tears and sometimes with laughter. I take great pleasure in introducing them to the general public. The man who wrote these papers ought to have written more.

E. E. Hoss,

NASHVILLE, TENN.,
February 14th, 1910.

PREFACE.

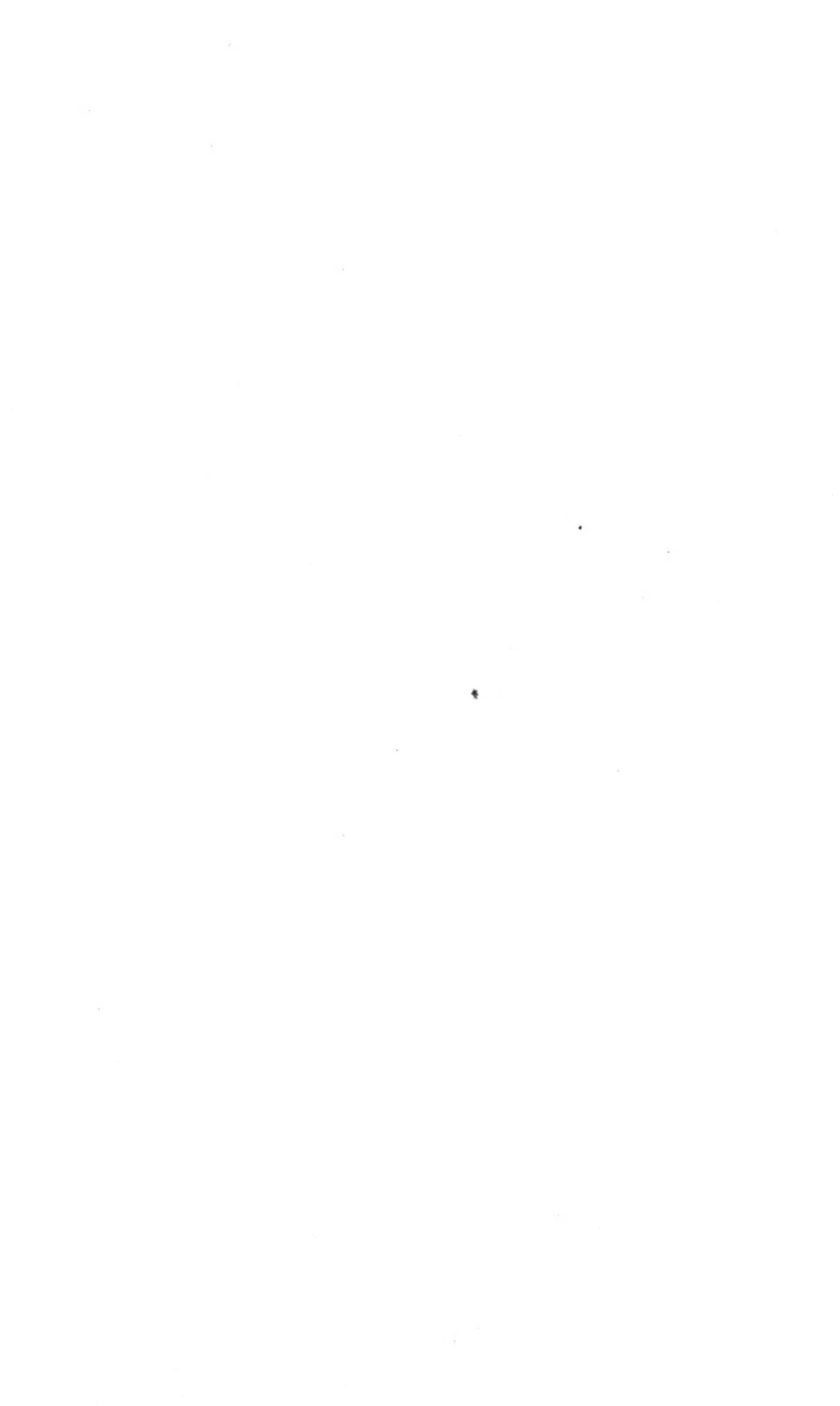


AFTER what Bishop Hoss has said in the introduction to these Recollections, and Dr. Burrow, who was editor of *The Midland Methodist* while they were passing through its columns, said, it is not necessary to explain further, the why, and the how, of this little book. It will be seen also that the first chapter is largely prefatory. Only this I will say, that but for the repeated requests of Dr. Burrow and other friends, for some reminiscences, they would never have been begun, and but for encouragement, after the first few chapters had appeared, they would never have been continued. Their appearance in this book form, is in compliance with a request of the Holston Conference in annual session. So I say Brethren, I am not so much publishing a book as that I am publishing my obedience to your wish.

Dr. Burrow and the Conference are responsible for the gathering up and preserving of this "basket of fragments."

D. Sullins.

CLEVELAND, TENN.,
February, 1910.



CONTENTS

I.	BIOGRAPHICAL	13
II.	EARLY HISTORY	18
III.	OUR FAMILY ALTAR	25
IV.	CAMP MEETINGS	31
V.	CAMP MEETINGS— <i>Cont'd</i>	40
VI.	THE SIMPLE LIFE	47
VII.	OUR COUNTRY LIFE	56
VIII.	LOVE FEASTS AND CLASS MEETINGS	65
IX.	EARLY SCHOOL DAYS	73
X.	EARLY DAYS AT EMORY	82
XI.	WHEN AND WHERE LICENSED	92
XII.	A MEMORABLE DAY	100
XIII.	INTERESTING INCIDENTS	108
XIV.	CHEROKEE PREACHERS	119
XV.	DEATH OF JAMES H. CARD- WELL	127
XVI.	MY THIRD APPOINTMENT	134
XVII.	REVIVAL IN SCHOOL	142
XVIII.	MARRIAGE	149
XIX.	YEAR AT CHATTANOOGA	157
XX.	GREAT REVIVAL	167
XXI.	CHATTANOOGA REVIVAL — <i>Continued</i>	174
XXII.	YEAR 1858-59	183
XXIII.	DAYS OF SECESSION	192

Contents

XXIV.	NINETEENTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT	200
XXV.	COMMISSIONED QUARTER- MASTER	212
XXVI.	STILL AT SHILOH	221
XXVII.	SHOOTING A DESERTER	231
XXVIII.	CAMP AT TANGIPAOA	242
XXIX.	AT KNOXVILLE	252
XXX.	REFUGEES	262
XXXI.	WYTHEVILLE RAID	273
XXXII.	REFUGEES ON CRIPPLE CREEK	284
XXXIII.	CAMP MEETING AT OLD ASBURY	294
XXXIV.	CAMP MEETING INCIDENT	303
XXXV.	DR. KENNEDY'S EXPE- RIENCE	312
XXXVI.	WAR OVER	322
XXXVII.	TO WYTHEVILLE AFTER THE WAR	332
XXXVIII.	PIONEERS OF BRISTOL	343
XXXIX.	AT EMORY AND HENRY COLLEGE	355
XL.	AT EMORY AND HENRY COLLEGE— <i>Cont'd</i>	367
XLI.	HISTORY OF CENTENARY	377
XLII.	STILL AT CENTENARY	391
XLIII.	MONEY AND MONEY- MAKING	404
XLIV.	FINAL WORDS	414

I

BIOGRAPHICAL



OD willing, I will furnish some brief chapters for our *Midland*, made up of the recollections of a lifetime. This I do at the request of the Editor, and of friends. To go back along the way I have come will be for the most part pleasant enough; for only now and then we shall pass places where I cried when first there, and, thank God! these are few and far between; while long stretches of sunshine, barely flecked with shadows, make up the rest of the way. My purpose is to write recollections of the times in which I have lived, and of some of the men and women I have known personally, and preach a little as I go along. I can hardly suppose that my individual career by itself would interest the reading public; but interwoven with the men and times of the last eighty years, it may become worth reading. I always want to know who is talking, as well as what he is talking about.

Recollections of An Old Man

So I hope it will not be set down to my vanity if in this opening chapter I introduce myself by a little autobiography and some family traditions and ancestral history.

I was born two miles west of Athens, McMinn County, Tenn., in July, 1827. And I was well born. That is, I was born of well developed, healthy, sensible, religious parents, and on a farm. All of which is much in my favor, but nothing to my credit. And here I begin thus early to thank God. First, that I was born at all, and then that I was not born cross-eyed nor club-footed nor deaf nor blind nor of *cranky, irreligious parents*. That last clause is a climax. I fear that we stalwart men and graceful women, each with five good senses, a sound body, and lithe limbs, do not sufficiently appreciate the *parental* care.

My ancestors were Scotch-Irish. I remember while yet a boy to have heard my father tell that somewhere about 1750 his father and two brothers, came from "the old country" to America. These brothers were Scotch-Irish, and all unmarried. They separated after they arrived in this country. One stopped in Pennsylvania, and married there; one went to North Carolina, married,

Seventy Years in Dixie

and located near Guilford Courthouse; the third came to Virginia, married a Miss Mays in Halifax County, and settled on Dan River. This was my grandfather. Here my father was born. When he was twelve years old, his father came, among the first pioneers, to Tennessee, and settled on Poplar Creek, in Knox (now Roane) County, near Oliver Springs, in 1795. Here my father grew up to manhood in the wilderness of the new country. He had one brother (Joseph) and three sisters. These sisters married Dr. William Farmer, Joseph Stubblefield and William Gent. Some of the descendants of these families are still here in East Tennessee. Rev. Joseph A. Stubblefield, D. D., who for many years was President of Centenary Female College, is the grandson of the Stubblefield who married my paternal aunt.

There were no schools in those days, save an occasional "subscription school," kept in the winter. Father told us that he attended one of these and learned to spell a little. This, he said, was all the schooling he ever got. When he was twenty-one he married my mother, Miss Rebecca Mitchell, daughter of Rev. Morris Mitchell, a pioneer local

Recollections of An Old Man

preacher of the Methodist Church. I think he was of Irish descent. His wife was probably German. They lived on the south side of the Holston River, two miles above Lenoir's Ferry, now Lenoir City. The river was called Holston then as far down as the mouth of the Little Tennessee River. There it took the name of Tennessee. The Little Tennessee was the northern boundary of what was known as the Cherokee Hunting Ground. When father married, he rented the ferry and the island at the mouth of the Little Tennessee, built a cabin close by, and brought mother there. So there was only the small river between them and the Indians. Along on their side of the river the Indians had many little towns—Coyalee, Tomotlee, Choitee, Tellico, and some others—and close by was the ill-fated Fort Loudon, of sad history. Here in father's cabin were born seven of my brothers and sisters; there were thirteen of us, all told—a good, honest family, you see.

My mother was the youngest of a large family of brothers and sisters. My father married her when she was sixteen years old. He was not religious then, but mother was.

Seventy Years in Dixie

In those days the preachers used to call on the women sometimes to lead in prayer. My mother was known as the "praying young woman on the south side of the river." O, how I have heard her pray a whole camp meeting onto its feet! "And there was the sound of going in the mulberry trees." It was said at her funeral that "her father, four brothers, two sons, and eleven nephews were Methodist preachers." It was in the blood of that old pioneer local preacher and his blessed old wife, and it had come down through their children and children's children for four generations; and if there has ever been a pauper or a "jail bird" among them, I have never heard of it. This is our family testimony for the truth of God's promise of "mercy unto children and children's children to such as fear him." Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

II

EARLY HISTORY



ON the other side of the river from Grandfather Mitchell's, and a little above, lived John Winton, the father of a large and influential family often mentioned in the journal of Bishop Asbury. Two of his sons, William and James, married sisters of my mother, and John McClure married another. Soon after this, grandfather, together with most of his family, moved to Missouri and located near Springfield. Here and hereabouts the Mitchells and Wintons and McClures gathered somewhere in the thirties. Missouri was called the "Far West" then. I recollect that my father paid fifty cents postage on letters sent them, and this recalls a remark in one of grandfather's letters to mother. He was a very fat man—so fat that he could not tie his own shoes—and, wanting mother to know that he was doing well in the Far West, said: "Rebecca, I am as fat as a buck, but cannot jump quite so high." This made us

Seventy Years in Dixie

children laugh. Missouri Methodism owes much to these Mitchells and Wintons and McClures. Their names are found on almost every page of her wonderful history from that day to this, on districts and circuits and missions, home and foreign, and in schools and colleges, on down to the present editor of the *Christian Advocate*. (Cousin George, I did not mean anything but a smile by tailing out that last sentence with an anticlimax. But don't let your wife see it. She and I are good friends now, and I want us to continue so until we meet over the river.)

I was at the funeral of John Winton. His death occurred during a camp meeting at old Muddy Creek, near his home. My brother, Timothy, was presiding elder, and had charge of the meeting. Mr. Winton's remains were brought to the camp ground, and brother conducted the services in the presence of a very large assembly of his devout neighbors. He was the father of the two Wintons who married my aunts, Mary and Rhoda. William Winton, who married my Aunt Mary, went to Missouri about 1837. He was the father of Rev. George Mitchell Winton, who for more than forty years stood

Recollections of An Old Man

on the firing line of our Methodism in the Middle West, and who in turn was the father of Rev. George B. Winton, D. D., present editor of the *Nashville Christian Advocate*. James Winton, who married my Aunt Rhoda, did not go West when the other members of his family did. He lived at Winton's Island, twelve miles below Kingston, on the Tennessee River. Here he brought up a large family of sons and daughters. The oldest son was Rev. Wiley B. Winton, who for many years was a member of the Holston Conference, and one of the very best preachers ever among us—a gentle, sweet-spirited, and lovable man. His eyes failing, he took the superannuated relation, and went with his family to Missouri, but kept his membership with us till he died. His wife was an honored claimant on our Conference fund till her death, a few years ago. William M. Winton, of Missouri, Wiley B. Winton and Timothy Sullins, of Holston, were cousins. The first two were double cousins. And no general ever had a trio of marshals truer or braver than were these captains. "One blast of their bugle horn was worth a thousand men." There were giants in those days. Preach? Ah, how they did preach

Seventy Years in Dixie

and exhort and pray and sing! Sons of thunder and consolation, they were all good singers. O, to hear them again! And I expect to, "some sweet day," in the swelling chorus of celestial singers. Amen.

When my father married, he rented Lenoir's Ferry and the big island at the mouth of the Little Tennessee, built a cabin, and brought mother to it. Here they began their life work. They used to tell us what they had to begin with. Father had a cow and mother a set of pewter tableware, a wedding portion from her father. I remember that some of the plates were in the family when I was "getting a big boy," and particularly a basin which was used in the yard for watering the chickens—a good thing. It did not rust, and was so heavy that a hen could not turn it over and not deep enough to drown the little ones. Here they lived until the Hiwassee land sales, in 1819. These lands included the Indian hunting ground between the Hiwassee and the Little Tennessee. Father bought of the State one hundred and sixty acres two miles west of Athens, in McMinn County, and brought his family to it.

The country was then an unbroken wilder-

Recollections of An Old Man

ness. Father said there was "not a stick amiss" where Athens now is. Here another cabin was built with unhewn logs, clapboard roof, puncheon floor, and wooden chimney. I remember this cabin, though I was not born in it. It was moved to another part of the farm, and a renter lived in it when I was a child. When father got to his new possessions with his stock, it was all woods. So they cut some saplings and made a sort of enclosure for the cattle for the night, and then in the morning salted them and let them go to the "range." After a few years, a large two-story house was built of hewn logs, with a brick chimney. On the back of the chimney, some ten feet up, is the date of its erection, 1825. This house still stands. Here I was born and brought up. There were but few preaching places in those days, so father left the lower room of his house without a partition, which made a good place for the neighbors to meet for preaching and prayer and class meetings. Father kept some benches packed away for use on such occasions. I helped to bring them in and arrange them when the people came to preaching.

I remember to have heard Bishop Morris

Seventy Years in Dixie

preach at our house once. It was the day after the Conference closed at Madisonville, Tenn., 1837. He came in the evening seventeen miles, and preached at night. He was the first Bishop I ever saw. I remember well how he looked as he stood up by the old family clock, which was "taller by half" than the Bishop himself. Here in this house I was born, and here cluster all the sweet associations of childhood and youth—father and mother, brothers and sisters, the fields and the orchard, the big forest oaks in the yard, the well with its wooden pump, and the spring house by it, the horses and my own pretty colt which father gave me for my own—aye, and my pack of dogs, whose leader and chief was True Boy. He was a wise old dog, and merited his name. I learned many things from him, of which I may tell you later, maybe.

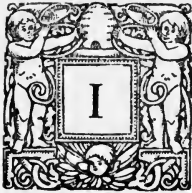
But of all the recollections of my childhood, the dearest and most sacred was the gathering of the large family for the morning and evening prayers. I can see them now, all quietly seated while the lesson was being read, and then all stood up to sing. This was father's rule. And oftener, perhaps, than anything else we sang "Father, I Stretch My

Recollections of An Old Man

Hands to Thee," to the tune of "Mear." But I told you above that father was not religious when he married mother. That was true. And indeed I think that what religious bent there was in our family was largely due to the Mitchell blood and training in mother. The Sullins stock in my father was strongly marked by the blood of his Virginia mother, Mary Mays. The Mayses were more noted for their love of fine horses, fox dogs, and handsome women, than for their piety. Yes, and I know one living grandson of Mary Mays in whom have always been some troublesome streaks of fondness for these things. Then how did my unconverted father come to be holding family prayers? Well, mother told me, in substance, this:

III

OUR FAMILY ALTAR



IT was not long after marriage till father, through the exhortations of grandfather and the prayers of mother, was deeply convicted and was induced to join the Church as a "seeker on probation." Matters stood thus for some time. But the children were growing up, and mother was much concerned about them. So in the middle of a sleepless night of prayer she said to father: "Nathan, we can never bring up the children right without family prayers." "Well," said father, "what are we to do, Becky? I can't pray." But mother insisted that he could and ought to, and then added: "If you will try, I will take it time about with you holding prayers." That brought the question to an issue, and so finally father, almost with a groan, said: "I'll try." The die was cast. So next morning mother held prayers. Father went to his work. He plowed and prayed all that day, he said. After

Recollections of An Old Man

supper mother got the children all quiet, and said: "Nathan, we are ready for prayers." Father dropped on his knees and, stammering and choking, began. Soon, under a crushing sense of sin and helplessness, he began to confess and cry for pardoning mercy. Mother prayed and cried, and the Comforter came and light broke in and father was converted at family prayers. Amen and amen! And that forever settled the question of family prayers at our house. No wonder! It settled many other things in the family, too, as it always will in any family. Of the thirteen children born in the home, eleven have already "fought the good fight" and gone to join father and mother in glory. Today there is a family altar in the home of every living child and every grandchild, and every great-grandchild old enough to know and love Jesus is a Christian and in the Church, as far as I know. Here I want to bear testimony to the honor of my brothers—they are all dead now. I never heard a profane oath from the lips of one of them. So much for a faithful family altar. And still more. There are but two of us living. One is my youngest sister, Mrs. Rebecca Dodson, of Knoxville, Tenn., the mother of a religious

Seventy Years in Dixie

family. We are old, but we are still singing: "Father, I Stretch My Hands to Thee." The day is far spent; but our faces are turned toward home, and we expect to get there by sundown.

If these reminiscences are to be continued, I must leave the field of tradition and write from memory. And here let me beg the reader of these crude sentences to bear in mind that I am not writing history or tabulated statistics for books; but am writing of men and things carried in memory through this turbulent world, many of them for seventy years and more. My very earliest recollections of persons and things, outside of the family, are of the preachers who came to our house and of the meetings they held—"circuit preaching," quarterly meetings, and especially camp meetings. We lived in the Athens Circuit, which had some twenty preaching places. Athens was in the circuit then. Indeed, there were perhaps not a half dozen stations in the bounds of the Conference, including the two districts in North Carolina. We generally had two preachers, a senior and a junior. I recall very vividly the first preachers I ever saw at our house. It was just after an Annual Conference. The coming of an Annual Conference

Recollections of An Old Man

in those days was a memorable event; for, as a rule, the preachers were changed every year, and we looked for a new man, except the presiding elders. The Conference had been in session several days, somewhere up the country, and it was time the new preachers were putting in their appearance. Father had taken me, a boy eight or ten years old, out on the farm to help him lay a fence worm. I could put a rock or a chunk under the end of the rail to level it where the ground was uneven. The house was in full view on the hill, among the big oaks a quarter of a mile away. It was nearly dinner time when we saw two men ride up to the house, hitch, and go in. This was not strange; for we lived on the main road leading to the Indian Territory, just across the Hiwassee River, twelve miles away, and travelers often stopped with us. But the fact that mother did not blow the horn for some one to take care of the horses was significant. Very soon the men came out and started toward the barn with their horses. Father said: "I expect they are preachers going from the Conference." The preachers put up their own horses in those days when the hands were in the fields.

Seventy Years in Dixie

Not long after we saw them coming out to us. I was curious to see them. One of them was a long, loose-jointed, careless-looking man with a very sallow, sole-leather colored face, and no beard, and was evidently the older man. The other was a smaller man, closely built, had a vigorous, nervous step, and was looking everywhere; and as he came down the hill he picked up a rock and threw at a bird, like a boy. As they came up to us, the older man held out a long, bony hand that looked like it might have been disjointed at the wrist and bunglingly reset, and in a kind, frank tone of voice said: "And this is Brother Sullins? Glad to see you. My name is Haskew. Let me introduce Brother Brownlow." And Brownlow shook hands with father and turned and pinched my ear.

Of course, the transaction made a lasting impression on me, and I recollect Joseph Haskew and William G. Brownlow as the first preachers seen at our house. They were our circuit riders for that year, and for the next fifty years I knew them well. Joseph Haskew was for many years one of the most popular and efficient preachers in the Holston Conference. A good man, full of faith and the

Recollections of An Old Man

Holy Ghost, he was a good preacher, but a better exhorter. He was by nature both a wag and a wit. I always loved him; for he waited on himself, put up and caught his own horse; and if he wanted a fire, he got the wood and made it. I liked that. Many pleasing stories are told of his kind ways and witty words. You can find them in the "History of Holston Methodism," by Dr. R. N. Price. (Smith & Lamar, \$1.25.) Rev. W. G. Brownlow was altogether one of the most remarkable men our Holston country ever produced. But for me to write of him is to unkindly assume that the reader is ignorant of the common history of the country. He was a mighty man with both tongue and pen, as many had occasion to know. He was not so lovable a man as Haskew. I loved Haskew all the time, but Brownlow part of the time only. I shall try to tell you of their camp meetings next.

IV

CAMP MEETINGS



SEVENTY years ago camp meetings were very common here in these Holston hills between the Great Smokies on the east and the Cumberland Mountains on the west. The Methodists took the lead, but were closely followed by the Presbyterians and Baptists. Taking our circuit for example, there were three Methodist camp grounds, two Presbyterian, and one Baptist. And it was about the same on other charges in the district. So it was not uncommon to find twelve or fifteen in one presiding elder's district, to be held along from the middle of August to the last of September. These meetings have almost disappeared in the last few years. A brief account of them may not be uninteresting. Our old people who know all about them, why they were established and how conducted, need not take time to read this chapter of recollections. It is written more for the young people, who know little or nothing

Recollections of An Old Man

about their origin, the why and the what and the how of those great religious gatherings.

Let us make it very clear in the outset to our young friends that they were not great annual assemblies for social enjoyment and pleasure. True, there was a measure of social pleasure when old friends and neighbors who rarely met elsewhere came with their families and tented side by side for days together. But these meetings had their origin in a profound concern for the souls of men, to build up the faith of believers and call sinners to repentance. The particular form of service as seen in the camp meetings was not an accident, but the deliberate adoption of the best methods under existing conditions to compass the end in view—the salvation of men. And they did it gloriously. Some argue that their discontinuance is an evidence that the Church is less concerned now than then, but this is perhaps not true. Conditions have changed. Then churches were few and small; pastors were overworked on large circuits sparsely settled; religious workers in any given neighborhood, were few and timid. Camp meetings met these conditions. First, by providing comfortable places large enough for whole com-

Seventy Years in Dixie

munities to worship together, and thus giving the pastors an opportunity to see and serve their people, gathered from far and near. Then they called Christian workers from different neighborhoods to sustain the song and prayer services and instruct penitents. They created interest enough to bring the scattered people from the fields and flocks to the place of worship. In a word, they were great religious rallies.

The recollections of my boyhood are full of these camp meeting occasions. Our camp ground was at Cedar Springs. There was a small log church here, and here my father and Jacob Hoss, a kinsman of the Bishop, built a shed one hundred and twenty-five feet long and seventy-five feet wide, with wings on hinges. When these wings were down, it was a great house; and when up, would seat two thousand. The tents were rude shacks made of logs, many of them with bark on. There were no fireplaces. Beds were scaffolds along the sides of the tents. All floors were dirt, covered with straw. Some used sawdust, but I liked the straw better. It had associated with it the smell of the fields and the bantering ring of the reapers' blades and the metheglin that

Recollections of An Old Man

mother made for the three-o'clock lunch for the harvesters and the cheery whistle of Bob White from his rail perch, piping to his old mate on the nest hard by. So I liked the straw better. We and our neighbors usually moved to the camp ground on Friday, which was fast day. At night, after things were arranged in the tents, we had short introductory services under the shed. Shed; pavilion, and auditorium belonged to a later period. At this service the leader, who was usually the presiding elder, announced the regulations for the government of the meeting. "The ground and groves on the south are reserved for the women, and those on the north for the men," was generally the first rule. The second rule was: "The women will occupy the seats on the right of the center aisle in the congregation; the men, those on the left." And this rule was strictly observed. If a man should take a seat on the side assigned to the women, some officer would quietly call his attention to the rule in a general way. If this modest hint did not move him, he was waited on and told plainly that he must take his seat on the other side of the aisle. I saw this done again and again. These were queer old ways our

Seventy Years in Dixie

fathers had. But they were wise, and broke up much of the whispering and giggling which disturb public worship often in promiscuous assemblies.

We were next told that at the first sound of the horn all must get up and prepare for the day. (Mother took her dinner horn and hung it in the preacher's tent.) This first horn was blown about sunup if one of the young preachers had to blow it; but if Uncle Haskew had it in charge, it sounded out about the peep of day. All subsequent soundings of the horn were to call the people to worship. At this time all persons must leave the tent, save one, and the tent be closed. The hours for service were 9:30, 11, 3, and "candle-lighting." At night the whole encampment was lighted up with candles under the shed, and around it with blazing pine knots. These candles were fastened to the posts and set on the pulpit board. It was the special duty of some one to keep the pine knots going. At the close of the three-o'clock service the people were exhorted and urged to go to the grove and form praying-circles, women and men to their separate groves. And here was done much hand-to-hand and heart-to-heart work. Neighbor with

Recollections of An Old Man

neighbor and neighbor's children, with songs and prayers and exhortations and personal pleadings, out in the woods with God at the holy, quiet hour of sunset. O, what scenes I have witnessed and what thrills of pious joy have I felt on these occasions, boy as I was! And now, old man as I am, as I walk back in memory over those holy hours, my soul "doth magnify the Lord."

Often when there was a little lull in our grove we would hear the women over in theirs, led on by some modern Miriam, singing and shouting. And we knew and felt that God was among them and that his hosts were pressing the enemy and the cry of victory was in the air. Listen! I can hear them now over the seventy intervening years, singing:

"Our bondage here will end by and by,
by and by ;
From Egypt's yoke set free,
hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return by and by,
by and by."

These praying groups would sometimes return to the encampment about dusk singing, bringing a half dozen penitents, and when they

Seventy Years in Dixie

met at the altar, there was the shout of a king in the camp. Usually under these conditions we had no preaching that night. The leader would throw his voice over the great, surging mass of people and invite sinners to come to Jesus. No preaching and no supper that night. The tenters would keep a pot of coffee hot out at the back of their tents for the workers. The altar service would last all night. I have seen more than one man converted at daybreak, as Jacob was at the Jabbok, after an all-night's wrestle with the angel.

Here is a custom which was wise but queer, the benediction was never pronounced until the close of the last service of the meeting. Why? Well, this was then a new country. There were many rude, bad men in it, and whisky made them worse. We needed the protection of the State as a worshipping assembly. So we never closed the services, but were a worshipping people all the while we were there.

There are very many other interesting features left out of this report of camp meetings of seventy years ago. It is long enough. Let us have the benediction and close and go home to do better and be better, having been to

Recollections of An Old Man

another camp meeting. One smile before we go. As I run back in thought to those days there is one incident recalled which still provokes a smile. The old church was used for the preacher's tent. Mother was a sort of self-appointed superintendent there to see that these men of God had at least moderate comforts: straw for their beds; a bucket and a dipper; a good big lump of home-made soap, which was hardened by putting salt in it as we stirred it off; some home-made flax towels, which sometimes scratched a little if you rubbed hard; and a wash pan for those who did not want to walk down to the spring with Uncle Haskew to wash. As the clans gathered on Saturday, mother slipped off to reconnoiter, to count noses and beds. When she came back, she said to father: "Nathan, we must take another bed up to the preacher's tent." "Well," said father, "we'll attend to it after supper." Now Mr. Workman, clerk of the court in town, two miles away, was in the habit of riding out to attend night services. He was a very fleshy man—full, very full in the chest and body, too—and being very fat, he enjoyed a white vest, which he wore cut long and pulled well down in the front, with his coat

Seventy Years in Dixie

thrown back. He had just arrived and hitched his horse at the rear of our tent and was walking up slowly toward the preacher's tent, when father came to the door and, peering into the twilight, stood a moment, and then, turning to mother, said: "Becky, we need not take another bed to the preacher's. I see some one going up with one now." This brought mother to the door to see who might be meddling with her business. In a moment she began to laugh, and father said: "What are you laughing at?" "Why," she said, "that is not a man carrying a bed; it is Mr. Sam. Workman and his long white vest." Father could not see well in the twilight. But we children laughed with mother.

CAMP MEETINGS—CONTINUED

IND reader of these recollections, I thought that when we parted at the close of the camp meeting which we attended in the last chapter that I had said what I had to say on the subject; but camp meetings were a great thing with me when I was a boy, and very many scenes and occurrences come up for notice. So if I tell the whole truth they must come in. Among the well-remembered things that interested me was the gathering of people from far and near, and then the taking care of them when they came. Besides the tenters, many came in covered wagons, bringing their provisions and a few cooking vessels with them. These did their own cooking by a fire built by a stump or log, slept in their wagons, and so took care of themselves. I have seen as many as twenty or thirty of such groups scattered around in the groves at the same time. Many others came on horseback, the women with big satchels

Seventy Years in Dixie

hanging on the horns of their saddles. These were received as visitors and taken care of by the tent holders. I have known my father to set apart a good piece of pasture where there were water and a strong fence, where we turned the horses, fifteen or twenty sometimes. It will appear to the thoughtful that these meetings made large demands on the liberality and generosity of the tent holders and the neighbors near by. It was no child's play to take care of the hundreds of men and women and horses who gathered on these occasions for days together—ten to fifteen days sometimes. They generally began on Friday, and closed Tuesday or Wednesday following. But when the Lord was graciously present, killing and making alive, they were carried over two Sundays. In such cases the preachers and tenters were called together to consult as to what should be done.

I recall several such instances. But one especially impressed itself upon me. It was at Cane Creek, in my own county, about 1842 or 1843. The meeting had been one of great power. One Monday night the atmosphere seemed charged, as it were, with the awful presence and power of God. Sinners walked

Recollections of An Old Man

about softly and with solemn faces, and the service lasted nearly all night. Tuesday morning the preachers and the tent holders came together for consultation, and after serious counsel agreed to go on through the week. This necessitated additional preparations to care for the many then present and others likely to come. And so the tenters got together just inside the inclosure by the shed for a conference. They formed a ring facing to the center, twenty or twenty-five of them—all serious, thoughtful men. A large crowd gathered around them, I, with others, but no one joined them. After the situation had been talked over, it was agreed that certain of them should go home, some to kill a beef, others a hog or two, others to go to the mill for meal and flour, etc.—all to be brought and divided among them as each might need. This settled, there was a minute or two of solemn silence. Then some one suggested a “word of prayer.” Uriah Payne, a local preacher, led the prayer, as I recollect, and we all felt that the Lord heard those men talking to him. The prayer ended, they all stood for a moment, still facing each other in the ring; and then one of them began to laugh, and in a moment the

Seventy Years in Dixie

laugh flew around that ring as quick as a flash of light, peal after peal. This lasted a minute or two, and then all was as solemn and silent as death. Then one began a half-smothered laugh, like he was trying to keep it down, and with that away went the laugh around the group in absolute convulsions. They would lean forward until their heads almost touched each other, and then backward, while peals of laughter burst in concert from each until they almost lost their breath. This strange proceeding lasted ten or fifteen minutes. Now what was most strange was that this laughter did not produce levity in any beholder. It was a very solemn scene. Somehow it was pleasant to be there, but no one saw anything ludicrous. I had seen what they called the "trance" several times when the person lay as dead for hours and then sprang up shouting the praise of God. But this was a purely laughing exercise. I had never seen it before. But I have seen modifications of it a time or two since. This was twenty or thirty years after the days of the "jerks" or "falling exercise."

What was this? Well, I know; for once in a while on my way I have been enabled by grace

Recollections of An Old Man

to so far forget time and self as to just lay all—verily, all—on the altar of service for God and humanity, and then I felt the laugh start in my heart. And I can see away ahead of me where the laugh struck those good men. What was it? Why, this: Those good men had left their farms and shops, canceled all business arrangements, shut up their homes, and taken their families, with their substance, bread and meat, and for ten days had given their entire time and labor to the cause of Christ. And all this with no desire or expectation of ever receiving one dollar in return—all purely for God and their fellow-men. Our God never was, and never will be, behindhand with such men for such unselfish devotion. And so “he filled their mouth with laughter, and their lips with rejoicing.” Sometimes, but not always, the Lord rewards his servants “in kind” for their unselfish devotion to his cause. When Jesse Cunnyingham, father of the late Dr. W. G. E. Cunnyingham, fed a hundred men and horses at a great meeting, some of his neighbors said: “The Methodists will eat Cunnyingham out of house and home yet.” But they did not consider that they would have to bankrupt Cunnyingham’s God before they could do that.

Seventy Years in Dixie

I knew that good man. He was our neighbor. I heard him preach seventy years ago. He died at a good old age, "full-handed." And the influence of his unselfish light shed a sweet light on all around, like the lingering rays of a setting sun that makes a half hemisphere luminous after its ball is far behind the hills.

Among the wonderful manifestations of the power and work of the Spirit in saving sinners, I recall a scene which I witnessed at a camp meeting at Cedar Springs, where father camped. There was great solemnity felt everywhere, a conscious presence that awed the vast assembly. (A no uncommon thing, be it remembered, when God's people are waiting for him.) Sinners were subdued. There was in the audience a large man—thirty years old, perhaps—a strong, resolute man with a set, determined look, yet much agitated. I saw him get up suddenly and start out of the congregation. He walked eight or ten steps, and then broke into a run, but stopped abruptly, as if seized by a giant, and fell to the ground, crying out at the top of his voice as one stricken with terror. He had not gotten outside of the inclosure. Some of the brethren went to him at once, and got down

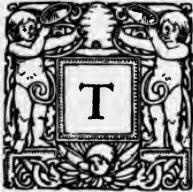
Recollections of An Old Man

on their knees by him. Those old soldiers did not seem much troubled, but looked rather like they were glad of it. And I believe they were. They knew he was wounded, and where, and they knew the tree that bleeds the balm he needed. So they told him of the cross and the Jesus who died on it for sinners. And Uncle Joe Gaston, the old class leader, began to sing, "Show Pity, Lord; O Lord, Forgive," and to clap his hands, as he was wont to do when things went his way. And we knew the case was hopeful. This was Alexander Robeson. He became a local preacher and was the father of the late Rev. William Robeson, who for fifty years was a member of the Holston Conference.

Thank God for camp meetings *in their season!* More than half of the preachers in the Holston Conference fifty years ago had been converted at camp meetings. And in most instances they were the sons of the fathers and mothers who had tented at these meetings. Somehow the head of the Church seems to have found the men he wanted for pioneer and field work among the sons of these old tent holders.

VI

THE SIMPLE LIFE



THESE recollections will be very incomplete if, having spent the ever-to-be-remembered days of my childhood and youth on the farm, I do not give a chapter to that period and tell how a farmer and his family lived in those days in this East Tennessee country. I was born in the "Cherokee Hunting Grounds," seven years after the Indians gave it up, with all its bears and wolves and deer and turkeys still roaming over the mountains and valleys. During those seven years the country had been settled up by young families, most of whom had been renters, as father had been. These had, by industry and economy, made and saved enough money to buy a few acres of government land in the woods. Here they built a cabin and began their life work. When I was a boy, they had cleared a few acres around the cabin and about the pens where they stacked the fodder and kept the horses. It will occur

Recollections of An Old Man

to the reader that such a citizenship was very homogeneous, and likely to be harmonious. They all worked, knew how to work and how to take care of what they made. They were a sort of brotherhood, and understood and sympathized with each other. If I tell you how we lived, you will know how our neighbors lived. Every man had to get his victuals and clothes off the farm, for there was no other way to get them. We had no market and little use for any, for we consumed what we made. We had almost no money, and but little use for any, as there was nothing to sell or buy. If one had a little more meat or corn or fodder than he needed, and his neighbor was needing it, they bartered some way—gave a colt or a calf for what was necessary to tide them over. I saw much of this done after I was ten years old.

Our home life was the “simple life” long before Mr. Wagner ever wrote it up. The farm, under the management of father, produced what was needed for comfort. He added to his original one hundred and sixty acres till he had a thousand, and almost all of it still in the woods when I was a boy. Father had his own notions about slavery. He

Seventy Years in Dixie

never would own a negro. But whether these notions grew out of any convictions that slavery as it existed among us was in itself wrong, or out of other and very different considerations, is not quite clear. I think the latter is true. Somehow he never seemed to think that negroes in the family were to be desired. They had to be Hectored to make them worth their keep, and he did not like to boss. I have heard him and mother laugh and tell that Grandfather Mitchell (mother's father) had a negro boy he sometimes took to church with him; but instead of the boy hitching grandfather's horse, it worked the other way, for grandfather would hunt up a swinging limb and hitch the boy's horse to it. They said that grandfather had two or three negroes to wait on, and father could never see much in that to be desired. Then father considered another important fact: he had four boys, ranging in age from sixteen down to ten years, and he had the now almost obsolete idea that it was well for a boy to have something to do and be required to do it. So we boys did the work; and if we failed, then he generally did something memorable, but not put in this chapter.

Recollections of An Old Man

There was plenty for us all to do on that thousand acres of forest—grubbing and brush burning and rail-splitting and fence-making. Yes, and then came the plowing. My, my! Were not those young hickory roots tough? And did not that old plow punch my ribs black and blue? And I had a stone bruise, too; but father never thought that a stone bruise ought to excuse a boy from work, and so I went on my “tippies.” Mother was good on a stone bruise with a big, warm flax seed or mush poultice, or a piece of fat meat at night. In fact, mother knew a heap of things to help a boy when he got hurt—a stumped toe, a splinter under his nail, or a bee sting—but a stone bruise had to run its course. I am by stone bruises like Josh Billings was by boils: “They are not fit to be anywhere but on a stick.” But I never did like them. They say we ought not to talk about folks we do not like, and I think it a good rule.

To meet the numerous wants of his family for food and clothes, almost every farmer had, in addition to his main crops of corn and wheat and oats, vegetables of all kinds, patches of cotton and flax, a flock of sheep, a drove of geese, some hogs, a good milch cow

Seventy Years in Dixie

or two, a young bullock for beef and his hide for shoes, a few bee-gums, and a little tobacco around by the piggens. We did not have to fence that, for nothing would eat it but man—and that other big, nasty tobacco worm! Look at this list, and you will see that he had his eye on the coming wants of his family. And well he might, for it all had to come out of the farm. And mother, blessed helpmeet! was just as thoughtful and wise as he to utilize the material furnished by the flocks and farm to feed and clothe us all—cotton and flax from the fields and wool and hides from the flocks. I never had an article of “store clothes” until I was half grown. As for hats, and shoes, we furnished the wool and hides, and old Mr. Blankenship made our wool hats and Uncle Sam. Hogue made the shoes. These were for winter. Our summer hats mother and sisters made of plaited straw. For summer shoes we wore our *calf skins*, as we used to say when we turned barefoot in the spring. Corn was our main crop—corn and hogs, “hog and hominy.” They say now that cotton is king, but not so then. Corn was king.

When the country had to be redeemed from

Recollections of An Old Man

the Indians and the forests, corn was king. The farmer who had plenty of corn had both bread and meat for himself and family. Suppose our fathers had had to depend on wheat for their bread? It would have taken them a hundred years longer to reach the Rockies. Only think of a pioneer in the woods depending on wheat for bread. Corn will produce four times as much as wheat per acre, and requires only one-tenth of the seed to seed it down and only one-third of the time from planting till it can be used for food. Wheat must have a well-prepared soil, and be sown in the fall and watched and guarded for nine months before it is even ready to harvest; whereas a woman can take a "sang hoe" in April and with a quart of seed plant a patch around the cabin, and in six weeks she and the children can begin to eat "roastin' ears;" and when it gets too hard for that, she can begin to parch it. She needed to gather only what she used for the day; for it will stand all winter, well protected by its waterproof shucks. Not so with wheat. It must be all gathered at once when ripe, and thrashed, cleaned, and garnered. And even then it is hard to get bread out of it without a mill. But a small

Seventy Years in Dixie

sack of parched corn with a bit of salt was an ample supply for a ten days' hunt or a dash with Jack Sevier after thieving Indians. Corn was king when I was a boy.

Mother and sisters, with Polly Shook to help them, worked the cotton and wool and flax into clothes and other needful articles for the family. I have helped mother put many a web into the loom that stood in the back part of the kitchen. Speaking of Polly Shook brings up some more boyhood scenes. Her name was Mary, but we always called her Polly when we did not call her Pop. It fell to me to mind off the calves when Polly went to milk—a duty I did not take to kindly, for sometimes when I took the young sucker by the ears to pull him away he would set his sharp little hoof down on my bare foot, and the harder I pulled the harder he bored his hoof into my foot. That made me mad, and I would bang him over the head with a stick. Then Polly would shame me “for striking the poor dumb brute that way.” I could not see that it was any of her special business, and I would say things to that effect to her. She was not tongue-tied, so she would say things back. One day I said to mother :

Recollections of An Old Man

“I don’t like to mind the calves off for Pop”—that is what I called her when I was mad—“for she quarrels with me.” Now mother knew Polly, and she knew me, too. So she said she could tell how to manage so that Polly would not quarrel with me. That interested me very much, for I wanted to get the upper hand of Polly and make her hold her tongue. I said: “How, mamma?” With a touch of whisper in her voice, mother said: “The next time you go to milk just go by the water bucket and get your mouth full of cold water and keep it there till the milking is over, and Polly can’t quarrel with you one bit.” “Good,” thought I. And I could hardly wait for milking time to come, so anxious was I to try my witchery on Polly. When the time came and she started with her milk pail, I ran to the water bucket and got my mouth chock full of water and started for the bars. I minded off the calves, watching Polly all the while to see if she was going to quarrel with me. As soon as she was done milking and the bars were put up, I spurted the water out and ran to mother. “Mamma, mamma! She never quarreled one bit.” Mother smiled and said: “I told you so.” And there is where

Seventy Years in Dixie

the laugh comes in; but I, little goose, did not know it. However, there is something in it. I have seen many a quarrel that never would have occurred if one of the parties had had cold water in his mouth. Try it with little brother next time he is Sir Touch-me-not, and see if little sister can quarrel with him.

I think likely that if our young people should read this brief and imperfect outline of life as we lived it seventy years ago they would say: "Well, that was all work and no play, and I I don't see how any one could be happy with that sort of dry, tread-mill kind of life." Well, we did have to work, and had but little time or opportunity for what men call amusements nowadays. And yet, believe me, we were a happy family, both young and old. How was it? Well, maybe I can give some satisfactory explanation of it, its how and why, the next time we have a talk.

VII

OUR COUNTRY LIFE



REMEMBER that at the close of the last chapter of "Recollections" I half-way promised to explain for our young people how and why the simple life, as we lived it on the farm seventy years ago, was a happy life; but now I almost wish I had not done so, for it takes me off from my original purpose to write recollections. However, we can make short work of this and go on to our regular line.

Mr. Editor, begging your pardon, I thought I put enough in the last "turn" I sent to your mill to make two grists, but you poured it all into the hopper at once. Well, Mr. Editor, you are the miller and know what you want; but you do not know how much raking and winnowing it takes to get even a little grain out of the straw and chaff which have accumulated on the thrashing floor of an old man's recollections. Friends, I know how it comes about that he thinks I am wiser than I am: I was president of a college, with a hundred

Seventy Years in Dixie

and seventy-five young ladies in attendance, in his town when he yet had his milk teeth and wore his bib; and he got the childish impression that a man must be very wise to hold such a position, and these early impressions, as usual, seem to be lasting. But he is old enough now to know that not every man who is president of a college knows it all. Yes, he is old enough to know better than that, and to get married.

Well, we all had some profitable work to do, we were never idle, and, therefore, never restlessly looking about for something with which to fill up the dull hours, thinking of what to do or where to go to find entertainment. Thus occupied, we were contented; and more, we were safe at home with father and mother. Take this for explanation No. 1.

Next, our tastes were simple and our needs few. As for the substantial comforts of life—food and raiment—we had them sufficient to meet our real needs and gratify our simple tastes, and so were satisfied. For our plain food, a few hours' work on the farm gave us an appetite that was better than a French cook. Thank God for the luxury of a healthy appetite—the appetite of a plowboy—that

Recollections of An Old Man

wakes up with him in the morning to munch that big, yellow Hoss apple that he stuffed into his pocket yesterday when he was down in the orchard! No going to the breakfast table with a sort of loathing and half disgust of everything there, and the need of a little coffee to tease it to work; no indigestion—moping mother of the twins, Melancholy and Moroseness, firstborn in the family of Discontent, whose children are Petulance and Peevishness, prone to talk too much, and whose ungracious words hiss and sting like a mad bee, leaving a smart, if not a scar, for days to come.

Yes, thank God for the farmer boy's appetite and sound digestion, for they send his rich life-giving blood to put roses on his cheeks and iron in his muscles, and make his hoecake a luxury! I defy any caterer for any club to furnish at any cost a banquet that will be enjoyed as much as we children enjoyed mother's mush suppers. The truth is, mother could make the best mush mortal man or boy ever ate. She did not put in much meal at a time, added it slowly, stirring it all the while, so as not to have lumps in it nor have it raw in the center, then cooked it half an hour.

Seventy Years in Dixie

“Hasty pudding” is a misnomer when applied to mush. Mother always said it took a full half hour to cook mush well; but it seemed longer than that to me as I watched the operation, my mouth watering all the while. Then each one with a bowl of milk and a big spoon—a pewter spoon, at that. Now Miss Angelina Cherubina Seraphina, please don’t turn up your nose at that pewter spoon. I don’t hone after pewter spoons myself these latter days, but that was mother’s spoon, given to her as a part of her wedding portion from her father, and as good as the country then afforded. And I hold myself ready at the sword’s point to resent any insult a pert miss may offer by snubbing it. There now; you understand that Miss A. C. S., once for all.

I should fail in much if I did not mention the glorious sleep of the farmer boy as one of the good things that belonged to his life. Yes, thank God for that sound and restful sleep of a fellow when he was a plowboy tired! It came uncourted about the time the whip-poor-will began his song in the copse at the back of the field—a luxury unknown to night revelers, and never followed by a bursting headache in the morning. The question,

Recollections of An Old Man

“Wherewithal shall we be clothed?” when we went to church or to visit our neighbors was a very simple one.

Neither the weather nor the hour of the day cut any figure in that grave problem; whether it was a bright or a dull day, noon or night, no matching of colors or puzzling as to the particular suit we should wear for that special occasion. I knew a week before the wedding came off just what suit I would wear—my mixed jeans, the same I had been wearing to all the big quiltings and singing schools for weeks past—“Hobson’s choice,” The oneness in the case simplified the question very much, you see. I said “case,” but they were not in a case—they hung on a peg with my flax shirt behind the door. No bother as to what or where. The fact is, friends, young and old, the question of physical comfort is in itself a simple one, and its demands are few and easily met. It is only when the clamorous desire for show and shine comes in, with its complex demands, that the everlasting worry of life begins. Pride and Vanity are the prolific parents of the peevish brood that is hounding good Comfort and sweet Contentment out of the land. And mark my words,

Seventy Years in Dixie

they are of little use in the formation of happiness of the noblest men and women.

As to amusements (better called pleasant occasions), we were not wholly without them. We knew the happy art of combining work and pleasure. Our log-rollings, house-raising, corn-shuckings, quiltings, singing schools, and an occasional dash with the dogs after a deer or fox were seasons of real enjoyment. The quiltings we were careful to bracket with the others wherever we could; thus, a house-raising and quilting, at such and such a home, day and date, or a log-rolling and quilting. The quilting brought out the girls, who were, and always have been, essential to a good social time, I reckon. "Well," you say, "if you could find pleasure in tugging your arms off rolling logs and wearing your finger tips sore at a corn-shucking, you must have been easily pleased." Even so, even so—happy faculty, secret of a contented life, easily pleased; sweet bud from the plant, heart's-ease, that flowers and fruits in the life of our best friends and companions. Grow it in your garden, child.

Well, talking about old house-raising and quilting days of my boyhood brings to mind many cherished recollections of the long ago—

Recollections of An Old Man

pleasing scenes and youthful friends—brave, frank, generous young fellows, country born and bred, who would scorn to do an unmanly or ignoble thing; and, as they pass before my eyes, half filled with tears at this moment, I recall with unfeigned pleasure the fact that they were nearly everyone religious. As for the girls (that is what we called them in those days), a whole bevy of them comes trooping by this minute. Not mincing in patent leather slippers and crepitating silks, but walking with an elastic step that tells of healthy muscles, arrayed in gowns woven and fashioned by their own industrious fingers, with now and then a burst of hearty laughter and a snatch of song—all merry as a flock of bobolinks in springtime. And there among them is my first old sweetheart, Phœbe Steed. See, her modesty has half hidden her in the group (as the daisy peeps from behind a leaf in the grass). Her willowy grace of movement was the rhythm of motion, her voice gentle and musical as the harp of the wind god, and a heart and life as pure as snow twice washed. Did I love her? Don't talk of love till you know something of the swellings of the heart in a sixteen-year-old country boy who

Seventy Years in Dixie

has just begun to stand before the looking glass and roach his hair and paste it down with bear's grease. Did I marry her? No; we were never engaged. She married a better man, Wm. Horton, as she deserved to do, while I was away at college.

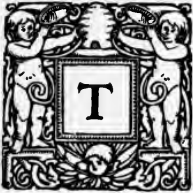
That singing school! We met on Saturdays and sang all day. Our book was the "Knoxville Harmony," by John B. Jackson, published at Knoxville. It was written in four syllables—fa, sol, la, mi. It was several years later when the seven syllables were introduced. Andrew Hutsell was our teacher. We sang four parts—bass, tenor, alto, and treble. My! my! How Will Cassady and Urb Rudd and Wash Peck, in his new suit of jeans, did roar on the bass! Boys and girls both sang on the tenor (air), Phœbe Steed and Myra Gaston led the treble, and the Misses Howard, two beautiful sisters, "carried" the alto. Usually we had two recesses, when a walk to the spring or a stroll in the grove gave us the coveted opportunity for social enjoyment. Then the noonday lunch, when the girls took all our baskets and spread a common meal on the homemade table cloth under the long-armed elm by the spring. The day done, we took the

Recollections of An Old Man

girls home—all on horseback. How we boys did curry and comb the mane and tails of our colts to have them ready to prance at the Saturday's singing! And with what marvelous art and ease those girls would spring from the top of that old chestnut stump into their saddles, and adjust their riding skirts for grace and safety in managing their horses, now grown restless from having been hitched up all day! And the horsemanlike skill with which Lizzie Noel did curb that mettlesome bay would shame the best jockey of to-day. Country lasses, happy lasses, good-by. I never expect to see your equals any more on earth. And now if the young people of to-day are happier and safer than we were on the farm seventy years ago—why, I am glad of it. That is all.

VIII

LOVE FEASTS AND CLASS MEETINGS



THESE chapters have run in a somewhat similar strain long enough. Let us vary the exercises, as the preacher would say, and hold an "experience meeting." I like experience meetings, especially when I feel religious, and I believe most people do under similar circumstances. As a Church we have used this kind of service with great spiritual profit. The love feast and the class meeting were of this character. The love feast is still known among us, often in a very modified form. But many of our young people, even members of the Church, who have never attended a class meeting, know nothing of them, how they are conducted, or why established. The love feast was more a testimony meeting, while the class meeting was designed as a special opportunity for helpful oversight, counsel, and exhortation by one called the leader. The old preachers used to set great store by these meetings. A few sentences giving an account of them,

Recollections of An Old Man

I think, may meet the approval of the reader, and at least preserve some knowledge of a religious exercise so much esteemed in the early history of the Church.

They were peculiar to us as people, and subjected us to criticism, and sometimes to ridicule. They were primarily and almost exclusively designed for members of the Church. Strangers and outsiders were allowed to be present as a special privilege. The exercises consisted in an inquiry by the leader into the spiritual condition of the members, particularly the younger members of the class, and giving such admonition and exhortation and encouragement as might be needed and helpful. And many young Christians had occasion to bless God for such help. The preacher in charge usually held class meeting immediately after services. I think I never knew Uncle George Ekin to fail. They called it "meeting the class" and the preacher was leader.

The class book was an interesting and important volume. It contained the names of the leaders and the members, usually in families. It was ruled in columns running perpendicularly and marked so as to show

Seventy Years in Dixie

at a glance the following facts: The first column was to show whether the member was married or single, and was marked M or S; the second column was to indicate the spiritual condition of the member, whether a believer or seeker, and was marked B or S; the third column recorded the amount of quarterage paid by that member; the other columns were marked P or A or D, for present or absent or distant (from home). The roll was called at every meeting, unless the leader knew who were there and so marked the book. This book was inspected by the pastor at every round, if he desired it, and furnished him particular information concerning every member of that class. If a member were absent twice consecutively, the leader called to see if he were sick. The preacher would sometimes say to me, with kindly concern, after looking over our class book: "David, I see you were not at class the last time." Ah, those frequent reckonings with self and one another wrought careful living and much prayer in a boy, as I well remember. *I know no adequate substitute.* But I rejoice in all our young people's meetings, and pray God to make and keep them spiritual. But I proposed to have an

Recollections of An Old Man

experience meeting, and here I am writing about an experience meeting. Did you ever notice how much easier it is to talk about a thing than it is to do or be that thing—to talk about religion than it is to be religious, to talk about charity than to be charitable? There is a man staying here in my room and sleeping in my bed who has made observations and had experience on that very subject, and he sometimes gives me a dig in the ribs about it. Have you ever had such a fellow about your house?

And now, kind reader, let me explain a little about the next few chapters of these recollections. Two years ago my children asked me to write out for their use my early life—that part with which they were not acquainted. I copy in part from that sketch, which will explain why certain family affairs are made prominent. It was for the children to read at their leisure. Thus:

I was converted, as I verily believe, on a cold Sunday in the old log church in the town of Athens, Tenn., when I was in my twelfth year. Our place of worship was two miles in the country, at Cedar Springs; but occasionally when there were no services at our church, we

Seventy Years in Dixie

went to town to preaching. It was a cold day; but my parents were going to church, and father asked me if I did not want to go. So I got my colt, and was looking about for a saddle when my father said: "Son, I don't think I would get a saddle; just spread your blanket on the colt, and he will keep you warmer than if you had a saddle." So I did, and we went to church. Rev. Frank Fanning was the preacher. There were not twenty persons present, perhaps—just a few old people hovering around the stove. I sat with my hands between my knees to keep them warm, and listened to the preacher. He preached about Jesus, but what he said I do not know. But there came into my childish heart a feeling unknown before—a strange sense of the nearness and love of Jesus, of whom mother had so often spoken to me. I felt that I loved him. A simple, childlike tenderness filled my heart and I felt that he loved me. It was a most delightful sensation. I think I wept for very joy, but said nothing. It was all so new and strange and sweet that I knew nothing to say. I looked over to the seat where father and mother were seated, and such a flood of love for them swept through

Recollections of An Old Man

me that I could hardly repress the desire to run and hug them. I did actually love everybody and everything. And that sweet feeling stayed with me after the benediction, and went home with me and made the colt ride better. His coltish ways, worming in and out of the road, did not fret me. It stayed with me all about the house and barn, singing in my heart when alone in the woods; and I wanted to pray, and did not want my dog to catch that little rabbit and kill it. Do you ask, "What was it?" I never once thought what it was. I was happy and peaceful, and everybody was good, and that was enough. Sometimes I would stay around mother and wish she would tell me to do something, that I might have the pleasure of showing her how quickly and well I could do it. It did not occur to me that I had religion. Indeed, I hardly thought a boy could get religion except at Cedar Springs Camp Meeting. But that sweet, love-everybody feeling staid with me till camp meeting. I was glad when that came. At the first call I went to the mourners' bench, and down in the straw father and mother and brother and sister came, and we prayed together, and I began to laugh and hug them. It

Seventy Years in Dixie

was the same old feeling of love and tenderness which I felt on the cold Sunday six months before. I said: "I've got religion. Hallelujah!" It was true, and I have never had any better, and all I want now is more of it. So I sometimes tell my friends that I was converted six months before I got religion. Maybe somebody will look religiously wise and shake his theological head at this. But if you will be careful to use these terms in the sense here employed, I do not believe they will hurt your good creed, and perhaps maybe help somebody who does not know what religion is.

Our good Dr. Tillett, who wrote that wise and helpful book, "Personal Salvation," can make this clear to the young theologues if he has a mind to; and when he has done so, I will be for once in my life like General Jackson. When Calhoun was firing the heart of South Carolina with the spirit of nullification, the General sent word, "Tell Calhoun that if he don't behave himself I'll hang him as high as Haman," but did not tell him why. Sometime afterwards, when Daniel Webster, in an argument, showed that logical nullification could not exist under the Constitution, Jackson said:

Recollections of An Old Man

“There, I knew I was right all the time.” It is said that he put in some words to give emphasis to his utterance. Here is the law on this subject: “He that loveth is born of God.” Now let us sing with Mrs. Prentiss No. 367. And as the disciplinary “one hour” for love feast is now out, we will for the next chapter have the experience meeting continued.

IX

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS



My place was on the farm till I was about eight years old, with father and mother, happy brothers and sisters; often in the field with playful colts, skipping lambs, singing birds, and my ever-present dog—a happy boy. I went to school two or three months during the winter till I was fifteen. These were subscription schools, made up and supported by the neighbors. We had no public schools then. The first school I attended was at Rocky Mountain, on the back of my father's farm. The little house was made of logs with the bark on, a weight-pole roof (I have not time to explain that term to the ignorance of to-day) and puncheon floor. The only window was made by cutting out a log ten or twelve feet long. Under this opening was a slab, resting on pegs, which made a sort of shelf upon which the larger boys and girls wrote. The ink was made of ink balls—

Recollections of An Old Man

a sort of vegetable excrescence, sometimes formed on the twigs or leaves of oak trees, containing a substance which turned black on exposure to the air—or of polk-berry juice or elder berries. This was kept in a small vial with a string around the neck to hang it up by when not held in the hand for use. The benches were slabs with peg legs. Here I learned to spell. When I learned my A B C's I do not know. After I was fifteen, I had two years at Forest Hill Academy, under Charles Patrick Samuel, a tall, scholarly Kentuckian—"Old Pat," of blessed memory. After this I went to Emory and Henry College.

I mention a sad providence which led to my going when I did. My brother, Timothy, who was fifteen years my senior and had been a member of the Holston Conference thirteen or fourteen years, was stricken with paralysis while on his way to the Annual Conference, which met that year at Wytheville, Va. He was at Abingdon when stricken. The report of this affliction saddened all hearts at home. In a very few days father decided to send me to Virginia. First, to nurse my brother if he needed me; and if not, then I was to sell my horse and go on to college, ten miles

Seventy Years in Dixie

farther east. How this conclusion stirred the household, and especially the boyish heart of the writer and that of his mother, will never be forgotten. I was soon fitted out for the trip, and the morning for my departure had come. Family prayers that morning were perhaps a little longer and tenderer than usual, and breakfast was almost in silence. Mother cried, and I said: "Don't cry, mother. I will soon be back." She replied: "No my son, not back with us at home. When you have finished your college course you will go to your life work, and only be a visitor at home hereafter." Two older brothers had gone off to college, and mother knew. "A visitor only hereafter." I could not realize it, and yet so it was. My outfit was not elaborate. A pair of saddlebags contained all, save a suit of mixed jeans, which had been taken from the back of our sheep and fitted to mine. A small muskrat-colored Indian pony, fourteen hands high and badly sway-backed, had to carry me and all I had two hundred miles. I left home, mother standing nearest the gate to say good-by last, and brother going two miles on the way to see me get a good start. We rode side by side those two miles, almost in silence. A

Recollections of An Old Man

word or two about my pony and a passing remark about the weather and a last injunction about my dogs. He ventured to say: "We will miss you at home and at the coming Christmas." And then there came a choking sensation, and maybe a tear, but no audible answer. Finally he said: "Well, I must go back. Take care of yourself. Write often, for we will all want to know about you and brother Timothy. Good-by." And his horse's head was turned toward home—the dear old home; how dear, I never knew before. My pony and I faced for the first time the great unknown outside world. Day and hour never to be forgotten. Brother—dear fellow—he was as tender as a woman, lived a long bachelor life, fought through the Civil War with Lee, and now sleeps the Christian's hopeful sleep near Wolf City, in Texas.

By a previous agreement, Ben Hale, a boy about my age living in the upper end of the county, was to join me a few miles farther on. In the meantime thoughts crowded each other in rapid succession—now back home with loved ones a moment, and then back to myself and surroundings. Of what was in my saddlebags I knew but little. Father and

Seventy Years in Dixie

mother and sister had furnished and packed them, and whatever belonged to me I knew was there, be it little or much. But here is Ben waiting by the roadside, and I am glad to see him—a hearty country boy on a good horse, going to visit his army of kinsfolk—the Hales and Canutts and Wards, etc., in Grayson County, Va. A jolly fellow on a visit to spend Christmas with his kindred. And now I shall have the pleasure of leaving off in my narrative the oft-recurring “I,” and say “we” without affectation of being an editor. We (Ben and I) moved on, and about noon passed in sight of Daniel Heiskell’s home, the road running through the woods, where Sweetwater now stands. We pressed on, making good use of the short December day, and ate our lunch as we rode along. When I opened mine and found a ham sandwich and some buttered biscuits with jam between, a hard-boiled egg, and an apple, it all looked so much like mother and sister that, had it been practicable, I think I would have preferred to keep it as a souvenir, rather than eat it.

Soon we passed the old town of Philadelphia, and came to Blair’s Ferry, on the Tennessee River, where Loudon has since been built.

Recollections of An Old Man

We crossed the river and urged our tired horses four miles more to Mr. John Browder's, an old friend of my father, two miles west of what is now Lenoir City. Here we spent the night—our first night from home. But we slept like tired boys, and were up early and ready for our second day. This day we passed by the home of William Lenoir, where Lenoir City now stands, and the home of Rev. John Winton, great-grandfather of Dr. G. B. Winton, editor of the *Christian Advocate*. We finally reached Knoxville, where I had a brother-in-law (Dr. A. Woodward), and sister. Sister made us feel at home. The next day, in the evening, we rode out ten miles on the Rutledge Road, and spent the night with Mr. R. L. Blair, the uncle of a young lady whose acquaintance I made seven years later and who will come into these reminiscences after a while if they are not cut short in some way. The next day we passed the town of Rutledge and the celebrated Bean's Station, often mentioned in the journal of Bishop Asbury. Here the Kentucky escorts used to come over the mountains to meet him and conduct and guard him over the Clinch Mountain, through Cumberland Gap, to the "dark and bloody

Seventy Years in Dixie

ground" of Kentucky. Two miles east we came to what is now the very noted Tate Springs, but we saw only the rounded hills there. By night we reached the village of Mooresburg, and spent the night at the Red Bridge, a little farther on.

The fifth day we passed the good town of Rogersville, and on up the beautiful valley to Mr. Phipps'. This was a home of wealth, and gave us a royal entertainment; and here we got a glimpse of the very beautiful daughter of the household, who seemed a bit interested in a couple of tired boys who had stopped for a night's rest. I had the opportunity in after years to thank her for it, which I did with all the grace I could muster. It was apparent from some talk next day that Ben had an eye for a beautiful girl, elegantly dressed. Indeed, the Hales of Virginia are built that way, as I found out later. This day brought us to the boat yard, where two branches of the Holston River come together, now Kingsport—so named perhaps because William King, who owned the salt works in Virginia, boated his salt down the north fork of the Holston River to that point. It was now growing colder, and we pressed on to Mr. David Shaver's—

Recollections of An Old Man

twenty-seven miles yet to Abingdon. Here we spent the night.

Next morning the snow was two or three inches deep, and increased in depth until we reached Abingdon, where it was eight or ten inches deep. This I had good reason to remember: for if my pony got out of the beaten way, I had to hold up my feet to keep them from dragging in the snow. As we entered the town I asked the first man we met for information as to my brother. He told me he was at John Campbell's on the next street. Ben and I said good-bye, and I turned to find brother. In a few minutes I was in his room, to his great surprise, and to my delight found him much improved. I had a brother-in-law (H. Cardwell), and sister living in the town. Soon they called; and as brother had a nurse and did not need me, I went home with them, a tired, but happy boy.

It was Christmas Eve, and my brother, Nathan Asbury, who was a student in the college, only ten miles away, came to spend the holidays with us. After consultation, it was decided that I was not needed with Timothy and that I should enter the spring term of college, as father had directed. So I sold my

Seventy Years in Dixie

pony to Major Davis, who kept the boarding house, for a credit of forty-five dollars on my bill, took a room with my brother, entered the freshman class half advanced, joined the Calliopean Society, and settled down to work. Here I remained till June, 1850, when I graduated with the degree of A.B.

X

EARLY DAYS AT EMORY



NOW that I am back again to my college days, a thousand memories come trooping up, and I hesitate to attempt to make a selection where each is so dear. It was in the early years of old Emory and Henry history. There were only three houses there then: the old college building on the hill, the brick house at the west end of the campus (both still standing), and the farm house in which Mr. Crawford lived when the Church bought the property (long since burned). The faculty consisted of Charles Collins, D.D., President and Professor of Mental and Moral Science; E. E. Wiley, D. D., Professor of Latin and Greek; Rev. Edmond Longley, A.M., Professor of Mathematics and Modern Languages; and Rev. J. A. Davis, tutor. Dr. Collins lived in the house on the west end of the campus. Dr. Wiley lived in two or three lower rooms in the west end of the college. Professor Longley lived over on the stage road, a mile away.

Seventy Years in Dixie

Tutor Davis, unmarried, took his meals at the common boarding house (the Crawford home), of which his father, Major Joseph Davis, was proprietor. Professor Longley ("Old Brit") was postmaster and delivered our letters to our rooms. Our literary halls were in the garrets—the Calliopean in the west end and the Hermesian in the east. We paid six dollars per month for rooms, board, and fuel, furnished (?) our own rooms, made up (?) our beds, cut the wood and made our fires, and carried water from the spring. Roll call and prayers came morning and evening—morning prayers at 5:30 (which was before daylight in the winter) and no fire in the chapel. I jumped out of bed many times, hurriedly dressed (?), ran into the chapel to answer "Present" and shiver while the Professor read—by the light of a tallow candle which he brought in with him—a few lines from the morning lesson and repeated the Lord's Prayer, the snow a foot deep and the north wind howling through the hills and whistling at the keyhole. Dr. Collins held evening prayer, and Drs. Wiley and Longley morning prayers. From morning prayers we went immediately to recitation. There were

Recollections of An Old Man

two recitations before breakfast, at six and six-thirty, of thirty minutes each. That is the way Emory and Henry professors and pupils began the day sixty years ago, and we kept it up at about that rate till nine at night. Schoolmen and students of to-day would perhaps rebel against such a schedule of work—that it would grind the life out of teachers and pupils. Well, it did grind, but it ground out men all the same.

Let me think a moment and name a few of my school fellows who were fitted for noble service among men and have attained to great honor and usefulness in their generation: Dr. James S. Kennedy, of the Holston Conference, a prince in Israel, every inch a Christian gentleman and scholar, wise in counsel and safe in action, always loyal to God and truth; Dr. W. M. Leftwich ("Little Leftwich"), who for many years held posts of honor among his brethren in the Tennessee Conference and elsewhere; Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, glorious "Jeb," that flower of cavaliers to whose memory his fellow citizens are to-day building a monument in the capital of his native state; William E. Peters, LL.D., a gallant colonel in the Confederate army, and

Seventy Years in Dixie

afterwards Professor of Latin in the 'great University of Virginia till his death; Hon. H. D. Clayton, general in the army of the Confederacy, and afterwards Governor of Alabama and head of the Alabama University; James L. Jones, LL.D., President of Columbia College, S. C.; Hon. J. J. Yeates, Congressman from North Carolina; Judge Monroe, Supreme Judge of the State of South Carolina; and others.

Among the living of my school fellows who have wrought well and are still bringing forth fruit in old age, I mention two who for fifty and more years have been acknowledged leaders in our Holston Conference—one a little eccentric, the other a bit positive; both great and good men, worthily wearing the well-earned honors which the ministry and laity of the church and their fellow-citizens at large are gladly awarding them. Of these dear men I have more to say later, but for the present will leave the reader to guess at their names. J. Preston White, my classmate, a judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Texas, and Hon. John Goode, of Virginia, statesman, soldier, and author—a man who has served his State and nation in public office for more

Recollections of An Old Man

than half a century with such ability as has won for him continually increasing respect and admiration—were also in this list. Others no doubt, belong to the list whose names do not occur to me at this moment. Let it be remembered that this list is taken from the students who were in Emory and Henry College from 1847 to 1850, and does not include the many who were there in other years.

The college plant, all told, was not worth fifty thousand dollars, perhaps, at that time. The above facts furnish food for thought in these days when the hearts of our people are turned to the subject of education. We are told that it takes millions of dollars for the financial basis of a first-class college. That is true when applied to the university, where specialists are educated and a large number of schools must be conducted. But, thank God! it is not true when applied to the schools most needed for the education of the people. My observation is that largely endowed schools with splendid buildings and professors on fat salaries, are not turning out a proportionately large number of men who are blessing their generation. Such schools usually grow to be costly schools very soon, where only the rich

Seventy Years in Dixie

can pay the bills, and so they fail to get the best material out of which to make men. The boys, whom necessity has taught to work and economize, to be content with few luxuries and a little self-indulgence, with sound minds in healthy bodies, are the boys who make men. Emory and Henry, with an inferior outfit in buildings, a small faculty of industrious, Christian scholars who gave their personal attention to the minds, manners, and morals of the hundred and thirty or forty country boys present, gave to the world such men as are mentioned above, at a cost to pupil of about one hundred dollars per year, or a little more.

Now that we have the subject before us, let us mention another college here in our hills—Hiwassee. Here Dr. John H. Brunner, now the senior college man among us, with a few coworkers, for the forty years last past has educated the poor boys of the country. As an outfit they had a mere crow's nest, but they hatched out eagles. They had a gimlet, but they bored auger holes with it. They had the material out of which to make men—boys who had not been spoiled by indulgence in their childhood. Bent twigs produce crooked trees.

Recollections of An Old Man

Now, Mr. Editor, if you and the reader will pardon me for this digression, I will hereafter write recollections and let others make inferences and comments. But I wanted to go on record as favoring a multiplication of such schools as Emory and Henry and Hiwassee were fifty years ago. I am not to be counted as opposing well-endowed universities, and a few first-class colleges as they are now defined, but I want to see the country sowed down in such schools as are mentioned above. Amen.

My school days ended, I began to look to my life work. Thank God, I did not have the trouble of determining what that work should be. That had been settled for me and by me while I was yet a little boy. When I was converted in my twelfth year, if indeed not before, I felt that I must and would be a preacher some day. I read my Bible, went to prayer meeting and to Sunday-school, and prayed in the haymow when I went to feed my colt, and finally went to college with that fact ever present. I am not conscious of ever having been tempted to give it up, thank God! While in college we enjoyed several gracious revivals, in which I gladly took part. One I will tell you of. It was brought about in this

Seventy Years in Dixie

way: Four of we boys seemed to be moved simultaneously to go to the woods and pray for a larger measure of faith and deeper consecration of life. After a little talk together, we agreed to slip off to the forest next evening when school closed—Richard Childers, James S. Kennedy, James Bailey, and I. We walked down by Dr. Collin's and out toward the old stage road. It was all woods then from the college southeast for a mile. Soon we left the road and struck into a hollow where we thought no one would see or hear us. There we found the fallen trunk of a forked tree, and sat down on its limbs, facing each other two and two. Here we sang several songs and prayed—all prayed with snatches of songs between prayers—sang softly, fearing some one might hear us. The Father of the woods did hear us and gave delightful evidence of his presence as we waited for Him in that great forest temple. We got back to college just at supper time. Some of our special friends looked at us with a sort of inquiring gaze, as much as to say, "Where have you been?" We told a few of the more religious boys. So it got noised abroad. Next evening, when we started, there came a dozen and

Recollections of An Old Man

more following after us. We were glad and felt less afraid of being heard, so we did not go more than half as far till we found a good place to pray. The other boys came up close about us and sat at the roots of the trees and joined in the singing and prayers. We sang louder that evening. The supper horn called us before we got back. The next evening we began to sing by the time we struck the woods, and scores of boys were with us. After a few songs and prayers, it was evident that a great solemnity was resting on many hearts. Kennedy, I think it was, made a short talk and invited any who desired to be saved and wished the counsel and prayers of their fellow-students to come and kneel down about a big stump in our midst. Ten or a dozen came, weeping, and fell down on the leaves. Now all hands had work, instructing, encouraging, and praying. Two or three were converted, and we made the woods ring with our praises.

We went to supper two and two with locked arms. As we passed by the gate at Dr. Collin's, I ran in and reported, and asked him if we might not have a service in Dr. Wiley's recitation room that night (that was the largest room

Seventy Years in Dixie

except the chapel). He was delighted and said that he would come and worship with us. The announcement was made at the supper table. We arranged the room and carried our tallow candles to light it. Soon we were singing at the top of our voices. The Doctor joined us—not in the songs, for he could not sing a bit, but with much emotion and great earnestness he preached and called for penitents. What an hour that was! As the boys came he stood, his handsome face all aglow, while he invited the “young gentlemen” (that is what he always called us) to come to Jesus. The appointment was made for the next night for the chapel. The meeting had right of way now, and for many nights we rallied, and many boys were converted, who made leaders in Israel’s host for many years to come. Some of the neighbors came in, and occasionally a motherly hand was laid on a boy’s head whose mother was far away. It made me think and sigh for home. Thank God for Christian colleges!

XI

WHEN AND WHERE LICENSED



WHEN my college work was done, I knew what came next. I had not asked for a license to preach. Starting home I stopped at Abingdon to visit my sister, Hazy—Mrs. J. H. Cardwell. W. G. E. Cunnynggham was preacher in charge and T. K. Catlett presiding elder. It was quarterly meeting. Cunnynggham knew I expected to be a preacher, so he said to me: “You have no license, and you may not find a Quarterly Conference when you get home. Deposit your Church letter with us, and I will ask the Quarterly Conference to give you a license to preach and recommend you to the Annual Conference.” It was done—June, 1850. I went home a young Methodist preacher, but it was all new. I tried my first service and sermon at old Cedar Springs, where my father and mother worshipped. The singing, reading, and praying went along well enough, and the first few sentences of the talk,

Seventy Years in Dixie

but the rest was made up of blundering and crying. I was ashamed.

Conference is coming, and I must get ready. Now I must go back to a little talk my father and I had before he sent me to college. We were on the way to town (Athens), I going to mill, he to get a Dutch mowing blade—the clover was about ready to cut. (This was before my brother was stricken with paralysis.) He said: “Your brother, Timothy, wants me to send you to college, and I am willing to do so if you want to go. But,” he added, “if you go to college, I will pay your bills, and that will be all I can do for you. Your brothers and sisters will have to have what will be left.” I told him I understood him and would go to college with that understanding. So when brother was taken sick at Abingdon, Va., ten miles only from college, my parents fitted me up to go first to wait on him, as said above, and then go on to school.

Now my college days were over and my bills paid, and both my father and I remembered the understanding we had before I started for college, though neither of us had mentioned it since. He called it up one day, and said: “As you have decided to be a preacher, I must

Recollections of An Old Man

fit you out with a horse, etc.” Then he added: “Go to the barn and take your choice of all the horses there.” This I did, selecting a fine chestnut-sorrel mare, Fannie, four years old. He furnished me a good saddle, bridle, blanket, and saddlebags, and mother added a fine solid blue blanket, thick as felt. In the middle of it she made a slit large enough for my head to go through, and bound the slit with ribbon. This was to go on my saddle in dry and warm weather and over my shoulders in wet and cold weather—my head through the hole in the middle. I had no overcoat. This blanket I kept and took into the army with me in 1861. While we were encamped at Mill Springs, in Kentucky, I left it outside the door one evening and some soldier appropriated it. The snow was three or four inches deep, and I did not blame him much, though I sorely missed my old stand-by—mother’s good blanket. I never saw a better.

So equipped, I was ready to start off for Conference, save that I did not have a cent of money. The day before I was to start, my father asked: “Have you any money to meet expenses?” He knew that I had none. He was a born quizz, and, smiling, he handed me

Seventy Years in Dixie

twelve dollars. He supposed that I would travel as preachers traveled in those days—without being charged, and that twelve dollars would last a good while for “pin money.” And so it would; but I traveled alone and neither looked nor felt like a preacher. I asked for my bill each morning, and paid it—usually one dollar for myself and horse. Conference met that year (1850) in Abingdon, and it required six days to make the trip. That took six of my dollars and left me six. At the missionary collection during Conference James Atkins, Sr. (father of Dr. James Atkins, now bishop), said: “I will be one of twenty to give five dollars.” There were nineteen responses, and then it “hung fire.” Finally I said, “I’ll take the other five,” and handed him the money. That left me with one dollar.

Well, I was admitted into the Conference on trial, with nine others—among them R. N. Price, who alone survives to this day. He and I were Emory students together, and side by side we have stood for these fifty-five years members of the Holston Conference, M. E. Church, South. May my God keep his hand on this dear man and bring him and his safely

Recollections of An Old Man

home from the field when the sun goes down!

Was I concerned about my appointment? No. I knew nothing of the fields of work and never once thought where I might be sent. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Bishop Capers read me out to Burnsville, N. C. (Holston then included Western North Carolina.) William Hicks was presiding elder; and, to my delight, James A. Reagan and R. N. Price were appointed to the adjoining work—Ream's Creek Circuit—and George Alexander to Asheville Station. We four (Alexander, Reagan, Price, and I) left Abingdon Wednesday, took dinner at Worley's one mile east of Bristol, and then went to Blountville and spent the night with J. J. James. I tried to preach that night. Next day we went to Jonesboro. Reagan and Price stopped with Dr. Cossen; and Alexander and I with J. H. Dosser. That night Alexander told me that he and Miss Lizzie Smith (daughter of Pleasant Smith, near Emory and Henry College) were going to be married after a few months and he wanted me to be his "best man." Of course, I agreed to do so. Miss Smith was his second wife. Next day we took dinner at Brother Wilhoit's, and

Seventy Years in Dixie

went on to Garrett's, near Warm Springs, N. C., for the night. This day we passed the celebrated Paint Rock, on the French Broad River, and our road and the river ran side by side. Leaving Garrett's Saturday morning, we went up this river road, one of the most picturesque and interesting mountain roads I ever saw—every foot of it bringing into view a beautiful picture as we followed the tortuous, headlong little stream hunting its way out of the mountains into the great Tennessee Valley.

Saturday night we got to the celebrated stand, Alexander's, ten miles this side of Asheville. Here Brother Alexander left us and went on to town to meet his first appointment. Reagan and Price were now in their own work. And here we found a charming Christian family—the Alexanders—mostly daughters, who were educated at the celebrated Moravian School at Salem, N. C. Rev. J. S. Burnett, of Holston, married one of them, and he and his wife were here at her father's. Judge John Baxter married two of them—a first and second wife. During the lifetime of the second wife he came from North Carolina to Knoxville, Tenn. I was on the Knoxville

Recollections of An Old Man

Station at that time, and she was a member of my Church. An acquaintance begun ten years before was gladly renewed on my part, and the renewal only increased my admiration for her superior Christian character. The Judge, a man of great intellect and strength of character, was a doubter as to the reality of the Christian religion—an honest doubter, I think. His wife took sick and was sick unto death. Wife and I were with her much of the time, and when the end came it was such a deathbed scene as shook the Judge, both mind and body. She talked as quietly of dying and going home as if she were going to make a visit to her father's house in the hills of old Buncombe, the home of her childhood. The Judge would stand at her head and listen as one amazed, and then walk the floor—wrestling not only with a great sorrow, but struggling with a fact for which he could not account without admitting the deepest truths of religion. We sang softly "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." She joined us in the song and smiled while she sang. I asked: "Are you afraid to die?" She answered with a clear, calm voice: "No sir; I am not afraid of anything." Finally she fell on sleep. A more

Seventy Years in Dixie

triumphant death I never witnessed. The Judge came and looked for a moment on her sweet, quiet face, and then walked the room again. We buried her next day, and the day following I met the Judge at his home. He took me by the hand, and with the lines of his face drawn tight as cords, he said: "There is something in the triumphant death of my wife inexplicable on any other ground than that religion is true." "Why," he added, "she was always timid as a frightened bird; but when the grim monster came, she knew no fear." Thank God for consistent Christian living and triumphant Christian dying!

XII

A MEMORABLE DAY



SUNDAY morning we all left the river and went over to Ream's Creek (now Weaverville). Here was the district parsonage, and Brother Hicks was at home, as he had come through the near way. Brother Reagan preached, and I concluded for him. Bishop Janes once held our Conference at this place. This was the home of the large and influential family of Weavers; hence the name, Weaverville. The Western North Carolina Conference now has a school there, Weaverville College. I was now some twenty-five or thirty miles southeast of my work, having gone around and passed it. I might have reached it directly from Jonesboro in half the distance by going a bridle pathway through the mountains. Monday morning I told the brethren good-bye and started alone for Burnsville, and this Monday was one of the most memorable days of my life. This is true to this day—fifty-five years

Seventy Years in Dixie

later. Up to this point, since leaving Conference, I had most congenial companions, and two of them knew the road and the people on the way. So I was easy as to the where and when and how of our traveling. But now I was to go alone. A strange feeling crept upon me as I began to fully take in the situation. But I was in the path of duty, as I honestly believed. The validity of my call to the ministry was never questioned, and it had never occurred to me that I could answer that call in any way but by being a traveling preacher. I found solid comfort here, and so I pulled up Fannie's bridle a little and said: "All right, gal, move on; this is the way for us." I am sorry for the Methodist preacher who never talked to his horse, or shared his apple or biscuit with him at lunch time.

I was late starting that morning; somehow did not want to say good-bye, and so had not gone more than ten miles before I had an inward admonition that it was nearing dinner time; and with that I began to consider my chances for something to eat for myself and Fannie. Then for the first time I thought of my money; but without feeling in my pocket

Recollections of An Old Man

for it, I began to count back where I had spent a fourpence here and another there. It was in the days of slavery, and I made it a rule to give something to the boy who cared for my horse and blacked my boots. We all wore boots in those days. Then we had to pay at two or three tollgates along the river. When I counted it up as well as I could, I concluded that I had spent seventy-five cents of the dollar I had left at Conference, and so thought there was still twenty-five cents in my pocket. But when the pocket was searched, I found only an old Spanish piece, worn perfectly smooth and very thin, worth twenty cents. This was my stock in trade among strangers, hungry, and two hundred miles from mother. Maybe a cloud passed over the sun just then, for things looked a little blue, I thought. However, Fannie and I were headed for the Burnsville Circuit, and, looking ahead, I saw a good-looking white house, apparently right in the road. On approaching it I found the road turned square to the right immediately in front of the house. I made the turn, and had gone a few yards past the gate when I heard a lady's voice calling: "Mr. Sullins." I heard only that, but that was enough. I stopped,

Seventy Years in Dixie

turned back, and made my best bow to a lady standing in the door. How this came about, I could not guess. In a moment she said: "Stop and take dinner with us." Here was a delightful surprise. No tired plowboy ever heard the dinner horn in the long days in June with more pleasure than that invitation gave me. She called a servant from the wood yard and said: "Take care of the gentleman's horse." As I approached she extended her hand, and explained thus: "I was at Ream's Creek yesterday. You concluded the services, and I learned your name and that you go to the Burnsville Circuit this year. We are Methodists, and are always glad to have the preachers stop with us. My name is Blackstock." This made all plain. I had an excellent dinner, and made the acquaintance of a family whose friendship I appreciated. When I was ready to leave, the family came together for prayers. That was the custom in those days. My friend, Miss Blackstock, said as I was starting: "There is no house on the road for many miles through the mountain at which you can get lodging. You will have to turn off the road some ten miles from here and stay with Mr. Carter." She then said

Recollections of An Old Man

casually: "He's a Baptist, and may charge you for staying all night." That last remark impressed me seriously, and the reader can tell why.

But Fannie and I were headed for the Burnsville Circuit, and this was the road. So after many thanks and "good-bye," I started, grateful for such good providence as gave me my dinner. The road ran along the foothills of the big mountains that towered high above me. The sand was deep, with loose rocks among it. Soon I began to think thoughts. Fannie clipped off the miles well. The shadows of the tall pines began to stretch far along the road. I must be near the bridle way that turns off to Carter's. And what will you do if when you ask for your bill in the morning the old gentleman should say, "One dollar?" Ah, there was the trouble. I do not think I was foolishly sensitive, but the thought of having to tell my Baptist host that I was a Methodist preacher and had but twenty cents in the world made the pine shadows look longer still. True, I could tell him, "My circuit comes near you, and I will surely pay you the other eighty cents soon," and maybe he would believe me. Still I did not feel good

Seventy Years in Dixie

over it. In the mountains, among strangers, with only twenty cents in my pocket, night coming on, and mother two hundred miles away! Well, if I cried a little there was no one to see me. Just then I looked up, and coming around a turn in the road I saw a large, well-dressed man on a fine pacing bay horse, some two hundred yards before me. This broke the train of thought. As the gentleman approached I lifted my eyes and bowed, and, to my surprise, he reined his horse up and stopped suddenly. Then turning, he said: "Excuse me, sir, but are you not the preacher going to Burnsville Circuit?" I answered: "I am." "Well," he said, "I am glad to see you, Brother Sullins. My name is McElroy. You will see on the plan of your work that I am the secretary of the board of stewards." Without giving me time to gather my thoughts together and tell him how glad I was to see him, he talked right on, saying: "I am glad to see you. I live in Burnsville; am on my way to Charleston, S. C., to lay in my winter stock of goods. Go right to my house and feel at home. I must hurry on, for I have to go to Blackstock's to stay all night." And he moved forward a step, perhaps, when suddenly

Recollections of An Old Man

he turned back and said: "Wait. Your first quarterly meeting will be held on Jack's Creek before I get back. Here, take this five dollar bill and report it for me to the Quarterly Conference." Then, starting again, he looked back and said: "A half mile up there you will find a path to the right, which leads out to old Mr. Carter's, where you can spend the night." There now! Surely a cloud had gone off the sun, it was so light on the hills. It was day-break everywhere, all the birds were singing at once.

Two minutes later you might have heard a young preacher whistling along up the road, keeping time as he patted Fannie's neck, or now and then chuckling a little to himself as he anticipated saying to Mr. Carter next morning, if he charged for the night's lodging: "I will have to trouble you to break this five, as I have not enough loose change by me to pay my bill."

But here is the little byway, and soon I am at Carter's, Fannie gone to the barn, and I seated on the porch with a fine basket of apples by my side. The sun is just going down, and a bracing breeze comes down from the Big Black Mountain, promising frost by

Seventy Years in Dixie

morning. So closed one of the most memorable days of my life. Its lessons on faith in Him who said to me in my childhood, "Go," have lingered with me ever since. Awful first day! Blessed first day! Never to be forgotten.

XIII

INTERESTING INCIDENTS



EATED on the porch of Mr. Carter, as the eventful first day of my ministry closed, I had a favorable opportunity for a little quiet. The evening breezes from the Big Black came crisp and cold out of the deep, dark forests of balsam, which gave color and name to this great monarch of the Alleghanies; and as they fanned my brow, I caught the rich aromatic odors they had gathered in their leafy dells, where they had spent the day, and was refreshed. The coming of the lowing cows from the field and the milkmaid, with pail in hand, going out to the pen where the restless calves were bleating, recalled Polly Shook and the days of childhood. Such had been the pleasing evidence of my Heavenly Father's timely care in the experiences of the day that I was really happy. I had learned as never before how to "commit my way unto the Lord and to trust also in Him." My meditations were soon interrupted. A gentleman rode up to the

Seventy Years in Dixie

gate, hitched his horse, and came directly to the house. A son of Mr. Carter, I guessed. But I was wrong, for as soon as he came on the porch he looked straight at me for a moment, then, bowing, said: "Aren't you the preacher going to the Burnsville Circuit?" I had often wondered how those "Tar Heels" could tell a preacher at a glance. I answered: "Yes." "Well," said he, "I thought so." Then he added: "My name is Young. I live with Mr. McElroy, in Burnsville. I am a Methodist and glad to see you." He was a young man about my age, and I was delighted to meet him. We occupied the same room that night, and I noticed that he bowed by his bed in prayer before he lay down. He was a young man of fine business sense, good character, and fair culture. He told me that his business there at that time was to buy cattle for the Southern market. The neighbors thereabouts were to bring their marketable cattle to that place in the morning. The announcement had been spread abroad. So when morning came, bringing a white frost, Mr. Young was up early to look after business, and very soon heard the big cow bells coming in on the different mountain roads and trails, ten,

Recollections of An Old Man

fifteen, or twenty in a squad, the leader of each herd usually wearing a large bell and announcing his approach by such bellowings as almost shook the hills. I was up right away, determined to see what was going on and to show the neighbors that I was not a "sleepy-head," but a wide-awake young preacher, ready for anything honorable, work or fun.

Mr. Young bought some forty or fifty out of the different herds, and among them three leaders, monster fellows, whose furious bellowings were enough to satisfy any Spaniard at a bullfight. The question of who is master must be settled before they are started on the road; otherwise, they will give trouble. So it was agreed to turn them two at a time into the little meadow nearby. First, the largest and smallest were turned in, and, after some pawing and bellowing, they locked horns—not figuratively. But the smaller one soon found that he was overmatched, and gave it up. Next the second in size was turned in. He was but a little less than the largest, and, after much bellowing and swelling and maneuvering for positions, they set to with force enough, it would seem, to burst their skulls.

Seventy Years in Dixie

And now the frost flew and the meadow sod was torn up as by a plow. Round and round they turned, trying for vantage ground, until finally the larger one threw his horn under the jaw or neck of his antagonist, and the fight was over; and nobody hurt, no blood spilled.

Thus began my first day on the Burnsville Circuit. Breakfast over, soon the cattle were on their way to Burnsville. I must not forget to tell you that Mr. Carter did not charge me for my night's lodging, but gave me a hearty invitation to return again. I joined Mr. Young and made some reputation as a cattle driver, and lost nothing by it.

We got to Burnsville that evening. My appointments began there the next Sunday. I spent the rest of the week there, visiting the families of my people and getting acquainted with the town. I found that there were twenty-two preaching places on the circuit, all to be filled every four weeks, with an average travel of about ten miles per day. I had no books but my Bible, hymn book, Discipline, and Watson's Dictionary. There were but few books in the homes I visited. Occasionally I would borrow a good book from a good brother and read it on horseback and

Recollections of An Old Man

return it on my next round. I was strong and in fine health; had been brought up on a farm, and knew how to mix with people. I could sing, and would say to the young people: "Next round I will stop with So-and-So. Bring all your notebooks, and let us have a 'singing.'" Thus I made their acquaintance and got close to them.

The pay of a preacher was one hundred dollars per year. This they paid in full. We reported one hundred conversions and additions that year. I left the work with about forty dollars in my pocket. They paid but little, but never allowed the preacher to pay for anything he needed. A suit or two of clothes, boots, hats, etc., were presents common in those days. I visited all I could; organized Sunday-schools in the spring; had two camp meetings on the work; was called to but one funeral during the year.

A thousand things connected with this first year of my ministry I must leave unwritten here. The country was wild and mountainous. The Big Black, the Roane, the Bald, the Yellow and the Lynnville Mountains were all in the circuit, the people simple and hospitable in their manners.

Seventy Years in Dixie

Conference met that fall (1851) at my old home Athens, Tenn. Thus an opportunity was afforded me of meeting father and mother and other home folks. What a delight! Bishop Andrew was in the chair, and D. R. McAnally was secretary. I was read out to Asheville Station, N. C. This made me tremble, and I went with much humility to undertake the unequal task. On my way I spent a night with John Harle, near the mouth of "Chucky," one of the best men I ever knew. He went with me next morning some two or three miles to show me how to ford "Chucky River" safely at its mouth. He stood on the bank and directed, "Up a little now;" and then, "To the right carefully;" now, "Down to the going out place." Safely over, I waved him a good-bye and moved on.

Asheville was but a flourishing village then (1851). I found a membership of about three hundred in the town, and among them the celebrated Vance family, Robert Vance, afterwards a general in the Confederate army and a member of Congress, was Sunday-school superintendent and class leader. His wife was Mary McElroy, of Burnsville. I had the pleasure of being at their wedding a year

Recollections of An Old Man

before, while I was on the Burnsville circuit. His mother, the widow of David Vance, resided here; and his brother, Zebulon, then just grown up to manhood, afterwards the world-renowned "Zeb Vance, of North Carolina," Congressman, General, Governor, Senator, etc. His sister, Ann (now the beloved wife of Dr. R. N. Price), was then the bright, attractive young leader of the social and religious circles of the village. Here, with their charming families, were Messrs. Nick and John Woodfin, the head of a law firm; and here "Old Uncle John Regnold," a superannuated member of the Holston Conference, with his dear old motherly wife and some hearty young sons. I boarded with them that year in the Carolina House. Here, too, was the Asheville Female College, then a Conference school, Rev. E. Rowley, president. The boarding pupils and faculty filled one-fourth of the church on Sunday mornings, and often embarrassed me by their presence. The Robertses, Smiths, Beards, Rankins, Edneys, etc., were there.

The year was in many respects a pleasant and successful one. We had a gracious revival during the year. Those were the

Seventy Years in Dixie

days of camp meetings everywhere. I attended three. One was out in Haywood County, I think—at least out near the Indian Reservation, at Shook's Camp Ground. Here on Monday night occurred a singular incident. Brother Hicks, presiding elder, had preached a strong sermon, and many penitents came to the front for prayer. After a lengthy altar service, such of the congregation as desired to do so were permitted to retire. I went to the preacher's tent and to bed. But sleep did not come—no pain, no trouble of any kind. All was quiet, save two or three voices out under the shed—sometimes a stanza of some old song in a low tone, then again a prayer, then words of exhortation. One of the voices was evidently that of a woman. I listened, trying to sleep, but sleep had fled. I conceived the little group lingering there at the altar to be a wife who had prayed long for a wicked husband, and, finding that husband penitent, she had enlisted the sympathy and help of a local preacher or class leader to remain with her to pray and encourage the poor sinner. This exercise had lasted, it seemed to me, till midnight. Somehow I felt like I ought to go out there; and, getting up, I dressed and

Recollections of An Old Man

went out, I knew not why. There, near to the stand, under the dim light of a single tallow candle, which was burning low in the wooden sconce, I saw the three, much as I conceived of before I came out. I did not go to them, but took my seat twenty or twenty-five feet away. Why, I did not know. Then there came into mind an old song I used sometimes to sing. It was a sort of dialogue between a Christian and a sinner. Immediately I began to sing it. It ran thus:

“Come, think on death and judgment,
Your time is almost spent;
You’ve been a wretched sinner,
’Tis time that you’d repent.”

Here the sinner puts in some excuses. Finally the Christian ends his pleadings with this:

“But what if you lie down to-night,
Supposing all is well,
And should your eyes be closed in death,
Your soul awake in hell?”

Sinner says:

“My case would then be awful,
I now begin to see;
I pray the Lord have mercy!
Have mercy, Lord, on me!”

I sang these simple words, and, without speaking to any one, went back to bed and to

Seventy Years in Dixie

sleep. Often I wondered at the whole thing, but could never understand it.

Seven years after this I was stationed in Chattanooga, E. F. Sevier, presiding elder. In midsummer he was in feeble health. My wife had gone to her father's at Jonesboro, with our first child, then about one year old. Brother Sevier said: "I have three quarterly meetings which I wish you would hold for me. I will fill your pulpit here while you are gone. He lived in Chattanooga then. Of course, I consented. The meetings were to be at Ducktown, Tenn., Murphy, N. C., and Coker's Creek, Tenn. I held the meeting at Ducktown, and spent most of the week there, interested in the copper works. Saturday I went to the Murphy meeting. It was on the Murphy Circuit, but not in the town of Murphy. At the close of the morning services I assisted the pastor in Quarterly Conference. When we were through, a brother came and spoke to me, and said: "You don't know me, but I know you." When I inquired where I had met him, he said: "Do you remember the Monday night at Shook's Camp Ground, when you came out of the preacher's tent about midnight and sang a song about death and

Recollections of An Old Man

judgment?" "Yes," I said, "and I've never known why." "Well," he replied, "I was there and was restless that night, had walked about till just before you came out, and then took my seat against a post at the upper end of the shed, in the dark, and was listening to the three who lingered under the dim light near the pulpit, when you came out and sang that song. The last lines filled me with trembling, and as you went back I resolved to be a better man from that moment. I sought and found pardon, joined the Church. To-day I am a local preacher and on my way to glory, thankful to God for that Monday night at Shook's Camp Ground." "Well, well," I said, "here, after seven years, I see in part the meaning of that strange night." And so I conclude that no man knows just when he is doing his best work. Only to follow the promptings of the Holy Spirit and leave results to him is always safe. Strange things will often occur. The explanation will come by and by.

XIV

CHEROKEE PREACHERS



HERE were five or six Cherokee Indians at the meeting of which I wrote in the last chapter at Shook's Camp Ground. Among them were two local preachers of our Church, Old Charley and Black Fox. I was very much interested in the company, and often sought opportunity to talk with them. They had an interpreter along, a "half-breed." Their grave and devout manners in time of worship were very marked. Indeed, they were at all times very serious, not to say grim. They rarely ever smiled, and never laughed a hearty, open laugh. When they talked among themselves, I noticed they did not move their lips, like other folks; and on inquiry I found they had but few, if any, labial sounds in their language. So I began to try all the Indian names of rivers, mountains, towns, etc., known to me, and found that I could pronounce or sound them without putting my lips together, thus: Chattanooga, Ocoee,

Recollections of An Old Man

Tennessee, Coosa, Unaka, and so on for fifty or more names. The accent was always on the last syllable, and was a sort of grunt. I wondered if their language had not been constructed, or grown, out of their characteristic fondness for secrecy. Two of them ten feet away from you might be talking, but you could not see their mouths move. As Conference was to be in Asheville that fall, I asked Old Charley and Black Fox to come and see their "big brothers." They did. At an evening service for preaching I told Old Charley that I would call on him to pray after the sermon. He prayed in his own language; and while we could not understand what he said, we felt sure that our common Father understood him. His voice was very soft, and even musical at the first, but grew loud and almost vehement before he closed. We all said "Amen," and were glad that our God understood Cherokee.

This Asheville Conference was the first I had to entertain, and I found plenty of work locating and taking care of the preachers. The Conference was not so large then, as there were no lay delegates. Bishop Capers came on a few days beforehand, and I had the

Seventy Years in Dixie

pleasure of entertaining him. This year I received deacon's orders. The sessions were held in the college chapel. My appointment this year was to the Jonesboro Station. I took public conveyance (had no horse), and got to Jonesboro Saturday evening, October 2, 1852. I stopped at the hotel. Next day I preached twice, and had the pleasure of meeting many of my people. Here I found a good membership in a good, new church. The colored membership was large, and I usually preached for them at three in the afternoon in the Sunday-school room, which was the basement. Jonesboro was then the best town between Knoxville and the State line, Bristol. There was no Bristol then; it was known as James King's big meadows, post office, Sapling Grove. The legal profession was very strong at Jonesboro: James W. Deadrick, T. A. R. Nelson, S. J. W. Luckey, John Blair, Landon Haynes, William Maxwell, T. D. Arnold, John Aiken, and others. A historic old town was Jonesboro, once the capital of the State of Franklin.

Here and hereabouts the Seviers and Tiptons had their long and bitter struggle for political supremacy. At this time Odd Fellowship

Recollections of An Old Man

was very popular in East Tennessee. Many of the best citizens were members of the order, and they turned their attention to the cause of education—very wisely, as I think—and used their organization to establish and maintain schools. The lodge at Rogersville established the Odd Fellows' Female College there, and conducted it for years. It is now the synodical College of the Presbyterian Church.

The lodge at Abingdon, Va., undertook a very extensive school enterprise, and spent a good deal of money on it; but a little later it was turned over to our Church, and is now our Martha Washington, the oldest of our Holston female colleges. The lodge at Jonesboro, made up of the best citizens of the town and county, projected a similar enterprise and established an Odd Fellows' Female College there in 1853. Rufus P. Wells, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and I were elected associate principals. I consented to the arrangement as a temporary "supply," not dreaming that I should ever become a schoolman. And yet four-fifths of the time since that have I been a teacher. How little one knows what his life shall be! I fully expected

Seventy Years in Dixie

to be a regular field hand, but Providence put me in the shop. I am sure it did not once occur to me to be anything but a traveling Methodist preacher. Nor did my acceptance of the position in this school involve a change of purpose. The school prospered. Our music teacher was Miss Chisom, from Fort Smith, Ark. She was a Cherokee quadroon, and carried strong marks of her Indian blood and was a good musician and a sensible, practical woman. This was at a time when the E. T. & V. R. R. was being graded. Mr. R. L. Owen was chief engineer, and afterwards became President of the road. He and Miss Chisom and I boarded at the same hotel. To make the story short, he courted and married her. I had the pleasure of officiating at the wedding, and Miss A. R. Blair, mentioned elsewhere, was bridesmaid. He took his bride to Lynchburg, his native town. To them were born two sons—Otway and Robert L., manly young fellows who used to visit us with their mother when they were but lads. Otway, I think, died young. After the death of Mr. Owen, she took her son, now grown and educated in a Virginia college, back to the Territory. I see stated in the papers

Recollections of An Old Man

of this week that "Robert L. Owen, who is one-eighth Cherokee, has been nominated by the Democrats for a seat in the United States Senate, at Muskogee, Ind. T." Bravo! Bravo! Well, Robert is no milksop, I'll warrant you, and his good tomahawk will be a match for Mr. Tillman's pitchfork.

This year I attended a camp meeting at the celebrated Brush Creek Camp Ground site, now within the corporate limits of Johnson City. Here, some years before, occurred a fearful tragedy at a night service during a thunderstorm, which resulted in the death of two very popular young people by a stroke of lightning. Rev. N. G. Taylor gave me an account of it. The young people killed were Mr. —— Gillespie and his betrothed, Miss Mary Taylor, sister of N. G. Taylor, then a young man, and aunt of Hon. Robert L. Taylor, of the United States Senate. Mr. Gillespie and Miss Taylor were standing in the door of a tent only a few feet back of the preacher's stand, and Taylor said he was sitting in the tent, near by, listening to William Milburn preach on the judgment, and that a feeling of awful solemnity seemed to burden the air. This I can well believe; for when William

Seventy Years in Dixie

Milburn preached on the judgment it was awful preaching, and I doubt not the sermon and the lightning and thunder were in unison. Taylor said there were three strokes of lightning in quick succession, the first some little distance up the valley, the second much nearer. The third did the fearful work, killing the two and prostrating many others. Brother Taylor said he was unconscious for a few minutes, and when restored found that "the red-winged messenger had taken my beautiful sister almost right out of my arms." Then he gave a graphic description of the awful scene. How I wish I could produce the word-painted picture which he drew of that midnight of horrors—its blackness of darkness, the rain coming down in floods, the bellowing thunder literally shaking the earth as the vivid lightning threatened to set the whole encampment on fire; the awe-struck assembly in the greatest terror and confusion, some praying, some screaming, and all rushing here and there in blind distraction. The bodies of the two young lovers were placed side by side on the straw under the shed.

N. G. Taylor was perhaps a more eloquent and graphic delineator of tragic scenes than

Recollections of An Old Man

either his honored sons, Robert L. or Alf A. I stood with him on the very spot in the very tent door where young Gillespie and Mary Taylor stood when the bolt struck them, and heard him tell the gruesome story, his lips quivering and his eyes half filled with tears. I had the pleasure of preaching to him and his wife and "Old Black Mammy" at three o'clock Sunday evening at that meeting, Bob and Alf being little chaps then. That Taylor family is now on my list of long-time friends, and my recollections of many tokens of love from them is very pleasant. Mrs. Taylor was a queenly person, a very brilliant woman, a fine conversationalist, and a charming musician, and, mark you, mother of "The Fiddle and the Bow." She was a sister of Landon C. Haynes, perhaps the most captivating orator these East Tennessee hills ever gave to the country. I seem to see her now, like Cornelia, daughter of Scipio Africanus and mother of the immortal Gracchi, standing between her two sons, saying, "*Haec ornamenta mea sunt*" ("These are my jewels")—honored sons of a noble ancestry, as worthy of immortality as Tiberius and Caius of classic story!

DEATH OF JAMES H. CARDWELL.

IN the last chapter we were at Jonesboro, Tenn. (1853), and I was closing my third year in the ministry at old Brush Creek Camp Meeting. The most memorable occurrence of this year was the death of my brother-in-law, James H. Cardwell, of Abingdon, Va. My sister wrote me of his sickness, and requested me to come to them. She was in delicate health, with a babe only a few weeks old in her arms. I went at once, and found him very low in the last stages of typhoid fever; but his mind was clear and his faith triumphant. He was a dear, good man. I perhaps had not known a better—a class leader and a Sunday-school superintendent, a fine singer and mighty in prayer, a man of fine social qualities, who loved and enjoyed life. He had an interesting young family, a wife and five children; and now the end was nigh, when he must surrender all his cherished plans for

Recollections of An Old Man

life and leave his wife a widow and his children fatherless. He had been an elder brother to me when I was at Emory and Henry College, ten miles away. I was almost crushed as I stood by his bed, with his little family stunned by the unutterable sorrow that fell like a bolt upon their heads and hearts. That night I persuaded sister to take the children to her room and let me watch. We were alone—Cardwell and I. A little fire flickered on the hearth, and in the stillness the clock seemed to tick unusually loud. We talked some of days gone by, and some of his wife and children, but most of the future. He did not believe that he could get well, and then he spoke of God's love in Christ Jesus and his promise to be a husband to the widow and a father to his children. His eyes filled with tears; and then, restraining himself a moment, he said: "Brother, they will not let me shout and praise my God; and I wanted you to come, for I knew you would." I said: "Brother, we are hoping that you may get well, and we want you to husband your strength." He was silent. After a few moments, I took my seat before the fire with my back toward him; and soon I heard a whisper—a deep whisper—coming

Seventy Years in Dixie

from his bed. I stole a look back, and there he was, with his face turned right up toward heaven, and he was putting his hands together and then separating them and bringing them together again while in the act of clapping them; and then he said, "Glory to God! glory to God!" in a whisper. That midnight hour I have never forgotten. I have never felt nearer to God and heaven, perhaps, than at that silent hour. The memory of it comes into the recollections of an old man as he looks back, like a traveler, to the high places he has passed and sees the tops of the distant mountains still bathed in the mellow sunlight of a peaceful sunset.

Next morning it was apparent that he was growing more and more feeble, and we felt that the end was nigh. Sister said to me: "Watch, and don't let him get away without speaking to me and the children. Call us in time." The doctor came, and other friends; and soon I went and told sister to come in. She brought the children and the nurse with the baby. As soon as they entered the room, he seemed to understand what it meant and held out his hands and took the babe first and then each child in his arms and blessed it. And then,

Recollections of An Old Man

looking at his wife, he waited with outstretched arms for her to come; and with a short prayer he released her with a good-bye kiss, the last of earth. And from that moment he never seemed to know that he had a wife or a child—never spoke of them again. They had passed out of his earthly life. The nurse took the children into an adjoining room, where a number of weeping women had assembled. I took sister up in my arms, and half carried her, limp, from the room. A heartbroken sigh and a deep groan told how surely she felt the stroke that left her a widow with a group of orphan children. I could scarcely move her along, she seemed so reluctant to go. But to our astonishment, just as we passed through the door into the next room, she sprang from my arms and said: “Glory to God! No, this is not all—heaven and eternity are yet left!” And so she continued to walk up and down the room shouting, while we all wondered at the strange woman. The neighbor women looked at me with tear-filled eyes and said plainly enough: “What does all this mean?” I guessed at some things, but said nothing; for I could see only the outside. Then I caught her in my arms and laid her

Seventy Years in Dixie

on the bed, where she became quiet, with a smile on her face, as with upturned gaze, she seemed to be looking far away at beautiful things. Next morning she said: "Brother, you were all surprised at my conduct yesterday when we came out of Henry's room. Well, when we left his bedside, I could think of nothing but good-bye forever. All was shut up—black as midnight. This is the last sad memory and buried hope. But just as we passed out of the room, there came back to me all in a moment, like a burst of light, the great truths he and I had so often talked of and loved so much—that death was not the end, that heaven and eternity were just on the other side. And I believed it all and blessed God for it." And she was ready to go to shouting again. It was all plain enough now, and we felt the joy of it. We buried the good man there in the good old town of Abingdon, among his friends, to await the trumpet that shall call the sleepers in Jesus. His wife joined him many years ago, going up with a shout. Mother died that way too—O so long ago! Dr. Daniel Trigg, the family physician, went out on the street, and to inquiring friends said that Cardwell was dead. And when he

Seventy Years in Dixie

had told them of the deathbed scene, he added: "Friends, when I die I want to die Cardwell's way." And I have been saying, "Amen; me too," ever since.

And now, Mr. Editor and kind reader, this short chapter is to comply in part with the promise made sometime ago to continue the "Recollections of An Old Man." So I will, as the good Lord shall give me strength and guide my unskilled hand. I have written too little and talked too much in my time. Indeed, I think people talk too much; most men do, and some women.

I am charmed as we follow Dr. Richardson toward "sunset" with his war experience and things that happened this side of it—aye, this side of it! He and Price had a good time, I'll warrant, in that Mills River country among the Tarheels. There are no better people known to me. Richardson got a good deal out of that country in the love and friendship of the people; but Price got more; he got his wife there at Asheville, the sister of Genl. Bob and Hon. Zeb Vance. That makes me think of something. It was when he and I were associated in the faculty of Emory and Henry College. We had been drumming around the

THE
SCHOOL OF THE
SACRAMENT



F. RICHARDSON

D. SULLINS

R N. PRICE

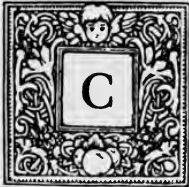
NO VIBRI ALIMENTAR

Seventy Years in Dixie

land for, say, two weeks together, when we stopped for dinner one day; and while the dinner was being prepared, Price said: "I must write to my wife." When he had finished his letter and was ready to back it, he had forgotten his wife's given name, and turned to me with: "What is my wife's given name?" I answered: "You married Ann Vance." "Yes—pshaw—Ann," he said, and so finished the letter. He was perhaps thinking about an editorial for the *Holston Methodist* (afterwards the *Midland*), of which he was then editor. Well, I was to see them the other day; and the old people are as cozy as cats in the corner, having light at evening time. And Richardson is their beloved pastor. Think of that! Dick and Frank together at Morristown, and Dave here at Cleveland, thinking and writing about them. Well, boys, we have worked in this field together nearly sixty years. It must be getting late, and nearly all our fellows have quit and gone home. Only another row or two at most to hoe. The whip-poor-will has begun his evening song up in the shaded hollow; and mother is coming down the hill to the well for milk and butter for supper, singing: "O heaven, sweet heaven, I long for thee!" Let's hurry up a little.

XVI

MY THIRD APPOINTMENT



CONFERENCE met this year (1853) at Wytheville, Va., Bishop Paine in the chair and W. C. Graves, secretary. When my name was called in the examination of character, my presiding elder, T. K. Catlett, rose and said in substance: "There is a report abroad that he has broken a marriage engagement, to his discredit." That put a stop to the passage of my character, and almost frightened me out of breath. But my friends asked for a committee of investigation. And I learned that a brother-in-law of the young lady went before the committee in her name and exonerated me. The committee so reported. I was never called before the committee. My character passed. And immediately the committee of public worship announced that I would preach at 3 p. m. This I did to a full house, many of whom, no doubt, were curious to see the young preacher who had a reputa-

Seventy Years in Dixie

tion for fondness for the ladies. Well; I was humble and grateful and "had liberty;" and the dear old mothers helped the boy preach, with many an "Amen" and "Glory to God." We had a good time, and the congregation took me fully into their confidence by an all-round hand-shaking. And the Bishop and the cabinet seemed to agree with the people, for I was appointed to the presidency of Strawberry Plains College, 1853-54. Another clap of thunder in a clear sky! A word about this school for the information of the young people and to preserve historical fact concerning our educational work in Holston. Emory and Henry had been founded some fifteen years before in the Virginia part of our territory; and the old school at New Market, under the presidency of Rev. Allen H. Matthews, had gone down. So we had no school in the southern part of our field, where one was much needed. Rev. Thomas Stringfield, one of our oldest and wisest leaders, lived at the Plains and owned a fine farm on the banks of the Holston River, where the town of Straw Plains now stands. Mr. Stringfield donated some sixteen acres, on which was a grove of trees, for school

Recollections of An Old Man

purposes. Here were built some fairly good houses on the hill just east of where the town is situated, and for several years a school was conducted there under the name of Strawberry Plains College. Our now sainted James S. Kennedy, who had just graduated from Emory and Henry, was head master here for several years. And it was during these years that he courted and married Miss Stringfield, who became the mother of a large family of superior sons and daughters. Among them our honored missionary J. L. Kennedy, of Brazil. Brother Kennedy had left the school at the Plains, having accepted a professorship in the faculty of Randolph and Macon in Virginia. Mr. Stringfield was now an old man and no longer able to give the school much attention, and his family, which had been the strength of the enterprise, were grown up and gone, save Miss Mary (now Mrs. Ray, of Asheville, N. C.) and James, then away at college, who afterwards became a member of our Conference and much beloved by his brethren, a young man of great promise, but died young. Mrs. Butler, editor of the *Woman's Advocate*, another daughter, was then in Knoxville with her husband, a merchant. And Maj. William,

Seventy Years in Dixie

another son, was, perhaps at Waynesville, N. C. The friends of the college were scattered, the school run down, the buildings out of repair and grounds neglected; so Mr. Stringfield asked and secured my appointment to it, hoping that something could be done to revive its fortunes. I went there after Conference, and finding matters as stated above, concluded that it was a hopeless job without money to make repairs, etc. I went back to Jonesboro. The buildings at Strawberry Plains were all burned during the war, I believe. And there is no trace of them left. Let me add another word about our Holston schools. Soon after the founding of Emory and Henry College, Rev John H. Brunner (now Dr.) began his wonder-working at Hiwassee College, which has weathered the storm of half a century and still flourishes. Success to Rev. Dr. Eugene Blake, who now has charge of it. It has a worthy history and is now, as I believe, one of the best schools for our young people in all our Holston country; is better equipped for thorough work to-day than ever before, in buildings and outfit. It is co-educational. Write to Rev. Dr. Eugene Blake for information, Hiwassee College, Tenn.

Recollections of An Old Man

I still held the position of associate principal in the college with Rev. R. P. Wells, of the Presbyterian Church. He and I found the double work of pastor and teacher very heavy. And so, by way of a little relief, we agreed that he should bring his congregation to my church on alternate Sunday nights and preach to both congregations, and I go alternate Sunday nights to his church with my people and preach. In this way we had an off night every other Sunday night. But his health soon failed, and he gave up the work. This greatly increased my work and responsibility. But I was young and strong physically, having developed bone and muscle on the farm until I was eighteen years old. And I have reason to this day, in my eighty-first year, to thank God for a strong and healthy body. So I shouldered the labors and cares of church and school. And I am glad I did, for as I now look back over the fifty-four intervening years to those days and note results, I gravely doubt if I have done five years of better work in all my life. True, the board of management of the school gave me superior assistants as teachers, and the whole town was in sympathy with the school. But that which now strikes

Seventy Years in Dixie

me as most noteworthy during those years was the superior character of the girls and young women who attended school. No faculty ever had better material out of which to develop charming womanhood. Bear with me and note I am not bragging on myself, but on my pupils. The very best men of the land sought them for wives. Let me mention a few of them and the sensible men who married them: Virginia Blair, wife of Rev. Dr. W. E. Munsey; Eva Dulaney, wife of Rev. Dr. John Bachman, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Sallie Cunningham, wife of Rev. Nathan Bachman, Sweetwater, Tenn.; Jodie Burts, wife of Rev. W. H. Bates, of Holston Conference for twenty-nine years; Nannie Ripley, wife of Rev. J. N. S. Huffaker, twenty years a member of Holston; Eva Snapp, wife of Rev. A. A. Blair, sometime professor in Tennessee University; Sopha Hoss, wife of Rev. Dr. J. D. French, of Holston Conference, and Dora Hoss, wife of Judge S. J. Kirkpatrick, Johnson City, Tenn. (sisters of the Bishop); Irene Blair, wife of John E. Naff, of Holston; Ann Mary Deaderick, wife of the late W. T. Van Dyke, Esq., of Chattanooga; Laura Mitchell, wife of Judge J. F. J. Lewis, of Knoxville; Kitty

Recollections of An Old Man

Wilds, wife of the late Judge A. J. Brown, Greeneville, Tenn.; Ella Luckey, wife of the late Judge Jesse Gaut, of Cleveland, Tenn.; Issadore Deaderick, wife of Hon. J. A. Moon, Chattanooga, Tenn. (M. C.); Sallie Luckey, wife of the late Colonel Moore, of Dalton, Ga.; Sallie Foster, wife of Rev. Samuel Rhea, missionary to India; Eva Burts, wife of the late Hon. Felix Ernest, Johnson City, Tenn.; Mollie Dulaney, wife of M. M. Butler, M. D., Bristol, Tenn.; ——— Dulaney, wife of Judge C. J. St. John, Bristol, Tenn.; Ann Rebecca Blair, wife of D. Sullins, of Holston Conference for fifty-seven years; and others whose names do not occur to me at this writing, now after the lapse of fifty-four years. In addition to these, there are half a score and more wives of the most influential and successful merchants and farmers in the State. These men and their wives have had much to do in the shaping of public sentiment in the State; and especially in the religious life of this land for the last fifty years. Look over the list and say if I may not be a little proud of having had some humble part in the education of such a class of wives and mothers. This was my first four years as a teacher. Am I become a fool for boasting?

Seventy Years in Dixie

Well, Paul says he was once. But there is a difference between Paul and me in this case, as in many others. He was provoked to it—I tempted. I hope the good women whose names I have used above will pardon the liberty I have taken.

XVII

REVIVAL IN SCHOOL



DURING this year (1854) we had a rather peculiar revival of religion, which was largely confined to the school. I say peculiar, and so it was in its origin and progress and otherwise. Read on and see. After school closed one Indian summer evening, we all came down from the hill on which the school buildings stood, the young ladies and smaller children (say a hundred and fifty) chatting and laughing as usual, a happy group, I bringing up the rear. I remember, as I looked over the long line moving down the sidewalk, there came suddenly and strangely a most tender solicitude for the salvation of the playful rompers. Some of them were Christians, I knew; but many were not. But why there should come just at that moment such a sense—a burdening sense—of responsibility and obligation upon me touching those young souls, I could not tell. I have always felt a strong desire for the salva-

Seventy Years in Dixie

tion of my pupils, and prayed and planned for it; but here was something deeper and more solemn, authoritative, and seemed to say: "Now is the time." And with this there came what amounted to an assurance that if I would go right forward and hold a meeting the Lord would graciously sanction and bless the services. There was no special religious interest in the town, and I had not thought of such a meeting at that time; and yet this impression was so definite and strong that, without once thinking of what might be necessary for the success of such a meeting, or of the numerous difficulties in the way, I determined to make the appointment.

Now, this all took place while I was walking a hundred yards, perhaps. And so, going on down the street, I met two or three of my most active and helpful members; but I did not consult them as to whether we would have the meeting; that was settled. I simply told them there would be services in our church to-morrow night—come praying and trusting. I made the announcement to the school next day, after a few words of exhortation to the children, and invited them and the teachers to be present. The fight was now on, the responsibility as-

Recollections of An Old Man

sumed. Mr. Wells, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, was away from home. I had no ministerial help, and not much lay help. True, there was Uncle Jimmy Dillworth (about first cousin to Dillworth's spelling book, that was), the superintendent of the Sunday-school and the class leader, and a good right arm for any preacher. We had no organ, large or small (an organ would have frightened my people then), no choir and no leader of singing, no song book but our regular hymn book, and no preacher but me; and I (a poor three-year-old) had been pastor for a year, and had preached about all I knew and perhaps a little more, and had the school on my hands. A poor prospect, humanly speaking; and from the standpoint of to-day, should a pastor call his stewards to consider the question of a protracted meeting under such conditions, I think some would say: "Brethren, I don't think this the time; let us postpone till better weather and moonlight nights." In those days we did not have so many helpful external things to look to, so we looked almost entirely to the great promise, "Not by might, but by my Spirit," and God did the work. Brothers, our God has not

Seventy Years in Dixie

yet lost the fine art of doing great things with little instruments. One might preach a word just here; but I am writing recollections, and so I go on. Well, the appointment got abroad in town, and when the time came for services I found the church well filled. This did not surprise me, for I thought it would be—why, I don't know. The official and working members of both congregations were present, and the young people were there, thoughtful and reverent. I did the little preaching; and by way of giving the keynote to the meeting, I sang a solo just before taking my text—a not uncommon thing for a preacher then, but much out of vogue now. The song was not in the book, so the people had only to listen; and I sang:

“Brethren, we have met to worship
And adore the Lord our God.
Will you pray with all your power
While we try to preach the word?
Brethren, see poor sinners round you
Trembling on the brink of woe,
Far from God and unconverted;

Can you bear to let them go?
Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sister aided him;
Will you seek the trembling mourners
Who are laboring hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,

Recollections of An Old Man

Tell them that he will be found;
Sisters, go exhort the mourners,
Speak the word to all around."

This I sang, and more. And I did not mouth the words, nor sacrifice the sense and sentiment of the song for the sake of a half tone or crescendo in the melody. The people knew what was said. And when I sang, "Sisters, will you join and help us?" I could almost see the "Yes, we will" in their up-turned faces, and it helped me. The meeting moved right off at a good gait. Conversions occurred in the church, in the homes, in the school, at recess, and under the trees on the campus. I preached at night, and taught during the day. We did not suspend the school. A word here: I am persuaded from experience that it is a mistake to suspend a school when the Lord sends a revival into it. Two duties can never conflict. Let the pupils know that it is religious to do their daily work; religion and duty are one. It may be well to modify the daily requirements some, but don't pull the bridle off the colts; they may caper beyond the fence, and "Satan will find mischief for idle hands to do." Let him that hath ears to hear listen.

Seventy Years in Dixie

I gave myself no concern as to when the meeting should close. It was the Lord's meeting. He had begun it; and I, with cheerful submission, left it with Him to close it. It continued for some ten days; and when the time came to close it, I did so, satisfied that it was according to His will. The closing night was full of interest. After a genuine song service and some few words of exhortation, I opened the door of the Church (the first time during the services), and in doing so said in substance: "Those who want to join the Methodist Church, come and take your places here on these front seats to my left." Sixteen came, nearly all grown young ladies. Then I said: "I know that many of you who have started the new life are members of Presbyterian families and ought to go into the church with your parents. But Brother Wells is not here, and I want such of you as will go into the Presbyterian Church at the first opportunity to come to these seats at my right. I will take your names and report them to him when he gets home." And eight came. And so it was done. That was the first time I ever opened the door of the Presbyterian

Recollections of An Old Man

Church. The next time was when I broke into it and got my wife out a year later.

Now, that was my peculiar revival. Does some reader say: "I don't understand that sort of a meeting. Can you explain it?" I don't have to, thank God! It is like prophecy—interpreted by results. Let any man who has known East Tennessee for the last fifty years take the list of names of wives given in the last chapter, most of whom were converted in this revival, and note how much of the best found in the Church and State is justly ascribed to them and their families, and he will have an explanation that ought to be satisfactory. Here's my guess: The Head of the Church knew (yes, I believe in the foreknowledge of God) that these preachers and judges and lawyers and doctors and merchants and farmers would marry these women and largely direct the affairs of Church and State; and that it was very necessary that these girls should be converted, seeing that, like their royal sister of Shushan, they had "come to the kingdom for such a time"—*aye, such a time*. And so he used this strange revival to that end. And I thank Him for using me in an humble way for such a service.

XVIII

MARRIAGE



AFTER a pastorate of two years at Jonesboro (1852-53 and 1853-54), the Conference continued to return me to the school till the year 1857. During these years we had for our pastors T. J. Pope, Coleman Campbell, and J. N. S. Huffaker. Brother Pope did not fill out his time, and so I supplied the work in part. Coleman Campbell was a superior preacher, but had suffered with some paralysis of the muscles of the face. He was a sweet-spirited and charming companion. I used to sit behind him in the pulpit and listen and wonder at the grace and force of his utterances. He used a large red bandanna handkerchief, and occasionally flourished it about while preaching. Well, I was sitting behind him one day, and Campbell had put his red bandanna in his pocket, leaving one corner of it hanging out. Just then a piece of mischief crept into my head, and I had as well tell it,

Recollections of An Old Man

or Bishop Hoss will tell it on me. My handkerchiefs were linen. I had not been married long, and my wife kept mine with hers; so when she gave me one, it filled the air with a delightful perfume. All right. I slipped Coleman's out of his pocket, and put mine in its place. Soon he had occasion to use his, and, as he thought, got it out and flourished it before his face. He hesitated a moment, looked at it, and passed it under his nose; and it would have "made a dog laugh" to see his face. Of course I was looking out of the window just then. Campbell turned half around to see me, and then rallied and went on. Hoss was a wide-awake boy in the congregation, and a piece of that sort of mischief by a preacher in church was not allowed to pass unnoticed or be forgotten.

In 1855 (May 3) I was married to Ann Rebecca Blair, youngest daughter of Hon. John Blair, who for some twelve years represented his district (the First) in Congress. My brother, Timothy, officiated. The Blair family was a large one. There were three brothers of the old stock—William K., John, and Robert. All came from Pennsylvania, were Presbyterians, and had large families.

Seventy Years in Dixie

So I was in a nest of bluestockings and akin to nearly everybody in the community. Wife and I had a home with her father for two years after marriage. The Conference had so readily consented to my appointment to the school for so many years that all seemed to think of nothing else but my return for another year. We began to think of having a home of our own in Jonesboro, maybe, for years. Mr. Blair gave my wife a nice house and lot adjoining his. We went to work, busy as a pair of birds preparing a nest. We repainted and papered, got carpets, furnished kitchen, dining room, parlor, and bedrooms, bought a cow, and filled the pantry. This was in the fall of 1857, just before Conference at Marion. Mr. Blair suggested that we should not make a fire in the cooking stove, but leave all clean and new for our use when we should return from Conference. And so we did. The school was flourishing. It had about one hundred and seventy-five pupils, and the Board had made the usual application to the Conference for my return. Everything was lovely. Our firstborn was six months old. So we went to Conference in fine spirits, and could hardly wait to go into our new home

Recollections of An Old Man

and go to keeping house by ourselves, like other folks. Well, to get over a boggy place as quickly as possible, let me take a running start and jump and tell you at once: We did not get back to live in our house, and it was sixteen years before we ever had another. We were read out to go to Chattanooga, and our appointment almost came last in the list. Wife and I sat together, and she took my arm and we moved right out of the house and started to our home; neither spoke, as far as I know. We had not walked perhaps twenty steps from the church door when I felt some one touch me on the back, and, turning, to my surprise found it was Bishop Early, who said hurriedly: "Brother Sullins, you will go?" I answered without a moment's hesitation and emphatically: "Certainly, Bishop, I will go." He said no more, but "God bless you." Ten thousand things rushed through my mind and heart—thoughts flying to all points of the compass. A cyclone and tornado and an earthquake had all struck us at the same time. My answer to the Bishop made all clear to my wife. We were going to Chattanooga; that at least was fixed, and it was well. Nothing

Seventy Years in Dixie

debatable, we had only to shape all our plans to that end. Fortunately, she and I had talked over the fact of my relations to the Conference before we were married, and it was definitely understood that I should always hold myself ready to do any work as a Methodist preacher the Church might require. I also had the same understanding with the trustees of the school; my staying with them depended on the approval of my Conference. These facts made matters much easier than they otherwise would have been. But what a destruction of plans and cherished hopes, especially for my wife! As far as I now recollect, neither of us ever went into that house or got anything out of it. I told Mr. Blair to take the whole thing, cow and all, and do as he liked with it; we were going to Chattanooga. O, it was so hard on wife! But I owe it to the devotion and fidelity of the true, wifely woman (now in heaven for six years) to say that she never said a word to hinder or delay our movements, nor did she allow others to do so.

Everything was put on the run to get us off, and in less than ten days we were ready to say good-bye. Conference met that year on October 22. It was now the middle of

Recollections of An Old Man

November. We took the train, and ran to Limestone, eleven miles. Limestone was then the terminus of the road going west. There was no railroad from there to Bull's Gap, the terminus going east. This left a gap of some forty miles. Fortunately for us, my wife's oldest brother, William P. Blair, was running a hack line over this gap. So, when we got to Limestone, we took a hack and went a mile or two to Mr. Miller's, where we spent the night. Next morning, to our surprise and great regret, the snow was five or six inches deep. Nothing daunted us; we bundled up and struck out. By supper, at dark, we got to Blue Springs (now Mosheim). This left us about fourteen or fifteen miles of mud and slush to Bull's Gap. The night was dark and cold. We got to the Gap at one that night. There was no hotel, just a little shack by the roadside. We ran in, but found no room empty. So we got some mattresses and made beds on the floor before the fire. The train was to leave next morning a little before daylight. This was Friday night; and we must get to Chattanooga next day to meet my first appointment on Sunday, and we could not afford to miss that morning train.

Seventy Years in Dixie

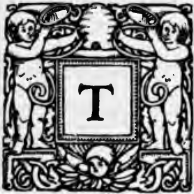
A little uneasy sleep, fearing croup in the baby, and then up and off at daylight for Chattanooga. It was a new road, and the train went at a dog trot and stopped everywhere. We got to Chattanooga at night, and found the snow all gone. The train stopped in the woods at the Crutchfield (now Read) House. There were then, perhaps, not a dozen houses from the Read to the foot of Missionary Ridge. We had neither of us ever been to Chattanooga. It was a rambling little town of possibly less than two thousand inhabitants. Indeed, it had but lately donned its big Indian name, Chattanooga (Potato House), and begun to put on town ways. It had been known as "Ross' Landing." Here Jack Ross, the Cherokee chief, lived, where Rossville is; and here supplies of all sorts came down the river to this landing. Salt from King's Salt Works, Saltville, Va., on the head of Clinch River, found a good market here. We called it King's salt to distinguish it from a coarser salt we called Goose Creek, which came from Goose Creek, Ky. Here the good Indians and the mean white men, who were always poking themselves in among them, got their supplies in the thirties and before.

Recollections of An Old Man

Well, it was Saturday night when we arrived. We knew but two families in the town. Mrs. John W. White was a cousin of Mrs. Sullins; Tom Crutchfield, proprietor of the hotel, and his wife, Amanda King, were old friends of mine. We were all brought up in McMinn County. Tom and I read Cæsar together under Pat. Samuel at Forrest Hill Academy, and hunted rabbits at recess. We went immediately to his hotel, and here we were cordially received and comfortably quartered. Very tired and almost sick, wife and the baby were soon asleep, while I tried to get myself together and think of what I should say to the people to-morrow. This was almost the first really quiet hour I had had since we received our appointment. Those three weeks had been filled with turmoil for head, heart, and hand. The appointment had distressed me. There was little prospect of success in the new railroad town. But I had promised the Lord when I was but fifteen years old that if He would give me peace of mind and grace to do so, I would be a preacher. And that meant be a traveling Methodist preacher; I never thought of anything else. I now felt like I was in the line and no mistake. I had a good case of it well developed. So I said, "Lord, help me;" and He did. More anon.

XIX

YEAR AT CHATTANOOGA.



THE last chapter brought us to Chattanooga Saturday night. Sunday morning found us in the Crutchfield House, strangers, looking about and inquiring for the location of the Methodist church and time for Sunday-school, etc. We found the church up on what is called High Street, I believe—where the colored folks now have a large brick church. I went to Sunday-school and found the house to be a small wooden structure, with a pepper-box looking affair on the top. The bell was a spice mortar which was kept in the wood-house. This the sexton pounded with his pestle to call us to worship. Mr. P. McMillin was superintendent and class leader. He gave us a cordial welcome, and answered my many questions concerning the work, which he seemed to have both on his head and heart. A genuine right-hand man for the new preacher; knew how to be helpful with wise counsel and

Recollections of An Old Man

sympathy. His earnest Christian wife was the daughter of Robert Cravens and niece of the late Dr. G. E. Cunyngham. This excellent family came right up to us and put sunshine into that first Sunday and became our stand-bys throughout the year. What a treasure such a family is for the preacher! Lord, send us such laymen in all our Churches! At the eleven o'clock hour there was a fair congregation present. Among them were the Cravens, the Ragsdales (William and Baxter), the McMillins (P. and D. C.), the Hodges, the Van Epps, the Parhams, the Crutchfields, the Lyles, and others, who came at the close of the services and gave us a welcoming handshake, which made us feel like we had a people. The stewards had a meeting Monday, and secured board for us with John W. White, Esq., at forty dollars per month. Mrs. White was cousin to Mrs. Sullins. They had grown up together at Jonesboro. Never mind about our salary; I really do not remember. In fact, I do not believe the question of our support was discussed or mentioned. We had no assessment plan in those days. The old Methodist rule was about this: The people needed a preacher; the Church sent

Seventy Years in Dixie

them one: they were expected to take care of him, and he was expected to take what the people furnished him. If this fell short of meeting his needs, he was to look for the deficit when he got to heaven; it was never made up here. The disciplinary rule of one hundred dollars for a single man and two hundred dollars for a married one was about obsolete. With this sort of tacit understanding—of get what you can and live on it—we went to work.

Rev. E. F. Sevier was presiding elder and lived in the town. Perhaps Holston never had a more cultured, charming, scholarly preacher. His clearness in statements of doctrine and lawyer-like probing into and treatment of his text were more intellectual than emotional, but always instructive and pleasing. His rhetoric was almost faultless, and his delivery captivating. He was princely in person—straight and dignified, with traces of his ancestral Huguenot blood, and as polite as a Frenchman. He was akin to Nollchucky Jack, the gallant leader of many an Indian fight, and no whit his inferior. Our good Bishop Hoss is a younger member of that old game stock.

Recollections of An Old Man

The health of Mrs. White failed, and we had to look for new quarters. About this time Tom Crutchfield sent me word (no telephones then) to come and go squirrel hunting with him. This I gladly did. It seemed like old times, when we were boys together. When we were ready to start, he suggested that we go to Missionary Ridge for fox squirrels, and we did so. That day I killed on the top of the Ridge, a little west of the tunnel, at Sherman Heights, the last fox squirrel I ever saw in the woods. On our way home, the hunt over, five or six nice, fat fellows bagged and in the bottom of the buggy, I began to think of home and work. And by way of getting his help to find a boarding house, I told him that Mrs. White was in feeble health and we had to move, and asked him if he could tell us where we could find a suitable home. He thought a moment, and then said: "Come to the hotel. We will let you have a nice suite of rooms, and you can use the parlor to meet your friends." I answered: "That would be delightful, but the stewards will not pay but forty dollars per month for our board—wife, nurse, baby, and myself—and that is far below the price

Seventy Years in Dixie

you get for such board." He simply replied: "I will take you at forty per month; come on." That was Tom's big-hearted way of doing generous things. When we got to the hotel, we told his wife about it. She was pleased and said: "Tell Mrs. Sullins to come at once; her rooms will be ready." This we did, and occupied a suite of delightful rooms. The two ladies were much together, and Mrs. Crutchfield often drove wife to return calls and make special visits to the poor and sick. This helped them both religiously, as well as socially and physically. We were very comfortable; but the year was getting away, and there had been no revival, though there were many sinners around. This troubled us. I have always felt that something is wrong when any people with a pastor and an organized church at his back can spend a whole year and no revival, no souls saved. I think so now. Well, there were three regular pastors in town—Mr. Bradshaw (Presbyterian), Mr. Templeton (Cumberland), and myself. There were some good Baptists and a few Episcopalians, but they had no pastors. So we three got together and agreed to conduct a union service. We were to spend a week in each of our

Recollections of An Old Man

churches, beginning with Bradshaw's. This we thought would end the meeting; but it was a glorious mistake; for the "Lord was in that place" and had large things for us. We began in Bradshaw's church, which stood on the east side of Market Street, between Seventh and Eighth—the site long since occupied by large commercial houses. We took it time about in preaching, but had no choir or organ. I had to start the tunes mostly and carry on the singing till the spirit moved the people to sing. By Friday night the people filled the house, and many were at the "mourner's bench" and several converted. Saturday we moved to my church. It was the time of my third quarterly meeting. Brother Sevier, the presiding elder, preached in the morning, and Brother Templeton at night—a great day. We were all to have regular services Sunday in our own churches in the morning and come together for the night services, and so we did. And now for another week the Lord shook the town, and sinners cried for mercy and found it. When Saturday came, we moved to Brother Templeton's church. The meeting did not chill going from one church to another. In fact, the whole town was getting religiously

Seventy Years in Dixie

hot, and you could carry a revival meeting anywhere about in it. Well, we stayed that week, with glorious results, in Templeton's church. We had now made the round of the churches, as we agreed to do at the beginning; but such was the state of religious sentiment that no one thought of closing the meeting. So we went back to Brother Bradshaw's church, starting on the second round. This, the fourth Sunday night, was marked by wonderful spiritual power. There was an awe-inspiring sense of the divine presence pervading the vast assembly. The church was rallying everywhere with song and prayers and exhortation, and sinners—old, hardened sinners, trembled and fell down before God and cried for mercy.

The meeting could now "stand alone," as we say—could run without a preacher. The people gathered before the hour of service, not to gossip, but to worship. Brother preacher, you have been along there. How delightful it was as you hurried on to the church to meet a great burst of song a hundred yards before you got there! No one had been requested to open or lead the services, and yet the congregation was worshipping, and the

Recollections of An Old Man

great volume of music told you that all were singing; and strong, jubilant voices, unheard before, told you that new converts were among the singers—Saul was among the prophets. We had no collection of songs suited to revival work then as we have now, nor were our churches supplied with hymn books. This was not perhaps wholly evil; for while it was a drawback in one direction, it worked well in another. It will be found true—as I have had occasion again and again to note—that the Spirit uses ten or a dozen out of the great multitude of songs to do service through a revival of weeks, repeating them at every hour. Sometimes just one song takes the lead through a great meeting; it may be an old one fallen out of use for a time. I remember having been called from Emory, Va., twenty-five years ago to assist good Brother B. W. S. Bishop in a revival at Kelley's Chapel. At night the meeting was moving at a fair gait when some one started the old hymn, "When I Can Read my Title Clear," etc.; and instantly the atmosphere seemed charged with spiritual power, everybody sang, and many wept for joy. I couldn't understand it, and asked later what it meant. "Why,

Seventy Years in Dixie

the revival started when we were singing that old song, and we have repeated it at every service since." A great variety of new songs tends to divide the mind of the worshipper rather than promote devotion. Fancy singing is fatal to any revival. Familiarity with the words and tunes is favorable to devout singing; the mind of the singer can then be given to the one thing of "making melody in the heart." Well, by repeating, the people became familiar with some of our best old hymns—words and tunes—and they all sang them again and again with full hearts. I am not quite sure but that this may in a measure account for the fact that we Methodists *were* called a singing people. (Note the tense of that verb "were.") Our experimental religion filled our hearts with joy and gladness, and our good old hymns gave delightful expression to those happy feelings; and so we sang them lustily and often, book or no book.

In this way the children and most illiterate, even the negroes, learned these oft-repeated songs and made the welkin ring again in their great meetings. O to hear and feel them as I have heard and felt them in many a revival, and not a book in the assembly! Let's all

Recollections of An Old Man

sing, without the book, to the old tune of Greenfield (now Nettleton):

“Come thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.”

XX

GREAT REVIVAL



E had now reached the fourth Monday in our great meeting. The church was crowded at the morning hour, and souls converted. We felt that God had given us the victory; the town was ready to surrender; the revival had the right of way everywhere. After a little consultation we determined to move up and sweep the field and demand an unconditional surrender to God's cause. So we requested that every house of business of every kind be closed for the next day, and that the people spend the day worshipping God. This met universal approval. All houses closed, not simply for the usual hour of worship, but shut up, like Sunday, all day long. Many of the business men fasted, did not go to their places of business at all, and spent the day in church mostly.

An incident will show how sacredly the people observed that day: Uncle Antipas

Recollections of An Old Man

Moore, who lived on Missionary Ridge, was in the habit of furnishing beef to the town on Tuesdays. So this morning, as usual, he came in with his beef; but finding no house open and no one on the streets, he drove on down Market Street nearly to the river and turned back, not knowing what it all meant till a friend told him. Then he left for home. A neighbor met him, and inquired: "What is up, Uncle Antipas?" "Well," said the old man, in no very pleasant mood in view of losing his meat, "that town has gone crazy; there is not a house open; nobody will talk to you about business; it's just like Sunday clean down to the river—I drove all the way down. Just as well take your taters back; you can't sell anything to-day." Antipas Moore was the father of the brave Colonel B. F. Moore, of the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, who fell in the battle of Missionary Ridge fighting around his old home. Well, that Tuesday was a red-letter day in the revival, and has been such in the religious life of Chattanooga for fifty years now. It is marked on some of the old business books of that day in the town: "The Tuesday-Sunday." There were thirty-four conversions

Seventy Years in Dixie

that day—many in the church, some in the homes, and some on the streets. Among them was the now sainted Rev. J. L. M. French, who for thirty-two years cultivated many fields in Holston, and then laid down his tools and went home, fifteen years ago. I was by his side with my hand on his head when the Glory broke in. He was a superior preacher, and a sweeter, better pastor no people ever had. He was the father of the Rev. Dr. J. Stewart French, of Atlanta, Ga.—“a chip off the old block.”

We had taken high ground now in the revival, and were aggressive. Just at this stage of the meeting there occurred what will be found to be almost universally true; that whenever any great religious or moral movement comes aggressively into any community, then the devil bestirs himself and rallies all his forces and uses all means and methods to oppose it. And mark you, he always covers his real design under the semblance of some good; never attacks openly or at a strong point. Just as it was when “Jesus was led up into the wilderness.” After his forty days’ fast, he was hungry; then to the hungry Man the tempter came, and in the most simple man-

Recollections of An Old Man

ner possible innocently suggested bread, nature's remedy for hunger, to which all hungry men have an unquestioned right; you need bread and ought to have bread; it is the divinely appointed duty of all men to provide bread for themselves against the days of hunger and so you should, if need be, even "command those stones to be bread." It was bread, you see, good bread, innocent bread, that never hurts any man, that the tempter kept before the hungry eyes of the hungry Man, purposely concealing all the while the devilish design of leading the Master into a great sin. And, again, as was the case of the adulterous woman whom they brought to Jesus, ostensibly desiring him to condemn a great *sin*, the which he was forward to do; whereas their real object was to get him to pronounce sentence, as a civil officer, against an individual *sinner*, "that they might have whereof to accuse him." And to encourage him to walk into their net, they quote Scripture: "Now Moses commanded us to stone such. What sayest thou? Of course you will say so too." One can hardly say, as he reads the story, which moves him most, the calmness of the Man under the cross-fire as he quietly writes in the sand,

Seventy Years in Dixie

“as though he did not hear them,” or the villainous craft and hypocrisy of his enemies. The trap was well set, calculated to “deceive the very elect.” But Jesus had met the deceiver before in their bout in the wilderness, and knew his wily ways. His answer was a bombshell among them, “He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her;” as much as to say: “You want sin condemned; look at home, and you may find something to do there.” This turned their thoughts from their evil purpose of entrapping him to their personal sins. “And being convicted by their own conscience, they went out one by one.” Amen. He who reads his Bible will not fail to see that this designing of evil under the appearance of good is a favorite device of Satan. There is nothing hardly so utterly bad but that something commendable may be found in it. To cry up that good and thereby conceal the evil in any action has the very essence of the enemy’s trick in it. See how this works in the great temperance movement of to-day, February 14, 1908. Distillers and saloonists, and indeed everybody knows there is great money in the whisky business. The Federal government

Recollections of An Old Man

(Congress) has found that out. And the revenue from the dirty business is the only thing they talk about—money for public schools, corporation expenses, taxes, etc. And, O, the sweet speeches they make for the dear children in Dixie and the dear people who have to pay the taxes, etc.! But never a word about the wretchedness unutterable that does and must follow. To ask for a license is to ask for the privilege to make drunkards in all our homes. But this is kept in the background, never mentioned. There is revenue in it. Old Cloven Foot still at his old tricks. From all such may the good Lord deliver us!

It is safe to say that there is not an honest, thoughtful man in any corporation or state who does not know that the cost of crime legitimately traceable to alcohol far surpasses the revenue derived from the license system. And this is true, to say nothing of the unutterable ruin to the individual drinker, soul and body, and to the family in all that makes the home happy, and also to the peace and good order of society. To make drunkards is essential to the whisky business. If men do not drink, then the saloon and distillery are out of business. This was announced by one of the

Seventy Years in Dixie

speakers in a sort of love feast held by the "State Liquor Dealers" in Ohio. He was speaking on the question, "How to Build Up the Saloon Business," and said: "The success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. The open field for the creation of appetite is among boys. It will be needful, therefore, that we do missionary work among the boys; and I make the suggestion gentlemen, that nickels spent in treating boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed. Above all things, create appetite." There is the big toe of Cloven Foot. Such a fiendish speech as that ought to drive every saloon and distillery out of the land. May a merciful God save our boys!

But these are reflections and not recollections. And so I dismiss them to return to our revival, which was sorely threatened by this Satanic trick. See next chapter.

XXI

CHATTANOOGA REVIVAL CONTINUED



JUST at this time, when the meeting was moving gloriously, the enemy rallied his forces to break us down. And if you read on, you will see how devilish and dangerous was the attack—dangerous because it had all the appearance of being innocent under the well-concealed design of evil, the old Satanic trick. Here is the case: Several judicious friends came to us (the preachers), saying that the meeting was being greatly crippled, and they feared for the results. Two lewd women of the town, had been coming, in the “after services,” for two or three nights, and had crowded into the seats designated for penitents, and by their coarse and immodest conduct had disturbed all about them. They, we were told, were notoriously vile, and it was believed that they were the cat’s-paw of some bad men of the town to disgrace the meeting by their brazen deviltry. Here was a serious trouble, and to

Seventy Years in Dixie

deal effectively with it a delicate matter—it might prove a boomerang. These women were sinners, no doubt of that, and we were telling the people that Jesus died for sinners and would save them if they would repent and accept Christ; and these two had, upon our general invitation, come to the seats for instruction and prayer. This was all regular and ostensibly very innocent and right. But there was evidently a “cat in the meal.” Their conduct did not comport with the character they assumed; they were not humble and contrite before God, but brazen and impudent. Our best women and men believed they were emissaries of Satan to disgrace our services and ruin the meeting if possible. Well, the foul thing was on our hands and must be dealt with, and the disagreeable task fell to me. We all knew that the moment we took hold to correct it the enemies would raise the cry of hypocrisy and say: “Yes, you have a salvation for the rich and well-dressed, but a poor, ruined woman you have nothing but a kick and a curse.” Deplorable as this issue would be, it must be met, or the meeting ruined. So that night before we called for mourners I

Recollections of An Old Man

told the audience just what we had heard, and deplored the necessity forced upon us to deal with such a delicate question. These women knew that they had made a great breach between themselves and good society, and that their brazen conduct was hurtful here. And then I said to them: "If you are really penitent, you will not force yourselves in here to the hurt of others, but will humbly go to our good women, who will gladly sympathize with you and instruct you and pray for you." We therefore begged them to take this better way; but assured them that if they persisted in disturbing the exercises as they had been doing we would be compelled to take further steps to correct the evil.

Well, they did not come that night; but two nights later they were right in the midst of perhaps fifty penitents, with their bold, insolent deportment, attracting attention, and in other ways creating confusion. The much dreaded crisis had come—a defiant challenge—and by the grace of God I determined to meet it, let come what might. So I worked my way in among the mourners and took the two women, who were side by side, each by the arm (maybe a little rudely, I don't know), and

Seventy Years in Dixie

said: "Come with me." I brought them out into the aisle and took them to the last seat in the house and deposited them. A pretty high-handed move, you say. True, it was drastic treatment; but the case was acute, and required it. And, it worked like a charm—ended the trouble—while the religious sentiment of the public heartily approved the act, and God carried on his work gloriously. Amen. A word more here. Lest some young preacher, who has no more sense than I had then, may erroneously conclude that this is the right way to manage such a trouble, let me say: If such a thing should come up in a meeting of mine to-day, I would take a different course. I would try this: Get some good, sensible, pious women to take the case off my hands, and go in a body to the poor wretches, and talk and pray with them and beg them to a better course. In nine cases out of ten that will succeed.

We had not opened the church for members during the five weeks; our work was to get men saved. So when we closed, the announcement was made that each of our churches would be opened next Sunday and an opportunity given to join the church. This was

Recollections of An Old Man

done, and I had the pleasure of receiving forty-seven members, seven of them heads of families. Others came later. The other churches shared liberally in the increase of members. A most glorious revival; and, as is always the case, it settled all questions, reared family altars, boomed the Sunday-school, filled the church at every service with devout worshippers, and even made finances easy. *A revival is the king cure-all.*

Soon after the close of the meeting wife and I were requested to meet some friends at the home of Col. J. L. M. French, who lived right where the courthouse now stands. This we did, and found the object was, in the name of many friends, to present us a purse containing one hundred and eighty dollars. And good Tom Crutchfield almost embarrassed us by bringing the one hundred and twenty dollars which the stewards paid him quarterly for our board and giving it to my wife. I refused to take it. Yes I did; you need not shake your head! Conference was coming to Chattanooga that fall (1858), and we were ready for it.

And now I thought I could begin to see why the Lord had broken up our cherished plans

Seventy Years in Dixie

at Jonesboro, and thrust us out, painfully, from home and friends into a hard, unpromising field. It seemed all wrong and "for evil" to us then; but He meant it "for good." And so it turned out. This lesson I learned: That the appointment which demands the greatest amount of self-denial and hard work is often the best in the end. This is Methodist-preacher experience.

Among the other well remembered things that took place during the year was the completion of the railroad between Limestone and Bull's Gap. The East Tennessee and Georgia road going east and the Virginia and Tennessee going west met at Midway. The last spike was to be driven by the President, Dr. Cunningham, of Jonesboro, on a given day. It was to be a great day; everybody was to be there. The roads made liberal provisions for passengers. This gave a through line to Jonesboro. Mr. Blair, wife's father, who was one of the directors, wrote her to come up on that day and see her old Jonesboro friends and go on home with him. This she did, taking nurse and the baby, who was "getting a big boy then." A great day for her and home folks! This left me alone, but only a day or

Recollections of An Old Man

two, for my old friend, Robert Cravens, mentioned elsewhere, who lived right under the bluff on the point of Lookout, came down and invited me up to spend the heated season with him. There was no other house on the mountain then. Of course, I went. We walked the near way, and, passing the mouth of Chattanooga Creek, which he owned and where he had a net set for fish, we stopped to get fish for dinner. He raised the net, in which there were perhaps a dozen good fish, and I began to grab for them. He said: "Hold on; get that salmon there; he will be enough for us to carry up the mountain." I managed to capture him, a fine fellow sixteen or eighteen inches long. Then he let the net down again. The fish kept better there than up at the house. I sometimes took my book and climbed up the bluff in the morning to read and make sermons. And you who know the place almost envy me the privilege. Well, it was delightful; but it was the poorest place I ever tried for reading or making sermons. Too many things to look at. That long sweep of river around "Moccasin Bend;" the numerous railroads, with their snaky looking trains running in and out around the foot of the mountain; the town huddled up

Seventy Years in Dixie

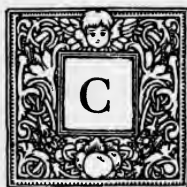
about the foot of Cameron Hill; the mountain stretching for many miles on all sides; the old Cumberland on the north and west, heaved like a troubled sea, stretching far away to the Kentucky line; on the south and east the Great Smokies piled up all the way back to the Blue Ridge, with its many spurs, with pretty Indian names, Chilhowie, Unaka, etc., and far in the distance big Nantahalalah, in North Carolina, lifting his crest of hemlocks, like Saul, a head and shoulders higher than the rest; just at your feet the noisy crows and lazy buzzard floating slowly as if smelling out some prey, and whipping right over your head a cruel hawk, "with his butcher's white apron stained with blood;" the landscape all around covered with farms, and from yonder cottage the blue smoke curling upward, which says, "Dinner is getting here for husband, who is plowing in that field over there;" and away off yonder a cloud carrying a ship's load of water to the farmer's fields—all this and a thousand other grand and beautiful things invite and feast your eyes, until you look down to the cottage, and Sister Cravens has hung the towel on the railing of the back porch. Dinner is ready, and nothing done on the bluff. But enough of this.

Recollections of An Old Man

Now, Mr. Editor, this is a long account of our year at Chattanooga. It reminds me of my boyhood. Mother used to give me a lump of sugar when I was a good boy, which sometimes happened. I could have taken it all at one mouthful, but I didn't. I would lick it a little while, and then put it in my pocket a bit, and then take it out and nibble some more; by repeating this process a half dozen times I made it last longer, because it was sweet and I liked the taste of it. And so our good Heavenly Father gave us this delightful year, and I love to linger on the recollections of it; they are a joy forever. And more: that revival in the three churches had much to do in laying the foundation of the greater Chattanooga of to-day. But a sad thought comes up here. Nearly all who took part in that meeting are gone; some of their children and grandchildren are still there. My two associates, Brothers Bradshaw and Templeton, have been in heaven many years. I do not know that Bradshaw had any children; but Templeton had some little boys, one of whom at least remains—Hon. Jerome Templeton, of Knoxville, a worthy son of a noble sire. God bless him!

XXII

YEAR 1858-59



CONFERENCE met this year (1858) at Chattanooga. Bishop Andrew presided and J. N. S. Huffaker was secretary. I was Conference host, and do not recollect much about the session save that I was very busy looking after outside matters pertaining to the comfort of the preachers and their wives. Our appointment was to Knoxville. I did not say Church Street; that was not necessary, as we had no other church in the town, except a little mission over about old Methodist Hill. We spent only a part of the year here; for Martha Washington College wanted an agent to raise money for her, and wanted the Knoxville preacher to do that work. E. C. Wexler was stationed at Abingdon that year. The friends of the college got the presiding elders to exchange the preachers, as they thought I would make a better agent than Wexler. And so it was done. I did some work as agent, raised

Recollections of An Old Man

a few hundred dollars, and preached some in the station. The year's work was so broken up that not much was done at Abingdon. But Knoxville did well. Wexler, who was my Conference classmate, was one of the best men and the very best preacher of his age and opportunities that I have ever heard. Physically he was a rough Dutchman, with a rather robust body which had been developed in his father's blacksmith shop in Sullivan County. He had large hands and feet, which seemed to be in his way, and a large head and heart, both baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. He was a systematic, close student, much given to prayer. A text became luminous as he opened it up and held it before the audience. He was very modest and even timid, which made him awkward often, especially in the society of ladies; but after his first five minutes in the pulpit he was absolutely graceful, and soon glowed like a furnace. Altogether he was more like Bishop Kavanaugh than any other preacher I have known. Dear fellow! When the war drove us out of Tennessee, he drifted south into Georgia and I east into Virginia. I never met him again, but I hope to later.

Seventy Years in Dixie

In 1859 the Conference met at Abingdon, Bishop Early in the chair and J. N. S. Huffaker, secretary. Our second son was born just before this Conference, and wife "went not up; for she said unto her husband, I will not go up until the child be weaned, and then I will bring him." This year fell two of our brethren, Thomas Stringfield and Charles Mitchell. Brother Mitchell had been with us only seven years; but Mr. Stringfield belonged to our Methodist history before the organization of the Holston Conference, in 1824. He belonged to the pioneer days, and while we were yet a part of the Western Conference (1823) he was the presiding elder of the Knoxville district. He was the editor of our first Methodist paper, and the promoter of many enterprises for the betterment of the social and religious life of the people. He "commanded his household after him," so that for seventy-five years his children and grandchildren have been prominent in all that builds and better's human life.

From this Conference we were returned to Knoxville. Here we had a delightful year. The old church stood where our present commodious house now stands. It was old-

Recollections of An Old Man

style in architecture, with a gallery in the back end. Here a few leading singers sat, and George Jackson led them, sometimes using his flute to get the proper pitch. Here was a fine type of substantial Methodists, the ancestors and exemplars of the present beloved Church Street congregation. Brethren of old Church Street, your fathers were a little more religiously demonstrative than you are. I commend you not for the difference, the loss of that feature of family likeness.

Among this people were three local preachers, all of whom had been traveling preachers in the Holston Conference—Isaac Lewis, W. G. Brownlow, and C. W. Charlton. Isaac Lewis was feeble from age, but still full of the sweet spirit of the Master and a wise, ready counselor for a young man. Some of his children and grandchildren are still there. William G. Brownlow was the editor of *Brownlow's Whig*, wide-awake, a great reader of current literature, familiar with the live topics of the day, a Whig in politics, neutral in nothing, a positive man with well-defined ideas, a ready speaker and popular preacher. His widow, well up in years—about ninety, I guess—is still living in the city and in the old

Seventy Years in Dixie

home. She is perhaps the only living member who was old enough to take an active part in church work then—a much-honored relic of the sunny days of the fifties. May the peace of God that passes all understanding keep the mind and heart of this dear child of His, through Jesus Christ our Lord. C. W. Charlton was much the younger of the three, strong and fearless, always thoughtful, a good preacher and one of the best friends a pastor ever had.

We had some very gracious meetings during the year, but the most memorable occasion was the camp meeting at old Fountain Head (now Fountain City). This meeting was largely supported and carried on by my people from Knoxville. Here we rallied with some of our country neighbors, and had a glorious season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The shed stood inside of the present inclosure, about half way from the car platform to the spring at the foot of the hill; the tents occupied the level plat around the shed. Here for many years the people from the town and country around were accustomed annually to gather for their religious feast. How delightful and profitable with all were

Recollections of An Old Man

those weeks of religious and social enjoyment! This was in the fall of 1859, and was the last camp meeting held there; and of those present then many never attended another. The war came, and our camp meetings went with the loss of well nigh all else of material good. As I try to recall the scenes and occurrences of that year in Knoxville, my heart grows sad; for the dear men and women who constituted my congregation, only one or two remain. Of the young men just grown up then, I meet some on the streets, gray-haired; among them are William A. Henderson, John B. Boyd, William Rule, N. S. Woodward, the elder Parham, etc. Of the boys, there are S. B. and J. C. Luttrell, John Brownlow, Sam. Boyd, Sam. Crawford, C. B. Atkins, Leon Jeroulman, James and William Lyons, Henry Ault, and some others, no doubt, not recalled at this writing after the lapse of fifty years. I write only of those who were connected with my Sunday-school and congregation. What a host of well-remembered faces have passed before me as I have written these recollections and have gone up and down the streets as they were then! Knoxville then was on Main and Cumberland Streets. The East Ten-

Seventy Years in Dixie

nessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad had a little shack of a depot out at the end of Gay. All north Knoxville was good hunting ground for birds and rabbits. I know, for I tried it.

In 1860 the Conference met at Asheville, N. C. Two of our Holston districts were in North Carolina then. Bishop Paine presided, and I was secretary—a business to which I was little suited and for which I had no taste. I had been stationed there nine years before, in the second year of my ministry. How the town had grown in those years! Wife and I had a home with my old friend, Ed Aston, and his good wife, Delia Gilliland. I met Ed some ten years before this as I was on my way, a schoolboy, to Emory and Henry College. I did not travel on Sunday, and stopped off at Rogersville, Tenn., his home, to spend the day. I went to the Methodist Sunday-school; and Ed, seeing a stranger present, came and ferreted me out and asked me to dinner with him. His sister, Mary, presented me a laundry pincushion with a nice little note, which I still have here in a drawer of souvenirs. She afterwards became the wife of our Daniel Carter, of Holston for many years.

Recollections of An Old Man

Well, big-souled Ed Aston was long a controlling factor in affairs of the growing city, and his wife was a jewel worthy to grace the crown of any king. After an absence of eight years, I still found many familiar faces and had many a hearty handshake. The Woodfins, the Rankins, the Reynoldses, the McDowells, the Smiths, the Beards, the Atkinses, the Hilliards, the Sluders, the Robertses, the Johnsons, and the Vances were still here. It was a delightful sojourn among old friends, never to be forgotten.

Our appointment from this Conference was to the Blountville Circuit. This gave us a pleasing variety and a fine field for work. Here we had a parsonage and for the first time tried our hand at housekeeping. What a satisfaction it was to have our own things, arrange them as we liked, to cook what we wanted and as we wanted it and when! I shall never forget the first time we tried to make light bread. I brought all the chemistry I knew to the work, and wife what she had learned from Aunt Tildy, the cook at home; and we made the bread. Well, we ate it; but to be frank about it, I had eaten better bread. However, wife never gave it up till she could

Seventy Years in Dixie

beat the best Virginia cook making light bread. Mr. James H. Dosser, a friend from Jonesboro, gave me a good horse, saddle, and bridle, which he said I could have for the horse's keep. This set me up for circuit riding. All moved well for a while, but if you will look at the date you will see that we were in the fall of 1860 and spring of 1861. By far the greater part of those who may care to read these recollections have no personal knowledge of the stirring times we were in. But, stirring times they were. The dark cloud of war which had been gathering for a quarter of a century now filled all the horizon; and its thunder, which jarred the nation for five dreadful years, could be heard muttering at no great distance. I am writing recollections, and shall say nothing here of the long line of political and social conditions which led up to the painful necessity on the part of the Southern people to either forfeit their own self-respect and the respect of all true men, or go to war. Those political and social questions are dead, and so let the dead bury the dead.

War recollections next.

XXIII

DAYS OF SECESSION



WHEN the state voted on secession, I did not vote; but when the majority elected to go out of the Union, I accepted the situation and went with them. There were many strong, good men in East Tennessee who opposed secession and did what they could to prevent it by canvassing the State. Sullivan County, which included the Blountville Circuit, was for secession by a large majority, and at the first call of the State began to enlist volunteers. These State troops were later transferred to the Confederacy. Fort Sumter fell about this time. The fight was on, and Southern blood was getting hot. Messrs. Andrew Johnson and T. A. R. Nelson, men of national reputation and very popular—one an old Whig and the other a Democrat—were canvassing the State for “neutrality”—*i. e.*, for Tennessee to take no part in the strife. They had an appointment to speak at Blountville on a certain

Seventy Years in Dixie

day. The citizens of the town and country around did not want them to come; so they called a citizens' meeting in the courthouse two days before the speaking was to be, and decided to write the gentlemen not to come, fearing trouble might grow out of it. This was done, and the letter was sent to Union (Bluff City), supposing the speakers would come by rail from Jonesboro and get it. Early on the morning of the day for the speaking men began to come in from all around, some with squirrel guns and some with shot guns and a good deal of whisky. It was a crowd that promised trouble. By about nine it was reported that the speakers were not coming by Union, but directly through from Jonesboro by private conveyance, and would not, therefore, get the letter. Here I became connected with the affair. It was apparent that there would be trouble, if the men came on to speak, and that our town would be perhaps disgraced and the speakers, who were my friends, probably abused. All this must be prevented if possible. So I went to Mr. Samuel Rhea, who had been the chairman of the town meeting, and told him my fears. He was with me, and said: "How can we

Recollections of An Old Man

prevent it?" I asked: "Have you a copy of the letter sent?" "Yes," he replied. Then said I: "Get a copy of it ready while I get my horse, and I will meet the gentlemen with it." And so it was done. The crowd saw me start and knew for what I went, and some of them were impatient with me for going. I met the men some two miles out from the town, both in the same buggy. They read the letter and after a moment said, "We do not want to speak if the people do not want us to," and then added, "But if a majority want us to speak, we think we ought to be allowed to do so without interruption. Can you guarantee that?" I then told them frankly just how I became connected with the unpleasant affair and of the state of public feeling in town and why I had come to meet them. Mr. Nelson's son, David, and son-in-law, Mr. Samuel Cunningham, both young friends of mine, were with them. After a few words of consultation they said: "Take the boys and go on before us and get the wishes of the people and bring us word. We will stop at Sturn's Hotel, at this end of the town; and if the people do not want us to speak, we will go on to Kingsport." The young men and I hurried on;

Seventy Years in Dixie

and from the steps of the courthouse I told the crowd, which came running, what the gentlemen said. We took the vote, and only four wanted them to speak. We reported, and the speakers went on to Kingsport. Now, if this matter had ended there, it never would have been written here. But when the war closed, five years after this, and the days of reconstruction came, I was a refugee in Virginia. But I was indicted in the court at Blountville for treason, for heading a mob who kept Andrew Johnson and Thomas Nelson from speaking—the day and date given. And I was kept out of my native State for two years before the hateful thing was dropped from the docket. This is a part of an old man's recollections hard to forget. It shows the condition of society in East Tennessee in those days of reconstruction, so-called—days of relentless hate and bitter cruelty and revenge and robbery, rapine and murder. There were many good men who were Union men in the country, but they were almost powerless to prevent this state of things. They might have done a little better than they did, maybe, if they had tried hard. But let it be written as history that it was not

Recollections of An Old Man

the men who wore the blue and the gray and stood on the firing line in the day of battle who did those dastardly things. No; it was whelps from another kennel, who cowardly came out after the killing was over, with the instincts of a hyena to get what they could out of the offal. I will not particularize the numerous fiendish acts that characterized and disgraced the times. Let them go unnamed and be forgotten.

I must mention an incident that made us all smile when it was related to us. Aunt Betsey Charlton, a dear, good old soul, came to town the morning for the speaking, and was at the parsonage. She was much troubled over the situation, fearing somebody might do wrong or get hurt and mischief befall us all. So she watched the streets; and when the young men and I came into town and went upon the courthouse steps and all the crowd came running, she was greatly excited. She kept her eyes upon us, but could not hear what we said. In taking the vote of the people I requested all to squat down and vote by rising. Well, when Aunt Betsey saw them all get down in the street she almost shouted, saying: "It is all right now; Brother Sullins has got

Seventy Years in Dixie

them all down at prayers." Prayer was Aunt Betsey's cure for everything.

After the fall of Fort Sumter the enlisting of volunteers went on more lively. I kept up my appointments, and the enthusiastic enlisters would sometimes make their appointments to meet the people at the same time. After preaching they would invite all out into the churchyard, make brief talks, sing patriotic songs, beat an old drum used at the militia musters years before, and call for volunteers. I heard "Dixie" now for the first time. Of course, I caught the spirit and helped to rally. Soon two companies were enrolled and organized. Of one A. L. Gammon was captain and James A. Rhea, Robert L. Blair, and James Charlton, lieutenants. Of the other, James P. Snapp was captain; and Charles St. John, George Hull, and John M. Jones, lieutenants. These companies were soon called to Knoxville. And now came the trying time. I was asked to go along and preach for and look after the boys. My stewards said they would get the local preachers to take care of the circuit; and wife, having a brother and many friends going, said she would stay with her father if I wanted to go. In fact,

Recollections of An Old Man

she was about the worst rebel among us, and never got over it entirely. The companies marched out of town about noon, wife and I, with the two little boys, following in a buggy. Many friends accompanied us a few miles, then said good-bye and went back. O, the heartache, the tears, the anxiety and prayers of that hour! and how all this would have been intensified many times could we have known the fact, as it turned out, that many of us would never come back! That hour will always be a part of an old man's recollections. We spent that night in Bluff City (Union then). Having no tents, we slept about in the houses and at the depot. Of course our lunch baskets were well filled by loved ones left behind; we had plenty to eat. Next morning all took train for Knoxville. Wife and I stopped with her parents at Jonesboro. Here I remained a few days, and then went on to Knoxville to join the boys. I found them out on the old Fair Grounds, east of the city, with eight other companies, ready to be organized into a regiment. These companies were all from East Tennessee—two from Sullivan County, two from Hamilton, one from Knox, one from Rhea, one from Wash-

Seventy Years in Dixie

ington, one from Polk, one from Hawkins, one from McMinn. The regiment was organized in a few days and numbered Nineteenth Tennessee. The following were the officers elected: David H. Cummings, colonel; Frank M. Walker, lieutenant-colonel; Abe Fulkerson, major; V. Q. Johnson, adjutant; H. Mell Doak, sergeant-major; Dr. Joe E. Dulany, surgeon; A. D. Taylor, quartermaster; and Rev. D. Sullins, chaplain. The number, all told, in the regiment was one thousand and sixty. Now we began camp-life in earnest. The companies were formed into messes of from four to six. Each mess had one tent, tin plates, cups, and cooking utensils; each man had a blanket, canteen, knapsack and haversack.

XXIV

NINETEENTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT



IN the last chapter I was perhaps tiresome in giving so minutely the organization and outfit of the regiment; but I thought that young readers might be interested in knowing how their fathers and grandfathers went to war. The regiment organized, the business now was to drill day in and day out. It was now the middle of June, and the authorities thought there ought to be some soldiers at Cumberland Gap to hold that point and keep an eye on Kentucky and see what was going on over there. Soon two companies, one from Chattanooga and the other from Knoxville, were ordered to the Gap under the command of their captains, Powell and Paxton. I went with them, as there were plenty of preachers at Knoxville, and none at the Gap. We went by rail to Morristown, and by the old historic pioneer road to Bean's Station, where Bishop Asbury used to meet his guards and pilots from

Seventy Years in Dixie

Kentucky to accompany him over the Clinch and through the Gap into the "dark and bloody ground." At the station the boys had quite an ovation. The neighbors had prepared a barbecue, and gave them a hearty reception. Of course the boys gave them specimens of their soldierly marching, while our little band gave them music. We spent the night at the big sulphur spring at the foot of the Clinch. Next day we went on to the Gap. The boys stopped at the spring at the foot; but I rode on into the Gap, the first soldier there. Now we were put under strict military regulations. My tent was near the summit, where the pickets were stationed. Many a sleepless night I listened to the slow tread of the sentinel as he walked his beat, and heard him call, "Post Number One, twelve o'clock, all's well." Here we began soldier life in earnest. The boys had to go down to the level ground on the Tennessee side to drill.

Soon after we left Knoxville, the other companies belonging to the regiment were sent, some to guard the bridge at Loudon, others to Jamestown, and four to Big Creek Gap (Lafollette). It was not long before all

Recollections of An Old Man

these companies were ordered to join us at the Gap. Now we had preaching every Sunday morning, Sunday-school in the afternoon, and prayer meeting at night. The restless boys soon had a Confederate flag flying from the highest point on the Virginia side. Something stirring was occurring almost daily now—the coming in of other regiments from Tennessee and Mississippi and Rutledge's Artillery and McClung's Battery and others. I remember the first capture our cavalry made. Union men from Tennessee were constantly trying to cross the mountain into Kentucky. A little squad of cavalry brought into camp one day some fifteen or twenty of these Union men, and among them Mr. T. A. R. Nelson, mentioned elsewhere, all trying to cross the mountain. Mr. Nelson was our neighbor at Jonesboro; so I went to the commander and asked the privilege of having him as my guest. This was readily granted. And then I remembered that his son, Sandy, was a member of our regiment; so I invited Sandy to spend the day and take dinner with his father in the tent. I was pleased to see that there was no reserve or embarrassment when they met. Sandy was very

Seventy Years in Dixie

respectful, and Mr. Nelson very fatherly. We talked of home and old friends there with great frankness. Mr. Nelson was a strong, honest, high-toned gentleman, and a superior lawyer. It may be remembered that he was called to Washington to defend President Johnson in his impeachment trial. I am sure he had nothing to do with indictment against me for treason, mentioned elsewhere. I was glad to have the opportunity to entertain him at a plain soldier's dinner.

The other prisoners were put in the guard-house, a rough log house with straw all over the dirt floor. I went to see them. Of course they were a little shy at first; but when I told them who I was and that I had come to serve them in any way I could, they were more free and frank. After talking a little, I suggested that as it was uncertain when they might get home, I would gladly write home for any of them if they wished me to do so. This interested them, and we all sat down in the straw, they close about me, and I wrote as they dictated letters to several of their wives and friends. These letters I mailed at once. I wish now that I had kept a list of their names, for I might find some member

Recollections of An Old Man

of some families who would have knowledge of the fact. I was glad to serve them. They were plain countrymen, and no doubt believed they were doing right. They were sent to Knoxville and I never knew what became of them. Mr. Nelson got through our lines later, and went to Washington.

General Zollicoffer came and took command, and on the next day moved the little army of about six thousand out into Kentucky, to the ford of the Cumberland River, some twenty miles distant. Soon the report came that Federals were establishing a camp at Barboursville, and Zollicoffer sent out a detachment under Colonel Battles to break it up. The enemy was found in a cornfield near the town. Company K, from Rogersville, was thrown out as a skirmish line and engaged them. It was a mere skirmish, but made memorable by the fact that here we lost the first man out of the regiment, Robert Powell, first lieutenant of his company. He was our first soldier killed in battle. We sent his remains home—a sad business!

The next little expedition was to Goose Creek Salt Works. Our Nineteenth Regiment, accompanied by Colonel Carter's

Seventy Years in Dixie

Cavalry, was sent with wagons for salt. I did not go. The boys reported a rough, hard trip of forty miles right through the mountains, with no fighting. They brought back some two hundred bushels of salt, after five days' absence.

Next we had a little spat with General Schoeff, at Wild Cat, or Rock Castle, which amounted to nothing but a drill in warlike movements for the boys. We returned to the camp at the ford of the Cumberland, and that night there was a sad accident. General A. E. Jackson was quartermaster; but, being absent, his son, Alfred, had charge. Just after we had all gone to bed a pistol shot was heard, and soon one of the boys came to my tent and said: "Alfred Jackson has accidentally shot himself, and is dead in his tent." Here was trouble. "What shall we do with his remains?" was the question. General Jackson, the father of the deceased, was our near neighbor and close friend at Jonesboro. So I said: "I must take him home to his mother. Prepare the body as well as you can, and be ready as soon as possible to start; I will get my horse and follow the wagon." This was done, and we started

Recollections of An Old Man

about eleven o'clock, I guess. My horse followed close along behind the wagon. The road, like all mountain roads, was full of rocks; the night was dark, so dark that at times in the deep gorges through which we passed I could not see my horse's head. Both horse and rider were tired; we had been at it all day. I was exhausted, sometimes nodding as I rode along, and would have nodded more, I expect, if we had not been in a bush-whacking country, which fact served to keep me awake in a measure. I thought the wagon made a great deal of noise, and might wake up some folks we did not want disturbed. We pulled into Cumberland just after daylight. I was glad to see the day and get on the Tennessee side of the mountain again. That night trip will always be a part of an old man's recollections of the war. We plodded on, and sometime up in the day stopped at the foot of Clinch for something to eat—call it breakfast. Then we toiled on to Morristown, much in the night. Here I left my horse, the wagon went back, and I took a train with the corpse, for Jonesboro, where his broken hearted mother and sisters met us. Of course, his mother wanted to

Seventy Years in Dixie

look on the dear face of her soldier boy. But after a good deal of pleading, I got her consent for me to open the box, and, if I thought best, either let her see it or close it up. We had hauled the body in a wagon over rough roads for nearly seventy miles, and I did not think it could be in condition for her to see it. And so I found it, and she allowed us to put him away without seeing him. There on the high eastern hill, with his ancestors, we laid him to rest. Alfred Jackson, the deceased, was the father of our Brother Alfred N. Jackson, the presiding elder of the Radford district, and a "soldier of the cross."

The command was called out of Kentucky in a few days, and I joined it at Big Creek Gap. This was now in November, and there was snow all along the Cumberland. We blockaded the gap, and moved on to Jacksboro. Here I called on General Jackson, the quartermaster, and found him overworked and very nervous. The death of his son was a great shock to him. An order had been issued to buy horses for the army, and a great many were in the yard for sale. After a little talk, the General asked me to come and help him.

Recollections of An Old Man .

I agreed to do so, and went out and bought several horses, and took charge of much of the outside business of the office. Soon we moved down to Ross, near Clinton. Sunday morning found us camped at the foot of the mountain. I found a big rock, and used it as a pulpit. The boys around took part heartily in the services. We had a good day, well remembered. Generals Zollicoffer and Jackson went on to Knoxville, while we rested here. Two days later General Zollicoffer returned, and issued orders to "Capt. D. Sullins" to move the army by Oliver Springs to Wartburg and on to Montgomery. I smiled when I got the order to "Capt. D. Sullins;" it was evident that the General did not know some things. However, we put things in motion, while I looked hourly for the coming of General Jackson. But as he did not come, I did the best I could.

We camped at Wartburg, where the boys got a sort of sour Dutch wine, which tasted like stump water with vinegar in it. Some of the boys got drunk on it. Soon after we left Wartburg we started up Cumberland Mountain; and as General Jackson had not yet come, I decided to have a conference with

Seventy Years in Dixie

General Zollicoffer, who had gone on before us. I pushed on and overtook him at the old Indian Tavern. I had not met him before; but as soon as I gave him my name, he seemed to know me, and was very cordial, and began to inquire how the wagons were getting up the mountain. When I asked him about General Jackson, he said: "Jackson is in Knoxville, and will not be with us any more; he is post quartermaster there." I expressed surprise at this, and said: "What are we to do? We have no quartermaster." He replied: "You are quartermaster, and Jackson said you could do the work as well as he." Then I began to talk. "General, I am a Methodist preacher, and chaplain of the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment. Jackson is my neighbor at Jonesboro; and finding him overworked and very nervous at Jonesboro, I agreed to help him. That is how I became connected with this office. I am willing to do all I can; but from our movements the last two days, I take it we are going to Kentucky, and we have no money to pay for supplies." To this he replied with earnestness: "Make a requisition and send to Knoxville for money." "But, General, I