

A  
JOURNAL  
OF A  
MISSIONARY TOUR  
THROUGH  
PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO, INDIANA, ILLINOIS,  
IOWA, WISKONSIN AND MICHIGAN ;  
COMPRISING  
A CONCISE DESCRIPTION OF  
DIFFERENT SECTIONS OF COUNTRY; HEALTH OF CLIMATE;  
INDUCEMENTS FOR EMIGRATION WITH THE EMBARRASS-  
MENTS; THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE;  
MEETINGS CONNECTED WITH THE MISSION; AND  
OF THE GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES.

By REV. JAMES L. SCOTT.

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## PREFACE.

The following pages have been written during an illness, in consequence of which, the Author has not only been deprived of the privilege of attending to his ordinary duties, but for the most of the time closely confined, and in consequence of the state of his lungs, somewhat deprived of conversation. For entertainment, he commenced the journal, not knowing then that it would be published, but from the advice of friends, it is brought before the public.

No extraordinary tour is professed — no skill in writing, or labored effort to entertain the reader by hyperbolics is sought, but a simple relation of facts, a concise description of some portions of the country through which he travelled, to wit: Penn., Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan, with the outlines of the religious condition, manners and customs of the people, health of climates, exuberance of the soil, and the inducements for emigration, together with the embarrassments attending a settlement in those countries. Many people set off for some country, but have no definite portion in view. Hence, they move on until weary, and then settle without knowing the conveniences or embarrassments of their new home, until too late. After having spent some months in that section, during which time the Author travelled many hundred miles in different directions, he may possibly aid the reader to some definite location on which to centre his mind, and to which he may emigrate with safety and satisfaction. To many of the people of the East, the "Far West" is all in a small compass, but on reaching its borders it expands astonishingly. Many who have located there *by guess*, have pitched in an unhealthy portion, and hence, in the report, it is *all alarmingly* unhealthy. Others have found healthy sections, and from *them* the report is, *universal health*. But a fair investigation will

show that some parts are *insalubrious*, and others far to the reverse. Some sections have a scanty supply of timber and water, while in many portions, nature has been bountiful in bestowing a rich variety. This deficiency of knowledge respecting "the great valley" is in consequence of our own country having been overlooked by both readers and writers. One of the main objects of these notes is, to lay before the christian community, and more especially that Denomination of which the Author is a member, the religious condition of the thousand's scattered through the "great valley." When the Author left in pursuit of the scattered and destitute, he had no definite means of knowing where his labors were most needed. Hence he knew not where to go, or in what particular section to devote his attention, and the tour was but an exploring expedition.

But the following pages will furnish the Missionary Society with a means to decide the most important fields of labor, and the Missionary the most easy way of access to that people. Also those who wish to emigrate for usefulness, where they may do the most good. And the man of the world, that section best adapted to his time-serving schemes. With this view of the subject, the following pages, though imperfectly compiled, are offered to the public, and if in any way, they subserve the cause of truth, in benefiting the destitute, his best wishes shall be fully realized. It has been the object to condense as much as possible, and much has been omitted, for the purpose of bringing the whole into a small compass. And may the God of Missions sanctify this feeble effort to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the relief of the destitute.

J. L. SCOTT.

*Westerly, April, 1843.*



## CHAPTER I.

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Reflections on the Western Valley—Anxieties to visit that section—Engagement for the Missionary Society—Departure—The Mormon Temple at Kirtland, Ohio—Man sick with the Ague and Fever—The Phrenologist.

I entered the Gospel Ministry with a resolution that my mind should be all absorbed in that subject. A world, deluged in iniquity with its millions floating down the current of time, and plunging over the cataract into the burning billows below, aroused the energies of the soul, and caused a renunciation of the world for the sake of the destitute and the requirements of God. Of the different fields of labor that I had in view, the valley of the Mississippi occupied most of my moments of secret meditation. Long had I wept and prayed over the destitute condition of that wild scattered waste, and for a long time no way opened through which I might call the attention of the wandering probationers *there*, to the all absorbing subject of their soul's eternal interest. But notwithstanding my feeble health, when I received the appointment from the Executive of the Missionary Society, I was ready to comply, assured that He who

was willing to die for the sinner and was able to conquer death, hell, and the grave, was capable of sustaining and conducting his servants to the end. Not knowing how long duty would detain me in the valley, I resolved on having my family (consisting of Mrs. Scott and a son of six years of age,) accompany me. Accordingly on the sixth of January, 1842, we, after pledging our mutual prayers, took leave of the Church, and our friends. This was a season of the deepest feeling to us all. But feelings were not to be substituted for duty, and often during our absence did we feel that the parting pledge was redeemed. Oh what a boon bestowed from heaven is that blessing of prayer. By it the saints are brought in unison at the throne, and there they meet, though mountains rise and waters roll between. Through this channel saints terrestrial hold converse with those of the celestial world, and with the God of eternity. Heaven be praised for this inestimable treasure, and may I ever hold it dear as the blessings it brings. Thus in the midst of a cold winter, we left our fireside and the bosom of the Church to face the stormy blasts, and the frowns of a wicked world, the latter being far the most intolerable. At first when suffering intensely from the inclement weather, nature would recoil ; but one reflection of the Savior's pangs for a guilty world would quell each rising thought, and faith would take hold of eternal rest beyond this vale of tears.

7th. Called at Olean Point. Here, in this flourishing village are two families, and although lonely situated as to society, yet persevering in the cause of

truth, fully resolved to obey God at the risk of all things. From thence we came to Great Valley — called on a brother, who, without interrogation, acknowledged his convictions of the justice of our cause, and of his becoming a member of some S. D. Baptist Church. From that we passed on to Mansfield, where we spent the Sabbath with first day people, the thaw preventing our reaching the Church at Persia.

9th. Called at Persia, and spent only one evening with the friends there, as our instructions required us to hasten to some remote portion of the Mission, and visit nearer home on our return route.

12th. In North East, Erie County, Pa., called at Br. Abel Babcock's, who had for a long season lived without any knowledge of the prosperity of his covenant brethren. He said "our visit was to him as cold water to a thirsty soul," and wished to express his thankfulness to the society for looking after him. He was in the enjoyment of religion — strong upon the bible Sabbath, and shunned not to defend its cause.

15th. Being Sabbath, spoke to an audience whose number amounted to six, two of them were first day people. Our friends here are faithful soldiers in the cause of God, and an ornament to the society. Our Br. Julius Todd, is trying to publish salvation in this place — preaches each Sabbath to three persons, except on accidental occasions, he also preaches in the country around; his example is worthy of imitation.

16th. Spent the day as usual in travelling, and at night called at Father Bailey's and although his head is silvered over with the frosts of eighty-seven winters,

yet he was strong in the Lord, and a bold advocate for the doctrines of the bible. May he live to bring in his centenary offering.

14. We came to Gerard. Enquired for a brother Langworthy, but he was not known by any until morning: When after we had spent the night, and the Landlord had obtained a heavy bill, he was well known!! and our Host gave correct direction to the very house!!! a distance of some seven miles.— With Br. L——, we dined, and continued our journey, through Coneaut to Kingsville, O. While passing through Coneaut we conversed about the Lady, Mrs. Applebee, who had been shipwrecked opposite the town on Lake Erie, and lived seven days in the cabin which was nearly full of water. But God was with her, nor suffered the floods to overflow her soul, and she was preserved to glorify His name. On the day appointed for the funeral discourse she was restored to her weeping husband, to his astonishment and inexpressible joy. While reflecting upon the Omnipotence of Jehovah's arm, we were encouraged with the reflection that *that* arm could sustain *us*, and if so, “why art thou cast down, oh my soul, trust thou in God, for he is thy hope and salvation.”

Leaving Kingsville we passed on to Kirtland where we took a survey of the “Mormon Temple.” Of the Mormons, there were left to guard the Temple, about five hundred in all, their main body having taken their pilgrimage to Nauvoo, the promised inheritance of the latter day saints. The Temple is a huge stone edifice, standing on the brink of a towering bank, over-

looking the surrounding country. High upon its front is written in large capitals,

THE TEMPLE  
OF THE LIVING GOD.  
DEDICATED TO HIM  
BY THE LATTER  
DAY SAINTS.

1835.

It is kept locked, and may not be entered free of cost, or without a guide. After engaging our conductor we passed through the broad hall into the main body. Each door is as carefully bolted as those in a prison. One room embraces the whole basement story, with the exception of the hall, or entry, and I should judge the room was thirty feet between floors, and but for its architecture it would appear like a cavern. On each end was a pulpit containing four seats, each of which as it rose above, receded from the other until the last was much elevated, and placed against the wall. The seats in the east end was for the presiding officers in the priesthood of Aaron. Each seat is calculated for three persons, each person occupying a separate niche in the form of a segment of a circle. In the centre sits the presiding officer, who has on either side a counsellor. The pulpits are decorated with carved work of the most costly workmanship. In front of each appears three initials. Those on the front of the lowest seat were P. D. A. I inquired of

my guide for their fullest meaning, and was informed as follows : The initials on the first seat were

1. P. D. A.—President, Deacon of Aaron.
2. P. T. A.—President, Teacher of Aaron.
3. P. A. P.—President of the Aaronic Priesthood.
4. B. P. A.—Bishop of the Priesthood of Aaron.

“Those in the west end are,” said he, “for the presiding officers in the Melchisedec Priesthood.”

1. P. E. M.—Presiding Elder of Melchisedec.
2. P. M. H.—President of Melchisedec’s High Priest.
3. M. H. P.—President of the High Priesthood of Melchisedec.

4. M. P. C.—Melchisedec’s President Senior.

My guide said, “Sometimes these men of God shine with dazzling splendor.” I looked on him with pity. Each of the seats of these pulpits could be shut in entire by pasteboard curtains, suspended from the upper ceiling, thus completely secluding each seat with its occupant from every other object in the Temple. Besides this, there are curtains to inclose the whole at once. Here (my skepticism suggested) they can dress their Angels at will. There was a curtain suspended, which when dropped would divide the congregation in the centre.

This is but one of the deceptive machines invented by the adversary of souls to their everlasting destruction. From this apartment we ascended two flights of stairs which led us into a school room, which contained the same number of pews and pulpits as did the basement story, but not so costly, and without

curtains. Ascending another flight of stairs we come to another loft which was subdivided into study rooms, some of these were so destitute of light that they appeared fitted for deeds of darkness.

Ascending another flight of stairs, we stood in the belfry, the base of which was ninety-four feet from the ground. This was the most interesting position in, or about the Temple. From it we could survey the village and many of the plantations, with the hills and dales which beautify the surrounding country. But all was mingled with sorrowful reflections, as beneath our feet were those rooms which, to us appeared fitted for deceptive purposes, and where it is feared, almost all manner of sinful gratifications were indulged. They were *then* beneath our feet, and may Heaven grant, that such delusions with there kindred spirits, may always remain there. In view of the thousands thus deluded, how gloomy the thought. In the blaze of Gospel truth how easily men are blinded and led into fatal delusions. The soul sunk still lower than in the beginning, the mind still more degraded and yet they hope for a being with the blest !

How awfully accountable then, are those who lead them thus astray. This is as concise a description as I am able to give, and although my notes are somewhat defaced I believe it is correct. I have noticed "The Temple," not because its merits demand it, but to show how far delusion may go, even in this our enlightened land.

Leaving the Mormon Temple, we resumed our journey. It being very warm and pleasant, the frozen

ground began to soften, and it was very soon exceeding bad travelling. Our course led us through Cleaveland which is a splendid city indeed. It is surrounded with a beautiful and fertile country. Above and below the city on the lake road, the country seats were surpassingly elegant. At Cleaveland we took the pike road for Columbus, which led us from the lake; and notwithstanding the wheeling was intolerable, they exacted an extravagant toll. When we came to Medina, the wheeling was so heavy that we left the turnpike for back roads, at which time we thought our troubles had begun.

Part of the time we plodded on through mud knee deep, and so frosty that all the turbid soil adhering to the carriage wheels congealed. Sometimes we were hobbling over the hubs, at others trundling the crazy log and rail bridges, in which the country greatly abounds. Through swamps and lonely deserts much of our pathway lay. Twice we broke our carriage, costing much time and money to get it repaired again. The charity of many of these people begins at home, and we should judge was scarcely ever found wandering abroad.

Our way, however, was through a very pleasant country newly settled from almost every nation on the globe. The productions of the soil, though not extravagant, will reward the husbandman for his toil.

Thus we urged our way on, and although we could make but little progress, we felt it our duty to pursue the journey.

Jan. 18. We called at Harrisville, and from appearances I thought they were sometimes visited by



the ague and fever ; but when I enquired concerning it, the keeper of the Inn declared emphatically *that it was not the case*. Shortly after a gentleman came in, and drawing up to the stove, said, " I guess, Landlord, my fit is coming on again." After he had shaken sometime, I enquired if that man was a resident of that town. My host answered "*he is sir*." " Has he been absent recently ?" " No sir." " Well sir," I replied " he must have the disease from his own climate ;" I mention this as a specimen of the smuggling spirit of the inhabitants in unhealthy countries.

At Sullivan my carriage was broken, by which I was detained about a day ; there I found a Phrenological Lecturer, who was making extravagant strides in the business of his profession. At about eleven, A. M., a company was gathered in the bar-room, and I was invited to a seat with the spectators. From their manner, I discovered that it was their intention to have a little sport at my expense. Sin appeared their chief delight, and a *minister* the object of their greatest envy. I had desired a privilege to preach to them, and when I entered the room which was crowded, I thought a way might then open. Soon after entering, a rusty looking man took the seat and the exhibition commenced. At the first onset, the actor fastened his eyes upon the object of their anticipated sport, remarking as follows : " This gentleman [?] can never be a christian, not having sufficient organs for marvellous conceptions." Then with a haughty air proceeded, " That is the case with *me*, I cannot believe in ghosts and hobgoblins, neither can I bring before my mind

the form of *your christians God*. If I could only see his shape, his feet, hands, eyes, &c. ; how he looked, walked, talked, and appeared, I should take *the greatest pleasure in worshipping him*." At the close of the last sentence, I remarked, "that, sir, is intended for me." To which he pompously replied, "Indeed it is, sir." Approaching him, and placing my hand on his head, I said, "sir, you have informed us, that these organs are the seat of the *mind*. Tell us if you please how that mind looks, its form, features, &c., and we will believe you." He saw that with his own weapons he was slain. His hands lazily fell from the cranium, and all was silent. I then remarked, "Establish holiness as a common centre, and cluster around it the other attributes of Deity, then you *might* worship. Add to that a renewed heart, which you very much need, and you would *delight* to worship." This is only noticed to show that truth, if brought to bear, will ever triumph over the advocates of error. Surely "our weapons are not carnal but mighty — through God to the pulling down of the strong holds of Satan."

"How happy is the Christian's lot."

## CHAPTER II.

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Contention at Ashland — Tea at the German Tavern — Young Man at the Bar — German Pedler — Waggon capsized in the Wilderness — Difficulty in obtaining Entertainment — Marion — Call at Wheelers — He cautions against the Robbing Tavern in the Forest — Causeys — Bellefontain — Carriage found in the Woods — Arrival at Port Jefferson — Jackson Township — Eagerness of the people to hear the word of God — Gale — Leave for North Hampton — L. A. Davis.

At Ashland, Richland Co., for some cause I was thought to be a friend to the slave, and a club of coxcombs pounced upon me by guess, saying they would "egg" a man of that character. I immediately began to defend the slave when a battle of words ensued; and although I was unflinching in behalf of the poor "down-trodden," they did not execute their threatened vengeance.

21. Called at night at a German Tavern, and as the next day was Sabbath, we engaged our entertainment during that day. In the evening, for tea the cook filled a large tin pot with water and stained it with *black tea*. In the morning the old tea was warmed over, and presented for breakfast. While there a young gentleman from Pennsylvania called and approached the bar for the common beverage. I expostulated with him and obtained his pledge. During the day, a German pedlar, a Jew, came, and was very urgent to direct me. I took his way bill, but his anxiety

to obtain my pledge that I would follow it, gave me some suspicions, and I took another route. The going was so bad that we could proceed but from twelve to twenty miles each day. And I afterwards learned that the route advised by the pedlar, led through a wilderness of forty miles in extent, and was sometimes infested with robbers.

23. At night we were caught in the wilderness, and far from any house, following an underbrushed road as it wound its way around the large trees. But we were favored with the light of the pale moon, as its borrowed rays found their way through the thick woven bowery above. Thus we crept along over the frozen ground, stumps, and roots, at a very slow rate, until late in the evening. And how far from the settlement we could not imagine, for when we entered the forest we were told it was "but a little bit" through. This term I afterwards learned was applied to any distance however indefinite.

Late in the evening we passed a log hut, which being well lighted within, very much resembled a *pole lantern*. After passing this some distance we found a large tree across the path, which endeavoring to shun, led us down a steep bank, where our carriage capsized. In my effort to save my family I was caught under the wagon, with my face so muffled that I could not speak, and it was sometime before I could extricate myself with the aid of my family. This was a gloomy scene, and the more so to my family, as it was sometime before they knew whether I was dead or alive, and with their utmost exertion, much time elapsed be-

fore our joint effort was effectual. We were then four hundred miles from home, and had been for hours penetrating this lonely desert, and how far it was through was entirely unknown to us. At this time we knew not what damage might be derived by this catastrophe. Indeed, I thought it a lonely predicament for a helpless female, and especially before I had escaped the danger of being torn to pieces by the wagon, if the team should get frightened, as in the affray I had lost the reins. After unloading the carriage we righted it, reloaded and pursued the journey. By this time I found that my face and head were much bruised. After hobbling along sometime, we came to a log house where we sought for entertainment, but to no purpose. I begged for a shelter for the remainder of the night, but all my entreaties were in vain, we were directed on. When we came to the next house we met the same treatment, we plead our condition, but apparently to no purpose, until appealing to their sympathy with all the eloquence of which we were possessed, we effected our object, and was admitted. From that time until we left in the morning we were kindly entertained. Thus we were preserved by a kind Providence, and again reminded of our Heavenly Father's care. The next day we crossed a low wet prairie, passed through Marion, and a small village which the people denominate "Sodom," and put up for the night with one John Bates, a Freewill Baptist Minister. We had with this family a soul-refreshing season.

25. Having been recommended to a tavern kept by Mr. Wheeler, we called about noon, and found him

a very good man, and a christian. He kept us over night, free of cost, rather than let us go to a tavern in the forest, which he said was a den of thieves and robbers. Here, even the unconverted entreated us to tarry with them for a season, and teach them the way of life. Doubtless if we could have submitted, much good might have been done, and with sufficient labor, a church established. Indeed we never before saw the unconverted so anxious to be taught.

26. Leaving those kind hearted people, we entered the forest on the way to Belle Fontaine. For many miles it was one continued Causey, or as the inhabitants say, a "corduroy or rail-road," which is made by throwing trunks of trees into a marsh and leaving them to settle there. This material is used where the swamps are extremely bad. The jolts as the carriage fell from log to log, were uncomfortable in the extreme. If in high water any of the logs get washed out of their place, on coming to it, the team first plunge into the mire, up to their mid-side, and then flounce for the logway again, when the carriage is drawn into the marsh, well nigh burying the forward wheels. As the team advances the wheels come in contact with the remaining timbers, and all are *fetched up*, and there we are a dead set again. Out we must get, and wading through the mud, raise the wheels until they will roll on the logs again, and then we trudge on. These scenes are not unfrequent with travellers in those parts, during the muddy season, which by-the-by is much of the year. Where the swamps are not too miry, rails are split out of the logs and thrown in for a bridge.

These rail, pole, and log bridges are often many miles in length. At night we stopped in Belle Fontaine. This town is in a very romantic country surrounded with an oaken forest. In the forest through which we passed in reaching Belle Fontaine in 1840, there was a splendid carriage found a short distance from the road, and the perpetrators of a supposed horrid deed could never be traced.

27. Arrived at Port Jefferson, Shelby Co., and were received with unusual cordiality by the friends residing there. The town is situated within an amphitheatre of romantic and forest crowned hills, and on the banks of the beautiful Great Miami River. The inhabitants were excavating a canal which passed the town. This is an unhealthy place indeed.

On our arrival, found Br. B. C. Church laboring with his might. He, with his brethren, had just closed a protracted effort which resulted in much good, giving new courage to the saints and an addition of eight to the Church. Twelve had been baptized, many others gave evidence of a renewed heart. This was a day of rejoicing to the friends there. The cloud which had so long enshrouded them, presenting a gloomy aspect, was beginning to give way—hope was springing up and the sun of righteousness was shedding forth his healing rays. Truly they hoped for better days. In that wilderness the kingdom of grace was advancing. For which we bless the Lord.

28th. Left for Jackson Township to join Br. Church in one of his appointments, a distance of some ten miles. It would have been interesting to some of our

friends to have seen us following our guide through the woodland, winding our way around the hillocks, crossing the log, pole, and rail bridges. Thus, through swamps and brush, we made our way, with our carriage tossing and reeling like a bark upon the wave, our guide often turning to behold us in our tottering situation, until we were obliged to abandon it, and on horseback pursue our journey. We soon however found ourselves in an humble cottage, fitted for the reception of the gathering multitude. The people came in flocks from all parts, and from whence we could not conceive, only as they shot forth from the thickets in every direction, until the house was literally jammed. Anxiety and ambition dwelt in glowing colors on every countenance. These people would cheerfully go, aided by their torches, from two to five miles through the woods to worship God. Surely, "the wilderness shall bud and blossom like the rose." We believe the Lord met with us, and that to bless. The silvery moon came up just in season to lend its borrowed light to aid the returning groups back to their dwellings. The forests echoed with their songs of praise, as they returned.

29th. This day being Sabbath, the people assembled for divine worship, filling the house to overflowing. As it was the evening before, so it was on the Sabbath — they came flocking from all parts, boiling forth from the forest in every direction. The worship of God was attended with deep solemnity. While christians were made to rejoice, sinners evidently saw the need of a Savior.



3 o'clock, P. M.—We now approach a scene of deep interest to those present. On our way from meeting, and in the forest, very suddenly the atmosphere was changed from a clear sky to a tremendous gale, and was heightened to a degree surpassing any thing of the kind ever known before in this country. The bellowing thunder aroused our attention, and we soon discovered the electrified clouds arising in quick succession, darkening the western horizon. The roughness of the way forbade our hastening, and as we had just passed a log cottage situated in a small opening, we made our way thither with all possible speed. We had scarcely alighted ere it blew a heavy gale. The heavens were now shut in. Casting our eyes westward, we saw the maddened clouds foaming and ploughing through the ætherial regions, as though the elements had summoned all their forces, concentrating them here—locked in each other's maddened embrace, and struggling for the mastery. All was commotion. The lightning was flashing and starting forth in streams, as though hastening with all its native power and velocity from the terrible scene, but was soon met by an equal force from another direction. Their approximation was terrible, and the concussion caused all nature to tremble. The heavens were in a constant blaze—the raging winds, the streaming lightning and the heavy peals of thunder all combined, presented a scene which could but appear to us like the crash of worlds. The sweeping gusts which appeared, sent from the main body as forerunners, almost took our breath, and we were compelled to grasp each

other for support. Our pen fails in describing this scene — language is inadequate. The tempest which had hitherto been in its main body so high, that we hoped it might pass with the most of its fury above us, began to hug the forest as if it would, while in its awful struggle seek for a resting place. At this moment the scene was awfully terrific. The forest appeared at once like a mighty army thrown into consternation — lit up by the apparently burning clouds, and for a moment it appeared that the whole atmosphere was in a flame. This was followed by a mighty crash. Much of the timber was literally shivered, the broken fragments filling the air. Our position appeared the more endangered, as the gale was bending its course directly towards us, and each move seemed to redouble its fury. The females began to sink beneath the terror of the scene, beholding the fragments of the deranged forest flying and falling in every direction, but were in a measure calmed by the deliberate expostulations of Br. L. A. Davis, who at this time administered the consolations of religion. But our situation was awful. Our fate on earth must soon be decided, at least for this time. And when all hope failed, either in ourselves or nature — when it appeared that we must inevitably be engulfed in this raging tempest, the winds parted, passing us on the right and left, sweeping before it — and we were preserved. Bless the Lord for this deliverance. Hallelujah! Amen.

31st. Preached at the Baptist House in Port Jefferson, and on the evening of the 1st of February in

the Methodist Chapel, where they were holding a protracted meeting.

Feb. 3. We left Port Jefferson for North Hampton, Clark Co., in company with Elder L. A. Davis. At seven in the morning we forded the Miami. It was rising very fast, and could not have been passed two hours later. We found the mud exceeding deep, and the rain fell all day upon us. After facing the storm through the day, we were very coolly received by those from whom we least expected anything but a hearty welcome. The office held by the man of the house indicated a very different course. Office did I say? Yes, a holy office in the church was won by *that* man. Br. Davis was the more keenly affected on the account of having led us there of his own will. But I pitied him, surely I did, when he groaned most bitterly. It had rained all day, and the water stood in ponds all over the country, and that ungenerous man turned Elder Davis' Horse into the open lot for the night, without feeding him, and would have done the same by mine if I had suffered it. Such are symptoms of human nature in its last stages; but so it sometimes happens. On our arrival in North Hampton, a meeting commenced, having been previously appointed, and was continued many days with good success.

The Ministers who reside there, were exerting themselves to the utmost for the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom. Elder L. A. Davis, Pastor of the Church in Port Jefferson, Shelby Co., is assuredly a pillar in Zion; and a Father to the Churches in that country. Indeed as far as human

agency and government is concerned, without him, I do not know how the churches could sustain their being. There is much lack of efficient ministry in that country.

### CHAPTER III.

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Schools — Teacher Rejected — Health — Death of a Young Man — Young Lady converted — Mad River — Wandering in the woods of Quincy — Baptism at Port Jefferson — A man disputes the Earth's revolution — Thunder Tempest — Leave for Bloomfield — Springfield — Macadamized Road — Columbus — Big Walnut River — Difficulty in crossing — Thunder Storm — Cross the Scioto — The dangers — Arrival at Deacon Clarks — Hunting Excursion — Embankment — Mound — Human Skeletons — Meetings — Gay Circle broken up — Conversion of an Infidel — Man's Accountability — Baptism — Butlerville — Meetings at Father Hill's — A Grave Yard — Interest of the Surrounding Scenery — From Butlerville to Cincinnati — Banks of the Ohio — Surrounding Scenery.

It is but recently that schools have been established here, and in some districts, ignorance prevails to an alarming extent. As a specimen of some portions, I will notice, that in Quincy, where we called, a brother informed me that a teacher had been once rejected for teaching his scholars the sound of the letters, but by the persuasion of some of the school proprietors, and his influence, he was reinstated, and at that time the entire district was converted to his practice. Many of the inhabitants can neither read nor write. That portion of Ohio, is very beautiful, and the soil productive. Much of it is swampy, and when cleared becomes dry, and is very excellent in its production. The weather for the most part of the time was very warm, almost as much so as that of summer. Often, even in February, the woods would echo with the shrill notes of the feathered songsters. But while we

were there it was much inclined to sickness and death. One circumstance will serve to show the terror of a disease called the "winter plague." A very wicked young man who opposed religion and exerted himself to annoy the meeting one evening, was, the next evening, a corpse. Reader, be careful how you sport with divine things. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily therefore the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil:" Eccl. viii. 11. God's vengeance often delays, but ere long it bursts upon the head of the wilful rebel. The only safety is beneath the covert of the Savior's wing, which is secured by repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

21. Preached in the evening, but was so feeble that it was difficult to stand while addressing the audience. Great solemnity pervaded the people. On our return to Br. Lippincott's, we found a young lady who had long opposed the government of heaven, writhing under the ponderous load of a guilty conscience. With her we wept and prayed. In the morning she found relief at the foot of the cross, and sung praises to God.

22. In company with Br. B. C. Church visited Br. Joel Babcock's, on Mad river, a distance of some twelve miles. This river has an appropriate name, for during a flood its fury is, I believe without parallel. The surrounding country is the best adapted to the farmers use of any we saw in the State. This entire section was once possessed by the Sabbath Baptists, but now most of them have left for other parts.

24. Left for Port Jefferson, and travelled all day, over rough roads and through the woods ; at night we wandered about the woods of Quincy, from hut to hut, to find a shelter from the inclement weather. About ten o'clock we succeeded, and the family prepared our refreshment, consisting of "corn bread and common doings." While we were in the State, a man who sometimes preached, said, that people were fools for believing that the world revolved; for if so, when a bird left her nest she could not find it again it would get so far the advance.

26th. Sabbath. The meeting house in Jefferson was filled to overflowing. The friends came from Jackson, Quincy, &c., distance from six to ten miles. And what surprised us most was that they were engaged to that degree, that some young ladies came on foot six and seven miles through mist and mud. In conversation they said they were well paid, and were willing to wear themselves out in the cause of their Master. A caution to the dilatory. When we were about to sympathize with them, they cautioned us, and with tears in their eyes, pointed toward heaven, saying, "In my Father's house there are many mansions." One Br. having found the Savior, came twenty miles to be baptized and at the close of the sermon rose and told his errand. The intelligence coming with such earnestness and so unexpected, produced a thrill in the congregation, and for a short time it was a house of weeping and thanksgiving to God for his continued mercy to our lost race. Oh matchless grace that can thus change the Infidel —

take him from this busy world, and lead him that distance to follow the example of his divine Redeemer. Oh divine master, give us a resting place beneath the covert of thy wing. We then repaired to the bank of the Miami River which flows gently by this town. This was as beautiful and interesting a scene as we ever witnessed. The people skirted the river up and down. The bank was so formed that the gathering multitude ranged in lines, one above another, so that all could with ease behold the scene. The lofty sycamores stood in all their native grandeur along the shore, stretching their branches over the rolling wave, greatly adding to the beauty of the scenery. Our souls were filled. Heaven was begun below. Through this ordinance, and while upon the banks of *this river*, we could but cast a wishful eye to "Canaan's happy land," and there behold "the river of life," gently flowing through the City of the Great King. Our heart leaped within us for joy. And were it not for the salvation of others, we could have gladly, if permitted, dropped this suffering tenement—departed to be with Jesus at peace, but embrace the spirit of the poet,

"In hope of that Immortal crown,  
I now my cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain :

I suffer on my three-score years,  
Till my deliverer come,  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home."



We here baptized thirteen, whose ages were from ten to forty-five. The candidates appeared very happy, and crowded to the water's edge, anxiously waiting their turn to follow their divine exemplar in the ordinance of baptism. Like the Ethiopian, they went on their way rejoicing, and may they thus continue, until they arrive on Canaan's blissful shore.

27th. Took leave of the brethren, and made our way to Hampton. While plodding through the mud we cast our mind over this field of labor. The cry on every hand was, "come over and help us." We rejoice that there were so many benefitted by the gospel in those counties, and were it not for some obstacles before hinted at, (Oh horrible thought!) there would have been a great ingathering. When will all be wise? When will they see? When will the Church march forth unshackled, and appear fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners. May the good Lord roll on the time "when all shall know him from the least to the greatest." There have been thirty-three baptized, and more are expected the first opportunity.

March 3. There was a heavy thunder tempest, which threatened on every hand; the rain fell in torrents, and the thunder rolled tremendously. This reminded us of that day of trial to mens' souls, when the thunders bellow shall astound the lost souls of men, and the streaming lightning, as it plays across the broad expanse, shall startle the guilty crowd. May the Lord prepare us for that awful day in which the dead shall be judged.

March 8. Left for Bloomfield, Pickaway Co., and passed through Springfield, a town of much business for an inland seat. It is forty-four miles west of Columbus on the National pike. We were accompanied by Br. Jacob A. Davis from Hampton to Bloomfield. We hailed the macadamized road with much joy, as it was the only road where we could travel with any proficiency. The toll on the road is very high, but clergymen are free. Columbus is situated on a high bank of the Scioto river, which was then foaming and ploughing through the country. At the upper end of the city they have an elegant Prison. Broadway is a splendid street, and is well walled in with spacious edifices. The main portion of the city is built on a high bank, which gives it a commanding prospect. After leaving Columbus we plodded along until we came to Big Walnut river, whose swollen waters warned us of the danger of plunging through to the opposite shore. There being two men on the other bank, we enquired if it could be safely forded, to which they replied in the affirmative, if we would pass some rods above. Br. Davis advanced on horseback to try the depth, but the shrubbery prevented our seeing him on the first entrance, or we might have turned, for the first time, upon our heels. We however followed. The bank down to the water was so precipitous, that after venturing to its brink it was impossible to return. As the horses entered the water, the shore proved so bold that, to our confusion, the first step plunged them to the breast. The carriage crowded on, and the first touch of the fore wheels to

the water very nearly or quite immersed them. This brought us erect, as we sat in the carriage. We expected the next moment to be, carriage and all, upon the horses. But a word to the faithful steeds was sufficient, they plunged through the water, and we were soon righted in the midst of the foaming current. In crossing, the bottom of the river was so uneven, that we came very near turning over. Our embarrassment was sufficient cause of sport to those on shore, and when we were safe through, they wished us to carry them across! saying there was a good fording place a few rods below. On our arrival at the tavern, about one mile and a half from the ford, we found a young lady who had emigrated from the East. She rejoiced almost to excess. She had been long enough deprived of her friends, to prize their society. We had but just called for the night, when the rolling thunder and streaming lightning warned us that a storm was at hand.

The rain soon began to fall, and by morning much of the low land was inundated. We had not the red sea before us, nor the Egyptian army behind us, but streams whose depth and fury, at that time forbade our fording them, and on the right, the direction we were to go, was rapidly rolling the maddened waters of the Scioto. We started, and ploughing through the mud, we soon stood upon the bank of the foaming river. Here we were brought to a stand. No bridge or boat was there, nor was it possible to ford the river. And what was most discouraging, those rivers are reluctant in their fall. After searching until we found

a man willing to venture across the river in a skiff, through the broken fragments and floating forest trees, we made preparations to adventure. It was the more dangerous, as just below where we were to cross, was a towering dam, over which the flood-trash was plunging headlong with the roaring waters as they made their way to the boiling abyss below. And if by some accident we had been crowded over with the floating trees it would have been perhaps as fatal to us as a passage over the cataract of Niagara. On starting I left my purse with my family, and the gloomy effect it produced repented me of what I had done, for by the act I had betrayed my doubts of a successful enterprise. The gloom upon my own mind was redoubled by their entreaties that I should desist. However we started, and were soon in the river dodging the floating flood-trash which was borne down the rapid current. The family standing upon the bank, watched the movements of every oar, until we were safely landed on the opposite shore. I waved my hand as a token of safety, and was soon lost in the forest, as I advanced in pursuit of those for whom I had thus hazarded my life. They hailed me with joy, and soon returned with me for my family if per-adventure they could be taken across the river in safety. Haste was necessary as the river was rapidly rising, and would soon overflow its broad expanded bottom.

Mrs. Scott, as her mind was kept in perpetual suspense for a period of time double that anticipated by either of us, wandered up and down the river, inspect-

ing every moving object, until one was seen in the river below the dam, and by all on the opposite shore was fancied a man strangling — sinking — gone. And who could it be but the object of their anxiety? The sight was heart-rending to those who were thus, as they supposed, suddenly bereft of a friend and left alone with strangers, six hundred miles from home. But the good Lord had otherwise ordered; for about the time of this conclusion, we appeared above the dam ready to try our skill in recrossing the river.

We succeeded in getting the family across, then with much difficulty swam the horses. A few days after we took the carriage over in a skiff. The water by this time had spread over much of the low land, and on our return run into the waggon.

We then learned how to sympathise with those who had labored in that country as missionaries; yet we did not regret our engagement, but rejoiced and hailed it as a privilege. If any should think we exaggerate upon our embarrassments, let them take a tour through that country, at that season of the year, and they may be constrained to say like one of old, "the one half had never been told them." In that place we found a number of families who were like sheep without a shepherd. Some still maintained the cause of Christ, and had endeavored to brave the storm, and to bear the burden in the heat of the day. Others had neglected to pay their vows, and consequently had grown cold in religion. Some few had wholly abandoned the cause of their Savior; also a goodly number who had settled with them from the

East, never did profess religion. Take them as a body, they were (religiously,) in a distracted condition. Notwithstanding the embarrassments through which I started and had prosecuted the journey thus far, I was happy to be there. The young had established the dance for sensual recreation, and had carried it to intoxication. And because iniquity did abound, the love of many had waxed cold. These young people had been led on in their sports to such a degree, that one lover of Jesus said, "the wicked one saw his time to be short, and was doing his best."

On our arrival in the neighborhood, a man, who was afterwards converted, said I had better establish a dancing school. The morning succeeding, a company of wicked men invited me to join them in a hunting excursion, which I accepted against the will of the few that professed religion. They evidently designed to defeat the object of the Mission. In the forest we found a man making rails, and when informed of the meeting the next day, (Sabbath) he replied, "if the priest will preach this log into rails" (which by the by had baffled his power and skill,) "I will then hear him preach." [This man was soon after converted to God.] He joined the hunt. We had not proceeded far, when they began their sport and glee. I well knew this day would decide for or against my usefulness in that vicinity, as the main opposers to religion in the place composed the party. I sought the aid of the Holy Spirit which I believe was granted, and joined them in every thing consistent, and was sure to appear very solemn on the

introduction of any thing which would not strictly comport with my profession. A change for the better was soon apparent. They proceeded to an embankment upon the brink of the river which was about two miles in length, and about fifteen feet high, built to guard the bottom land below from the bursting flood in high water. We came in the course of the day, to an ancient mound situated on the bank of the river, in which were human skeletons, very closely compact, and standing erect. The mound was some sixty feet in diameter, of ordinary height. In it was also found flowered earthen ware, of modern resemblance.

The river inwashing away its banks, had exposed many skeletons which had been buried about four feet beneath the surface. They lay horizontally with the head eastward. They were of a Giant size, and the skull very round and extremely thick. The company although very boisterous in the morning, was now softened to a lamblike mildness. The sly hint of the "priestly hunt" was no more, and while this vision of bones afforded a good text book, they were willing to listen to remarks upon the resurrection of the dead, in that day to which we are all hastening. No personal application was made, but solemnity fastened its unflinching grasp upon my associates, while the certainty of death, the resurrection and the general judgment, together with our weakness, compared with the Omnipotence of Jehovah, was brought before the mind. Two skeletons in particular arrested our attention. They were evidently those of a mother with her

infant upon her arm. They doubtless had thus slept undisturbed for thousands of years. She, perhaps a heathen mother, had fallen asleep with the infant on her breast, while we were blessed in living under the blaze of gospel truth: hence our condemnation is the greater if we should reject its saving power. The men of Nineveh might well rise in judgment against us. After this day's exercise they resolved to attend the meetings, and were all, I believe, converted, and I had the inestimable privilege of baptizing them before leaving the place. After they were converted they often referred to the excursion in the forest, in which they professed to have realized the contrast between religion and irreligion.

While reflecting upon my accountability, who but a servant of the church can realize my feelings. Here I was, surrounded by a multitude, and the number of pious comparatively small, while many were opposed to the religion of the crucified Redeemer. If I ever saw the necessity of a holy devotion it was on this occasion. Their guilty, lost condition — my accountability — the judgment-day, all clustered around my vision, and well nigh overwhelmed my depressed soul. I visited the forest, and poured out my soul to God in prayer. In deep agony I implored immediate aid of my Divine Commissioner. Immediate, did I say, yes, for that was morally a wild uncultivated field, and I had but a few days to tarry with them, and what was done must be done quickly.

12. Sabbath; many come out this day to hear the stranger. Some of the original settlers acted as though



they thought one of the seven wonders of the world had developed itself; and they would gaze upon a Seventh-day Baptist preacher, as though he had been some awful prodigy in nature, or at least some supernatural production, and would express themselves thus: "I'll go and hear what he says about *Saturday for Sunday*."

God was there. His spirit melted the congregation and the majority pledged themselves in obedience to his will, and with the number, were the most of my hunting companions. Oh what a change! Deep groans and sighs and prayers were bursting from them on every hand. Hope revived in the heart of the old professors, and here that soul converting work began. At evening some of the young men collected their youthful associates and urged a dance, but to no purpose. One young gentleman professed to have his pockets full of religion, offered to peddle it out, saying, the Missionary should not duck him, &c. &c. But his wickedness was ineffectual. This youth was the first to give his hand in the ordinance of baptism. When we first visited his father's, he would shun a religious conversation, but we did not follow him, and after a short time he came and solicited information respecting his salvation. The meetings continued about three weeks, — the parties of recreation were broken up, and we had the happiness to see the youth join hands in singing praises to Jesus. The leader of their mirthful scenes filled his station with them in the cause of God.

20. After services, repaired to the Scioto river, a

distance of about two miles, and baptized ten happy converts. Another week was spent in the same manner, and the meetings were carried on with increasing interest. Evening meetings were so crowded that many, *very many*, could only cluster around the doors and windows. Often after the meetings were closed, though kept to a late hour, it was with difficulty that we could get the congregation to disperse.

26. Sabbath ; house and yard was crowded with people, and we were again privileged with going to the river, and there leading five converts in the ordinance of baptism.

27. A larger congregation still. The good spirit fell like rain upon the people, and five more were baptized.

The last that were baptized was the man who chose a dancing school when we first began our labors, and his lady. His procedure was as follows. Being convicted but still unwilling to yield, he first said to the congregation that he did not wish to stand as a hindrance to any, and advised all who were inclined to seek the Lord, to do it then. As soon as he said this, some burst forth as though they were liberated from literal bands. What an influence one individual may exert over his associates, and especially in youth ! May I be delivered from the hell of such persons, if they should continue to their own eternal ruin.

The Savior said, " Ye have taken away the key of knowledge, ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered." But he pronounced a woe upon such persons. The next eve-

ning the convicted man said, that he had decided to leave off swearing. Well, thought I, slow but sure. The next evening he fell prostrate before the altar and God, through the atonement received the offering. The last time we visited the river to attend the ordinance of baptism, the forest trees had begun to put forth their foliage, forming a delightful bowery over our heads.

It was the opening season of the year, when nature, arousing itself from the sleep of winter, appeared with renovated beauty. Not only man, but flowers and trees and birds seemed to enjoy the season, and the scene was most glorious, as the banks on either side were crowded with the gathering inhabitants, and many were singing praises to God. Here we were reminded of the language of the inspired penman "When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them." A middle aged man ascended a sloping sycamore, and baboon-like was exerting himself to raise a shout in the congregation. I looked at him again, and again, until his attention and that of the congregation were arrested, then said: "If you are a man, exhibit his character, that we may decide what you are." He slid down amid the sarcastic sneers of the crowd, and sneaked off. Profound silence followed, and nothing more transpired to annoy except a mimic baptism on the opposite shore, where some young men were acting the part of pupils, and appeared to improve the opportunity to commit to memory the ceremony. May God pity such deluded sinners. O that men

would be wise, and learn that when they mock, and deride the cause of religion, they only are "heaping up wrath against the day of wrath," and preparing sorrow for their own souls. I often thought of the gathering thousands on the banks of Jordan. While the Disciples were happy, the Priests, Scribes, self-righteous Pharisees, and the rabble, were hissing even in the audience of the Savior of the world.

What strange infatuation is found in the heart of fallen man. But thus it is. While a few are found laying up for themselves a treasure in heaven, thousands are crowding the broad road to death, and as though borne upon the surge of opposition to every good, they blindly rush forward — are foundered upon the rock unbelief — are drawn into the whirlpool of woe, and sink to rise no more ! But glory be given the Lord of Hosts ! the afflicted saints if faithful, will soon arrive in heaven, "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Reader, if you are a despised disciple of Jesus, "rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward in heaven."

28. Constituted a church of nine original members, and received ten candidates. The church then elected Charles Clark for their Deacon, and Alonzo Graham, church clerk ; after which we partook of the Lord's Supper. Many more will doubtless join soon. With regard to their location ; they are in a rich fertile country, and as healthy as any we have seen in the State of Ohio, but eighteen miles south of Columbus, and two miles west of South Bloomfield, the Scioto river and canal. There is now about thirteen

hundred acres of wild land in the immediate vicinity, which can be purchased at from four to six dollars per acre. Their Post Office address is South Bloomfield, Pickaway Co., O. Here is a field of labor for some young man or for any one of God's ministers, and the brightest prospects we have seen for usefulness. The harvest is ripe. Who will go to them? They are praying the Lord of the harvest to send them a laborer. Who will reject God's holy spirit, and refuse the call? Shall these souls perish for the want of the bread of eternal life, while there may be enough to go, if they would only consent to suffer a few privations for Christ's sake? Our Savior was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor enough to say, "the foxes have holes, and the fowls of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Mark his example, ye soldiers of the cross. He travelled on foot, by land and on the water, passaged in a fisherman's boat.

At length the day of our departure arrived: the friends gathered, but to bid them adieu, and especially the young converts, was heart-rending indeed. And the greatest cause of our grief was the probability that we should meet no more on time's tempestuous sea.

They implored us so stay with them, but duty forbade.

After taking our seats in the carriage, we endeavored to say "adieu" — but the choking agony stifled the accents as they attempted an escape from the lips. The scene is only understood by those present. In the midst of this overwhelming grief we left them,

and the forest soon hid us from that weeping group. We hoped to meet in a world where the parting tear never trickles down the cheek. No sigh, or groan, or parting scenes shall ever enter those courts of unsullied glory ; and one uninterrupted ocean of peace and love shall ever be enjoyed by those that are admitted there. These thoughts brought vividly to my mind the following strains of Cowper :

“Then be not sad, although thy lot be cast  
Far from the flock and in the boundless waste !  
No Shepherds tents within thy view appear,  
But the chief Shepherd even there is near ;  
Thy tender sorrow and thy plaintive strain  
Flow in a distant land, but not in vain  
Thy tears all issue from a source divine -  
And every drop bespeaks a Savior thine ! ”

Two of the company attended us some distance. One continued about twelve miles, and on leaving us he gave his hand, and bursting into a flood of tears sat down upon the ground and there we left him. We called for the night at a tavern, where a pious lady took a deep interest in that beautiful Hymn, “ All is well,” which we sung and which very much animated her, while she learned to sing it. In that place God was saving souls.

Between Bloomfield and Cincinnati we passed through some excellent country, and some very poor. Much was of a swampy inclination. Our direction was through Washington, Fayette Co., Wilmington, Clinton Co., and Butlerville, Warren Co. In the last mentioned town was once a church, but in consequence of emigration it is now extinct.

Sabbath and first day preached at father Hill's. We found these friends also destitute of the preached gospel ; but they are endeavoring to lay up for themselves a treasure in heaven.

Father Hill I considered one of the most holy men of the age, he was the only original settler there, but has departed this life since that time. When we passed through this portion of Ohio it was at that season of the year when all nature was in perfect bloom.

Box-wood, Dog-wood, &c., were in full bloom which very much beautified the scene, giving an odoriferous atmosphere. It was impossible to get to Cincinnati without travelling on one of those macadamized roads which had not been in use long enough to be worn smooth. They were very uncomfortable for the team, as the sharp corners of the broken rocks nearly crippled them, and added to this the extravagant toll, which amounted to about two dollars each day, they were not very acceptable.

While in Butlerville we took a survey of a graveyard, where many are slumbering in the arms of death, nor shall be disturbed until aroused by the trump of Gabriel, at which time the nation of the dead shall assemble before the dread tribunal, to receive according to the deeds done in the body. In view of the rest that remains for the people of God, we could rejoice. But gloom rested on us in consideration of our feeble health, the insalubrious climate there, and through which we were destined to pass — the trials of a tour like the one in which we were engaged —

the distance we were then from home, and still to proceed farther—the necessities of the church—“the howling miseries of the expiring soul”—and the accountability of the Gospel minister, &c.

Truly, in view of these things, our minds were much depressed. But our trust was in the God of Missions. Nature was however clad in her most gorgeous robe—the fruit trees, both indigenous and exotic were in perfect bloom, and appeared to declare the praises of Him who bade the Spring return. The rippling brook, as it murmured from the mountain forest to the meadowy plains below, mingled its rumbling voice with the shrill notes of the feathered choir, all of which combined, could but cheer the depressed spirits of the wandering pilgrim. We could but anticipate the raptures of the inhabitants of the upper world, and hope sprang within us that if faithful to our Master we should soon be there

“To see and hear and know  
All we desire or wish below.”

April 4. We left in search of more of the scattered sheep of the House of Israel. From Butlerville to Cincinnati we travelled through a most splendid country. Some portions presented the broad expanded plain, while others the romantic mountain scenery. The forests were loaded with foliage, the fruit trees were clad in tinselled blossoms, and the cultivated fields were laden with the rich productions of nature. About noon we struck the beautiful banks of the Ohio river, near five miles above Cincinnati. The landscape beauty about the city is surpassingly sublime. The



sides of the mountains and the plains are subdivided into gardens, arranged in the neatest style. Here we vainly hoped to see some of our friends from the upper country, if perchance they might have reached there with their lumber.

## CHAPTER IV.

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Cincinnati — Kentucky — Anecdote of the threatened Clergyman — Temperance — Manner of redeeming Inebriates — The reclaimed Drunkard — His Family — Temperate drinker — Schools — Celebration — The Ohio River — Contrast of the Inhabitants — Kentucky Mansions — Slave Huts — Poor Tavern — Traveller.

Cincinnati is situated in the southwest corner of the State, on the north side of the river, upon two plains, one elevated considerably above the other, both of which appear to have been formerly washed by the river, and is a large city for so new a country. The streets are interesting, and cross each other at right angles. The city is well supplied with schools and seminaries of learning. On entering the city from the majestic Ohio, you ascend from street to street, which rise in grandeur one above another. Its cleanliness and its active inhabitants, width of streets, elegant edifices, and well arranged shade trees, present a scene of unusual interest. From Mount Auburn, an adjoining suburb, the city is easily surveyed, and in connection with the rolling Ohio, the proud steamer, the “church going bell,” echoing from the spires which rear their lofty points on high, the densely populated town, lying within an amphitheatre of hills, presents a prospective of enlivening interest. Opposite the city lies Kentucky, from which it is only separated by the river. Its towns, banks, hills, dales and mountains,

would present a pleasing aspect ; but for the thought that it is a land of slavery\*. Its soil is drenched in the gore of Afric's sable sons. Its air is mingled with the smothered groans of the widowed mother, the orphan child, the down-trodden father, all of which are rent asunder at will, by that foul monster *Slavery*, which in many places finds a hearty welcome even in the bosom of the Church. While clanking his chains in agony and weltering and writhing in the gore of his eternal bondage, poor, dejected, despised, frantically tortured, exotic son of sorrow, finds no pity from many who wear a christian's garb. He too, most horrid thought, is often sold and his price added to the heathen Missionary Fund!! Wild infatuation! More horrid than the Cannibal who knows no better than to devour his foe. A Christian! sell immortal beings! and take his estimated value, bathe it in tears and bid it God speed to a heathen land!!! What land more heathen than his own? What heart more wild, more heathen-like than that man's, who chains in perpetual bondage, and shrouds in eternal darkness and bends to his brutal lust a fellow-being within his tyrannical grasp. Language has not power to speak the horrors and woes of American Slavery. None but God can comprehend its misery and iniquity; and none but God can inflict punishment according to the demerit of the crime of those whose hands are imbued in the blood of the afflicted sons of Africa.

\*I believe the most of the inhabitants of the free states agree that Slavery is an evil, although some difference of opinion exists respecting its abrogation.

While in this vicinity, a gentleman related an anecdote to me, which has so much of the spirit of the Slavery system, that I will not pass it without a notice. "A few days ago," said he, "one of our most celebrated Clergyman, while passing up the river on board a Steamer, when about twenty miles below the city, was recognized by a Slaveholder, as a man who dared to speak against that foul system. The intelligence was conveyed to the passengers on board, who were mostly pro-slavers, and the Captain was ordered to the Kentucky Shore, where stood a tree on which they swore in their wrath they would hang that man who would open his mouth against them. A rope was fastened around the clergyman's neck in hangman style, and a pistol presented to the Captain's breast, in order to frighten him on shore. The Captain expostulated with them, but to no purpose. It was in vain to say that such a course was wrong, for in that they were happy. And when he said it would ruin him, he was told, "of the two evils to choose the least." But finally said a witty Southerner!! "If we hang this man, the news will reach Cincinnati before we do, and we shall get fired upon in attempting to pass, and most assuredly be destroyed." This selfish thought was effectual, and the man was spared. Reader, this is the true spirit of American Slavery. But may we not say the Kingdom is rending, and notwithstanding the pro-slavery effort, is cleaving asunder, and its mainspring broken by the martyrs for the cause.

Cincinnati is far advanced in the cause of Temperance, and is doubtless worthy of a preference over any

city in the nation. All efforts for the inebriate are borne on the bosom of benevolence. And when the poor besotted creature is met by the sober inhabitants he is not loaded with scoffs and anathemas, but the warm hand of charity is extended to him, and the tear of pity bedews his grief-worn brow. They, in imitation of the good Samaritan take him out of the mire, bind up his wounds and feed and clothe him, until he is sufficiently restored to obtain for himself a livelihood. The city is divided into districts. Each district is governed by a common law, and has its "Samaritans" appointed to gather and bind up the broken hearted. They have also Donation Parties, by which clothing of every description is provided for the benefit of the inebriate, and his afflicted family. Rooms are also furnished, and when the distressed are obtained, they are put therein, until the drunken Father is sufficiently restored to provide for his own household. One circumstance of this description I will notice to exhibit the spirit and benevolence of many of the inhabitants. A gentleman of rank, wealth, and influence, was one day walking the streets in company with a friend, and while passing up Broadway he saw a man who had, in a drunken fit, fallen into the ditch and covered with filth, and had been rolled out. This gentleman bent his steps to the man, and when rebuked by his friend. he said, "last evening, sir, I pledged my influence for the inebriate, and here is a good opportunity to exhibit my sincerity." (A caution to some professed temperance people.) All expostulation and reference to his greatness, and good name, was unavailing. "He is

my brother," said he, and began his operations to arouse the drunken man. The man entreated him to desist as soon as he could speak, saying, "I am unfit for society, and the more especially, that of a gentleman of your appearance." But he plead to no effect, He was led off by the gentleman, amid the shouts of the rabble, and the scorn of the gentry, to a room fitted for that purpose. After resting he became sober, and his rags being thrown aside, he was dressed in respectable style. At evening he was conducted by his friend to a Temperance meeting. A meeting of this description is held nearly every evening in the week, in some portion of the city.

During the evening, the wretch who was picked up in the street, offered his name to the pledge, and his influence against that foul monster who had slain his thousands. But his experience as he related it before the meeting was one of deep interest, and its thrilling touch was deeply felt by the audience. He proved to have been a man of high office in the city of Pittsburgh, once wealthy and in the enjoyment of a lovely family, which were all lost by indulging in the dram drinking practice. His grief worn wife had fled to the parental roof for home and protection. The tender offsprings were deprived of a Father, and he, losing property, character, office, family, reason and all, had fled to that city in order to drink his life away as soon as possible. There the "Samaritan" found him, he was fully redeemed, became himself a lecturer, his family was restored to him, and now he is a flaming seraph through the land, and his family the occupants

of a splendid mansion in Cincinnati. Thus we see what one man *has* done and what others *may* do. "Go thou and do likewise." Often, in those meetings would the mother lead her children around the altar, all of which had been gathered from scenes of woe — fed and clothed by the Washingtonians, and then return her thanks for the kindness of the people. Often was the father and husband one of the number, clothed and in his right mind. Those scenes were extremely heart-rending, and the happiness restored to those families, was a rich reward for the toil of their friends. One gentleman rose in one of those meetings, saying, "The Temperance requisition puts the lash on too hard for me, nor will I endure it." At this, a sot reeling and tumbling, made his way to the speaker and said, "that's the doctrine for me, that's right square." The gentleman endeavored to rid himself of his companion, but to no purpose. He fled to the opposite side of the room, but his faithful friend caught him by the skirt of the coat, and staggering, reeling, tumbling, and hickupping, "that's the doctrine, square," followed, or rather was drawn by the temperate drinker across the room, much to the gratification of the shouting audience, and to the extreme mortification of the gentleman who thought it was of "no use to sign a pledge." As soon as the house was somewhat calmed, he called for the pledge, saying, "If this is my influence, and *these* my associates, I'll put my name there." This is only bringing into active life the influence of the moderate drinkers, and those temperance men who see no need of signing the pledge.

Cincinnati is honorably famous for its Free Schools, of which it has so many, that no one of its population can, by possibility, want the means of an education, which is extended upon an average to four thousand pupils annually. The inhabitants are proud of their city, and conceive it one of the most interesting in America, and with reason, for notwithstanding it is thus thriving, and contains a population of over fifty thousand souls. Fifty-two years ago the ground on which it stands was a wild wood, and its citizens were but a handful of dwellers in scattered log huts upon the river shore.

April 5th, was the great celebration day of the Washingtonian Society. Several Steamers played up and down the river, carrying passengers at free cost. The convention was delegated from all the main parts on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, from Pittsburg to New Orleans, and from the cities and main towns in the interior of the adjacent States. Entertainment was free for all for the space of three days. Each family in the city offering entertainment, hung white tape upon their door posts, and but now and then a lonely cottage was without its sign. It was estimated that thirty thousand children, from the different portions of the country, under fourteen years of age, formed a procession, and with their banners, marched through the city. Also five thousand females — members of the Martha Washingtonian Society — formed on the north of the Park.

Thus, thousands of those who were true to their trust, thronged the city and were marshalled by offi-



cers who pranced their majestic steeds up and down the line, while the flags and banners floated in the air. The music of the day was composed, with the exception of the band of singing by the different processions, as they marched through the city, and the continued roar of the cannon which thundered forth their victory and sent terror through the marshalled ranks of Alcohol.

After surveying the city we continued our course down the Ohio, which is a noble river affording in its whole course romantic and beautiful prospects. It flows in a smooth and easy current, and is diversified on every hand with rich bottom lands, rolling hills and precipitous bluffs. These hills and bluffs in many places rise abruptly from the shore of the river, in others they recede some miles, but in every part are in view, and so varied is the scenery that there is no weariness caused by monotony. No where has the hand of industry been wanting to add interest in passing through this part of the great Western Valley. Farms, towns, and villages, evince the advantages that has been taken of the exuberance of the soil. The many panting Steamboats show that industry furnishes the means of wide extended and profitable commerce. One can but notice in travelling there the difference in the taste and habits presented on the two sides of this river. Upon the Ohio side, New England modes and habits prevail. Upon the Kentucky side the style of the rich Virginia Planter is seen, though almost all their buildings, except in villages, are made of logs, yet there are the customs of nobility kept up.

Their houses are principally two story, with two rooms upon each floor, and a wide, open, airy hall between. One of the lower rooms is a parlor, the other is a nursery and dining room. Around these log mansions are a cluster of log cabins, the habitations of Slaves, and but for this, the open, frank hospitality which characterize the Kentuckian would be an eulogy upon his name.

While travelling on the bank of the Ohio, we called at a Tavern to ascertain the distance to the next house of entertainment, to which the the Landlord replied, "If you are travellers this is the place for you; for they commit robberies at the next house." It was too late for us to proceed farther. During the evening we were entertained with robbing anecdotes relative to his neighbors, and particularly, those at North Bend\*. About the time we called a huge looking object came for entertainment, and although they would appear as strangers, it was obviously otherwise. On his head was a large piece of a Deer's Skin, with the ears standing erect, over his shoulders was thrown a portion of an old tattered plaid blanket which hung about half way to the ground, and *across* his shoulder lay a spruce cudgel, from four to six feet in length, and two inches in diameter, with the knots left about an inch long, and brought to a point. His entire appearance, was huge and savage. The house was swarming with intoxicated Irishmen. We thought *they* had the materials for plundering, and a

\*This was the only Tavern at which we called for a night during our absence, that we had sufficient cause to question our safety.

heart but little too good. We afterwards learned that the public were somewhat suspicious of them. We *spent* or wore away the night as agreeably as possible, and when the grand illuminator of day appeared, we hailed his refulgent rays with raptured delight.

## CHAPTER V.

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Idiomatic expressions—Shattered dwellings—Cookery—Danger of Popery—Extract from Pollok.

IN many places in the south of Ohio and Indiana, the English Language is put upon the rack and very much mangled. The affirmative answer to a question is "Well I reckon." The negative "All but that." For instance: "Are you going to Town to-day?" "Well I reckon." "Did you accomplish your object yesterday?" "All but that." When an answer is thus given no more is to be said, as a repetition required is esteemed dishonorable.

When in an office one day a gentleman came in, and the following conversation ensued.

"Well Doctor, how are you to-day?"

Doct. "Tolerable like."

Visit. "How are your concerns?" (family.)

Doct. "Tolerable like, how did you leave your concerns at home?"

Visit. "Tolerable like."

Doct. "We had a powerful rain yesterday."

Visit. "Lots and slathers of it."

A short pause ensues, when the visitor interrupts the silence by saying, "Well Doctor, I reckon you'd

like dearly well to see a coming a little of that are corn ? ”

Doct. “ Well I reckon. Did you raise quite powerful of it this year ? ”

“ Visit. “ Well I reckon, quite a smart chance of it.” The visitor continues, “ I have a smart chance of it in my barn, and lots and slathers in the field that has n’t its jacket torn off it yet.”

Doct. “ Well I should be mighty glad to see it. When will you *haul* it.”

(He designs to say in the course of this month.)

Visit. “ Well I reckon in all this month.”

Doct. “ Well, I have now a pretty smart chance of corn, but last week I was pretty tight on ’t until Mr. ——— hauled me a powerful load of the smartest corn I ’ve had in many a day.”

When one wishes to say he is not well, it is “ I am sort of donsey.”

At one time a gentleman came where we were to get some one to convey the corpse of a deceased friend to the grave, when after the usual compliments, he began :

“ Well I have come to get you to *haul* the corpse of my brother’s wife to the grave.”

“ Well I reckon I can *haul* it as well as any one in the State, for I have a powerful team.”

When they wish to speak of a large assembly they say “ a smart sprinkle of people.” The word balance comes into almost every transaction. “ To make out the balance he ate a smart chance of baked pig.” “ To make out the balance of a night’s rest he slept

until eight in the morning." If they refer to the intelligence of an individual they say "He knows a heap." If they conceive a good quality in any thing, they say, "It's jam up." For instance, "That's a jam up friend or a jam up dinner," &c.

If a large amount is expressed, it is "a smart chance." "What did you get for your ox at the sale?" "Quite a smart chance," &c. &c. &c.

Many live in shattered, leaky, log huts, or shanties, and much of their wearing apparel compares well with the hovels in which they stay. We often slept or rather made an attempt, in rooms where the snow, rain, and sleet, would sift through the crevices and give us as they say, "a smart sprinkle." It is common to see the women in the field, attending to the farming business. Tidiness is a stranger to many of them. I have often been obliged to walk about the yard while meals were preparing, and then, while receiving my repast, labor to see nothing but what was on my plate, and sometimes shut my eyes while conveying the food to my mouth. "Corn dodgers" is a sort of indian bread. "Corn bread and common doings" constitute commonplace fare. "Wheat bread and chicken fixings," "stewed crab-apples," "pickled eggs," &c. &c. comprise the *extra* repasts. These things are only mentioned to open the eyes of the more enlightened, that they may not neglect their duty to the wretched in our own land, while devoting so much time and expense to the diffusion of light and education in other portions of the world. How far into ignorance people may fall, and not be "heathen"

is not for me to judge, but one thing I *do* know, that such society demands the sympathies of the enlightened, religious portion of community. In *that* society what is there to hinder Romanism from having its designed effect, if promulgated. If the Protestant Churches do not send teachers to those destitute regions, as far as in them lie, they must be in a measure, at least, responsible for the neglect and consequent results. And if the Papal yoke is fastened upon that people, the sin may be found at our own door. That Romanism is rapidly increasing in those parts is too obvious to require an argument. And but give the power to her, and she will, as she always has done, wreak her vengeance on the meek followers of the Lamb. Popery is the same *now* as when she established that horrid tribunal, and, in the burning words of Pollok :

“ With horrid relish drank the blood  
Of God’s peculiar children — and was drunk ;  
And in her drunkenness dreamed of doing good.  
The supplicating hand of innocence,  
That made the tiger mild, and in his wrath  
The lion pause — the groans of suffering most  
Severe, were nought to her : she laughed at groans ;  
No music pleased her more ; and no repast  
So sweet to her as blood of men redeemed  
By blood of Christ. Ambition’s self, though mad,  
And nursed on human gore, with her compared  
Was merciful. Nor did she always rage ;  
She had some hours of meditation, set  
Apart, wherein she to her study went,  
The Inquisition, model most complete  
Of perfect wickedness, where deeds were done,  
Deeds ! let them ne’er be named — and sat and planned

Deliberately and with most musing pains,  
How, to extremest thrill of agony,  
The flesh, and blood, and souls of holy men,  
Her victims might be wrought ; and when she saw  
New tortures of her laboring fancy born,  
She leaped for joy, and made great haste to try  
Their force — well pleased to hear a deeper groan."



## CHAPTER VI.

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President Harrison's Homestead — North Bend — Tunnel through the Hill — Big Miami — Kentucky Tavern — Flood in 1832 — Arrival at Milan — The Country — Inhabitants — Young Gallant.

Much has been said of President Harrison's Homestead at North Bend. It is surely a splendid country seat, but aside from this, in connection with the mound, on which his remains are entombed. North Bend would present any thing but an interesting scene. The mound and farm are situated within an amphitheatre of forest crowned hills. The mound presents a conical form, carpeted with an indigenous sward of green grass, and upon the very pinnacle is the tomb of the illustrious William H. Harrison, over which is erected a monument to his memory.

The mound is about one hundred rods from the bank of the river. I was informed that after the tomb was commenced, it was struck by lightning, which was most likely attracted by some mineral substance exposed by the excavation. Leaving the mound, we crossed an adjoining hill, through which a canal was tunnelled. Passing from the Ohio to the Big Miami river, we were soon on its Bank.— The surrounding plains presented a pleasing aspect. The ungathered corn still standing (as in many places

they leave it until spring,) and the large cribs indicated a rich soil.

Passing through Lawrenceburg we called at a Tavern kept by a Kentuckian. Those people almost disgust one with their unnecessary attention. In that country in the warm seasons, a lad is kept at the table with a flag of Peacock's feathers to fight the flies.— Their charges however, are moderate. One thing I have learned in travelling, the poorer the fare at a public house, the greater the bills. Near this Tavern a large Distillery had just been burned down.

After leaving we crossed a river, and high over our heads was a board nailed to a tree, at the high water mark of the flood in the winter of 1832. This flood caused much damage in the lower country. We then ascended a mountain, as we left the low land of the Ohio river. At evening we arrived at Milan, Ripley Co., Ia., and were gladly received by the inhabitants, most of whom had emigrated from the East. The soil in that section was very unproductive, and I often wondered how they ever passed over so much good country, to locate in a region which is much poorer than the one they left.

In that section are many who were once in covenant relation with the Sabbath Baptist, but now are in different circumstances, having mingled with other societies and the majority left the Sabbath. But they wish us to notice that their practice and not their doctrine was changed! and a part of them expressed deep regret for their apostacy. Some, however, remain permanent, but their number is comparatively small.

We believe that with sufficient time, and proper means, good might be done there by us as a Denomination. Our friends there have been many years *isolated*, and destitute of the privileges of society. And although they have groaned, and repeatedly called for help, no minister was ever sent there before, and we at too late an hour to be successful in the time allotted to us. They were exceedingly lonesome, and thought that they and their petitions had been too much neglected. But this is no apology for the violation of God's law. The churches may consider whether they have done their duty in this particular, and many others, or not. If in this case it should prove too late to accomplish what we might have done, it is not in many others. And shall we suffer the numerous groups, settled in those western countries to relax, and be scattered like sheep without a shepherd? As God has prospered us, and we are able, let us forbid it, and send to them, and sustain among them competent ministers, who shall instruct, encourage, and reprove, thus leading them along in the paths of peace. As we considered our mission of an exploring rather than a local nature, we thought not best to stay long in Ripley. And if it had been otherwise, our appointed time was too short to accomplish much, as there were numerous obstacles to remove before we could establish upon a good foundation.

April 9. Attended our last meeting in Milan.

I was informed that about the time *that* people left the Sabbath, many were about to join them in their opinions and practice. They now mourn when too

late their apostacy. The people were unanimous in attending meeting while we were there. One day while there, I stood upon the steps of the meeting house, as the people were gathering; one circumstance arrested my attention. A gentleman with four ladies in his wagon, (or as they term it: "carry-all") came up with much pomp, he on the horses back and they setting so low in the wagon, that I at first did not discover them. When at the door they alighted, and he rode off to the "*hitching post*." When he first came up I expected a general smile, but the audience appeared as indifferent as though nothing had transpired, and I could only laugh in my sleeves. At the close of the meeting I saw the fashion out. The Gallant unfastened his horse, placed himself as before, then flourished around to the steps of the house, when the four ladies hopping into the wagon, seated themselves as before, and he turning his eye over his shoulder to see if all was right, galloped off in all the pride of a gallant youth.

## CHAPTER VII.

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Leave Milan—Michigan Road—Beach Woods—Gang of “Hoosiers”—Family from Delaware—Indianapolis—Drove of Buffalo—Manner of taking them—Country from Indianapolis to Terre Haute—Emigrants in the Forest—Stranger in the Thicket—Emigrants with an Ox Cart—Terre Haute—High Water—Grand Prairie, Ill.—Its Features—Paris—Measles in the Town—Trouble in obtaining entertainment.

April 10. Left Milan for a band of brethren located on the Wabash river, forty-four miles below Terre Haute, near Bussron’s Mills, Sullivan Co., Ia. In consequence of the roughness of the way we were obliged to go by Indianapolis.

In the after part of the day came to Flat Rock Creek, Shelby Co. In that region are some who observe the Sabbath according to the commandment, but are united with first-day people, and they, together, style themselves the separate Baptists.

The first day the roads were quite dry, and we advanced encouragingly. But at night it rained, and much of the next day, which caused exceeding bad going. And when we struck the Michigan road, we found it almost impassible. But we had before this, learned to be patient under such circumstances. Stopping at one Tavern we learned the corn was all planted, and was informed that one man had planted about forty acres in March.

On our way we found three teams stalled in the mire. The drivers said we could not pass, but letting my family go over on foot, I, with a quick motion, plunged my team through, and the carriage being very light, did not sink as did their loaded wagons. We called for dinner at a Tavern in one of the beach swamps, and about the time it was ready, a company of "*Hoosiers*" (a term applied to the lower class in Ia.,) came for dinner, and their common language was that of profane songs, vulgar jokes, and low ribaldry. I discovered preparations were making for *all*, and asked the Landlord if those vulgar-mouthed fellows were to be our companions at the table. He answered in the affirmative, to which I replied I would not dine with such a corrupt set. He was somewhat surprised to think I considered *these gentlemen* anything but respectable. He finally gave the table to myself and family.

Six miles before we entered Indianapolis, we stopped for the night, and found in those lonely beach woods a family from Delaware. The man was contented, but we found his wife, like the most of the women we had seen, "home-sick." For what was there to cheer a person in that swampy, lonely wilderness? Doomed to wear out a life in such eternal solitude, must be a prison indeed. The reader will remember that these lonely regions are not the "entire west."

It was rainy, and their location may have appeared more gloomy than it would in a different atmosphere. I could but admire the taste of the original owner of this isolated mansion. Shade trees of almost every

description were planted around the dwelling. The house was well furnished, and although we regreted their solitude, we were happy to find in that wilderness such entertainment. This night wore off with delight and astonishing rapidity. Morning came, and we struck the graded, but unfinished National Pike, about two miles from Indianapolis. This city is located on a very beautiful, but rather low plain. It rather scatteringly spreads over much territory. Its prospects have been somewhat blighted by the injudicious management of the State, and the general *hard times* which have widely spread their withering influence over the western country. I was informed that many of the main men of this city had utterly failed. As we entered the city, we saw on the left a group of men, women, and children, and turned to find out the cause of this collection. Here were twenty-five young Buffaloes, and an Elk, directly from the Rocky Mountains. The owner informed me that he had been one year gathering them in their native country, and preparing them for the journey, and driving them thus far. He said he drove cows to the hunting ground, and in the Spring caught the Buffalo Calves, and killing the Calves of his Cows, filled their place by young Buffaloes, thus rearing and taming them. His price was six hundred dollars a pair. But I did not hear of his making any sales. And since my return, I have heard that the same number was seen on the Mohawk, on their way to New-York city. When I saw them they were poor and very shabby. In Indianapolis, they have a very costly State House, which

does not very well compare with their hard times. It was however, built when they enjoyed brighter prospects. The National Pike forms "broad street," with magnificent buildings on either side. We then followed the great National high way, as it led to Terre Haute, on the Wabash. By this time the rain had fallen in such torrents, as to make it almost impossible to travel on any other road. I have before noticed that there are but few bridges in all the western country. One thing makes it more difficult in these lower countrys, when the river once rises, they retain their height a long time. From Indianapolis to Terre Haute there is some very beautiful undulating country, and some that is rough and unproductive. Almost every house is a tavern, or at least, holds out a sign. There are also many little villages. One evening just before dark, we found in the midst of an extensive forest, a company of emigrants, who had stopped for the night, and had a good fire on the ground. Around it, reclining upon the grass, were the men and boys. Some were preparing their rifles, others had turned nurses and were dandling about the unconcious infant. The women were gathering the cooking utensils, and preparing for supper. All was jollity among them. They had two large covered wagons, or "travelling hotels." I stopped and inquired if I could get entertainment. They at first appeared surprised, but consented. On asking their number, they said "only nineteen!" We bade them good night, and drove on. About one mile from this, we passed a huge looking man, sitting in the



edge of the thicket, by the root of a tree, holding in his hand a rifle. What was his object, I could not imagine, he was some considerable distance from any house in this dense forest. We that night stopped at a widow's tavern. She had recently lost many of her family by the diseases of this low land country.

Before we came to the Wabash, we passed a man with his wife and two children. They had one ox in the thills of a two wheeled cart, in which was one or two boxes, and a mat or bed. This was all we could see that they possessed. And from their appearance, I should judge they had but little money. They told me they were "GOING TO IOWA." We then came to a ferry, where I left him with the ferryman, bantering over six cents difference on the price of crossing. This I thought, was travelling poverty indeed. But they were elated with the prospect of one day treading the rich soil, and gazing upon the unbounded plains of "IOWA."

15. We came in sight of Terra Haute, situated on the margin of a prairie which skirted the Wabash river. The prairie was enchanting in its aspect. It was unlike the low marshy prairies in Ohio, which are interspersed with shrubbery. It was completely adapted to the plough, and its black soil bespoke its richness and strength. When we came to this place, we soon learned that the river was too high to be passed, nor could we reach those brethren at Bussron's Mills in Sullivan Co., Ia. In that place are six or seven families, who have long wished for an administrator to constitute them into a church

in connection with the S. D. Baptists. The *custom beggars* flocked around us, and began their skill for the purse, saying, that very likely we should be obliged to tarry in the town, *weeks* before we could cross. We soon learned that up the river there was a ferry, but they very much doubted our reaching it if we made the attempt. We set off, and hired a pilot to ride on horse back before us in the water, the river having overflowed its banks. As I left Terre Haute, I thought the French name appropriate, for it was truly a beautiful "*high bank*." We then followed our guide through the water, and Sycamore woods, until we came to the bank of the river, seven miles above Terre Haute, where we crossed over and were soon on our way again.

Calling for refreshment at a private house we found a Connecticut man, beautifully situated and contented. Though far from the land of his nativity, he said he was happy. Left him and soon drove on to the grand prairie in Illinois.

When we first entered this great plain it was interspersed with little groups of small bushes of various kinds. But soon we were on an almost unbounded, uninterrupted sea of green grass. This was rather low and wet, and much of it unfit for cultivation. I looked upon it and reflected upon its vast expanse, spreading over much of the "far west," interrupted only by interspersing groves of thrifty timber, adapted to the wants of the tenants of its rich soil. A stretch of thought, like contemplating infinity, was required, which can measure only by succession, its expan-

sion and sublimity. Like the vanishing lines in prospect, so is contemplation lost in this expanded prairie.

“In it we see no barren or rocky wastes, no frozen mountains. Destitute of prominent land-marks to catch the eye of the traveller, he sees in the wide distance before him, only, the almost horizontal lines of level or rolling meadow. No one points him to the peaks of dim mountains, and tells him that the range divides two sister states, or separates two noble rivers. He sees no clouds resting on the shoulders of lofty Butes, and blending their neutral tint, with the hazy blue of the landscape before them, nor Tentons rearing their heads into the regions of perpetual snow. Day after day he pursues his journey without any thing to create in his bosom emotions of the grand and sublime, unless it be the vastness of the expanse.”—  
**PARKER.**

We arrived at a town called Paris, just as the sun was sinking in the western bounds of the prairie. On entering the village, we found the black measles had made great ravages with the people. My family had never had the disease, and we were driven from house to house, and could find no place to lay our weary heads. We at last went through the place and expected to have the bounds of the prairie our room walls, the earth our bed, and the heavens our shelter. But happily after getting out about one mile, we met a man, startled at our preposterous course. Being informed of our success, he took us and entertained us for the night.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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Flat roofed tavern — tavern in the grove — cross a large Prairie — Grave in the midst — returning emigrants — story of Missouri — Kaskaskia — stolen team — more returning emigrants — their manner of traveling — Springfield — Sangerson river — call for refreshment — “Pigs in the parlor” — Havanah — begging emigrants — Illinois river — Spoon river — profanity in the South — Lewistown — arrival at widow Hull’s — Religion of the people — skeleton of a sermon — gentleman from Philadelphia.

TEN miles from Paris, are two flat roofed cottages, together forming the two apartments of a tavern. Near by stands a straw covered hovel for a barn. An old shattered bureau on which lay Scott’s Bible, as I entered met my view. I enquired if they loved and obeyed God? to which the old man said “sometimes a little.” On leaving he said he wanted three cents for the pail of water. This family had thus stayed twelve years, ten miles from any inhabitants, and I was afterwards informed that he always charged for water, and so I should think, if he ever obtained money, for this was all I could see that was worth buying.

At about two P. M. we came to a small cluster of houses, in a little grove, where we called for dinner. On first seeing the inhabitants I wondered how so many dirty, disgusting creatures, inclining to human, could have got together.

But I conducted Mrs. Scott into the “sitting room,”

which was about twelve feet square, and had in it two beds. It was also the bar-room and druggist shop. As it was about twenty miles across to the next grove we had expected to tarry for the night. But what a place was this to abide ! The company in the sitting room was about half a dozen, half drunken fellows, and a tipsy quack doctor, and of course not very genteel. I made my way to the barn and fed my team, and then those "horse jockeys" eagerly flocked to see them, and their eulogies were amusing indeed. They bantered for an exchange, saying they would give me for my horses another span that was worth fifty dollars more. I told them I was not after their charity. But nothing would do — *trade I must*. I wish all horse traders could have seen this chattering group as they flocked around me, and each patting me on the shoulder, was to appearance, the best friend I ever had. After they found I would not exchange, they said with emphasis, "*your horses, sir, we will have at all events.*" I replied that they appeared as though they could *steal* a horse, but I had hardly thought they would tell a man of it beforehand. We then made preparations to leave the place, in which I considered not only a den of thieves but a vile banditti. When we were about to start they appeared somewhat surprised, saying, we could not reach the other grove, for the most of the way the prairie was inundated, and in some places for eighty rods, the water was four feet deep. I enquired if the roads were more wet than those I had just been travelling ? They replied "*far more*

*difficult,*” and more, that strangers would need a pilot. It being so very early in the season I feared there might be something in it, as before the water runs off in the spring many of these prairies are not capable of being traversed by a team.

The country is so level and the soil so rich, that in some places, it is very miry, and more especially while crossing the “*slués*” as they term them. These are where there would be rivulets in a hard soil country, but owing to the loamy nature of the soil these small streams ooze through the ground beneath the thick matted turf, and are often rods in width. In the spring these passages are flowed with water, but in mid-summer they are dry, or nearly so on the surface, and can be crossed with little difficulty before the turf is broken. Before we left this tavern I inquired of the lady of the house if she was happily situated? The gushing tear told her unreconciliation to her wretched fate.

We at length “made off,” and concluded we had rather spend the night in the open air, on the prairie, than in that loathesome place. My team exhibited their speed, and we were soon “out of sight of land” as the inhabitants say, that is, out of sight of every thing but green grass, and the broad plains. On our way we passed a grave in the prairie, and surely thought *that* a gloomy grave-yard. I afterwards learned that the man who was buried there, was, in company with others, caught on the prairie in the night, and losing the road about one half mile from the grove, he left the waggon, and felt for the road on his

hands and knees. When he found the path he called to the company, and evidently supposed he was going to the grove, when he took the back track. The remnant of the company found the grove, but he in consequence of his mistake and the chilly weather, perished where we saw his grave.

“Here lies the relics of some stranger one,  
Who rests afar from his own native plain ;  
His grave’s been warmed by many a summer sun,  
Bedew’d full oft by spring’s refreshing rain. .  
But yet has not appear’d a mourning train, .  
No flowers have sprung upon this silent mound,  
No tears have fall’n to damp this spot again,  
No vigils made it consecrated ground ;  
But man has often strode, unfeelingly around.”

Night was approaching, and yet we could not discover the grove to which we were bending our course, but was disappointed in the road, for it was the best we had yet found in the state. At length we came in sight of the timber that skirted the Kaskaskia river, and was soon safely moored in the comfortable dwelling of a christian farmer. The cold wind began to blow, the sleet to fall, and we were thankful that the Lord had thus led our steps to a comfortable abode and shelter from the stormy blast. How sweet that promise, “I will never leave nor forsake thee.” Just before dusk a covered waggon stopped a little below the house, and a poor ragged set of movers commenced a fire in the midst of the rain. The benevolent master of the house opened his door to them, but they said they were too “ragged” to accept the offer. There were besides men and children, three young

ladies, and the grief worn mother. I could not refrain the tear, for it would fall, while gazing on such suffering humanity. This family had been to Missouri Territory — spent all they had, and were on their way back, dressed in poverty's poorest garb. They said that the country was a poor, muddy region, but they were "homesick" and by that disease I always weigh the relation of such histories, for they are generally dressed in despair and most commonly come from a cowardly fountain.

It is worthy of notice that a storm soon passes by in this country, and it is considered somewhat remarkable to have three days of gloomy weather in succession.

Crossing the Kaskaskia river we found on the opposite bank, a family of emigrants, who, two nights before, had their four-horse-team stolen, and as yet had found no traces of them. *How barbarous a deed! and can it be so in Christian America?* If I had been in the old world among the mountains that swarm with robbers, or on the sandy deserts of Arabia, I should not have wondered. But to find it thus in my own country, was astonishing to me. But the reason is obvious. Many who run away from the East to shun the penalty of a violated law, locate in clubs in these newly settled countries. So here is the *scum* and *dregs* of many societies. During this day we passed Mount Auburn. It is an elevation in the centre of a large Prairie, gradually rising from the base to the summit in a conical form. It contained in all about two hundred acres of land, and sloped off in every direction just enough to give it beauty. I



thought I should like to cast anchor there for life. There were a few buildings already on the mount. I often wished my friends could get a glance at this, for surely, I thought it *did* exceed, even in its wildest state, any landscape I ever saw, being covered with green shade trees, well arranged. At noon, after travelling thirty-one miles, we called at a Kentucky tavern, where I inquired after the health of the lower country, as I often did, and found by these people that it had been very sickly. At night we stopped at the house of a good old Presbyterian, on whose premises two loads of emigrants that were on their return from Missouri Territory had stopped for the night. These emigrants in the Mississippi valley almost invariably lodge in their covered waggons, cook upon the ground, and feed their teams in a box fastened to the side of the waggon. Thus they travel great distances with but little disadvantage to their purse. We kept the main road towards Springfield, and stopped the next night at a widow's, where I was compelled to hitch my team under an open shed with a herd of smoking swine. She was very anxious that I should converse and pray with her unconverted, uncultivated family, which I always rejoiced to do when an opportunity occurred. She kept us until nine in the morning, and then said she would *help the cause* by taking a very small bill, after which she charged me more than they would at the best Hotel in Springfield. I notice this to show that all which is called religion does not exhibit its principles of benevolence.

19. We drove into the Capital of Illinois, and I

went from store to store to see their inland treasures. Their goods were old, rusty, and exceedingly dear. They were building a very costly Capitol. I passed the grave-yard, and it looked like a newly ploughed field, in which four hundred had been buried during the winter and spring thus far. The most died by what was denominated the "French measles." I did not fancy the location for the Metropolis of this State, it being a perfect level prairie, and rather inclined to a wet soil. While I was running about, Mrs. Scott saw a man with a load of corn for sale at six cents a bushel, but had found no purchaser, for which there were two causes ; first, it was too low down in the country for Eastern market, and corn was raised in abundance, costing but little labor ; secondly, times were then unusually hard, and grain could be obtained for barter pay. We then bent our course direct for Havana, on the Illinois river, and at night put up with a very good christian man, whose heart was warm with the love of God. I found by him, that the religious state of society there was good, to what it had been in other places where I had passed. Fifteen miles from there we came to the Sangamon river. I had already become weary of waiting for a ferry "flat," however, we crossed after a long time, and through much difficulty forded the inundated bottoms to the rising bank, about one and a half miles from the river. Here we were on a sandy plain, surrounded by a rich fertile country, which reminded us of the Arabian desert. The sand was in drifts, and had on its bosom but few shrubby burr oaks. This continued

about ten miles, and we were again on a green carpeted prairie. Time was at hand for refreshments and I called at one house, but to no purpose.

I soon stopped again, went into a hut where I saw a woman with some small children. The dogs, hens, and pigs, were playing round the door, and some were already in quiet possession of the house. In the ashes was baking a "corn dodger." It was enough! I asked not to stay for refreshment. I drove across the prairie about eight miles to Havana, which has a *great* name for a *small* place. Here was a man from Rochester, very sick with the ague and fever, and wished himself back to his native State. He kept store, tavern, and the ferry across the Illinois river, which lazily meanders its way through the beautiful prairie country. As to the state of society through Indiana and this portion of Illinois, the reader will have already anticipated. As a general thing, religion is not a welcome guest, and, if a man introduces it, he is considered obtrusive. But profanity is considered no obtrusion. It is always in time, and always in place. Christians must keep religion out of sight and hearing, but the wicked may be as open and obtrusive as they please, nor would they have Christians cast their pearls before swine. Gambling is practised to a very great extent, and is a favorite amusement with those whose minds are not sufficiently cultivated to find satisfaction in reading or intelligent conversation. The number of "black-legs" that make gambling their business of life is great, more particularly up and down the Ohio

river, and they are adepts in the profession. I often thought, while on the bank of the Ohio river, that the society in many places was heathenish enough to require Missionary stations, yet some portions of the country are well supplied with faithful ministers. While I was in Havana two men came along, moving to Iowa, with an ox-team, and a prairie cart. For fellies and tyre, they had the half of a hickory sapling bent around the ends of the spokes, which formed the wheels. They begged a free ferriage across the river, and plead as a reason their poverty, saying they had but "six bits" (seventy five cents,) to carry them to Iowa. From what we saw we all agreed they had no small amount of money. I was informed that many, who were afterwards found to possess wealth, took this means to travel cheap. When we crossed the Illinois, we landed below the mouth of Spoon river, a sluggish stream up which we passed four miles to Waterford, and ferried across. This was a new settlement in the woods. It might be proper to notice, that the most of these streams are clothed on one side at least, with a dense forest, Rock river being the only exception I saw while traveling on the western prairies.

Leaving Waterford, we took the road to Lewistown, the Shire town of Fulton Co. The road led through the woods until we arrived at that place, a distance of about four miles. Here I was exceedingly disappointed. From information, I had expected to find a very pleasing location. But it was in the woods, surrounded with bluffs and hills, nor are their appearances

pleasingly romantic. We passed through without a call, and bent our way towards Milton. The road led over bluffs and hillocks, and through gulfs, and when we arrived at the top of the hill, above the little town, it looked like a dark chasm below. Down we went, crossed over, and ascended the bank as soon as possible, and pursued our way toward widow Hull's, about two miles distant. It was growing dark and we were weary, having then travelled four hundred miles since we left Milan, Ia.

When near the widow's we took a bye path, which led us into the wilderness, which I followed on foot, by moonlight, and Mrs. Scott drove until we run the road entirely out. The shrill note of the nightingale was echoing through the woods on every hand. We turned to retrace our steps and found it difficult to find the way back again. We at length found the road, and soon after the family of our pursuit, and we were happy to hope for a few days rest on our part, and to cheer the friends thus destitute. O what a meeting we had! how joyfully received. They praised God for answers to prayer. We bowed around the throne of Grace, and in melting thankfulness adored the God of heaven, the melting scene was enough to repay us for all our toils in reaching those five families that ought to have been, long before this time, bound in one covenant.

We passed through several neighborhoods where it does appear that the people must not be neglected, and to say the least of Ohio, we think that one missionary should be kept there by us, and Illinois is still

more destitute, for the calls were from every direction. There is also a great excitement upon the subject of difference between us and other denominations, and the people wished us to plead their cause. If it was for ourselves, or for riches, or worldly emoluments for others, we would lay aside our pen. The needy are calling. Parents are weeping for themselves and their children. The cry has gone up before God. Shall *we* heed or not? If the church could but realize the condition of these people, we believe she would, (in addition to what has been done,) supply them with proper instruction.

May God send his spirit through the Churches, from house to house, and heart to heart, until this subject is sufficiently realized, and from the cause we see, and enjoy the happy effect. The Lord knows, and eternity will unfold their destitute condition, together with the groans and tears lodged in the bosom of our heavenly Father. Friends of Jesus, will you let them plead in vain? Shall they imploringly cling to the last lingering gleam of hope, and die in despair? Our life will soon be gone, and with it the privilege to do good. The harvest is now ripe — tares are sown — false reapers are plundering the field — darkness, error, and superstition are rushing forth — Infidelity is getting deep root — Satan's kingdom is fortifying, and souls are deceived. O! for able gospel ministers who shall come forth like flaming seraphs with the sword of the Spirit. May all consider this subject well, and not wait *too* long before they act.

Meetings soon commenced, and the people gathered from far and near. There are many preachers of the Gospel by profession, but they are Mormons, "Two Seed-ites,"\* "Bride the Lamb's wife,"† "Campbellites," "Non-Resistants," and "many others too numerous to mention," and although I wish not to judge, yet I thought they had an unwholesome influence on community, and were too combative for success. If they can raise a dispute with the different denominations, they appear to be in their elements. I will here give a skeleton of one sermon I heard delivered in Fulton Co., founded on Matt. xiii. 31, 32. "Parable of the Mustard seed."

1st. Stalk was Jesus Christ.

2d. Planted in the earth, and springing up at His resurrection.

3d. The Apostles were the different branches.

4th. All denominations were the different branchlets springing from the Apostles.

5th. Leaves, the consciences of the people, which are often fanned by the breezes of heaven.

6th. The fowls of the air, the redeemed souls lodged in the branches of the tree.

7th. Then all should live in peace.

But in the conclusion he anathematized all who did not agree with him. During our stay in this region,

\* These hold that Cain was literally the child of the Devil, and all his posterity are doomed to Hell. While Abel was the son of Adam, and his posterity are the elect by grace.

† This sect have seceded from the Mormons.

which was about five weeks, I held meetings in Fulton and Peoria Counties, and I found people of all denominations very friendly, and attentive to the ministrations of the word. In this vicinity are people from almost every state in the Union, but the majority are from the Eastern and Middle States. Here was a Mr. Ingalls, who was once a man of business in Philadelphia, but had sought this retirement for the express purpose of securing, in Christ, his soul's salvation. He had found favor and was happy. Well would it be for many, if they would abandon the world for heaven, which is simply secured in obedience to God. And if our present pursuits any way prevent our securing a well grounded hope in Christ, or entangle our feet that we walk not meekly and perseveringly in the paths of religious duties, we had better give them up — for we are bound and do wickedly if we do not abandon such engagements at once. What is our will that it should contend with the will of God. What is time's transitory bliss, to the permanent joys of religion — a well grounded hope in Christ — a home in heaven above. “O that men would be wise! that they would consider this, their “best good” and latter end. “But the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but my people do not know, they will not consider.”

Reader! are you willing to leave, if necessary, the busy affairs of life and the prospects of temporal bliss, and wealth, for obedience to God, and eternal life? If you are, God speed you on your way; if not, pause a moment, consider it well — throw into



the scale, Time and Eternity, with their relative interests.

Jehovah calls! "Give me thy heart  
Nor turn thy feet astray  
From wisdom's paths, and let thine eye  
Observe the better way."

"Obey! though time's tempestuous sea  
With boisterous wind contend,  
The mountain waves I'll calm for thee,  
I've sworn, and I'll defend."

## CHAPTER IX.

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Macedonian cry — Corruptions of the Church — Necessities of the People — Increase of Popery — Her fatal effect — Sabbath Baptist Church — Health of that Section.

While I was in these counties, the calls were many, and the field spread itself out so wide and imploringly, that I often thought I would stop there and wear out my life with that destitute and interesting people, and would almost yield to their earnest entreaties, but others were loudly calling for help. Oh what a field of labor is this ! and the cry on every hand was “come over and help us.” My soul could but agonize for bleeding Zion. How slandered is the name of my Master, by many of these, his professed followers. Surely this passage was fulfilled. “He was wounded in the house of his friends.” I often thought while looking over the desolations of the church, of the expression of the Poet,

“How can I sing on Babel’s shore,  
Where songs profane offend the ear,  
And strangers, Idol God’s adore,  
Whose hated images appear.”

That very many of the people are sincere lovers of Jesus, is true, but their ignorance is great upon the doctrines of the gospel. I also considered the great accoun-

tability of the Minister in those regions, for many of the people were like the Stork, which will swallow every thing thrust into his mouth, even to a ten-penny nail. Hence, every erroneous notion finds in these parts its ratio of congenial soil. Before much can be done in honor of the true principles of religion *there*, much error must be uprooted. Yet these souls are of infinite value. O that God's people would awake to their interest, and the demands of the Gospel. It is well that men should be sent to distant unenlightened lands, but why should we suffer the newly settled portions of our *own* country to be forsaken by the advocates of truth, and left to imbibe every erroneous notion. It is known, but not enough considered, that the Pope of Rome is getting a strong hold in the great Western Valley, and is making astonishing advancements, by fortifying his soul-deceiving bulwarks. Emigrants from the old world, are swarming those western plains, permanently settling the cities and towns, and spreading all over the land. Their Cathedrals, Nunneries, &c., are springing up on every hand. Their school rooms are not unfrequently well supplied with students of Protestant origin.

Thus the great Roman usurper, and blood-thirsty monster, is sweeping over this, our beloved country. Its mild and peaceful name gives it great advantage and influence over the inhabitants, and the greater is their success from the fact, that Protestants, are so remarkably passive under its fraudulent usurpation, and then the Roman Inquisition may soon rear its fiendish head. The Lord arouse the nation to its danger, and

the church to her duty. If Protestants do not soon awake, they may pay in blood for this their sinful inactivity. But, says the reader, "away with this delusion!" It will be happy for the nation if it proves but a dream of sorrow. But, reader, as you have an opportunity, give this subject a candid investigation for christians are accountable for the treasure committed to their charge, and the church have to answer for the keeping of this nation.

May 7. Sabbath ; spoke to an interesting congregation.

8. Preached in Centreville to a large concourse of people, upon the subject of the Sabbath. Much interest was manifested by the listening audience. We were also favored with the presence of about fifteen ministers, of different denominations. After the exercises of this day, many said, they would search the Bible upon this subject, with a determination to keep a Bible Sabbath.

13. Met to organize a church. For a season gloom hung over the prospects. Finally, five gave each other the hand, and we proceeded to dedicate them ; after which two joined, one by letter, and the other by the ordinance of laying on of hands. It may not be amiss to notice that this church was constituted in the room where Elder Hull departed this life, and four years from the day of his interment. This was a favor which he often, with unshaken confidence, assured his friends would be conferred upon them. From the

apartment where we were, we could look through the window, and on a little mound survey the tomb,

Where is once suffering form, sweet reposing,  
Slumbers in the arms of death.

But his Spirit, ah whither has it fled,  
For lo! 'tis not in regions of the dead,  
Yonder the eye of Faith descries him stand,  
Vieing with Angels on Immanuel's land,  
With seraph high, he sweetly tunes his lyre,  
His soul rekindled with celestial fire.  
Nor more to toil or suffer here below,  
With Jesus reigns, his perfect love to know.  
His loss we're mourning, altho' in his room  
The Church of Christ has reared her heavenly form.  
The Church — the object of his special care  
Is planted there — his Father's love to share.  
His offer'd prayers with bounteous blessings come  
And there the exiles find a welcome home,  
Until released to dwell with Christ above,  
And bask in one unbounded sea of love.

Why weep around his tomb, the trump his slumbering dust  
shall wake,

And resurrection power the bands of death forever break,  
Then reunited, sanctified, shall quickly join in one,  
The spirit with the body, around God's holy throne,  
Where every saint their Savior, face to face shall see  
And gather fruit ambrosial from life's undying tree.

In Fulton and Peoria counties, are about thirty S. D. Baptists, of which a church is now constituted. In Canton there is a Baptist, a Methodist, and I believe a Presbyterian Chapel, and in that vicinity, and about Farmington, and Trivoli, there are many devoted christians. This however, is a small portion of the western country. As we ad-

vanced north, we found religion more pure and prosperous. As I listened to a preacher (if preacher he might be called) of Campbellism, I was surprised when he took the New Testament, and brandishing it around, said, "All I ask of any one, even a blasphemous Infidel, is, for him now to say he believes what is in that book to be true, and I will baptize him." If he scandalized their doctrine, they should see to it, and surely I could not consider that he did, for there were six or seven of their Ministers present, and none disputed it. I therefore considered it as the opinion of the sect, and if so, I leave the reader to judge of its purity in view of what Jesus said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." Much more might be noticed concerning the religious society, but enough has been said to give a glance over the field, and while I have been speaking of the errors, I have endeavored to notice what was worthy of an exception in this country. The farther south you advance, the more corrupt is society, until you are lost in a world of mystified religious whims.

As to the health of the western prairie country, it is known that it is universally subject to bilious diseases, in a greater or less degree. On the rivers these habits are far more prevalent and disastrous than in the intermediate vicinities. The Illinois river is, as before noticed, a rather sluggish stream, consequently, the inhabitants are the more afflicted with bilious diseases, but even on this river it may not be more unhealthy than in many places less frightful in their reputation. Spoon river is also considered not so healthy

a stream as many, but that portion where we visited was considered as healthy, perhaps, as any country, nor did the visage of the inhabitants indicate an unhealthy climate. I also made much enquiry as to the former health of the people, and found that no one ever took the ague and fever, unless they visited the rivers. Many families who had dwelt there five and six years, had been free from sickness, and but few ever had occasion to call a physician. I thought this was the most healthy country I had seen for many years. When much land is broken up, or much prairie grass decays, there originates a miasma which infects the air, but fires are often set in the prairies to purify the atmosphere. In 1838, when sickness and death made such ravages, and cast such desolation and dismay throughout the early settlements in the western country, there *was* a cause, and that cause is not common to that country, and most likely will never again occur. There is not, as some have vainly reported, a pestilential *wind* that sweeps over the land, common to that country, but I was frequently informed by those who were there at the time, that during the sickly season, the wind blew unceasingly from the New Orleans country for about four months, this no doubt brought the southern diseases, hence many of the inhabitants fell victims to its ravages. But no such wind or epidemic has since visited the country, and probably will never again. In some places they have the ague and fever, but that is not as destructive to the constitution of man in its native country, as the sudden colds in those parts

where they are prevalent. In the western country there is but little danger from colds, nor are consumptive habits common to the country. No lung affections are there. The water is pure but limey. Those who migrate there in feeble health, almost invariably recover, especially those of consumptive inclinations.



## CHAPTER X.

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Fulton and Peoria counties — Privileges — Prairie — Farming Privileges — Wintering Stock — Drovers of Cattle and Horses — Flowers on the Prairies — Polar Plant — Population — Mansions — Locust Groves — Soil — Walk on the Prairie.

The most of Peoria and Fulton counties are far superior to any country I ever expected to see. Lewistown is situated in a broken portion of Fulton Co., but it is a region well timbered, and abounding in living springs, and running brooks. Mill seats may be found in abundance. Indeed many are already driving machinery to great advantage. Saw Mills are cutting out the lumber advantageously, and though the towering white Pine is not a native of that soil, it is conveyed there on the rivers in abundance, and with moderate cost. I find the greatest objections raised by those indisposed to emigrate to that country, is the lack of timber, and building materials. To this view of the subject, I was formerly somewhat inclined, but this is erroneous. I saw on the Mississippi, large rafts of white pine boards that were just from the Wisconsin river, and common pine boards were only twelve dollars a thousand at Chicago. But if there was no pine, there is the black walnut, very convenient for Joiners' use, such as Bass-wood, Poplar, (a tree known in many places as white-wood,) Butternut, &c. &c.

Thus different kinds of lumber abound in almost all the western country. The thrifty white oak furnishes not only sawed lumber, but is completely adapted to the carpenter's use for hewing timber. Thus this great objection is obviated by simple facts. It is often said, that flouring Mills are scarce, and men must wear out their lives in "going to Mill." Once was a time that no such Mill was in America, but privileges supplied by nature, fitted by art to each specific object, have furnished these domestic commodities in abundance, in many places, nor is the western country destitute of such conveniences. Nature has not neglected to do her office work in many portions of the west, and if hydraulic power may not be found in all parts in abundance, Steam-Mills can be erected in almost every neighborhood.

No country may, as a general thing, boast more of such blessings, than these parts now under consideration. In traversing the prairie, it is true, you often find for many miles in your direct course, no such privilege, but suppose we ascend and follow ranges of mountains, very often found in the Eastern world, should we not pass few of them? But turn to the right or left, descend the mountain, and you are at once surrounded with conveniences for domestic happiness. Thus while travelling on the prairie, we leave on either hand, such natural advantages. Another objection to that country is, it is "*new*." It is, however, already sufficiently cleared of its timber, and a man may purchase his farm destitute of trees, stumps, roots, or stones; or he may have half timber, and half pra-

irie, in conjunction as beautiful as any meadow. He can get his land ploughed, or broken up, for two dollars an acre, for the first time, and then it is cultivated with ease. He may fence only what he wishes to till, for the surrounding prairie furnishes him pasture, and meadow in abundance. As to the quality of the prairie, hay ; my team relished it as well as English hay, and received as good strength from it. Stock is wintered very easily, as they require foddering but a short time. I was informed that by the first of March they obtained a living around the marshes and ravines. There are three grades of prairie grass, and also three different times for its shooting forth in the season. In March, "swale grass" puts forth its blade, this grows from six to ten feet high. On this the stock subsists until the last of April, when the second grade starts forth. This grows from three to four feet high, from which they make their hay, and yields from three to four and a half tons to the acre, and when well cured, is bright and sweet. This the farmers often cut and stack in the open prairie. The last puts forth the latter part of May, or first of June, and covers the majority of the prairie, and grows from one to two feet high. Thus it seems, that the grass is green and tender, during the most of the season. In May and June their cattle are "fall fat," and it was interesting in crossing these plains, to see the herds of young cattle, as sometimes there would be more than one hundred in a drove, also, horses were often thus regaling themselves.

As Spring advances, the opening flowers begin to

deck the green carpeted prairie, giving them all hues and sending forth delicious odors, presenting a variegated scenery that might put a shade upon many a cultivated flower-bed.

The Botanist might be lost in this natural and almost unbounded garden of flowers. He might name almost any class, and then select at his will. The beauty and fragrance of this scene, cheers and elevates the mind, astonishes the traveller, and decorates the wide spread undulating fields, and aids the christian to adore the God that sustains him. As far as the eye can reach, he sees the gorgeously dressed banks and robes, and the variety is so great that he is always seeing something new. About the first of July the wild sunflower rears its blossomed head, about five feet high, and appears to look down upon the smaller, but no less beautiful flowers which spring up around. While viewing the different grades of flowers, I often thought of the proud, sullen looks of some *dependent*, yet *would-be independent* men, gazing with scornful eyes upon those very beings whose virtues and industry placed *them* where they are, and without whom, they could not sustain their standing.

These flowers do not constitute the beauty of the scenery, nor can extort a preference from the traveller, yet were loftily stationed and hung their heads in an indifferent, though scornful manner, as though looking disdainfully upon the creeping flowers below. How applicable to those, especially who enjoy the effulgence of Divine Revelation, yet disdain its precepts

and despise its votaries. I was informed, that as one class of blossoms fade away, others shoot forth, thus continuing, until September. But it is in vain to attempt to describe fully, this grandeur-dressed garden of nature, which is unparalleled in beauty.

None may know and realize but those who see, hence when the truth is but half told, we are charged with painting and exaggeration. But those who have surveyed in reality, this "garden of the west," censured us as being faint, feeble, and incomprehensive in our language. Physicians also informed us that vegetation produced in those parts, is an antidote for almost all diseases common to fallen nature. The genuine Pink and Senna grow there in great abundance. There was also a plant called the "Polar plant," which neither branched nor leaved, only on the north and south sides of its stalk, and being broad and thin, it always pointed north and south, hence the traveller has in nature a compass.

As to the population, although we read of an increasing emigration, we are not half aware of the density of the inhabitants. True, in many prairies, more particularly the southe-ast portions of Illinois and some of Iowa, we may travel many miles in solitude, but the groves are peopled with emigrants, and villages are springing up in almost every part. I have often heard of a "town's springing up in a day" by magic art, but never knew of such sudden reality before. For instance, Iowa city, in Iowa Territory, which three years ago last May had the first stake set by the government surveyors, when I was there,

it contained about fourteen hundred inhabitants. In the room of its appearing, with a few exceptions, like a newly settled country, it wears the features of some old inhabited portion of America. In Fulton and Peoria counties, and many other places, splendid white mansions have been built, and some of them on the prairies, far from timber, where the inhabitants have planted locust groves, which in their rapid growth soon forms a forest. Add to these the thrifty orchards and you have all that an old country can produce ; and these are rapidly increasing. As to roads, nature has spread her carpet of green sward so smooth that any one may drive with pleasure any way and any where, and all that is required, is to build a few bridges across slues, ravines and rivers, and your road is complete. The soil is composed of black loam and sand, and is exceedingly rich and fertile, which, when turbid, resembles tar, being very dark and loose, or loamy in its natural state. It is also very deep, averaging from one to three and five feet, and its abundant production will often astonish even the husbandman. As to the features of the prairies, their grandeur has not a parallel in nature, and no way can a just conception be obtained, but by an inspection on the part of every beholder. However, we should not do them justice without an attempted description, believing that those who have seen them, will overlook the failure, from the fact that they know from actual vision, that a prairie may never be perfectly described.

Well reader, follow a short time, and we will sur-

vey the country. We walk through a dense forest of large trees, interspersed with the smaller productions of nature. The ground is covered with green grass, through which the lily, the pink, wild rose, and almost every variety of flowers shoot and open their blossoms. We now and then rise a bluff, pass a ravine, cross a rippling brook, and sip from the cold spring the pure water to allay our thirst. We pluck the flowers until overloaded with the unnumbered variety, we drop the wreath and begin again. Thus we go from mound to mound, and vale to vale, enchanted by the surrounding scenery, and lost in this inexhausted field of contemplation.

Charmed by the beauties of nature, and the wonders of the forest, we breathe the sweet air, and are greeted by the warbling notes of the songsters of the wood, that hop from branch to branch, and pour forth their mingled strains upon the listening group, until we emerge from this scene, and leaving the forest, stand upon the margin of an unbounded prairie. The eye stretches forth from one undulation to another, in its native velocity, and view succeeds to view, until the power of vision fails, and yet there is nothing on which to rest the sight.

The group, each alike enchanted, stand like fixed monuments with the head bent forward, as though the whole soul was thrown at once into the eyes. All is silent as the house of eternal slumbers, and each is indifferent to all around. The prairie is sufficiently undulating to present a lively scene, and each undula-

tion wafts the vision on with increased velocity, and enchanting power.

The green carpet — the never-to-be-described clusters of flowers — the prairie hen, rising and falling into this and that bed — the snipe, with his chattering bill — the turkey-buzzard floating carelessly in the air, surveying all below — the sand sand-hill crain strutting around — the yelping wolf as he slips along from bank to bank — and add to this the enlivening notes of the feathered songsters, who could help being entranced? Thus this group is fixed insensible to any thing around them, but the multiplied objects of their gaze.

Omnipotent is the hand that formed all these objects of beauty. Who that is a christian could refrain from adoring the God of Wisdom! Art with all its grandeur and decorated form, is lost at once in this incomprehensible field of natural curiosities. The mind almost fancies itself in an unsullied world of joy. Well, let us arouse from this enchantment, and advancing, let us survey still farther, what is there most splendidly spread out before us. As we pass along we get a glimpse of scattering groves, far, far ahead. We at first imagine them small clouds, but soon discover the green foliage.

We soon in advancing, discover on the right and left those clusters of trees that intersperse the prairies, resembling orchards in old settlements. As we traverse these green carpeted plains, we now and then come to a rivulet or brook, skirted on each side by



the thrifty young forest tree. "Clumps of wood arise in almost every direction.

The setting sun admonishes us to return. In a different direction we bend our course towards the forest whence we have wandered, and soon are seated in the cottage. Thus reader you have a faint glimpse of the plains of the western valley, and the effects they have upon the mind of the beholder. It should be noticed that this portion of the western country is one almost unbounded prairie, interspersed with groves, and not, as some suppose, a woodland country, interspersed with prairies. However, the latter is the character of much of Wisconsin, while Illinois and Iowa are to the reverse.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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Cuba — Rich Bottom Land — Wild Onion — French Scholar — Royal Library in Paris — Country from Cuba to Canton — Ruined Family — The Daughter in Despair — Canton — Surrounding Country — Farmington — Trivola — Paroquet — Manner of taking them.

The woodlands extend some seven miles from Lewistown where the prairies commence, but are not as large as some before described. Cuba is situated on a small prairie, and is increasing in wealth and population. It has a Campbellite Meeting House, one tavern, three stores, several shops, &c, and is surrounded with timber at a convenient distance. The most of the Sabbath Baptists are located where the prairies and woodlands mingle, and have in some parts abundance of stone coal. On the bottom lands in the forest, the wild onion, or leak, grows to an astonishing size, and in abundance, and the soil is so open that they may be pulled up by the handfull. Hence, our friends have mills, brooks, springs, woodlands and prairies in abundance. Much of the land is not yet taken up, although the settlement is more dense than I could have imagined. While there, we visited a gentleman of German birth, but of French education, and although he once enjoyed all the luxuries of Paris, he said he was more interested and happy in his new situation than he ever was in the city of Paris.

During my visit with this gentleman, he read and translated some of the history of Paris, from a work published in that city, from which I took the following notes of the Royal Library, which the history stated was kept in a building, one hundred and thirty rods long, and in 1830, contained forty-five thousand printed volumes, and more than one hundred thousand Manuscripts ; thirty thousand volumes containing the history of France, the most precious of which, were kept under glass. Also, one hundred and fifty thousand plates of paintings, and five thousand and seven hundred volumes of paintings in the form of a pocket-book.

The history also stated, that one pocket-book kept all the fashions in France up to 1716. Also, that one hundred thousand different metals were in the building which contains the Royal Library. All was free to the inspection of any of the inhabitants, but none were to be taken from their respective rooms. Each apartment was well supplied with chairs and tables for the convenience of all who wish to occupy them for diversion or improvement.

The history further stated, that the bell in the Roman Catholic Cathedral weighed thirty-two thousand pounds, and the clapper nine hundred and seventy six pounds, and requires sixteen men to ring it. The building was one hundred and eighty-eight feet wide, of corresponding length. Near by stood two towers, two hundred and four feet high. Thus read the history.

Travelling from Cuba to Canton, we passed many

splendid farm houses, and thrifty locust groves which have been planted by the inhabitants, and were then from twenty to thirty feet high. These trees prove durable fencing timber, and excellent firewood. In some places these groves are on both sides of the road, which present an interesting pathway. At that season of the year, the farmers were busy, and all around was health and activity. Before we came to this section we often found people "home-sick," but afthis, wherever we were, in the north of Illinois, Iowa, or Wisconsin, we saw none who were unreconciled to their lot, or thought of migrating, except those who were bound to the Oregon Territory. Of the latter class, a caravan left for the western shore of America while we were there, and with many, the motto was, "farther west." Thus men are always for something new.

May 18. While in Canton, I inquired for an old friend, one who was like a father to me in my boyhood. I knew him when happiness crowned his board. When a lovely wife met him with the smiles of youthful affection, and when prattling babes gladdened his heart with their lisping innocence, as they met him on his return. Yea, I knew him, when fortune smiled, and a beautiful young family seated around the fireside, listened to the joyous tales and healthy instructions of their noble sire. And more than this, I saw him consecrate himself to the church, followed by his partner and lovely offspring. I have seen them gather around the altar, the souls under their guardian protection, and dedicate themselves and family to God. I was with

him in my childhood, when death tore from his embrace the treasure of his youthful days. When she, in deep anguish said, "I die, but, oh my God, what will become of these, my babes." I well remember the gloom that shut around her soul, on that awful day of lingering departure. When, with a prophetic eye, she appeared to survey the wretched path of her family's future life, but finally, she gave herself and all to God, and joyfully launched her soul into the ocean of eternal bliss. I still remember the gloom and horror that then shrouded that family. The sobs and shrieks of the sorrow-smothered orphan, the stifled groan of the bereaved husband, still howl around me. And as I write, before my vision is standing a lovely daughter, whose youthful heart was stolen by the fascinating smiles of a fraudulent lover — her hand was given in pledge of her love, and anon they follow him to this country, where they are soon separated. He, an inebriated wretch, and she, whose mind was once pure, is now filling up her catalogue of crime, the lovely infants are tost on the cold hands of charity, and the aged father who looked to them for support in his declining years, is now forlornly situated.

After some inquiry, I learned that he, whose fortunes have thus changed, made a filthy groggery his abode. I sought him, I entered the door of his apartment, and oh! how shocked! On my first entrance I fastened my eye upon his swollen form, bloated cheek and inflamed eyes. What a picture is this, thought I! what an assassinating existence! dying and yet alive! a hell here upon earth! O eternal God! is this the

creature of thy fostering care, and is this the unkind return for all thy mercies bestowed? Can I convince myself, that what I *now* see, is a solemn reality. Is this creature that I here behold, clad in rags and filth, whose grey beard shags around his lips, whose bloated visage does already distort his features, and who dwells amidst a fountain of wretchedness. Is he that man who once enjoyed a lovely family — peaceful home, — the church of God; and a sober healthy mind? I looked again and again, it was he! I then surveyed his hellish apartment. Stretched upon the filthy floor, lay an associate, snoring, and starting in drunken phrensy. Behind the counter stood two guilty looking grog-dealers, as mute as fixed monuments. On the shelves were some bottles, sparkling with the drunkard's life; and all within, was silent as the house of death. Some uncouth visitants had already found their way to the door, they too were transfixed. And during this gaze and reflection, not a word was uttered in this earthly hell, and soul-destroying mint, which was owned, and conducted, by two young men, who thus get gain at the sacrifice of every earthly comfort, and the eternal interest of the souls of their tantalized victims.

Nothing was heard but the groans and sobs of this victim of despair. His streaming eye had been unalterably fixed upon me, as was every open eye, in this diabolical sink of Alcoholic degradation. At first, the indignant flush passed over me, causing a vivid tremor through my whole system. Excitements invincible power, nerved my entire soul, and I wished for a voice

like the thunder peal, with which to utter my perfect abhorrence at such infernal practices, and to display my indignation at such a sight. At length I approached him, he could not speak, and in my effort, I choked down, and took a seat just before him, and again we looked at each other, until my soul found relief in a flood of tears. All left, and soon we were alone, except the drunken man before described, who was then enjoying the drunkard's heaven. After a long time, I enquired for his family. His babes were some of them picked up by strangers, others were living as chance provided for them. He was waiting for the hand of death to relieve his sorrows, by cutting him down. He, lost to every moral principle, was ready to deny all eternal existence. I was confounded and lost in this scene of moral degradation, and human misery. When I left him, I sought one of his daughters, who had lived long enough to seek the path of virtue, industry, and religion. She was teaching a school in the town. When she saw me, she grasped my hand, and unable to speak, her burdened heart sought relief in a flood of tears. She sighed over her condition, and at length said, "Oh that I had a home, a father, and a mother, as in days gone by. I *have* a father, 'tis true, but he only lives to suffer, and rend my young heart. Oh that I was in my native land, where smiles could meet me, and the tender hand of affection would embrace me, and I should be greeted by my friends. But here I am, far, far from my native land, and in a world of strangers. I am despised for my father's unwholesome conduct, and

my sister's apostacy, and here I live an orphan child, to mourn and sigh." She unclenched her hand, and in the most bitter sobs, returned the last adieu. By this time the gentleman who sat with me in my carriage, was venting his feeling by the gushing tears, and as we drove along, said, "until this day, sir, I never saw a perfect picture of suffering humanity."

Reader, if you enjoy a peaceful home, prize it, you cannot prize it *too* dear. If you are a husband, and father, abide in the principles of religion, and boast not of your security. If you are a child, cling to the parental roof, and seek, and be content with the happiness there. Be happy under the paternal protection of a father, and fond embrace of a warm hearted mother, and be careful that you do not dream of comforts elsewhere, lest you lose this happy abode, and one day reproach yourself of negligence, sin, and unreconciliation to a lot where earth's richest blessings ever dwell. And if peradventure the young man should read this, who has been accustomed to take the "flowing bowl," let me warn him to shun it as he would a deadly viper. "It biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." This miserable man, whose doleful picture I have faintly given, was once like you in youthful vigor, and despised as much as *you*, the drunkard's fate. And of the youthful maiden who as yet has known no sorrow. I would insist, that if you wish peace and happiness in future life, if you would shun the horrors of the inebriate's dread abode, shun the society of that young man, who forms any association with Alcohol, or who will not give his name and influence to the cause of Temperance.



Canton is a very "*smart*" place for a country town, and is beautifully located. On the south is gently flowing Copperas creek, while on the north, green carpeted prairies are spread far and wide. About ten miles north of Canton is Farmington, a flourishing little town, and four miles east of Farmington is Trivola. Prairies and groves in this section are pleasantly interspersed, and the springs and rippling brooks every where abound. I fancied this section far above any I saw during my travels. The prairies were sufficiently undulating to give health to the climate, and delight to the settler. As we left Trivola for Peoria, we soon entered a rather romantically featured country. The short Oak, with its broad spread bowery, began to show itself until they stood about as compact as an orchard, and as the ground was well swarded over, it very much resembled some of the fruit "forests" of the wealthy farmers of the east. The frequent banks, as they rose and fell, presented a picturesque scene. Soon, however, we entered a dense forest of timber, and it was the heaviest hard timber land I ever saw. The timber, though large, was thrifty, and very tall. In these woods are flocks of the Peraquet. I saw a flock of about sixteen, that had been recently taken from the forest, and had their wings clipped. The manner of taking them is as follows : their coop is in the hollow of a tree, and the hunter follows them there. After dark the tree is felled, and they are thus secured. When they were fed, the leader (for they appeared to have one) goes alone and examines the food ; if it is acceptable, he

calls, when they all descend and receive their share. After the repast, the leader returns to their abode, and when he gives the call, they all follow. Then they frequently set up a yell, enough to pierce the senses of any one standing by. I was struck *with* their order and thought it worthy of imitation. This bird somewhat resembles the Parrot, it is smaller, but similarly decorated. They have a hooked beak, and when they ascend a stick, cord, or whatever they climb, they use their beak, and feet, and ascend like the sailor, "hand over hand." Since my return, I have seen some of these birds, and they were sold for Parrots. Peoria village is on the bank of this river, and is the Emporium of the West. In this vicinity there is much land to be obtained at government price.

21. Sabbath ; with other exercises, received six into the church ; two by letter, and four by that pleasing ordinance (the laying on of hands) still retained in the church. The Lord appeared to sanction it, by a special outpouring of his Spirit. The prospects are flattering for more additions.

For the benefit of those who may travel to that region, we will add, as they pass up the Illinois river, to visit those brethren, they may land at the mouth of Spoon river, Copperas creek, or Peoria. Their locations are at, or near, Lewistown, Canton, or Trivola. The church may be communicated with by addressing James Dunham, Trivola, Peoria co., Illinois, or O. H. Perry Hull, Cuba, Fulton co., Illinois.

With regard to our labors in Illinois, we think it not necessary to give them a daily detail. We found

enough to occupy all of our time, and had to reject many calls. There were bright prospects for a special work in different neighborhoods ; but the calls were too numerous, and time too short to confine our labors to one place. Much might be effected there by immediate action. The public are far from being prejudiced against us as a denomination of christians. Eld. Dunham, a very popular Moravian Minister, has recently embraced the Bible Sabbath, but his being absent on ministerial business, prevented our having an interview with him.

Parting scenes were too heart-rending for us to attempt a description, any farther than to say, that such sob-stified adieus were too much for nature to endure. But though painful, we are often compelled to rend ourselves from those whom, as christians, we dearly love.

## CHAPTER XII.

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Leave for Iowa — Knoxville — Monmoth — The astonished traveller — Lowlands of the Mississippi — Forest — Burlington — Stanzas — Steam ferry-boat — Murder — Backslider — Ferry-boat missing — Mississippi — Surrounding country — Flint creek — Des Moines' river — Indians — From Burlington to Fredonia — Arrival at Dr. Maxson's — Fredonia — Surrounding country — Timber and Prairie — Hillsborough — Meetings.

May 24. Left for Iowa, and as we drew near the Mississippi, the country began to deteriorate. Knoxville and Monmoth, shire towns of Knox and Warren counties, are rapidly increasing, and the country around presents great encouragement to the inhabitants. They are also located on the great road, leading from Peoria on the Illinois river, to Burlington on the west side of the Mississippi. In one little village in that vicinity the inhabitants are slothful, and consequently making but little improvement. This was the only place we saw in all that section, where industry and happiness *appeared* not to dwell. On leaving the prairies and approaching the Mississippi, we met a man whose mind was all absorbed with the surrounding scenery. I hailed him several times before his attention was arrested. He at length stopped, gazed into my carriage, and then turning and looking all around upon the prairie said, "I am thirty years of age — I have

lived so long in the world, and *never*, until to-day, saw a prairie!" Insensible to what I might say farther, he started on, and it was evident he was lost to every thing around, but what was spread out by nature's own hands before him. We soon entered the forest that verged upon the river. For about seven miles it was very sandy. On the Illinois side of the river in a high time of water, I should judge from appearance, that for miles back from the main current, the land was overflowed. Sometimes the steam ferry-boat had to run six miles. As we approached the river the forest was exceedingly dense and heavy. When we came in sight of the "Father of waters," its proud wave as it rolled majestically along gave us a sublime emotion, and we paused for a moment to let the mind feast upon its beauty and grandeur. Far up the river the eye rests upon its numerous Islands, covered with verdure. Following its current gently along, we discover as the river approaches us, it gathers its waters more deep and narrow, leaving the Island, until nothing but the river separates from Burlington. The eye again falls upon the river, following it down amongst the Islands, until lost sight of in its own meanderings. The view of the city as presented from the opposite shore, where we stood, is extremely picturesque, being situated within an amphitheatre, formed by the hills, and rapidly extending itself over the declivities. Beginning at the river, each street rises over above the other, until lost in the plain above, thus presenting a complete view of the city to those on the opposite shore. The popula-

tion of Burlington is composed principally of the inhabitants from the Eastern and Middle States. Standing as before noticed, on the bank opposite, it was with admiration that we thus surveyed the town which can but astonish the traveller with its almost unparalleled increase, from an uncultivated forest, swarming with the untamed Aborigines of the west, echoing and resounding with the "savage yell," and war whoop, to that of a densely populated city.

No Wickeup\* or tattered shed  
Is reared, to screen the Savage head,  
But mansions in their grandeur stand  
Erected by a Christian's hand.

No war-whoop, as in days of yore,  
No soil is stained with human gore,  
No orphans sigh, or widows groan,  
The Mississippi wafts along.

No bow is bent to send the dart  
With lightning speed to seek the heart,  
No savage foes in ambush kneel,  
War's dire effects around to deal.

No crystal brook to gore is turned,  
No cottage by the savage burned,  
No midnight cry of frenzied fear  
Now strikes the calm reposing ear.

But hark ! a nobler voice I hear,  
The gospel trump salutes my ear,  
Salvation calls from God on high,  
Repent, believe, prepare to die !

\* Indian Wigwam.

How great the change! how soon 't is done,  
A city! ere 't was thought begun,  
A desert, throng'd with frowning foes,  
Now blooms with Sharon's deathless Rose.

But where 's the red man, clad in fur,  
Who bends his ready bow for war?  
With flashing eye — grim visage — tall —  
Before whose rage the foe must fall?

*Then*, Chieftains sang the warrior's song,  
Whose peals, the echoing hills prolong,  
To arms! to arms! is heard afar,  
Till every soul is fired for war.

Aloud they shout with hideous yells,  
The war dance every fear dispels,  
Arm bent to arm with nerve-strung grasp,  
All eager now the bow to clasp.

Now hark! a death-like silence reigns,  
While the bold Chief aloud proclaims,  
"Brave men — rush on, the foe pursue,  
Nor yield till conquest turns for you.

Fear not, altho' thy quiver's spent,  
Crowd foe to foe till yours relent,  
Your tomahawk, war-club, and knife,  
Well plied, shall quickly end the strife.

The speech is done — like Time they fly,  
The savage war-whoop rends the sky,  
They strike the trail, the foe pursue,  
Until his army heaves in view.

The foe now wheels, and face to face  
They halt, the angry war-whoop raise,  
Each Chieftain shouts with awful tones  
"Fear not their yell, nor dying groans."

Quick nerves the arm, the bow is sprung,  
From foe to foe the arrows flung,  
Dart passes dart, its poison wields  
As each to each, deaths horror deals.

The dying shrieks burst on the ear,  
Mid battle's yell " dispels the fear,  
The hatchet's thrown, a deadly shower,  
The war club deals its fatal power.

Now knife in hand, foe clenches foe,  
In frenzied wrath they strike the blow,  
Then fainting, falling, die away  
They yield. Our Chieftain's gained the day !\*

While standing on the shore and surveying the objects worthy of notice, our reflection was interrupted by the majestic steam ferry boat, as she raised her puff, and plied her wheels, thus moving across to receive us. When safely landed on the opposite shore we were met by several gentlemen, who kindly requested us to tarry with them for the night. It is worthy of notice, that wherever we found people that had emigrated from the East we almost invariably found a welcome home, and warm hearts. I had not been in town long before I had my blood chilled by the relation of the following anecdote. A young man owning a house in the place had leased it, and left. During his absence the tenant had changed in some respects the position of the dwelling. On the landlord's return he discov-

\* It is well known that the form of battle described above, is entered upon only in the last resort, by the Indians, and then in frenzied fear they engage, hence the issue more fatal. A reference to Black Hawk's speech will show at once that they do sometimes thus engage,



ered the new arrangement and began his curses. A friend to the tenant standing by, said as the tenant was sick he would take it up himself. This however passed unnoticed, and the landlord sought a room for rest. The offended young man obtained "Colt's revolving pistol." He boldly declared his intention of shooting the young man. Being prepared, he sought his victim, called him up, and out at the door, then fired at him. On receiving the first shot he ran, but soon felt the effects of another. He then turned, and fired both of his pistols at his blood-thirsty foe, who was as busy as himself: they both fell to the ground. The brother of the intruder then rushed up, and with a cane struck the victim over the head. In this outrageous affray, the owner of the house was mortally wounded, and expired within ten hours, lamenting most of all, that he was thus hurried out of time into eternity, unprepared for the awful ushering into the presence of a Holy God. Reader, art thou prepared to be thus suddenly thrown into eternity and the immediate presence of the judge of the quick and dead. If not, hasten while there is time and seek through Christ Jesus a reconciliation with thy God.

But to return. During this awful affray the bullets flew (said my informant) in every direction, which caused men, women and children, to rush from the streets into any apartment. It happened about four P. M. The young man died in despair, and was buried. His murderer was arrested and confined in jail, but was so badly wounded that they moved him to his father's, where the Sheriff was his constant

companion. His recovery was anticipated. The inhabitants of the entire county of Des Moines were so exasperated at this outrage, that they held meetings, rallying its entire population, and then resolved to drive from the County all the [family-connections of the murderer, hoping thereby to put an end to such diabolical habits and customs of the south. During my stay in Burlington, I fell in company with a Lawyer, (a quack I presume, as the soil is very productive of such,) who said that he, or any other one, had an undoubted right to load weapons, and threaten in broad day the death of any man, and continue so unmolested for aught the law may do. To which I replied, I conceive you the assassins accomplice. The morning after my arrival I saw Mr. ———, a man who was once professedly a minister, and with whom I had often worshipped. But oh how deplorable the change. Once he was in full fellowship with the Church, and dwelt in the bosom of a lovely family. But death cut down the companion of his youth. He sought a second, and obtained the hand of a young lady who had then seen but sixteen summers. He left his native land, and when I saw him his family was rent asunder by that which was worse than death. The wife a wanderer — children scattered — and he, a profligate. When I reminded him of former associations, the tear stole down his cheeks. As I referred him to the vows he made to God and his people, and warned him of an approaching judgment, he trembled, wept, and sighed. How horrible! A family broken

up! The church of God dishonoured and souls going to hell that once *bid fair* for heaven!

How wretched is the lot of the backslider. He has no sure abode or resting place — no happiness or society in this vale of tears. Reader, if *you* are one, I beseech you to return to your Father's house, and wipe away the guilt of your own soul, and the stain from the cause of Christ.

“Return ere that dread day shall come,  
And you receive your final doom.”

What an awful picture this would have been to have passed the vision of a dying wife, and Mother. It must be heart-rending to yield the prattling babe in the hour of our final departure. But how terrible for that mother, had she seen her helpless offsprings scattered and driven amongst strangers, more than a thousand miles from where her body

“Sweet reposing  
Slumbers in the arms of death.”

Well may we repeat her last and dying accents. “What will become of these helpless orphans when their mother's eyes are closed in death.” But little did I think then of ever seeing a portion of that weeping family scattered beyond the Mississippi's rolling stream, and left in suffering retirement to wear out a life of sorrow.

In this place I found for the first time, correct information as to the location of Dr. Enoch Maxson, and the few other families of my search.

25. This morning was beautiful, and as I looked upon the Mississippi, I thought it more majestic than

it appeared the night before. This may have originated from the position of the rising sun, as it directed its illuminating rays obliquely upon the bounding waves of that delightful stream. I walked down to the wharf, and found that the ferry boat was absent, and the inhabitants in commotion about it. An express had been sent down the river in pursuit, and soon returned with it.

They had the boat, and a man lashed to a post, he being deranged had cut it loose and floated down the stream with as much royal pomp as might an Alexander, who was governor of all he possessed. They dragged him off to jail and that ended the bustle.

Iowa is bounded on the east by the Mississippi, whose remotest source has been ascertained to be the small lake *Itasca*, formerly known as *La Bische*. In that region are many small Lakes, where many of its branches take their rise, of which are the wild rice lakes, also, some issue from the wet *Savannahs* of the north, thence flowing through a multitude of small Lakes, about three hundred and fifty miles it reaches the Falls of *Pecagama*. Thence forming a distinctive character it pursues a southerly course through a country embracing all that is grand and beautiful, until it pours its vast flood over the towering waterfall at St. Anthony. From St. Anthony, it alternately glides through meadows and deep forests, sometimes dashing the castellated front of towering cliffs,

“Whose rocky summits, split and rent,  
Formed turret, dome, and battlement.”

In contemplating its restless and uncontrollable

wave, it may well have been considered the "Eternal River." Where else shall we find so completely combined, so much of the wild, beautiful and sublime, "Rising in the wild Savannahs of the frozen north, amid a solitude, broken only by the shrill scream of the aquatic lake-bird, sweeping in its onward course through shades of magnificent forests, blooming in the solitude of primeval grandeur; meandering the ramparts of hoary cliffs, whose crumbling turrets touch the fleecy clouds; now, washing the lone shore of the receding savage; now flowing through the abodes of refinement and civilized life; ever and anon receiving the homage of its thousand tributaries; now bearing onward, on its swollen bosom, the noble steamer; now madly sporting the Indian's fragile bark, whose dexterous arm swiftly wafts him to his native shore. Thus ever varying in character, temperature and scenery, this great river, the noblest of all others, pursues its onward course 3160 miles to the Gulf of Mexico, having its source in about forty-seven degrees, and its estuary twenty-nine degrees north latitude, consequently traversing eighteen degrees of latitude."

"Nature beholds her fair features portrayed,  
In the glass of thy bosom serenely displayed."

About nine in the morning we ascended the bank, following the meandering streets until we were on the broad plain above the city, where we had a fair view of the town, which spreads out like a map, presenting a panoramic view of enlivening beauty. We also could survey the majestic Mississippi, ever and anon

enlivened by the noble steamer, as she glides from point to point, meandering her serpentine course until lost in the multiplicity of green Islands. Far in the east the eye surveys the broad prairies of Illinois, covered with brilliant robes of green, and interspersed with newly cultivated farms. Burlington was formerly known as "Flint Hills" and by the Indians as "Shokko-hon." It was long a trading post for the Indians, and often in excavating, is found the remains of their dead — the war-club, pipe and hatchet.

Morton M. McCarver, and Simpson S. White commenced the settlement in 1823, where they endured many sufferings and privations among the savages. In 1832 the travellers bed might have been the leaves of the forest, the heavens his covering, wild honey his food ; but now he can dine sumptuously at Hotels, and recline himself upon the sofa in the drawing-room. Iowa being situated north of the Missouri and west of Mississippi, has not until recently been familiarly known, and located as it is, it has produced much excitement, and will call forth more remarks than we have been wont to offer concerning other portions of the country through which the tour led us. And although many may already be possessed of more and better information than the limits of this journal will permit us to offer, yet this work may fall into the hands of some who have hitherto known but little of that section of the country.

After feasting upon the beauties of the city and the scenery, we proceeded on our journey, which soon led us across Flint Creek, which meanders its way across

the central portion of Des Moines county, receiving in its course various tributaries, and discharges itself into the Mississippi, about one quarter of a mile above Burlington. On its banks is found abundance of lime-rock, which appear supplied by the hand of nature for building purposes. It also sustains several mills for sawing and grinding. Its uplands are densely wooded with heavy black, white, and burr Oak, hickory, linn and some ash, interspersed with hazel, thorn-plums, &c.

And upon the bottoms the cotton-wood, sycamore, black-walnut, buck-eye, sugar, and honey-locust, rear their lofty heads. Their interwoven branches, clothed in foliage, form a shelter for the traveller which protects him from the scorching rays of a mid-summer sun.

The Des Moines river, so far as placid beauty is considered, may be without a rival. I was informed that it rises in the *Coteau des Prairies*, and in the upper parts of its course has a rapid current. Its general direction is south-easterly, averaging about ten chairs in width. In the north-west portions of Van Buren County it enters the public surveys. So rapid has been its settlement that its banks are skirted with villages and finely cultivated farms. The bed of the river is of rock, remarkably level, and its water of crystal clearness. New-Hall remarks that "its bed is so uniform, that in a low stage of water, the traveller might ford it up and down for days." In a good stage of water it is susceptible of steamboat navigation for about one hundred miles, and for keel boats in low

stages. It pours its torrent into the Mississippi at the foot of Des Moines rapids, and there forms the dividing line between the territories of Iowa and Missouri. The Sacs and Fox Indians have their principal village upon this river, about fourteen miles from the government line, on a small prairie of surpassing beauty. After passing the wood lands of Flint creek we entered a prairie which was more undulating than any we had yet seen. As we bent our course direct for Fredonia the road led us through one almost uninterrupted prairie. We could now and then see on the right and left a clump of timber, and once or twice during the day, our path was through a beautiful grove. We also passed some newly commenced settlements, but none in time for refreshments until we came to Fredonia, a distance of forty-four miles.

Two or three times during the day I let my horses refresh themselves in the green pasture which spread itself out like an unbounded sea around us. We also met one man on horseback. We hailed each other with rapture. This day's travel reminded us more than ever, of the lonely wanderers across the Arabian deserts. Though unlike *that* scene it was green and well watered. But the eye was constantly on the gaze, and an almost unchanged scene was presenting its unbounded stretch, to fatigue our vision. And to use the expression of one of the inhabitants, it was "all look," and nothing to be seen but green carpeted prairies, and the ever-changing flower beds, which scenery was only begirt by the blue vault. As we entered the forest that skirts the Iowa river, we were



puzzled to select our path out of the multiplicity that crossed each other, leading in every direction. We several times took the wrong road, and run it to an end, until we thought it a heavy tax upon our patience, and more intolerable still, upon our weary steeds. We however happened to get the right road at last, which soon led us down to the bank of the beautiful Iowa river. Here our patience was again most provokingly taxed, by the indolence of the lads who tended the ferry-boat. This was not, however, the fault of Mr. Clark, the owner of the ferry, it being in his absence conducted contrary to his directions. Twilight had already shrouded that portion of the globe in her sable mantle, and fog was beginning to settle. We were weary, not having left our carriage since morning; but our hearty reception by the friends relieved our burdened mind, and the evening wore off with unnoticed rapidity.

26. In the morning, took a survey of this portion of Iowa Territory. Fredonia is a small village, situated on the bank of Iowa river, just at the junction of the Iowa and north fork of Cedar rivers. The prairie borders the bank of the river at Fredonia, and spread itself back, widening and gradually rising for the space of three miles, where it is met by a suddenly rising bank. The prairie, following up its eminence, spreading its green carpet over its sloping declivity, then stretches back to the forest which skirts the surrounding plain. I often thought while there, that they have as commodious a location for a large town, as I ever

saw, in the interior of a country. By it the proud stream frequently glides as it follows the serpentine river course to the Iowa city. This and Hillsborough, however, must be the highest low water landings, as both of the rivers become more shallow above the junction. The soil is rich and easily cultivated, and of a sandy inclination. Fredonia is surrounded with a rich prairie country, interspersed with groves of lofty timber, and is well watered, and much of the land is uncultivated and for sale. It is, however, rapidly settling. The timber I believe is universally taller in Iowa than the most of Illinois. Opposite Fredonia is a forest skirting the river above and below, which is mostly very excellent sawing timber, and when we left they were erecting a steam saw-mill. The Cedar fork is also very heavily timbered. It is very clear that the inhabitants will never lack for building materials, but rather if necessary, be able to supply the surrounding country.

Hillsborough is conveniently located for a harbor and town, and had already begun to erect its edifices. It lies on the opposite side of the river from Fredonia, and about one mile above, on the Iowa branch. Through it the Territorial road passes, from Burlington to Iowa city. Here Capt. Wheelock keeps a very commodious ferry-boat. The forest trees rear their majestic bowery around the neat dwellings which are but just commenced, and will there remain until taken down for building purposes. About three miles back, on the route to Burlington, is Columbia

city, a small village, but I cannot now see what may keep it alive, as it is situated on a dry prairie. It is, however, a very pleasant location.

22. At 11 o'clock the people began to flock to Fredonia, and we listened to a discourse from a Methodist brother. At 2 P. M. I addressed the congregation, and commenced a series of meetings which were kept up as much as consistent until my health completely failed, and I was obliged to leave a weeping, anxious people.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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Excursion in the country — Meetings — Thunder tempest — English river — Graves on the Iowa bank — Church constituted — Return to Hillsborough — Pond on the prairie — Health declines — Enquiring sinners — Wants of the people — Errors increasing — Stanzas.

27. Took a circuitous route back of Fredonia through the prairies, interspersed with groves. We travelled on a ridge of land which led us through one plantation where was about eight hundred acres under cultivation. The corn being about eighteen inches high was gently fanned by the breeze as it crossed the plains. On either side of the road lay the large fields of wheat, corn, oats and potatoes. The husbandmen were busily engaged. We kept this ridge for some distance and was thus enabled to survey much of the surrounding country, which for picturesque scenery and agricultural conveniences surpassed every thing I ever saw before or ever expected to see again.

After leaving this narrow elevation, we passed a small field of wheat, and its scanty growth aroused my attention ; which from examination was found to originate from the sandy soil. This was almost an entire sand bed, and I was somewhat surprised to find it surrounded, as it was, by such a rich fertile plain. Not far from Fredonia are some ponds of water, clear as crystal.

Four o'clock, P. M. addressed a congregation of anxious hearers. Many were from some distance. Had a meeting again in the evening. Sinners began to enquire the way to heaven.

28. Sabbath. This was a rainy morning. The rolling thunder and streaming lightning followed by a torrent of falling water, presented a scene which was awfully sublime. The floods of electricity, as they were poured forth in sheets of flashing lightning, were suddenly followed by astounding peals of thunder, whose tremendous roll mingling with each succeeding clap engulfed the intermediate space in one continual roar, all of which reminded me of the belching forth of the angry elements, driven by the wrath of a sin avenging God, in that awful day of final conflagration. May the Lord prepare me for that day in which the electrified clouds shall melt the marble rock, and the dreadful peals of thunder shall move the earth from its course, and instead of rain shall be poured forth the dashing waves of fire and brimstone. After the shower, the people congregated, and we were permitted to worship him

Who whispers in the thunder's roll,  
The elements restrain,  
Who guides the storm from pole to pole,  
And calms the surging main.

During the exercises, from my position I could look into the current of the Iowa, which reminded me of the river of life, gently flowing through the city of the great King. At evening we went to Osceola, or Hillsborough, and spent the night.

29. Entered a canoe in company with Capt. Wheelock and lady. Passed down the river from Hillsborough to Fredonia. This day the people gathered from far and near. Felt much of the spirit of religion, while endeavoring to persuade the people to become reconciled to God, and during the exercises very much interest was manifested, and many with trembling steps and streaming eyes approached the altar of prayer. It would have drawn the deepest sympathy from the coldest hearted professor, to have seen that people gather to the house appointed for worship. I sometimes as in other places, would almost submit to their entreaties. Surely, that field was so extensive, and the Macedonian cry so frequently bursting forth from various directions, that I did enquire of the Lord his will concerning me as connected with that people.

30. In company with Dr. Maxon, went to Richard B. Davis's who had settled near the English river. In passing on the prairie I was surprised at the rapid growth of its settlement. The footsteps of the red man were scarcely turned towards the sitting sun, and his wigwam deserted, ere the hamlet of the "pale face" sprung up. The farm was opened, the school house raised, and the Church dedicated. Where but a few short years ago the blindness of the savage tribes, shrouded the whole land, now the Gospel is shedding its enlivening rays, and as fast as the Indian leaves the soil, so fast is civilized society established. The rays of Gospel light are wafting westward toward the rocky mountains, and soon the fire now kin-

dled on the western shores of America, will sweep o'er the broad plains of Oregon, and met by the heaven illuminated Church, on the towering mount, will send forth a flame that shall enlighten the world. The Lord roll on the day !

31. Went down to the bank of Iowa a distance of five miles. Our prospect was sublime. This elevation or point of land was covered with ancient mounds. For acres the entire surface was broken into small hillocks, and although each differed from the graves of the civilized, yet the place somewhat resembled in its location and arrangement, our grave yards. Some who have seen the mounds, which spreads over the Mississippi valley, have thought it not possible for all of them to have been built by art, for forts and burying places, but it is my lot to differ from that opinion. Their multiplicity, I consider, an argument in *favor* rather than against the idea, that art *did* erect them all. Time with its onward march, has cut down its thousands of beings, and who but God, can tell the number. For the number of *one* nation, was as the sands on the sea shore. The thought then is awfully sublime, when we reflect upon the millions on millions that shall assemble at the call of "Gabrell's trump" in the last great day of final retribution. Reader are you prepared for that day ?

At four o'clock the people assembled, and a Church was constituted, and it was a happy season.

Eld. Rolan McReynolds, formerly a minister of the "Regular Baptist," requested admission with the number. After learning his doctrinal views, and

reasons for embracing the Seventh-day Sabbath, he was welcomed. His lady also joined.

I believe this was the first Church constituted in that section. We all felt that heavenly manna was given us to eat. Surely "the wilderness shall bud and blossom like the rose."

On the way back to Fredonia we passed a pond of clear water upon one of the highest elevations in the entire prairie. It was about fifty yards long, and ten wide. The banks were beautifully decorated with flowers, which enshroud at that season of the year the whole country with their floral mantle. The prairie gradually rose from the pond in every direction, and as they ascended the rising bank, spreading out upon the broad expanse their floral garb, it presented a picturesque scene, that could not fail to excite the deepest admiration in the mind of the traveller. In this I considered the most celebrated pictorialist outdone. This reservoir lies about two hundred yards from the main road leading from Burlington to Iowa city by the way of English River.

June 2nd. I found my health was fast declining, and felt more than ever the necessity of a fellow laborer. Many were seeking religious instruction, and while they were flocking around, eager to be taught the will of Heaven, I felt the necessity of a heart holy, and full of the love of God. I often sought the Lord for His heavenly mindedness, and unerring wisdom. The infidel was desirous to learn the truth and to flee from error. The grey headed and the child were alike inquiring if they might hope in a Savior's blood.



The meetings continued until the eighth, when I was obliged to close in the midst of a sermon. I however baptized one lady who was the first person baptized in that region. The fatigues of the journey, constant preaching, visiting from house to house, answering objections, contending with Infidels, and exposure to the stormy blasts, &c., had almost worn me out.

And during these exercises I often felt that I could not endure any longer. When the appointment drew near, I would make my way to the house, and lay my weary frame down to rest, saying to the people, that I could not preach. The Soldiers of the Cross would commence praying, and as the people congregated the tear would begin to steal down the cheek, and soon the sin-burdened souls would sigh aloud. This would almost irresistibly bring me upon my feet, and to preaching again. Thus I was led until my strength was gone, and compelled to leave that people in the highest state of religious excitement. Many were converted, and many more seeking. My heart was the most pained on leaving this field, of any one during my tour. How gladly would I have hailed a fellow laborer in that important crisis. But I looked in vain for *such* aid. May God have mercy upon the people in that wilderness land. O that Zion, universally, did but know the deep wretchedness and anxieties of many of the people scattered through the "great western valley." I do think they would fly to their relief. Their destitution respecting the preached gospel is but a small portion of their embar-

rassments. Errors there are as rapid and luxuriant in their growth as the vegetation, and as poisonous as the malaria of the swamps. It cannot be otherwise so long as such abundant material exists in a population like that, increased from year to year by floods of foreign emigration. Romanism is entrenching itself with consummate skill, as if behind ramparts of granite, at every prominent point. She is not yet openly aggressive, and notwithstanding she has challenged the armies of Israel by publicly burning the Bible by the hundred in New York, yet she will not be openly hostile, nor publicly erect her Inquisition, until the fears excited by her career of conquest and desolation in other lands, shall here be lulled to rest by her smothering her fiendish head under the hypocritical banner of piety, with which she now garbs herself to cajole Protestant subjects. Meanwhile, as though all her vast resources were under the control of one master spirit, she plants her Cathedrals and Colleges, and Schools and Nunneries, as if they were to last for ages, and plants them at just such places as will tell with terrible effect in the preparation for the conflict, and in the great battle itself when it comes. Their institutions are also swarming with protestant children, and while we are thus slumbering, they are moulding the youthful mind, and nerving the arm of the protestant school-boy for the bloody fray which hangs like a highly charged cloud over our beloved land. The people in the valley of the Mississippi said to me, "If the Roman Church is so *corrupt* and so *fatal* in its success, why do you slumber?"

Infidelity and kindred errors, some of which have "gone to seed" at the East, the enemy of truth has scattered far and wide upon the luxuriant soil of the west. They are now germinating, and their fruits will deal destruction to thousands of the honest inhabitants of the broad extended plains. Indeed, infidelity of a gross popular kind, is rife among the less informed classes, and is almost epidemic with those of greater opportunities. Other errors, more or less dangerous have attained a sudden and extensive influence, and demand an antidote. Mormonism also has its contagious effect, and thousands are gathering around its corrupt standard.

The press is employed for the promulgation and defence of all these heresies and delusions. Books, Tracts, and Newspapers are published, and widely scattered by them all, and by some of them as almost their only means of diffusing error. These errors are embraced, not because of any special inclination to error, but for want of light, or the means of it. Let the Christian Church but arouse, and stretch forth her hand richly laden with the treasures and light of eternal truth, let the young men speedily qualify themselves and sally forth, and let the univocal prayer of all God's people ascend the holy hill, and the darkness shall give way, and eternal truth, light, and love, shall bear universal sway throughout the length and breadth of the land.

When we take an estimate of the soul, and realize that none but the true followers of Jesus will ever en-

ter the Courts above, that heaven is a pure place and

“Those holy gates forever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But followers of the Lamb.”

'Tis then that we see the necessity of a healthy, effect-  
ual action, in the entire army of Israel.

#### THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

In the Mississippi Valley, nature spreads her treasures forth,  
Prairies, woodlands, noble rivers, crown with gifts the sons of  
earth.

But the soul these gifts possessing, all things else but God  
pursues,  
And eternal blessings proffered, blindly, madly, they refuse.

Fancy charms, how sweet the relish, full of poison, dealing woe,  
Grasping bliss — while every effort, crowds them to the shades  
below.

Thus, the West is all commotion, each contending for the prize,  
Like the rich man, rearing mansions, e'er enjoyed, alas he dies.

But we turn to scenes in future, when, a mingled mass, they'd  
stand,  
Crying, oh ye rocks and mountains, hide us from the great  
I AM.

Rocks and mountains flee like hail stones, wrapp'd in light-  
ning's burning blaze,  
While the sweeping conflagration, shrouds the mass in endless  
maze.

Before their minds in quick succession, former blessings flash  
along,  
Like the barbed arrow piercing, with immortal pangs, the throng,  
Consternations thundering terrors search the broad phalanx  
through,  
While Eternal wrath approaching, swells on each successive  
view.

But behold their horrors double, when before the Judge they  
stand,

He whose precious blood, they slighted, *now* assumes the dread  
command.

At his voice the millions hasten down to endless worlds of woe,  
Where, beyond the hope of Mercy, streams of wrath forever  
flow.

“Hide us, oh ! ye waves of sorrow dash upon our guilty head —  
Sink us, oh what scenes of horror ! ever dying, never dead !  
Justly doomed,” and to the sentence echo’s back the loud,  
“Amen !”

May the Lord ! while mercy’s offer’d, save the dying sons  
of men.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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Prospect from Osceola — Iowa — Iowa City — Surrounding Country  
— Emigrants crossing the Prairie — Prairie on Fire — Soil of Iowa —  
Grain — Fruits — Wild Animals — Fish — Climate — Indian Habits.

West of the Territorial road at Hillsborough is the rising bank of Osceola, or the mound on which the Indians met to trade, as this was the converging point of the nation's general resort. We ascended its conical head. This is about one hundred feet above the river which flows directly beneath, and about one mile from Fredonia. The sun was about thirty minutes high. The sky had now become perfectly clear, no clouds were to be seen but the white thunder heads which were gently sinking in the broad expanded plains. Being thus elevated, we were able to survey the surrounding plains and groves at our leisure, and nothing rose to prevent a perfect inspection of all, as far as the eye could reach. About one hundred feet below us, was gently gliding the clear waters of the Iowa, while the well conducted canoe, was shooting along its current so smoothly as hardly to leave a ripple behind. A prospect from this summit must present a still more tempting scene than that from the towering mount which overhung the beloved City in the eastern world. Directly north, the Cedar river was meandering its way through the plains towards its confluence

with the Iowa. It was guarded on either side by the lofty forest which stood in all its native grandeur, whose foliage gently fluttered in the wind. The point of land which extended to the junction of the rivers is heavily laden with a diversity of thrifty timber, which extends back about two miles, and then is bounded by the prolific prairie lands. Up the Cedar, as far as the eye could reach we could discover the strip of woodland, averaging about three miles in width, in the midst of which the river followed its serpentine course. On either side, the prairies spread out to an astonishing distance, interspersed with the smaller groves which from their distance and location, very much resembled the orchards of the East. Just over, before us, between the two rivers, was Port Island. On the right was Fredonia, and the grand prairie which stretched itself to the Mississippi a distance of some twenty miles. This portion of the prairie country, was also supplied with groves of timber planted by nature's own hand, to add beauty to this scene and convenience to the agriculturist. About midway between Cedar and Mississippi rivers, Indian Creek glides along. Its banks are also skirted with timber. This stream takes its rise in a north-easterly direction from where we were standing. North-west of us lay another prairie spreading itself over the entire surface of country between the Cedar and Iowa rivers, on the upper boundary of which is located Iowa City. In that direction we saw a tree, which from its distance, resembled an umbrella. I was informed that it was a large oak eighteen miles distant, and stood on the great Ter-

ritorial road which leads from Burlington to Iowa City. The Iowa was followed up in a westerly direction, as far as our vision could extend. This river is also supplied with woodland. About two miles south of us lay Columbus city. Thus in every direction we could survey the "Garden of the West." The small towns, farms, and farm houses, herds of cattle, flocks of wild turkies, prairie hens, sand-hill cranes, and bounding deer. And who that has a mind could but be gratified in such a sight as this, and rejoice at being favored with an elevation like that of Osceola, from which to survey a surrounding country thus gorgeously decorated. On that mound no doubt many a red man has stood and surveyed his beautiful and peacefully possessed inheritance. And from it the terrific war whoop may have been heard, whose echo, with the velocity of the wind, may have shot across the plains. But now it is under the hand of the "pale face," and the original owners are far away in other lands. I thought while standing there that this mound might yet sustain an Academy, and from it the student might survey the Geographic features of both the earth and sky.

The Iowa river is one of the largest tributaries of the Mississippi. It rises in the table lands, in the vicinity of the St. Peter's, affording steamboat navigation the principal part of the year to Fredonia [and Hillsborough. From thence to Iowa city, about twenty-five miles, it is susceptible of keel boat navigation. With this view of the subject, which is doubtless correct, it is readily inferred that the Towns at the con-



fluence of the Iowa and Cedar rivers, will eventually take the lead in commerce, notwithstanding the Capital is above them in point of location, and its population at present is far superior. The Iowa receives in its course several large tributaries, draining a luxuriant and fertile country, presenting every variety of landscape beauty, and producing, in beautiful profusion, all the grains, fruits, and vegetables with which this favored land abounds. The bottom lands are of a sandy inclination. The soil is, however, warm and productive, and admirably adapted to the growing of maize. On the bank of this river is located the flourishing Iowa City. The following notes are taken from Newhall's "Sketches of Iowa," and I give them here from that history, that the reader may not charge me with exaggeration.

"The unprecedented growth of Iowa City from a wilderness frontier, beyond the pale of civilization, is indeed a wonder in the growth of towns. When the reader reflects that on the first of May, 1839, this spot was the hunting-ground of the savage, where now refinement and even elegance have made their visible impress, the capitol rearing its massy walls above the forest, and brick stores and spacious hotels erecting where the council fires have scarcely ceased to burn; surely his mind must be rapid in astonishment in contemplating its rapid growth. On the fourth of May, 1839, the commissioners appointed by the legislative assembly selected the site for this new city, to be the future and permanent capital of Iowa. The spot se-

lected is near the geographical centre of Johnson county, and occupies a convenient and central position in the territory of Iowa. It is situated about thirty-three miles W.N.W. from Bloomington, sixty-five miles west from Parkhurst on the Mississippi, about twenty miles east of the Indian boundary, eight east of the mouth of the Racoon fork of the Des Moines, ninety south from the neutral grounds of the Sacs and Foxes, eighty-three north of the Missouri line, eighty-six miles from Dubuque, and seventy-five from Burlington.

“The principal requisites required by the commissioners in the permanent capital of Iowa, were health, beauty of location, good water, and convenience to timber and stone suitable for building, all of which they found combined, in an eminent degree, at the same spot, and centrally situated in the midst of a region of country which for natural beauty and fertility of soil, may safely challenge a comparison with the world.

“The banks of the Iowa, which in many places are cut up by ravines and slues, are, from about three miles below this point to its sources, high and dry, abounding with rock, with a beautiful undulating country, with springs of pure crystal water, skirting both its shores, and exhibiting every appearance of health. The river opposite the town is about eighty yards in width, a clear, limpid stream, with sand and gravel bottom, and of sufficient depth of water for keel or flat boats at its lowest stage, being never less than twenty inches. Both banks of the Iowa, commencing at the upper part of the town site, and continuing five or six miles above, and are stored with inex-

haustible quarries of stone. 'Big Grove, which is situated between the Iowa and Cedar rivers, has been pronounced to be one of the largest and best bodies of timber in the territory, being about twenty miles in length, with an averaged width of six or seven miles. In short, it would have been difficult for the commissioners to have selected a more favored spot, where building materials of the best quality are to be had in greater abundance. The site of the location is one of unrivalled beauty. The most vivid imagination can scarcely picture to itself so captivating a spot, situated in the midst of that wild and rural scenery which can tend to embellish and render it desirable. The river first approaches the town from the north-west, through rocky banks of moderate height, covered with a thick grove of stately trees, and then turns to the south, and flows off between unequal banks scattered over with venerable oaks; opposite the city, on the west side of the river, the banks are abrupt and bold, and rising from the water's edge, about fifty feet above its surface to the level of a smooth prairie, which approaches the bank of the river at this place, and then sweeps in beautiful undulations of hill and dale.' 'The preceding remarks, says Newhall,' are the substance of a well written article that appeared in one of the Burlington newspapers soon after the location of 'Iowa City' was made, and although to those unacquainted with the character of our scenery, it may appear fanciful; nevertheless, the delineations are drawn with the fidelity of truth. He farther says, that about the first of May, 1839, Mr. Swan, the acting commissioner,

selected this spot, then in a state of nature, surrounded by savages, Poweskiek's band of Sacs being two or three miles below, (at what is now Napoleon.) And even as late as June following, the sojourner was compelled to sleep in his blanket for nearly two weeks. On the first of July, 1839, the survey of the city was commenced under the directions of the board of commissioners, and the taste displayed, and liberality evinced in the size of lots, width of streets, public squares, school and church reserves, reflects the highest credit upon the enlightened judgment of the commissioners. The design of the capitol is a chaste specimen of Grecian and Doric architecture, with horizontal cornice and entablature, surmounted by a dome supported by twenty-two corinthian columns. It is one hundred and twenty feet in length by sixty wide, two stories high from the basement. It is built upon Capitol street, which runs upon the ridge, or third elevation from the river, and fronting Iowa avenue, which is the same width of the capitol, (one hundred and twenty feet,) presenting a captivating and imposing appearance. The site of the capitol can be seen from every part of the city. The first grade or plateau from the river is devoted to a public promenade, being an average of one hundred yards in width, and half a mile in length, bordering upon the river. The second elevation is about twelve feet above the first. The third elevation about thirty feet above the promenade. A grade of fifteen degrees is contemplated, making about fifty feet from the bed of the river to the site of the capitol. On Ralston's creek, about half a mile

from the capitol, there have been discovered three springs, within a diameter of twenty feet, each possessing different properties — one of chalybean, one of sulphur, the third very cold lime-rock. The waters of the two first are said to be powerful cathartics. The celebrated ‘birds-eye’ marble was first discovered upon this creek, of a softer texture and more delicate whiteness than that found in the quarries.

Up to the present time, 1840, being about fourteen months from the commencement of Iowa city, it contains a population of about seven hundred inhabitants. A spacious city hotel, three or four brick buildings, and several others in progress, ten dry goods, groceries and provision stores, one drug store, one saddlery, two blacksmiths, one gunsmith, three or four coffee-houses, four lawyers, three physicians, one church, and one primary school; in short, presenting all the appearance, bustle, and activity of a city of years, rather than a prodigy of months. ‘Should the skeptical feel inclined to question the accuracy of this statement, I can assure them it has been the result of personal inspection.’

I counted, even in the middle of last May, rising of one hundred buildings, and saw and heard the busy workmen engaged on half as many more. At that time conversing with a gentleman from Pennsylvania, who came to the ‘city’ the week preceding, and had a frame house covered, and his goods in it; he said to me, ‘Five days ago, my house was in the woods growing.’ I have heard of cities springing into existence as if by magic, but in no case have I ever

known the application so just as when applied to this young capitol of Iowa. When the mind refer back, as it were but to a single leaf in the calender of time, reviewing the recent past, and contemplating the ominous present, rife, with the coming developements of the future, how exalted must be its conceptions of the destiny that awaits us, if our institutions are formed on the broad basis public morals, religion, and virtue ! Then are our liberties secure, and our prosperity certain."

While the reader has been perusing the foregoing descriptive notes, he may have been rather inclined to challenge the fidelity of the author, but were he personally to survey that city, I am sure he would be less inclined to discredit the candor of the writer. When I was in that section, in June, 1842, I was informed by a gentleman residing in that city, that it then contained a population of some twelve or fourteen hundred inhabitants.

In those countries, the water and timber are so happily arranged, that, notwithstanding, nearly or quite three-fourths of the surface of those regions are without trees, but little difficulty from this source, however, attends the settlement of any portion of it. As the water courses approach each other, the timber approximates frequently so nearly connecting on either hand, that the traveller finds himself threading a narrow defile or avenue, and again suddenly emerges into the broad prairie, where the forest outline in the far perspective, resembles the dim shore from the ocean, with its deep vistas and distant head-lands, like harbors and capes.

The simile is very striking, and it requires but little stretch of fancy to make the illusion perfect, especially when the distant margin of forest is skirted with settlements ; the settler's cabin appearing like the fisherman's hut on the shore, and the long "blue wagon" of the moving emigrant, with its white flying top, slowly passing over the wide prairie, like the sailing craft of the ocean, beating their onward course to the wished for haven.

Prairie is a French word, signifying meadow ; sometimes they are spread out in boundless plains, at others, gently undulating, like the swell of the sea after a subsiding storm. They are covered with a rich coat of natural grass, frequently interspered with thickets of hazel and sassafras shrubs, and in the flower seasons are decorated with all that is lovely and captivating, both in fragrance and colors.

These gardens of the wilderness, boundless and beautiful, untouched by the ruthless hand of man, are smiling in all the freshness of primeval beauty. The richest profusion of red is relieved by the yellow-flowered honey suckle, the jessamine, the crimson wild rose, and blue violet, perfume the desert air.

A burning prairie, especially in the night, is one of the most sublime spectacles in nature. The flames roar through the long grass with a noise like distant thunder, when peal follows peal in such close succession, as to form an unceasing roll, and the horizon often appears like one flame of vivid light. At other times a sheet for miles in length will rise almost perpendicular in the air, to an astonishing height, then

struck by a sweeping gust of wind, is lashed forth, and again spreads its full extent upon the dead grass which is ignited, and pours forth its fury into the raging wind, causing another bursting flame to ascend near the skies, and each succeeding flash adds fury and velocity to the wind and flame, until its rolling wave dashes forth with conflagrating fury. As the sheets of flame vehemently ascends, and anon, wrap the earth again in their broad expanse, they light up the heavens as do the broad flashes of lightning, as they leap from cloud to cloud, and the unceasing roar of the consuming fires, present a scene superlatively sublime, and fires the soul of the beholder with the most refined admiration. A certain indescribable sensation of lonely gloom steals over the mind of the traveller when he finds himself a solitary being, wandering over those boundless plains, and the more especially when they have been recently traversed by the black'ning fires before described. And, after long and weary miles, the sight of wood-land is hailed with as much joyous emotions as the mariner beholds the beacon light of his native strand. But soon the murky hills and meadows are clothed in the richest garniture of green ;

“The traveller now beholds on every side,  
The grassy lawn relieved by Flora's pride.”  
Those plants diversely decked in grandeur stand,  
Bestrewed o'er hill and dale, throughout the land.

The soil of the prairies, particularly the alluvial bottom-lands, is extremely rich and fertile, it is composed of a black, vegetable mould, intermingled with



a sandy loam, and covered with a sward of natural grass, which soil after the sod is subdued, is easily cultivated. The soil in Iowa will not average as deep as that of Illinois, and some of Wisconsin, that is, in those parts where we travelled. The soil is nearly black, through those entire regions, but the soil of Illinois is not as much inclined to sand, as in Iowa and Wisconsin.

In Iowa for the most part, there is a third stratum, or bed of blueish clay, some twenty or thirty feet below the surface, to which, if the settler sinks a well, he is sure of excellent and durable water.

All the grains, fruits, and plants of the temperate regions of the earth grow luxuriantly in Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin. Wild fruits, such as crab-apples, berries, wild plums, strawberries, &c., are in abundance, and at present supply the place of tame fruit in the newly settled portions of the country. Foreign vines are susceptible of easy cultivation. Excellent fruit is produced from the prolific indigenous vines of the country, and doubtless all the exotic plants and shrubs will flourish there. Wild plums of almost unnumbered varieties, grow in profusion, and the deep recesses of the forest abound in wild grapes, whose purple clusters crown the vines in most gorgeous and tempting display. Some of these fruits ripen very early in the season. When we were in Folton Co. Ill. they had ripe strawberries the first of May, and when we left, (the last of May) young peaches were as large as a good sized blue plum, and the winter wheat was

heading out, and on the eighth of June, in Iowa, new potatoes were large enough for family use.

The Buffalo has taken his march for the Rocky Mountains, and is not found roaming upon the cultivated prairies. We were informed that they kept their march for the wilderness in advance of the Indians. Between the Wapsipinican and Makoquita rivers, the elk has been seen in large herds. Panthers are seldom seen, and when they make their appearance, it is in the aspect of wanderers. We only heard of one while there, and that was seen by a traveller while traversing a large prairie, far from inhabitants, "and he," said the traveller, "was of an enormous size." We came across one grey wolf in our travels, as he was lurking about the thicket. The country universally abounds in the mischievous prairie wolf, which is but little larger than the gray fox, and burrows in the prairies, from which abode he sallies forth in the night. Foxes, raccoons, opossums, gophers, porcupines, and squirrels of various kinds are also numerous. Otter and beaver yet inhabit the land. Deer are also very numerous, which often sweep across the prairies in large droves. These, as well as the prairie wolf, the sportsmen seek on horseback. The black bear has been seen, but is rarely to be met with.

The speckled trout, white perch, black and rock bass, pike, catfish, shad, red horse-sucker, white sucker, eels, sturgeon, shovel-nose sturgeon, buffalo, &c., of an excellent fresh-water quality, abound in the rivers, lakes, and creeks, throughout the entire western valley.

And as for venomous reptiles we were favored with the sight of but one during our travels in that country and that cost much extra pains.

The salubriousness of the climate depends much upon locality. There is a liability and predisposition to billious diseases, fever, ague, &c., along the low "bottom" lands of the rivers and water-courses. But the atmosphere becomes salubrious, and entirely free from "miasma" upon many of the uplands and rolling prairies, there being about every day a breeze from some quarter as refreshing as that from the ocean. People frequently get sick from exposures, and then charge their ill health to that portion of the country, through or to which they have emigrated. Many, while moving to the west, make their covered waggon their dwelling—cook by a fire built upon the ground, and then lodge in the waggon. And many on their arrival, erect a leaky shanty *for the present*, which often answers for months and sometimes for years, and who would not "marvel" if they did not sicken and die?——We called at some of those "hovels," which had been for a long time the shelter for the family, and if we happened to tarry through a heavy storm, we could only find protection beneath our umbrella from the dripping rain, as it poured into the leaky apartment. And it was not uncommon for us to retire for the night, where the rain and snow would freely sprinkle us over, as they sifted through the crazy shelter. Taking this view of the subject, who could expect any thing but sickness and death? And what climate ought to bear the responsibility of such exposures, or the reproach of not sustain-

ing life and health under such ill treatment? What sensible person could thus expose himself, and then charge his debility to an insalubrious climate? In order to enjoy perfect health, we need to shield the body as the lid does the eye over which it shuts. What man could prop open his eyes, and then censure the eyelids for the exposure of the pupil to the flood of piercing rays that fell upon it from a mid-summer's sun? Man is the protector of his own health, in a greater degree than he is often aware, and accountable for that treasure committed to his charge.

While reflecting upon this newly settled country, the mind naturally falls upon the character and condition of the original possessors of the land. While we were there we had not the pleasure of seeing one of the sons of the forest. They are now settled in that portion allotted to them, and so averse are they to the customs of the whites that they seek an absence from them. The Sacs and Foxes have been amongst the most powerful and warlike tribes of that entire country. They have been a restless and spirited people, and consequently, rather inclined to errantry. They were predisposed to a warlike life, and averse to agricultural habits; hence they have ever been, changing, suffering, and diminishing. But, notwithstanding, they are much enfeebled, they still retain their chivalry, and regardless of the superiority of their foes, they are ever ready for war. They now number about seven thousand souls, and one of their main villages is situated on the bank of the Iowa, beyond the United States boundary line. It is the residence of

Poweshiek, a Fox "Chief," from whom the village takes its name. Their ideas of futurity are vague, but they often invoke the favor of "Manitou" (Good Spirit) in war, hunting, &c. The standing of the chief is but little above their "medicine men" and "prophets." They paint their face while mourning the loss of a friend, and the time thus spent is governed by the affinity of the kindred. Their dress is composed of a white or scarlet colored blanket, deer skin moccasins, trimmed with the beads made of porcupine quills. They have frequently various fashioned and indescribable head-dresses, and some of them have their ears hung full of rings and jewels, and a profusion of wampum around their neck. They have various dances, such as the "war-dance," "council-dance," &c. To these are attached feasts too numerous to mention; they however, make much of the "dog-feast." Since their association with the whites, they have become very much attached to "whiskey." A writer in noticing their sorrow occasioned by this wretched beverage, remarks. "Words would be inadequate in attempting to delineate the baneful effects of this destroying poison, introduced by the enlightened and christian pale-faces." They are greatly affected by dreams, sometimes dejected, at others elated. They believe in sorceries, and often put to death those suspected of witchery. In their travels they follow one after the other, and their paths or trails which were beaten into the earth, are yet discoverable in many parts where we travelled.

Notwithstanding their bravery in war, they are often very much frightened, and run for life at the manœuvres of some of the steam-boats. They term them "*Scoti chiemon*," (fire canoes.) However, they despise a coward, and boast much of bravery, consequently they seek a title indicative of a "man-of-war," and he who kills the greatest number of the foe, and can inflict the most severe tortures, receives the greatest wreath of laurels. Their general appearance is wild and savage, and their chief satisfaction consists in wreaking their torturing vengeance upon the foe whose misfortune has placed him within their fiendish grasp. But their friendship once secured, is forever sure, and their spirit of kindness runs parallel with that of envy. As a specimen of their powers of intellect and eloquence, I will introduce the speech of Black Hawk, at the time he was taken prisoner, and one of a Chief at the tomb of a friend.

Black Hawk being permitted to speak in his defence, remarked as follows :

"You have taken me prisoner, with all my warriors. When I saw I could not beat you by Indian fighting, I determined to rush upon, and fight you face to face. I fought hard, but your guns were well aimed, and the bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me. It began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sunk in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on "Black Hawk." His

heart is dead, and no longer beats in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men ; they will do with him as they wish ; but he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward — Black Hawk is an Indian. He hath done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, their squaws and papposes, against white men, who came year after year to cheat them and take away their lands. He is satisfied ; he will go to the world of spirits contented ; he has done his duty ; his father will meet him there and commend him. Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, for his children, and his friends ; but he does not care for himself. Farewell, my nation ! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites ; he has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more ; he is near his end ; his sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk."

"Let the reader now pause and imagine the scene — A dreary storm of snow — a mound on the wide prairie — its top covered with some eight or ten red men, with their wives — also the wife of Skutah, (the deceased,) with her three children — a few whites were looking on — all was silence, save the roar of the winds, and the crackling of the fire which was burning at the head of the grave.

A large muscular Indian was standing near the grave, one hand resting upon the hickory monument of his chief : this is Keashus, the prophet of the tribe,

he raises his war-club, becomes excited with his subject, his eyes sparkle, and his whole countenance glows with passion, as he invokes the departed spirit in the following strain, which," says the writer, "I give in English."

"Spirit of Skutah ! hear us in our lamentations : thy brothers are around thee. We have come to bury the remains of our brother Skutah. The prairie is wide, the mound is beautiful and thy chief is thy company. Thou wast born towards the rising sun, and cradled in the beautiful prairies of Illinois. In thy youth thy bow was strong, and thine arrow sure : thy cunning discovered the swift-footed deer, and thine arrow hast found his heart. Thou hast stolen upon the wolf in his lair, and thine arrow was certain death. Courageous were thy youthful sports, for thou wouldst steal upon the young panther from his den, and play with the poisonous serpent, and tame the prairie wolf. *Skutah*, in thy manhood thy brothers loved thee, for thy heart was full of courage. Thou hast raised the war-club, and struck down thine enemy ; thou hast been faithful to thy nation, and the Great Spirit will bless thee. Brave and honored Skutah ! true was thy rifle, always sure, and, like the serpents rattle, its click was a warning of death. *Skutah*, thou hast lived on the banks of our beautiful river. Now we turn with sorrow to the ravages of the white man. When we returned from the hunt laden with game, when we came to our birth-place, the home of our fathers, where we worship the great Manitou, there we found the white man. He had burned our



wigwams, and ploughed up the graves of our fathers. We remonstrated with the white man to leave our corn-fields; but his ear was deaf, and his heart was stone. We plead our fathers' graves, and the land of our birth; but, alas, they drove us from our possessions, as they drive a dog from his mischief. Then we raised a council-fire — there we broke the pipe of friendship and peace, and dug up the hatchet in defence of our wigwams.

“That was a dark day for our nation. Then stood our brother foremost in the hour of danger with Black Hawk, our chief. He sought the pale-faces, and they fled before him; his war-cry rent the air with a shrill sound of terror to his enemies: side by side we maintained our rights, till a traitor betrayed our chief, and numbers compelled us to yield. Brothers, our father at Washington has placed us on this side of the great river, and told us to make it our home. Here are our hunting-grounds, here now are our homes. Hear us, O spirit of *Skutah*! here, on this mound raised by the great *Manitou* rest thy remains; thy gun is thy company, and food we provide for thy long journey to that beautiful land where we can hunt with our fathers, and never be weary; where we can drink of the cooling rills, and never be faint. Brothers, let us imitate the virtues of our beloved *Skutah*, that when the great *Manitou* calls, we may follow him to that happy land where no sorrow dwells.”

“An emphatic *how, how*, from the red men, told the close of the speech. The grave was now covered, after which, a little coffee was taken from the fire, and

served amongst those sons of the forest in tin cups ; also, a tin plate of hotcakes passed around. Some of the bread was placed in the earth, over the head of the grave ; a libation of coffee was also poured upon it ; the plate and cups were left on the grave, no further use being made of them."

## CHAPTER XV.

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Leave Iowa — Appeal to the Church — Bloomington — Muskatine Slue — Thunder Storm — Cross the river at Wyoming — Raft of pine boards — Illinois City — Isolated Mansion — Green river — Rockingham — Davenport — Rock River — Health of Climate — Palestine Grove — Beloit — Wisconsin forest — Arrival at Milton.

After considering all the circumstances connected with my departure and return to my native land in season for Conference, and knowing, that as my health was, I could be of but little or no service to that people, I came to the painful conclusion of leaving them, which intelligence was received with a burst of sorrow by the anxious crowd that gathered to listen to the word of God. My agony of heart on that occasion, none but the sorrow-worn Evangelist can fully appreciate. The faithful Minister weeps over the desolations of Zion, and toils to repair her waste places, but under no circumstances have I ever felt half the anguish of soul, on leaving a people, that I did on that solemn morn, that I bade those a last adieu, who earnestly besought me to stay with them, and lead them to the fountain of living waters. We stood upon the bank of the beautiful Iowa, but its grandeur was lost to us, while giving and receiving the last adieus. The tears and sighs that crowned that scene, still live in our memory, and eternity will only reveal the necessi-

ties and agonizing anxieties of that mourning group. We have often been compelled to leave the lovers of Jesus, but then a hope of meeting them in a world of unsullied glory, sweetens the bitter cup. But in this case many were without a hope in the atoning blood of Jesus, and with streaming eyes, entreated us to array with them and teach them the way to heaven. This parting scene was too much for our enfebled health to endure. We finally tore from their embrace and left them, perhaps to meet no more in time. Never, no, never shall we forget the last farewell, that murmured from that lonely group as we started off in our carriage. We turned to take one more view of them as we were fast leaving them, and they stood gazing upon each other in lonely solitude. O that God would send forth some one to their relief; and if perchance a young David should read these remarks, may God bless them to him, and give him a heart to forsake all and fly to the aid of the destitute.

“What is life 'tis but a taper,  
Soon it vanishes away.”

And what have we to live for but to glorify God in doing good, and relieving the destitute; and conveying the glad news of salvation, to earth's remotest bounds. Reader, if you have struggled against the light of God's word, and the conviction of your own mind, ask yourself what an account you can give in the day of “Judgment,” for this neglect of duty. Will not the destitute rise up in judgment against you, and condemn you. If you have the true light, fly as upon

the wings of the wind, and as you go say "repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

The Church constituted in Iowa, as before said, is in a very beautiful country, and in Fredonia, a very convenient location for a large town, being on the bank of the Iowa River, up and down which the proud steamer frequently plays, laden with almost every thing necessary for domestic use in this newly settled country; also, safely conveying the traveller up the river as it winds its way through the green carpeted prairies, interspersed with groves of timber, all of which are calculated to give interest and beauty to all around. Those wishing to communicate with the church, may address Dr. Enoch Maxson, their clerk. P. O. address, Fredonia, Louisa County, I. T.

After leaving the people in Fredonia, we drove direct to Bloomington, which is thirty miles below Rock Island, about three hundred and twenty above St. Louis, and about twenty from Fredonia. It is the seat of justice of Muscatine county.

Excellent sandstone, a beautiful material for building purposes, and easy of access, abounds in the bluffs in the neighborhood of Bloomington. Its location is somewhat romantic. Just below this town is the head of Muscatine Slue, which has a current large enough for steamboat navigation — is twenty miles in length, and the island thus formed is a widely expanded plain, and its rich carpet of verdure, affords excellent grazing for horses and cattle, which swarm the island. While we were travelling this day upon the bank of

the Mississippi, the roaring of the distant thunder-peals, warned us of the gathering of one of those thunder tempests which traverse those plains with their astounding grandeur. I called at the first mansion and sought admittance and protection through the storm, which was rushing on with all its astonishing fury. But when I informed the lady that my son was very ill with the whooping cough, she positively forbade my entrance ; and though there were different apartments, I could not prevail upon her to suffer her roof to shield us from the approaching storm. I left her, saying that I hoped that the God of Missions would not send a greater plague upon her than that of the whooping cough. I soon found that it was in vain to seek for a shelter with any family. When I would ask for admittance they would flatly deny, and then exhort me not to stop in the town. After I had given up, and took a seat in my carriage to take the worst of it, I was hailed by a gentleman who was on horseback. He, after learning my success, said, "When you get to that distant house, call, it is mine ; say not a word about your sick boy, for protection justly belongs to you in this land of strangers." My heart gladdened at the sight of one humane individual. But his dwelling was far from us still, and the torrent of falling rain was loudly roaring behind us. The roaring thunder, attended with the apparently burning clouds, and floods of falling water, as they were madly driven before the raging wind, was lost in the thought that our child's health demanded better shelter from

the approaching tempest than our carriage afforded us. But we felt that

“The God who rules on high  
And thunders when he please,  
Who rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the raging seas — ”

“That awful God is ours,”

And why should we be alarmed, under any circumstances. And as the large drops of rain, mingled with hail, began to beat upon us, we were as composed as if we were in the palace of a King, and very likely much more than those who had shut their doors against us. But about this time the winds divided the cloud and the clear sky appeared over our heads, and the storm raged before and behind us for a long time. While the lightning was playing, thunder rolling, and rain falling before and behind us, we were unmolested, except the slippery path occasioned by the falling rain in advance of us was somewhat annoying to our team. Though this division of the cloud might have been only the effect of the contending elements, yet never did I more forcibly feel the watchfulness of my Heavenly Parent than at that time. I listened to the roaring tempest all around — I watched the streaming lightning as it opened the black curling clouds, and admired the falling water as it gushed forth in torrents, while over our heads all was calm. I could but adore, and with my companion sing praise to God for his wonderful kindness to us poor unworthy creatures. I had a consciousness within that the object of my mission was the glory of God. But why should he

pour so many of his special blessings upon us. It is all revealed in this, "GOD IS LOVE." O what a sweet reflection it was, that the God of heaven and earth was ours, and we were his. May we ever render homage to him who feedeth the ravens of the valley and thus protects all those who trust in him. Said David, "once I was young, but now I am old ; I have never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." We ferried the river at Wyoming. On the Illinois side of the Mississippi was lashed to the shore a large "raft" of pine lumber, which the owners said was floated down the Wiskonsin river. We put up for night in Illinois city. It has a large name for so small a place. Here I distributed such "tracts" as I had. This town is about one mile and a half from the ferry on the river, and has a very beautiful location.

June 10. This day found it so cold as to be uncomfortable, and we were happy to be clad in our winter apparel. On one of the prairies we passed a splendid mansion completely isolated. I called and asked if happiness was to be found in such solitude. The Lady replied that it was when religion was the object of retirement. She farther said, "We left New York city that we might thereby escape the snares of the metropolis and enjoy sweet retirement and we are happy. A splendid "library" graced the apartment that I entered. At night we staid on Green river, in a small town called Rensdenburgh. The people were very kind — sent off their children to receive us, as they wished not to expose them to the hooping cough.



The rolling banks of Green river, crowned with all the luxuries of wild scenery, presents a delightful view to the traveller. This river empties into Rock river, and Rock river pours its floods into the Mississippi, at the mouth of which is Davenport, Rockingham, and the illustrious Rock Island. A quotation must suffice respecting the last mentioned places.

"I have approached," says a writer, "this point from all its bearings, and whether viewed from river or bluff, it is like a beauteous picture, varied in all its lights and shades. I well remember the first and lasting impressions it produced upon my feelings. It was on a bright summer morning in August, in the year 1836, the sun was fast dispelling the glittering dews, and every drooping flower was lifting its smiling crest. On the Iowa shore might be seen occasionally a gaily painted warrior of the Sacs and Foxes riding along the heights, his painted form partially exposed to view, as his scarlet blanket waved to the breeze ; his light feathers and gaudy trappings being in admirable contrast with the verdure-clad hills. Then did I feel the utter incompetency to describe so beautiful a scene — then could I have invoked the pencil of the painter or the pen of the poet."

The distant reader may be skeptical concerning this high-wrought description. At this I marvel not ; as, forsooth, the land of song, of Arcadian groves, and shady bowers, must needs be in sunny Italy, or classic Greece.

"I will, however," he continues, "add corroborating testimony of one or two graphic writers, to con-

vince the reader that nature *here* has been lavish of her *beauties* as well as her bounties."

"The country around Rock Island is, in our opinion, the most charming that the eye ever beheld. Rock Island is, of itself, one of the greatest natural beauties on the Mississippi. The 'old fort,' not to speak of its military associations, is, in truth, an object on which the eye delights to dwell. The flourishing town of Stephenson, upon the Illinois shore, adds greatly to the attraction of the scene; and Davenport, with its extended plains, its sloping lawns, and wooded bluffs, completes one of the most beautiful pictures that ever delighted the eye of man. The interior of the territory is rich, beautiful and productive. Enterprising and industrious farmers may flock in from all quarters and find a rich reward for moderate toil." A correspondent of the New York Star, a gentleman of much taste, writing from Rock Island, says, "There are some bright spots in this rude world which exceeds our most sanguine expectations, and this is one of them."

"In beauty of the surrounding scenery, both on the upper Mississippi, and on the Crystal Rock, I have found imaged all the charms I had pictured in my youthful imagination while reading a description of the happy valley Rasselas, but which I never expected to see in the world of reality. The Father of Waters is a giant even here, three hundred and fifty miles above St. Louis. It is estimated to be over a mile and a quarter wide, and is one hundred miles below Dubuque, and about five hundred miles

below the head of navigation at the falls of St. Anthony."

After leaving Green river we passed up Rock river, near Dixon's ferry, then struck off to Palestine grove, which skirts Green river. Rock river is the most beautiful and limpid stream I ever saw. It often meanders through the unbounded plains, where there is not a hill, bluff, or tree to interrupt the grassy plains, which are gorgeously decorated in floral grandeur. The surface is sufficiently undulating to give interest to the scene. A short distance from the river, it is hardly perceptible ; but as it is approached, the banks gently fall, and there the crystal stream rolls its proud wave toward the mighty deep. On the opposite shore the bank gradually rises and spreads out into another uninterrupted plain. Thus the river pursues its serpentine course — now it rolls across the green carpeted prairie — soon it is lost in the densely settled forest trees, which spread their bowery far and wide. Meandering beneath the thick waving foliage to the lower extremity of the grove, it burst forth again into the broad meadows. Thus it moves forward through that fertile soil, giving beauty, health and luxury to all who dwell within its influence. This is not overrated when it is called the "queen of the west." Perhaps the Rock river country has not a parallel in the world, for every agricultural utility, beauty of location, and health of climate. It is worthy of remark, that in all the western prairie country pulmonary diseases are not known, as a native of the land, and when consumption is conveyed there, it soon leaves its victim, unless seated. It was

frequently remarked by the people, that an affection of the lungs was scarcely known, and I was never interrupted while preaching by coughing and hacking in the congregation. And further, my own enfebled lungs appeared sound after I had been there a short time, but the difficulty relapsed on my return to the east. I have ever thought that if I had staid in that country the climate would have effected a perfect cure as far as pulmonary affection is concerned. I called on my brother in Palestine grove, Lee county.

Many of the inhabitants of this beautiful and rich country act, as though they thought "there was no God." In conversation with one *wicked* man, while he was extolling the country, we asked him to estimate the contrast between those green carpeted prairies, and the dread abode of the finally impenitent. His countenance fell, and he acknowledged his wretched condition while unreconciled to God. He, with his blaspheming associates soon stole away, and we were the only visitors left at this inn. If the awful condition of those justly condemned by God's holy law, disheartens the rebel, what must be the effect when justice thunders forth the heart-rending sentence, "depart from me ye workers of iniquity, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?" May sinners awake to their awful condition before it is eternally too late!

After spending a few days at my brothers we left for Wiskonsin. The first day, about five o'clock, we came to a grove where we sought for entertainment, but was refused. They said it was but a short distance across

the next prairie, and the road was good. We started on through the grove, got out of the road and was much detained. When we entered the prairie the sun was about one hour high, and we could not yet see the grove to which we were destined. The road never was much travelled, and the high grass had almost obscured the little path, so that scarcely a vestige was left traceable. Some days before, there had been a team through the high grass, and its trail was yet visible, so that by this we were enabled to keep our course. What was still worse, the way led through a marshy plain for about six miles, and the uneven surface tended greatly to impede our progress. We expected this night would be spent upon the wide extended plain, and that the cold earth would be our pillow — the blue vault our covering. I remarked that it would be a calm, clear night for such lodgings, and that many had before us, taken the heavens for their curtains, and the earth for their couch. There was no stone, for a pillow like that of Jacob's, no fuel to feed a flame by which to warm ourselves, but a forest of high grass was threshed about by the wind, and as far as the eye could reach, it was one uninterrupted plain. We hastened with all possible speed, and just before dark we could faintly discover the "foliage of a wavering wood," which was hailed with joy. Towards it we bent our course. Before we entered the grove the stars were peeping from their lofty abode.

The pale moon was rising as from the midst of the broad expanse, with her "borrowed" light to cheer the weary pilgrim as he traversed the lonely plains.

The shrill notes of the nightingale, and the yelp of the mischievous "prairie wolves," were echoing from rill to rill, as we were bending our steps to the hamlet before us. Soon however, we were gladdened by the glimmering taper which was flitting behind the window of some humble cottage, and ere the perfect gloom of night had wrapped all nature in deep slumbers, we were sheltered, and when a storm was bursting forth in all the fury, common to those that drive across the valley of the Mississippi, we rejoiced at our good fortune in obtaining a shelter from a storm which had so unexpectedly made its appearance.

17. Passed through Beloyt, which is situated just across the line, on the Wisconsin side. This village resembled Eastern style the most of any I had seen for months. It intermingled with the grove that skirted the town, and the taste displayed by the inhabitants in the order of the streets, and grandeur of their edifices gave interest and beauty to the scene. When I first entered a forest of shrubby burr oak, in Wisconsin it was so diverse from what I had before seen, that I was ready to fall out at once with the country; but the longer I was there, the more interesting it became to me. When about twenty miles from the line I called at a house to enquire for Mr. Joseph Goodrich's, on Prairie Du Lac; after the gentleman answered my enquiry, he said, "And what do you think of our country?" I told him I thought they should hitch a tackle to the forest and raise it out of the ground about as much more, and then it will do. He said the trees were long enough, but they extended into the ground about half their length.

On examination I found that the roots were buried so far in the earth, that the inhabitants could plough close up to the body of the trees, which stood about as near to each other as the trees in orchards, and in the most of the Wiskonsin woods there is little or no underbrush to prevent the plough from going beneath the green turf, as in an old cultivated field. And generally there is only a large central root descending ten or twelve feet, with small ones branching out, presenting the appearance of an inverted cone. The woods afford the best of pasture ; and the prairies that of the meadow, which are excellent for mowing ; and all the emigrant has to do is to fence what ground he wishes to cultivate, and enjoy the rich provisions of nature for pasture and meadow. Wiskonsin is more densely timbered than either Iowa or Illinois. About ten miles north of Prairie Du Lac which is in Rock county, about twenty miles from Beloyt it is heavily timbered. Wiskonsin may be considered a timbered country, interspersed with prairies. And yet there is enough prairie land for the convenience of the settlers. The most of the farmers choose the openings in preference to prairies. On our arrival we found the friends happy and healthy.

## CHAPTER XVI.

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Worship — Cross Rock River — Kuskantung Lake — Timber — Country west of the river — Ancient Fort — Black Hawk's Camp Ground — Large Spring — Gravel Mound — Forests — Meetings — Population — Industry — Joseph Goodrich's Location — Visit at Elder Babcock's — Schools — Influence of Alfred Academy — Ancient City.

18th. Sabbath ; I this day had the happiness of seeing and preaching to a congregation of friends, with whom I had often worshipped in my native state. This was a day of unusual delight to my soul, and I think, to many others. Our hearts had often been refreshed in other lands, and we found that religion and holy fellowship was the same in every clime. The feast was the more enjoyed by us, as we had for months been with strangers.

20. In company with Eld. Coon and lady, we forded Rock river, on the way to some of the brethren who are located about six miles west of the river. We crossed the river at the foot of Kuskanung lake, which is seven miles long, and three wide, through it, Rock river rolls its waters. It is skirted on all sides with the scattered oaks, which are bestrewed all over the hills and bluffs ; and as before observed, the surface of the earth is finely clad in green grass, beautifully decorated with blossoms of almost every description.



The river where we crossed, is forty-nine rods wide, and averages in a low time, about three feet of water. It was so clear that the smallest pebbles were easily seen. The west bank is bluff, and has some mounds and banks resembling forts. The location at the foot of the lake, was exceedingly romantic. The timber on the margin of the river, and foot of the lake was very tall and thrifty, which extended about three miles back, and then tapered into the burr oak again, which was interspersed with prairies of a marshy inclination. Brooks and springs are in abundance in that section. About six miles farther back, the country widens into rolling prairies, which are well supplied with groves, springs, and brooks. Here is a great section of country unsettled, and those who are first, may suit themselves, if they can be satisfied from nature's domain. They were breaking up the soil in large quantities. Some used one span of horses, and others two. We this day in travelling through the openings, and across the prairies, which are small, found many excellent springs of clear cold water, which soon formed the rippling brook, in which this section of country greatly abounds. The bed of these springs was fine white sand, and the water exceedingly cold. One lot of land had on it a portion of prairie and woodland. From the prairie the bank gradually rose, at the base of which, there was an excellent spring. I thought this farm was worth going *there* to possess. On one of the plains we saw several ridges, which had the appearance of being cast up, resembling demolished walls that had been built across from side to side. On

both sides of Rock river, at the foot of the lake, were several mounds that resembled demolished edifices, others, depositories for the dead. One of them was "dug into," and in excavating, there would first appear earth, then ashes, and then bones of human skeletons. These different layers or strata, was found to extend far into the mound. Some who were present, gave it as their opinion, that those buried there, had their friends burned upon the funeral pile.

On the east of Rock river is every appearance of an ancient fort. And in some places straight ridges run to great distances, from which others would strike off, forming right angles. In these were often found open spaces, resembling gate-ways. Every thing about the foot of this lake was indicative of ancient architecture, and that too, of a greater skill than the Aborigines ever evinced. Here was the camp ground of Black Hawk's army, and their flag staffs were still standing. Black Hawk's staff was the top of a sapling, and the limbs were left as long as possible, on each of which he hung a flag. The trunks of many of the trees were painted with the hieroglyphics of the "red man."

22. The people gathered in one of the dwellings at the foot of the lake, and we, in our different capacities worshipped Him who alone is worthy.

23. We left the river and went about twelve miles east, through beautiful prairie and woodland, to Deacon Wm. P. Stillman's. About sixty rods from his line he led us to a large spring. About thirty feet below the head, it was fifty feet across, and its depth

was about eighteen inches. The head of the spring formed a semi-circle, and for about forty feet below the upper extremity, the water boils up through a thousand different orifices, from its gravelly bed. The stream formed by this mammoth of the west, flows beautifully, meandering through the plain, which is headed by the circling forest but a little above the spring. This prairie is about one mile in width, and extends down the stream until lost in the intermingling forest. As this beautiful plain is skirted on either side by the lofty trees, the foliage waving by the gentle breeze fans the weary traveller as he pauses to refresh himself from the crystal fountain, which so profusely boils from the bosom of the earth.

From the spring the banks gradually rise, forming an inclined plain until they are lost in the expanse above. The highest banks may be some twenty feet above the level of the spring, which it encircles, leaving only a passage for the flowing waters, and from the summit gracefully descends to the water's edge, covered with a floral carpet. The whole forms a lively picturesque scene, and a master-piece for the painters skill. On this spot, the traveller may recline and gaze with wonder and admiration until lost in this delightful field of contemplation. While I was there, I thought that nature never formed a more enchanting seat for him who takes delight in studying her open volume, and surveying the wonders of her hands.

24. In company with Elder S. Coon, visited a gravel mound which is in a forest. It is about two hundred feet in diameter at the base, and rises about thirty feet

in a conicle form. It is composed of fine gravel stones, and is as perfect in its form as though put there by the hand of art. Our inquisitiveness for the why, and wherefore, was confounded, nor could we settle upon any philosophic or artificial cause. On our return we stopped under a tree, and its outstretched limbs excited my attention. The trees in that particular section are short, and have very heavy tops. They stand very much scattered, and yet the bowery over head is compact. The trunks of the trees will average from one to three feet in diameter. The bodies are very short. The limbs on the tree above mentioned, shot forth from the body about ten feet from the ground. The limbs will average from six to twelve inches through, and most generally shoot forth in a cluster, when the body is lost in the multiplicity. The first limbs let off from the tree, shoot horizontally to an amazing distance. Three limbs of about equal length, stretched forth from this tree in opposite directions. Curiosity led me to pace under one to its extreme point, and to my astonishment, it led me off from the roots about forty feet. Indeed the limbs were the longest part of the tree by far. Many trees in this forest stretched forth their arms as astonishingly as did this. This relation may appear magnified to any but those who have travelled beneath the oaken bow-bowery of the Wiskonsin forests. In travelling through those openings, all is green grass, interspersed with flowers and weeds beneath, and scattered trees, whose thick woven branches forms a cover over head. But it is in vain for my sluggish pen to attempt a perfect

description of the woodland scenery of the Wisconsin Territory, interspersed as it is with its beautifully undulating prairies. None but those who *see* can know, nor does its beauty exceed its fertility. The burr oak of Wisconsin are not very large, and being in some places short, and scattering very much, resemble an old orchard.

25. Sabbath ; The people of our old acquaintance filled the convenient apartments of a large barn. When I arrived, I could hardly believe my own senses. The horses and carriages were scattered through the grove, and seeing the multitude that had gathered, I could but marvel. To see such a host in this infant settlement, all of which had emigrated from the same neighborhood, as it were, whose faces were familiar to me, and in so short a time as had been occupied for that purpose, was an unexpected sight indeed. I had known them all, and also knew that all had left for the "*new world*," but was not half aware of the multitude that could congregate on such an occasion. But few of the church were absent. When the people were "seated" I surveyed them, and searched for those countenances indicative of ill health, but they were not to be found. All was health, vigor and activity. Joy beamed forth in every face, the eye sparkled with gladness, and notwithstanding, we were in a "*barn*," the people clad as they were, would have done honor to any chapel in the world. Eastern tastes, customs and order, were there retained. Nothing was lost in the migration, but very much gained. It is true, they were deprived of some of

their original pleasures, but all was counterbalanced in the beauty, health, and luxuries of their newly possessed homes. I thought them the most happy people I ever saw. Natures bounties were heaped upon them, and added to that, was the boon of religion, which completes their happiness. Industry, the richest and most beautiful countries, virtue, good society, health, and religion were the ingrediants of which their happiness was composed. And who can ask for more than this, while passing through this vale of trees. He must be selfish to excess, that would desire more, and entirely unqualified to appreciate what he has.

After worship, we called at Br. Goodrich's. His location is one of almost unparalleled beauty and convenience for agricultural and mercantile operations, which he carries on extensively. The buildings for his own use, make a "little villa." Near his door, runs the road from Milwaukie to Madison, cut at right angles by another in opposite directions. The beautiful prairie Du Lac, spreads out all around, and the wheat, corn, and oat fields, richly laden with the thrifty growth of diversified crops, was truly an interesting sight in so new a country. South of his buildings, a bank gradually rises to a considerable hill, which is skirted, as you advance, by the "waving wood." It is healthy, and by digging, good water is obtained in abundance. Here we were interestingly entertained until the following morning, when we, in company with many of our friends, left for Eld. D. Babcock's, where we had a meeting, and, perhaps, for the last time, worshipped God together, in that section. Very many of the friends

came to that place with us, and our parting scene was one of unusual moment. I could but admire Eld. Babcock's location, as it was on the north side of a very splendid and rich prairie, and on a very public road. Notwithstanding this, he was isolated from his brethren, and in a neighborhood of almost entire Infidels, which was calculated to cast a gloom over his newly obtained pleasures. But the death of a lovely son had cankered his happiness, and well nigh defeated all his well laid projects, casting a shroud of agonising sorrow around him and all he possessed. May God protect him and his family.

Wisconsin is settled principally from the Eastern and Middle States. Hence the society is untainted by the southern atmosphere, and religion is flourishing as in the Eastern country. The Ministry is not as deficient there, and in the north of Illinois, as in Iowa, the middle and south of Illinois, Indiana, and the interior of Ohio. The people are too well refined, and industrious, to indulge in the vain recreations of the south. And although a livelihood is easily obtained, they do not lounge away their "spare time" as in other parts, by "shooting matches," "throwing the sledge," "pitching quates," "ball and card playing," &c. &c. Their time not strictly required for a good and competent support, is occupied in tasteful improvements on their farms and buildings. Thus in a few years they will enjoy all the privileges and luxuries of the East, to which will be added the extra treasures of the "West." At Milton, Rock co, the people were preparing to build an Academy. Schools of this kind

are springing up all over the country. I was astonished at the influence cast in Wisconsin by the students from Alfred Academy, N. Y. Those young people who were educated under the direction of Wm. C. Kenyon, preceptor of that Academy, received a preference there ; thus that school is spreading its influence, far and wide, and although somewhat circumscribed in its privileges, yet the indefatigable perseverance of some of the proprietors, and the undaunted zeal of its preceptor gives it an unbounded influence, and after ages will give honor to the name of those who thus toil for the rising generation. Vital piety is also a characteristic of that school, which fully qualifies the student for usefulness in the "great western valley." If every other school in the union would supply its ratio, in every necessary qualification, they would soon spread a brilliant saving light throughout the land, and Infidelity, and Papal priest-craft, with their attending evils, and fatal infatuation would soon be known no more forever in this, our beloved country.

27. We bade those friends, who remained at Br. Babcock's for the night, together with his family, adieu, and left for York State. I considered my Mission accomplished, as my appointed time had already expired, and I thought best to bend my course as direct as possible towards Berlin, the place where our Conference was to hold its Session in September. When within about one mile of Beloyt, we crossed a point of the plain, somewhat elevated, and the "mounds" and ridges, which covered several acres, resembled demolished edifices and ruined walls. The location was



beautiful, and the objects around very much resembled the remains of a demolished town. Some of the embankments resembled decayed fortifications. In one of those situations, tile-paved streets have been traced for miles, corners of streets have thus been found, and the base of ancient edifices, by digging, are found to retain much of their original order. Remnants of flowered crockery have also been excavated from the ruins. From what I saw and reasons which are satisfactory to me, I am of the opinion, that the Mississippi Valley was originally peopled by the "Antideluvians." However speculative this may appear to others; when I consider the evidences of ancient towns, cities, forts, &c., together with the idea that the Ark could have drifted across the Pacific to Ararat, before a strong east wind in one hundred and fifty days, and that in all probability it did not remain passive before a wind of that description — these with many others, (which as I design not to discuss that subject here) I shall not deduce, are to me of sufficient force to explain the hidden mysteries of the wonders of the west. That the names of those rivers known by Noah before the flood, should be given to those where he landed, is evident, when we consider that he doubtless knew of no other portion of the world as in existence except that where he built the ark, and where else could he think of landing, if on this globe, but in that *very* region which he considered to be all there was of the world. Hence he fits the names to the rivers as well he could, and he and the world have ever thought that of course the ark rose up, and was let down in the

same country, notwithstanding the wind blew a heavy gale enough to sweep away the enormous flood which rose mountain high, and was as broad as the surface of the globe. However, as to "this" or "that" it matters not to us, "What belongs to us is to obey the God of Eternity, and prepare to usher into the presence of HIM who alone knows all things, and will reveal to his children all that is necessary to their happiness."

## CHAPTER XVII.

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Rosco County — Gale — Two men shot by a mob — Visit with a brother — Thunder tempest — Cross Fox River — Chicago — Ditch resembling a Canal — Sand Banks — Michigan City — Grand River — Wheat — Aspect of the Country — Health — Centreville — Elder Tyler's — Tecumseh — Maume Swamp — Sandusky — Temperance Hotel at Cleveland — Arrival at Home.

After leaving the territory, we passed down Rock river, through Rosco, a flourishing town on its banks. At about sundown the streaming lightning, and heavy thunder warned us of a gale at hand. We hastened with all possible speed to a dwelling, and sought admission for the night, but was flatly denied by a savage looking man. I told him of the storm, our ill health, the approach of night, &c., but to no effect. I pronounced him "a hard one," and drove on. He said I could not get a shelter short of two miles, but, a few rods from him was a good farmhouse, where I was cordially received. Here a trifling incident occurred, which to me might have been very serious. They had but one stable, and that was occupied, and I hitched my horse under an open shed. The roof was made of polls, or rails, and on it was ten or fifteen hundred of wet hay. After all was fixed, and we were seated by the fireside, I began to fear that my team would get away, and hired them to give me the stable, which they did, and did not fasten their

horses under the shed, but to a wagon. During the gale the shed was blown down, which would have killed both of my horses if I had not moved them. Thus I thought a trifling expense, and a little care, saved my team. During the evening I learned the character of the man who rejected us, and found him an unprincipled wretch indeed. He had been the ringleader of an awful, and diabolical fray. As near as my memory serves me, it was as follows: Three men were taken up for murders, but were discharged, after their acquittal, a mob led by the above mentioned man, or villain, pursued them, took them, and condemned them to be shot, and pitying the boy, released him. They were a Father and his two Sons. Fifteen minutes was all the time allowed them to prepare for death — the son became frenzied before he fell. The father was to be executed first, then the son. The younger son was compelled to stay and see his father and brother executed, and if he shut his eyes he could but hear their groans, which but too faintly uttered their agonies. So eager was the wretch before alluded to, to be sure of his victim, that he fired when at the number four, putting a bullet into the poor man's forehead. When the young man was to be shot, one that was selected failed, and this demon in human shape, took the rifle and shot him, saying, "I have shot one, and can another." This was related to us by the son of the gentleman with whom we tarried for the night, who said he was an eye witness, and being out with his father's team, was compelled by the mob to use it to accomplish their diabolical purpose. He said

the groans and shrieks of the victims were heart-rending indeed. It will be remembered that this affair was circulated in the public prints, and that redress was sought for, and although one hundred and twelve men were arrested, no satisfaction was obtained. I only mentioned it here to show the character of that wretch, who is destitute of human feelings. If I believed in Devil's incarnate, I would call him one.

28. Arrived at my brothers again in Palestine Grove, where we stayed until July 4, to refresh ourselves and team before leaving for home.

On the 4th of July we left, and about noon were in one of the heaviest gales I had witnessed in the "valley." A constant stream of lightning, followed by heavy peals of thunder was poured upon us for about one hour and a half. Even the beasts appeared very much annoyed, and some of them not a little terrified. This come just in season to drench the inhabitants as they were partaking of their "Independance dinner" beneath the woven bowery.

After putting up for the night, another terrible storm burst with all its horrors over the land. At times the black volume of clouds over head, seemed rent assunder by the flashes of lightning that quivered along the earth, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunder's bellowed over the wild prairie lands, and were echoed and prolonged by the surrounding hill and dale.

5. We crossed Fox river, and spent the night with those with whom we had often worshipped in our native land. This portion of Illinois, I considered not

quite as productive as that on Rock river. But its location being so near the lake, gives it the preference. When I left Rock river, wheat was ripening very fast, and was the heaviest I ever saw. The inhabitants were preparing to gather their harvest. As we approached Chicago, we were led out upon a narrow elevation, through a marshy region, which is inundated in the rainy season. In some places it was also covered with trees, and it was not only very convenient, but exceedingly picturesque. When this terminated, we were about nine miles from Chicago. From this point, there was a pike cast up through the marsh to the port. I am deceived if Chicago is healthy at all seasons. For miles around, the country must be overflowed a good portion of the year. But the harbor is good, and the town a mammoth to what I had expected. Here I went on board of a steam-boat in order to take a passage down the lakes, but the gentleman I saw was two-thirds drunk, and extravagant in his charges, and to follow out my temperance principles, I could not countenance his inebriation by giving him money if I could possibly avoid it, and this I could, and did do, and came on by land. We then bent our course for Michigan city, and found that the most of the way from Chicago to Michigan city, is a barren uncultivated, sandy region, with but few settlers, and mostly tavern-keepers. These scatter over a distance of about sixty miles. On our way we travelled along in a ditch, resembling a canal, this run in a direct course for many miles, where it begins, or ends is unknown, and how, and for what it was ex-

cavated. Some shrubby pines are scattered over the sandy plain, often sand-banks rear themselves like hills, these I should judge, were moveable, and were often changed by the wind. Michigan city is built in amongst a forest of these sand hills, and but for the harbor it certainly could not exist. The sandy roads along this region are intolerable for a team. Near this place we fell in company with Fitch Brown, a gentleman from the east, and we accompanied him home, where we spent the Sabbath. He resides on the road from Michigan city to Detroit, and about fourteen miles from the former place. The northern section of Indiana for fertility of soil, and rural scenery, very much resembles some portions of the Rock river country. However, the time is past for a good selection in that farming region, and will soon be in much of the country through which we passed. While many who expect to settle in that new and rich country, are waiting for others to cultivate conveniences for them, they will find these things counterbalanced by the loss of every choice location.

11. Left for Eld. Tyler's, in Michigan. About noon we crossed St. Joseph's river. This meanders through a very fertile country. Michigan may well be noted for its wheat productions, but the quantity may not be attributed so much to the fertility of the soil, as to the vast extent of territory which they cultivate for wheat. The country was almost one uninterrupted field of wheat, which was about ready to harvest. The forest trees were girdled over much of the country, and the smaller production of nature being taken

off, prepared the way for their wheat. It was novel to see the wheat and lofty oak standing on the same ground. The wheat was light for common, and I was much disappointed in the State at large. The prairies are most all of them marshy. And that portion of the State through which we passed, was broken, bluffy, and far from presenting a pleasing aspect. But this country coming so far short of the western valley, may not have received its proper value in our estimation, for surely, I was as much disappointed in *Michigan* as any country I ever saw. As to its health, but very few make any pretence to its being any other than sickly. The water and the visage of the inhabitants were very indicative of an extremely unhealthy climate. In many sections death has made awful ravages. Some small villages were almost forsaken by the inhabitants. A small village near by Coldwater, is almost depopulated by the unflinching hand of death. Those forsaken mansions appeared very gloomy. Never, no never, did I see such desolation, and devastations as was there depicted by the ruthless hand of death. When I passed through the State they were looking for the accustomed fevers, to scourge the country again, and indeed, many were already contending with their giant grasp.

12. Passed through Centreville, in St. Joseph's Co., and about seven miles from there, we found Eld. Job Taylor. For a specimen of the water, I will notice that our boy was thirsty, and they gave him to drink of some which had stood all day in a barrel for domestic purposes. This vomited him, nor did he recover un-



til the next day after we left. They were, however, digging a well, which, if it does no more, will prevent them from using water from a barrel. Some parts of Michigan, are said to be very healthy, which I presume is the case, but not much of the country where we travelled. Grand River Country, where Br. Church lives, is said, and believed to be salubrious. I was grieved to find as faithful a minister as Br. Tyler thus isolated, and out of his useful sphere. With him I tarried one night, and then left, knowing my time to be too short to make any more stay of importance any where. From that I came on to Tecumseh, where I spent the Sabbath. After leaving Tecumseh, we passed through Tremansville to Perrysburgh. Thence through the Maumee, or Black Swamp, so much noted for its den of counterfeiters. Through this swamp the road is Macadamized, and *very* good. We called at the house of the lady, who, after having clandestinely married one of the counterfeiters, learned their plan and den, and then exposed the entire band, much to her pecuniary embarrassment. While on this road in the swamp, my horses were much frightened by the approach of a caravan, headed by a huge elephant.

17. Passed through Sandusky, a very likely looking town. The country along the Lake shore is the most of it, very good, and there are many flourishing villages.

20. Stopped for the night at the Temperance Hotel, in Cleaveland, which is kept by Mr. Cook, and is a very excellent house. I would here observe, that in most of the Western Country, notwithstanding their

amount of irreligion, the best public houses are staunch temperance. A man of respectable appearance, is noticed with a jealous eye, who frequents a grog-shop, much more he who peddles out the liquid death. It will be observed, that at Cleaveland, Ohio, we struck our advance route, and hence, but little may be said about the return to our home, where we arrived on the twenty-eighth of July, and was received with the warmest gratitude by our Church and friends at large. Happy were we, again to return to the bosom of that lovely society where we had spent so many happy seasons. We had passed through many trying scenes, but the Lord was our stay and staff. We had met many friends, travelled far amongst strangers. But our faithful Guide and Supporter had been our constant companion. Many had died around us, but we were preserved; and we praise the Lord for his special preserving mercy bestowed. During the trip we have often considered our case as deplorable, but, we ever found a passage through all difficulties. Praise the Lord for his guardian protection. We have also formed many new acquaintances with the friends of Zion, and though we meet no more in time, we hope to hail each other's hapified spirit on the fair banks of deliverance, when

"The wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest."

In view of the wants of the people at the west we ask

Lo! child of God, hearest thou the plaintive song?  
That rolls the Mississippi vales along,

Mounts on the air, with dread impetus driven ;  
Each accent speaks, Where is the road to heaven ?  
Angelic spirits seize the sad acclaim,  
And waft to the realms of bliss again,  
And up before th' incarnate Son, unroll  
The howling miseries of the expiring soul.  
Grasp then the hour, nor fly from scenes of woe,  
Thy crown in heaven with diadems shall glow,  
Enrolled with angels, and with angels blest,  
Bask with thy God in unmolested rest.

## APPENDIX.

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Leave for Berlin—Conference—Visit R. I.—Call at New London—Westerly—Attend a Meeting with Eld. Crandall—Leave for York State—Recalled—Return—Commence a Meeting at Pawcatuck—It is held eight weeks—Concise account of its success—Conclusion.

After spending about two weeks in Richburgh, N. Y., we left for Berlin, Rensselaer Co., when the Conference was to convene. About two weeks after the rising of that body, left for R. Island and Conn. Spent about one week in New London, and Waterford, and then came to Westerly. The first meeting we attended of importance, was in Rockville, where about thirty members were added to the Church. This meeting was conducted principally by Elders Greene and Campbell. I tarried until the quarterly meeting at the old Hopkinton Church, when in company with Br. L. Crandall, we continued a meeting about ten days, which resulted in the conversion of some souls.

20. Took leave of our friends for home, and calling at Westerly, preached in the evening to a crowded house.

21. Left Pawcatuck for Berlin, and stopped for the night with the brethren at Mystic. About ten o'clock in the evening, a messenger arrived from the First Day Baptist's Church, in Westerly, requesting me to return and hold a series of meeting there. I had made

repeated efforts to leave R. Island, but could not succeed before, and then was followed by the Macedonian cry, "come over and help us." It was against my previous calculations, and will. But I dared not refuse, consequently, on the day following, I returned, preached in the evening, and had but few hearers. I soon learned that the wish for a protracted meeting at that time, was far from being unanimous. Some attended the meetings, but for nearly two weeks the number was comparatively small. At first I was at a loss to ascertain my duty, respecting an effort, but after fasting and praying, became decided.

At length, the people became interested, and the holy fire began to burn, saints to weep between the porch and altar, back-sliders to return, and sinners to cry for mercy. Then the wheels of salvation rolled on, soon the sceptic, infidel, universalist, rich and poor, and all, of all complexions and conditions, began to cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall I do! The scene was changed — the spirit of prayer was poured upon the church like an overwhelming flood. Some of the most powerful displays of God's Spirit was realized. It was said that in some of the prayer meetings, the agony for sinners was so great, that nothing but the deepest struggling groans was heard from all. Thus God's people would agonize for particular individuals, for an hour or more, when they would receive in spirit an assurance that their prayers would be answered, then the glory like a cloud would be let down upon them, and they would be prostrated. Soon, all would arouse, and again in the most bitter

groans and agony, plead for sinners, and each time, different individuals were specified. Thus alternately would they receive an agony of soul for sinners, and a burst of joy for the plan of salvation. I was not present at any of these special prayer meetings, but the most sceptical observer pronounced them led by no less than the Spirit of the Living God.

I should remark, that, notwithstanding the power of this display of God's grace in this revival, it was observed by strangers, that in the most candid and deliberate manner, sinners would engage in the work, and although in all places, there is more or less combustible matter, yet there was very little "wild-fire" exhibited during the meetings. Sometimes, many would stay and pray all night, in the sanctuary, and often poor convicted sinners, would spend the night alone in the house, begging for pardon.

The shouts of the redeemed, the groans of the convicted, and the agony of the Church, were sometimes thrilling in the extreme. I often thought the Sanctuary was full of celestial spirits. Heaven and earth appeared to be mingling their inhabitants, and God was becoming all in all.

The spirit of religion increased until the spirit of opposition rose to such a degree that one man took the anxious seat on a wager, thus defying God, and the prayers of his people. This was followed with such a scene as I never before witnessed. There we were challenged, "Goliath like" by one man, and none but the invisible God could give the victory. The people were exhorted to confide in God, and

take him at his word, reference was made to bible illustrations of the power of prayer, and certainty of God's defending his own character. Religious anecdotes were referred to, &c. The feelings of the people rose higher and higher, until the speaker fell upon his knees, when all at once groaned forth their feelings before Him that hears the prayers of his people. The result was, God did as he ever has done — answer prayer, and honored his name in converting *that* man to the religion he had so much despised. One more daring case of somewhat similar circumstances occurred, nine young men gathered in the gallery\* and challenged one of God's servants to pray in their midst, which was soon done. This was doubtless as solemn a season as was ever witnessed in this place. God's people trembled at the daring wickedness of those blinded sinners, and many of those who did not profess religion, were confounded at the deed. At the close of the prayer, seven of them made their way to the anxious seat, and soon were converted. Thus God gave an immediate victory on Zion's side. And thus he always delights to do when his people call upon him with their whole heart. These young men are now I believe, all of the nine faithful soldiers in the cause of God. Thus the meeting continued with increasing interest for two months. During those meetings, it was my lot to preach forty-nine evenings in uninterrupted succession, besides frequently in the

\*It was afterwards reported that some of them were sincere, but that was not then so understood, or obviously exhibited.

day time. I was enabled to continue in the meetings about eight weeks, when my health entirely failed, and I was compelled to leave the spiritual walls of Zion. Br. Burdick, one of our licentiates was my constant companion, and the Lord was evidently with him. Added to this, was Rev. Mr. Palmer, pastor of the Baptist Church, and Rev. Mr. Newman, pastor of the Episcopal Church.

People of all ages were sharers in this glorious work. The grey headed who appeared tottering over the grave, gave themselves up to God, and from that, down to the Sabbath School scholar. The last evening I was permitted to attend, was one of deep interest to those who had borne the burden and heat of the day. The young converts, and reclaimed backsliders, were requested to be seated in the body slips, which was done until for want of room, they were compelled to mingle with the congregation at large. Truly, they were an army of newly enlisted soldiers of the cross. It is believed that all pledged themselves *that night*, enemies of Alcohol. An appropriate address was delivered to them by Br. A. Campbell, pastor of the Sabbath Baptist Church, in West-terly.

Our watch meeting the last of 1842, and first of 1843 was peculiarly solemn, the house was crowded, and prayer was offered until about twelve, when the congregation bowed upon their knees, and in secret, prayed to God while the bell struck twelve. It was as solemn as the house of death, and great feeling possessed the minds of the congregation. At the



close, one vocal prayer was offered, and the meeting dismissed. Thus the meetings were continued, and crowned with more than ordinary success. Br. Campbell was enabled to leave the meetings in which he had been engaged, and at the time of my failure, joined his efforts at Pawcatuck. The heavenly fire began to burn all around, and soon religious excitements were multiplied, and still souls are being converted in various neighborhoods. These meetings were conducted, closed, and the churches returned to their respective places of worship without a division, or unholy contention. And now may the God of heaven bless this feeble effort to the advancement of his cause. And may the church arise and relieve the destitute in those regions, noticed in this journal as well as elsewhere. O that Zion would awake and put on her beautiful garment, when her watchman should see eye to eye, and lift up their voice together, the Lion lie down with the Lamb, and Nation's learn war no more forever. Thus the peaceful Kingdom of Christ shall have perfect rule in the hearts of men, and the Nations of the Earth. And to the only true and living God be all the Glory, forever. Amen.

## MACEDONIAN CRY.

The following lines were sung at the close of a Missionary Discourse at the last Session of the General Conference. They were written for the occasion.

Hark ! hark ! what cry arrests my ear ?

It is a distant plaintive prayer :

O friends of Jesus hear !

“ Behold us in these western wilds,  
Where vice the youthful heart beguiles,  
And rolls its dark career.

“ Our souls cry out in deep distress,  
Where is the road from wretchedness ?

We die in deep despair.

A gleam of light has pass'd our brow ;  
To seek its source we know not how ;  
For help we now appear.

“ A man of God just pass'd us by

In haste, he said, ‘ prepare to die,  
To meet your final doom.’

In melting strains he loudly cried,  
‘ In Christ’s pavilion quickly hide,  
Secure from wrath to come.’

“ We flew, the joyful news to grasp ;

He cried, ‘ improve, for I’m in haste,  
But little can I stay.’

He look’d on us, and as he went

‘ Prepare,’ he said, for the event  
Of time — for endless day.’

“ We sought his feet, but he was gone ;  
His message left, his moments flown,  
    To other fields he fled.  
On him we gaz’d — from us he flew,  
His visage died upon our view —  
    We grasp’d what light he shed.

“ Half wak’d, we struggle here in night,  
O, Christians ! where’s the perfect light  
    That leads the soul to God ?  
Shall we in moral darkness dwell,  
And crowd the road that leads to hell,  
    Nor flee the fiends’ abode ?”

O, Christians ! hear their bitter cry,  
That rolls the Mississippi by,  
    And mounts to God above,  
O, will you let them plead in vain  
Since Christ the Lord for all was slain,  
    That all might know his love ?

Haste, then, the messengers prepare,  
And quickly send them, send them there,  
    To teach the road to heaven.  
May God on high prepare their way,  
And as they point to endless day,  
    Salvation will be given.

When here we fail, in realms above  
We’ll bathe eternal in that love  
    That sends this message round.  
With angel’s blest, on seraph’s lyre  
Our harps well tuned with holy fire,  
    Shall joyful praise resound.