

HISTORY

OF THE

EBERHARTS

IN GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES,
FROM A. D. 1265 TO A. D. 1890—625 YEARS.

BY
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WITH AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR,
INCLUDING MANY REMINISCENCES OF HIS
MINISTERIAL AND ARMY LIFE.

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CHAPTER LI.

A SHORT SKETCH OF MY LIFE, FOR THE SATISFACTION AND
BENEFIT OF THOSE OF MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS
WHO MAY SURVIVE ME.

I was born on the fourth day of July, A. D. 1821, in Salem township, Westmoreland county, Pa. I am the eldest child of Abraham and Esther Eberhart. (See their history as given in this book.) When I was ten months old they moved from Westmoreland to Mercer county, Pa., where they lived until I was sixteen years of age. This was a very sparsely settled country. The nearest stores, mills, blacksmiths, etc., being the town of Mercer, which was the county seat, and nine miles distant.

They moved right into a forest of heavy timber, where my father had previously erected a log-cabin, and consequently they had to undergo the privations and hardships which all the first settlers of a new country are subjected to. They several times had to subsist on garden vegetables and venison for weeks.

Sometimes when they could not get grinding done, they boiled the wheat in the grain, and in this way supported life. They commenced housekeeping in rather limited circumstances, but through their industry, economy, and the blessings of a kind Providence, they soon had a large farm opened out, and then lived in comparatively easy circumstances.

As my father was a farmer in a heavy timbered country, and every year cleared and prepared from five to ten acres of ground for cultivation, I early in life became

accustomed to hard work, which developed my physical system and gave me a strong and robust constitution, thus preparing me, like Moses of old in the wilderness, for the hardships of the itinerant's life, which was awaiting me. I loved to work, and took a laudable pride in doing a little more, and doing it a little better than any one else of my age. To this ambition of excelling others, I attribute much of my success in afterlife.

I was raised in a pious family, and had good religious training, and a good Christian example from early childhood. My parents belonged to the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and were strictly moral and pious, but at that time did not enjoy experimental religion—*i. e.*, they had the form, but lacked the *power* or heart work. They, however, prayed much, both in secret and in the family, and early taught their children to pray. I recollect distinctly when I was only five or six years of age, that my mother caused me to kneel by her side and say my prayers; and some times she would kneel with me and pray for me, thus early dedicating me to the Lord. This made an indelible impression on my tender mind, so that I verily believe it became one of the most efficient means of grace in my conversion. In my wildest career, when far away from home and sorely tempted with all sorts of infidelity and skepticism, my mother's prayers would often come like a dagger to my soul and refrain me from evil, and protect me against error. I here record my heartfelt thanks to Almighty God for a praying mother, and for a consistent, God-fearing, pious father. It is also proper for me to state here, that in the sixteenth year of my age both my father and mother, while attending a camp meeting, were brought to see and feel their need of a deeper spiritual work, and were soon led into the full enjoyment and assurance of their acceptance with God,

and retained this "witness of the spirit" unto the end of their earthly pilgrimage. At this time they joined the Evangelical Association, and later, on moving West, the Methodist Episcopal Church, continuing therein until death.

I was eight years old when the first school was started in our neighborhood. It was in an old deserted log cabin, and we had seats made out of logs split in two with legs in them. In three months I learned to read in the primer. The next summer I went to German school, in a new school-house, and then continued going to school during the winter season and working on the farm during the summer until I was about sixteen, when I attended a select school of a higher grade for a year and three months. And this is about all the schooling I ever got in the regular way. But by this time I had attained a fair knowledge of both the English and German languages, so that when I was eighteen I was examined under the then new free school system, and commissioned to teach. I taught four terms, but did not really enjoy teaching. I received the most of my education, or rather knowledge, by reading good books. Even when a small boy, I loved to read, and often read when others were asleep, or at play, and thus I in a measure atoned for the lack of a better education. But would advise the young to avail themselves of every possible means to become thoroughly educated in the regular course of the schools.

As I was brought up in a pious family, and had good religious training and good Christian examples to imitate, I grew up to be a very moral young man. Very few can be found so free from bad habits. I loved pleasure and all kinds of innocent mirth, but had little inclination to indulge in the prevailing vices of the age.

I did not use tea or coffee, or tobacco in any form. I

never spent more than six cents for any kind of intoxicating drinks, and that was by way of treating a friend, that I could not well avoid. I was not addicted to profanity, Sabbath desecration or dishonesty. My greatest trouble was a proud heart and quick temper. These, however, I gradually overcame, even before I made a profession of religion, by an effort of the will. From early childhood I had serious thoughts and impressions and always said my prayers. Sometimes I had strong convictions that I ought to be a Christian. Then I would resist the Spirit and drive away my convictions by seeking the pleasures and enjoyments of the world. Then again, I would try to persuade myself that Christianity was all a farce and I would not trouble myself about it. I was especially pleased with the doctrine of Universalism, and at one time resolved that I would risk my future all on this doctrine, and would probably have done so had my conscience been at rest. But when in danger or attending warm religious meetings, my former convictions would return again so that I had no permanent peace. So at last I fully decided to seek the Lord and test the merits of Christianity. I made this decision at a camp meeting held in the "Weaver settlement," in Armstrong county, Pa., where my brother Levi and sister Rebecca were converted, and my parents brought into the full light and assurance of their acceptance with God. I was so powerfully wrought upon that I was perfectly miserable, but was too proud to yield to my convictions, and in that public way, at the so-called "mourner's bench," seek the pardon of my sins. I at last, at the hour of midnight, found my way to an adjoining corn-field, and there fell on my knees and promised the Lord that after I got home I would go to the "Big Rock" and seek salvation. This was a lonely, secluded spot on my father's farm, where scarcely any one ever passed, as it was in a

thicket of pines on the Little Scrubgrass near the Alleghany river. So, according to my promise—for I always kept my promises—on the next Sabbath I made my way to this lonely place where I thought no human being would see me, and where I could quietly become a Christian, and no one know of it, for I desired a nice, still religion all to myself. So I first looked all around to be certain no one was there. I then kneeled and commenced praying, but alas! my heart was cold and my tongue dumb, and thick darkness seemed to settle around me, and my words fell to the ground like dead weights; when suddenly I was startled by a noise, which to me sounded like the discharge of a gun. I quickly sprang to my feet and soon saw that it was only the breaking of a limb on a dry tree caused by a squirrel jumping on to it. There I stood ashamed of myself. But on a little sober reflection I saw my true condition, as I had never seen it before. I found I had a proud, stubborn heart, and was unwilling to “confess my Saviour before men.” So I resolved that at the next suitable opportunity I would come out in public. Some time after this my convictions were deepened and my resolutions strengthened by a terrible storm I witnessed. It came up very suddenly just as it was growing dark. In a few moments the atmosphere was filled with lightning which to me looked like streams of fire, and the thunder roared like the discharge of a thousand cannon. The trees and small buildings were blown away like chaff, and I expected every moment that the house I was in would be dashed to pieces. At first I believed it was the last judgment, and felt that I was lost. O, what a sting of remorse came over me. I did not dare pray for mercy. I could only upbraid myself by saying, “it is now too late! You are lost, and your damnation is just. You had

plenty of time and knew better." I blamed no one but myself. But oh!—no mortal tongue can describe the sense of horror—to feel you are lost, and might have been saved! May a merciful God save me from ever having such a *pang* of soul again!

As soon as I decided it was not the judgment day, I ran into an adjoining room and fell on my knees, and *solemnly* promised God, if he would save my life, I would serve him all my days.

From that time I felt that I belonged to the Lord by a "perpetual covenant," but had no evidence of my acceptance. I also realized more than ever before that I was in great spiritual darkness, and my heart full of pride and corruption.

Some weeks after this it was announced that there would be a "protracted meeting" in my father's barn. It was very unexpected news to me, and at first I almost felt like opposing it, but it seemed to me as though a still voice said: "Now there is your opportunity to pay the Lord your vows." The meeting opened on Saturday p. m., September 26, A. D. 1840. I attended every service and had some good desires and serious impressions, but the deep "fallow ground" of my heart was not yet broken up. On Sabbath evening an invitation was given for "seekers" to come forward. I was sitting in the back part of the congregation trying to get the consent of my will to go, when L. D. Brown, an intimate friend and comrade, came to me and said: "Come Uriah, let us go." With all my promises before me, I dare not refuse, so I went with him, but all the time had an awful hatred against the so-called *mourner's bench*, feeling that I would about as soon be lost as to go to one, and that, too, right at home among my school-mates and neighbors, who were nearly all opposed to anything of this kind, as the most of them

belonged to the Presbyterians and Seceders. So in going forward I intentionally kneeled down at the bench next to the "anxious seat," vainly making myself believe I could obtain the desired blessing there just as well, and then it could not be said that I was at the "mourner's bench." But alas! the "heavens were brass," and my prayers seemed like mockery, and did not rise higher than my head; and I imagined all eyes were upon me, and the most of them making fun of me. That is, I was thinking of those around me, and of my *self-importance*, and failed to look to God in true penitence, and of course I failed. And though I did not succeed, I learned a few very important lessons, viz.—"that the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." And that "God is not mocked," or to be trifled with. The next day it was my lot to plow in a field along side of a heavy grove. It was the 28th day of September, 1840, and was the *saddest* and *darkest* day of my life. I plowed but little. Some times I was in the grove on my knees, and some times sitting on the plow, or fence, crying for mercy. I now saw myself a lost sinner. All the morality of my life on which I had hitherto been resting seemed like "filthy rags." The darkness of despair seemed to gather around me. Everything seemed to be dressed in mourning. The trees wore a somber hue, the sun shone dimly as though eclipsed or under the shadow of a dark cloud, and the songs of the birds seemed more like a funeral dirge than anything else. And oh! the strange thoughts and temptations that flitted across my mind. Now the wily tempter whispered in my ears: "It is too late! You have committed the 'unpardonable sin.' You knew better. Look at the many instructions and prayers, and the godly example of your parents and friends. You have been more highly favored than others. You have sinned

against better light and knowledge, and now your doom is sealed. You might just as well give it up."

Next he came with flattery and falsehood. "You need not expect such a *change* as you look for. It is well enough for great sinners, such as murderers, thieves, profane swearers, Sabbath-breakers, drunkards, etc., to "repent in sackcloth and ashes," and experience such a wonderful *change*. But you have been an exceptionally moral young man. You are not guilty of any great sins. You have always said your prayers, and dealt justly with all men. Why you have always been religious, and now all you need do is to profess it before men. Cease your nonsense." And then by and by the *scene* was entirely changed, and I stood there like a stoical philosopher, entertaining thoughts like these: "Why, you are crazy. These Methodists have deluded you. This is all physical excitement and imagination. Great and wise men don't believe in anything of the kind. Throw it all aside and *be a man*. Make the most of *this life* you can, and don't trouble your brains about the next." Altogether it was the most eventful day of my life—a *day* never to be forgotten.

At sunset I went to the house, not knowing or caring much what would become of me. I wanted no supper, and did not wish any one to speak to me, or see me. I wished myself out of the world. With Paul, I could say, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I was about deciding to retire to my room and spend the night there, when I was informed that the "meeting" had been changed to my father's kitchen. So there I was, and could not consistently leave. That evening the Rev. D. N. Long preached a good sermon, but my heart was hard and it did not seem to effect me in the least. At the close of the ser-

mon, he turned to my brother Levi, who was but a boy, but had recently been converted, and said: "Will you exhort and invite the seekers?" With a trembling voice he commenced, but the "Spirit of the Lord was upon him," and soon nearly all eyes were in tears. He referred to some incidents in our past life, which came like sharp goads to my soul. And it was not long until the great deep of my heart was broken up, as never before, and I cried "What must I do to be saved?" I was now willing to go anywhere and do anything, so I but found relief. So when the invitation was given, nine of us went forward with a rush. I needed no urging. I cared for no one. My neighbors were present, but it did not in the least deter me. I, however, had a terrible struggle. I cried mightily to God for mercy. I at last found myself rolling on the floor, feeling that I could not get down low enough, as I had been such a great sinner. But as soon as I truly repented of all my sins, "renouncing the devil and all his works," and faithfully promising God to be his obedient child until death, doing whatsoever He commanded me, the burden was removed, and light and joy filled my soul. Truly "old things had passed away, and everything was made new." "My mouth was filled with laughter," and my soul with love to God and man. I felt like taking all my comrades and neighbors with me to the Lord. My language was "Praise ye the Lord." I was now greatly astonished at the simplicity of this work, which, but a few days ago, had appeared so mysterious and incomprehensible in all its huge proportions. I asked myself, "Well, now as you have experienced it, what is it?" And every time, no difference which phase of the question I looked at, the simple answer came, "It is love to God and man." "Why, then, did you not sooner accept of it?"

O, that I had started years ago! How I was deluded. I had said, "Religion does well enough for the sick and dying, and the aged who can not live much longer, but young people ought to enjoy themselves." But alas! how I was deceived. This was the happiest hour of my life. I seemed to be in a new world and felt certain that a new world had gotten into me. Never can I forget the 28th day of September, 1840, in my father's kitchen. I can truly say:

"There is a spot to me more dear than native vale or mountain,
'Tis not where kindred souls abound, though that on earth is heaven,
But where I first my Saviour found and felt my sins forgiven."

The next morning my soul was peaceful and serene. I went out to plow in the same field where but yesterday I had such a fearful struggle with the adversary. But oh, the contrast! I could not avoid saying, "Is this the same field? Are these the same horses and are you the same person?" It really appeared to me the sun shone brighter and the birds sang sweeter and the atmosphere was more bracing. How easy to work under such circumstances.

"Labor is rest and pain is sweet when thou, my God, art near."

Here, for the benefit of others, I will relate my first temptation after conversion. The "meeting" that evening was to be at the house of a neighbor, and all day I was anticipating the good time we would have. But just as it was growing dusk dark clouds passed over my spiritual sky. I began to soliloquize thus: "Are you not deceived? It may have been all imagination or mental excitement. If you had shouted and 'got the power,' as some did, there would be no room to doubt. But, as it is, your case at best is doubtful. You had better stay at home."

I at once retired to pray, and said, "O God, let me not be deceived. Show me the right way and I will walk

therein." The answer came, "Go not by your feelings, but serve God from principle. You know what is required of you—live like a Christian, *i. e.*, discharge every known duty, and light shall round thee shine."

With this resolution I went to the meeting, and when an opportunity was given, related my experience, and in so doing was greatly blessed, and from that day never doubted my conversion. Do not understand me to say that I was never tempted afterwards. On other subjects, and in other ways, I was often severely tried, and that soon after. With this resolution I went to prayer-meeting the next Sabbath, fully resolved to pray if called upon. And, as I had occasionally spoken in public, I had a self-assurance that I could pray if I tried, and that I could pray a little better than others of the class, whom I had often criticised for making so many mistakes: for egotism was one of my besetting sins. So, when the opportunity was given, I began promptly, with a full voice, and the assurance of a Pharisee—but alas, it soon came to an abrupt end. After a few previously selected words had been repeated I seemed to be blind, deaf and dumb. I felt deeply mortified and ashamed, so as soon as the meeting closed I started home all alone, resolving I would profit by this hard lesson; but my mother, who took in the situation, and wished to make it as impressive as possible, hastened along and sarcastically said: "That was a wonderful prayer you made. I thought you could pray so much better than others." But when she saw it had the desired effect, she lovingly threw her arms around me and gave me some good advice, never to be forgotten. The next Sabbath I tried again, but in a different spirit, and the Lord greatly blessed and strengthened me. And thus I have continued to do, in my weakness, ever since.

In about four weeks after my conversion, according to

previous arrangement, I went to Sugar Creek settlement to teach school. It was about ten miles west of Franklin, Pa. This was the most pleasant school I ever taught. I had about seventy well-behaved pupils; so much so, that I had no occasion to punish any of them.

Here I found a society of warm-hearted, zealous Christians, belonging to the Evangelical Association, with whom I worshiped, and among whom I commenced to exhort a little. They had a peculiarity I will mention. They had an outward manifestation, or "bodily exercise," when warm in the spirit, known as the "jerks." It would sometimes lift them from the seat, and not infrequently throw them on the floor and "jerk" them around fearfully. This at first seemed extremely ludicrous to me, but after becoming accustomed to it, and finding them to be a fine, consistent, Christian people, I soon, strange to tell, felt symptoms of the same "operations of the spirit." But, with the apostle, believing that this kind of "bodily exercise profiteth little," and is more a custom than anything else, I resisted it, and it did not return.

During the summer of 1841 I was at home most of the time, assisting my father on the farm. That fall I took a school in Rockland township, Armstrong county, Pa. This was a very large school of mostly uncultured, large scholars. I did not like it, so I quit at the close of the second month. Am, however, glad to record that four or five of my best pupils were converted and are now useful ministers of the Gospel. In one week I commenced teaching again, two miles northwest of Franklin, the county seat of Venango county, Pa., not far from the noted "Oil Creek." This was an excellent school, and I greatly enjoyed it.

The following summer I was again at home working

on the farm. I bought forty-three acres of land from my father, and spent some of my time improving it. I cultivated nine acres, and had good crops. I also spent considerable time at my books, by way of preparation for the ministry, for my convictions were growing stronger every day that I was called to preach the Gospel. I had this impression as soon as I was converted, but from the first resisted it. For, in those days, this kind of a ministry was not only very unpopular, but also very hard and unremunerative. And more than this, I felt to say, "who is sufficient for these things." I did not have a classical education, and by many it was looked upon as sacrilegious for one to enter the ministry without first having taken a regular course at college. So after some fearful conflicts of mind, I one day came to what I supposed was a final settling of this whole business. I said to myself: "You have a good beginning for one of your age. The riches and honors of the world are before you. Seek them, and do not trouble your brains about preaching any more. Let preach who will, I will now drop this matter forever." All that day I had a feeling of relief, vainly promising myself that I was now released from this duty. So I began to arrange for building a house that fall. I also thought of a certain young lady with whom I had been acquainted, who I intended to solicit to share with me the riches and honors which I fancied just a little in the future, and needed only to be claimed to be possessed. But alas!

"How vain are all things here below,
How false and yet how fair."

On retiring to rest I found some difficulty in saying my prayers, for I could not say from the heart, as I was in the habit of doing, "Thy will be done." For hours there was neither "sleep nor slumber to mine eyes." At about

midnight I saw a terrible vision—whether in a dream or a direct revelation I know not. I thought the last judgment had come, and as I was brought before the judge, it was said: “Ye knew your master’s will and did it not; Thou shalt be beaten with many stripes.” And as I was about to be handed over to the tormentors, the most indescribable feeling of guilt and remorse came upon me so that in anguish I cried out, “My God, have mercy on me.” That moment all disappeared, and I was greatly relieved to know that it was only a vision. I cried so loud that it awoke my father, who was sleeping down-stairs in another part of the house, who hastened up to learn what was wrong. I then fell on my knees and most penitently, yet most positively, promised God I would cast aside all my air castles on which I had been building my imaginary wealth and honor, and faithfully perform the work He had assigned me. “Yea,” I said, “Here am I Lord, send me.” My soul was then filled with peace and glory that can not be told by mortal tongue.

Toward morning I fell asleep again, and the same vision appeared again, but the scene was quite different. I saw a vast concourse of people, and was told to go and preach to them. It seemed like a great undertaking, but as I had promised to be obedient I was willing to try. I thought I stood before the congregation and opened a large Bible which was handed me and told them where they could find my text. I did not read it, and did not know what it was until the next day on opening the Bible where I had told them they could find it, and it was this: “Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the Spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.” 2 Cor. 3: 6. I then thought I opened my mouth, which was filled with words of power, that so affected the people that

hundreds and thousands fell on their faces and cried for mercy. I then ran among them and waved the Bible over them, which turned into a "two-edged sword" in my hand, and then the "slain of the Lord" were many.

As I felt that the "King's business requireth haste," I already, the next day, commenced disposing of my property, preparatory to entering the work. My land I gave back to my father, and the crop, which was only partly gathered, I told him to take care of, and pay me what it was worth. I felt as though I never wanted to own "a foot of land, or cottage in this wilderness." In about two weeks I went to Red Bank, in Clearfield county, Pa., to teach school during the winter, for the purpose of raising funds with which to purchase a horse and saddle, that I might be ready in the coming spring to attend conference and commence my cosmopolitan life.

I had a pleasant school, and enjoyed myself very much religiously, as they were a fine, zealous people, and I had all the freedom I desired to exercise my talents in the way of holding meetings. At the close of my school, I soon had myself equipped with horse, saddle and saddle pockets, and the necessary wearing apparel for one year so that on the 24th day of March, 1843, I bade farewell to my father's family, mounted my horse, and started for conference, to be held near Carlisle, Pa., some 300 miles distant. It was cold, wintry weather. The snow drifts were from four to six feet deep, and it was with difficulty I could make twenty miles a day. On the 27th I met Rev. Jacob Heis, at Isaac Matters, with whom I was to go to conference, and that p. m. preached my first regular sermon to a class of colored people, on the Red Bank. I succeeded much better than I had expected. Text, Heb. 4:9.

The next day we started together on our journey, but stopped over two days with a family by the name of

Baurermeister, where I again preached from 1 Thess. 5:24. We then went on to the foot of the Alleghany mountains and stopped with a Mr. Dunmire overnight, intending the next day, Saturday, to cross the mountain. The snow was twenty inches deep, and much drifted, with a crust on it. For nine miles across the mountain no house of any kind was found, and no living thing seen or heard, save deer, wildcats and panthers. We made headway slowly, having to walk and break the crust for our horses. We soon got very tired, and our horses began to fail, when we awoke to the stern fact that it was mid-day and we were not yet half-way across. It was now certain we could not cross over and very doubtful whether we could get back again, as we had nothing to eat and nothing for our horses. What to do we could not divine. We held a council of war and passed many resolutions, but all of no avail. We finally got on our knees in the deep snow and prayed mightily to God for help, and my companion wept bitterly, saying: "I am the 'Jonah'—cast me overboard." I comforted him as best I could. We at last decided to make a vigorous effort to get back to the place we left in the morning, which we accomplished some time in the night, but both ourselves and horses were nearly exhausted. This was the first trial of my itinerant life and a day never to be forgotten. I was tempted to return to my former occupation, but soon got the victory, and then saw that God had only been testing my faith and perseverance to see if I was fit for this great work.

This circumstance detained us three days, and then we had to go round another way to cross the mountains, so that we did not get to the conference until nearly its close. But on April 6, 1843, I was licensed to preach in the Evangelical Association, taken into the West Penn-

sylvania Conference on trial, and stationed on Somerset Circuit, in western Pennsylvania. I had Rev. Simon McClean for 'preacher in charge.' He was a good, pious man, but very limited in his education as well as his mental abilities. This was rather discouraging, as I had made great calculations on being taught by him how to preach. This circuit was three hundred miles in circumference, covering the western part of Pennsylvania and parts of western Virginia and Maryland, and required the crossing of the Alleghany and Laurel Hill mountains twice each time round. We had twenty-eight appointments, so each of us got round every four weeks, which gave the people preaching every two weeks. I preached about half the time in English and the other half in German. Some times I preached the same sermon in both languages to the same congregation; as some could not understand me, no difference which language I spoke in. During the year I tried to preach 348 times and traveled nearly four thousand miles.

I found it a self-denying, laborious work, as we held about a dozen protracted and camp-meetings, and were "incessant in labors" day and night. I weighed 173 pounds when I commenced, and in three months lost thirty pounds, which I never regained until in 1862 while in the "field service" of the army. And yet, I greatly enjoyed it, as I had many warm friends and good homes, and our labors were abundantly blessed. We had a revival the whole year round, and hundreds were converted.

In a pecuniary sense, I did not gain much, as I received only \$44 for my share as an unmarried man. With this I paid a debt of \$35 on the outfit I had when I started, and with the balance, and the gifts I received, I managed to live very comfortably. At one time, I had "neither

purse nor scrip," for three months, but suffered no inconvenience, as I needed none. I believed in the apostle's injunction, "Owe no man anything," hence I squared up my accounts at conference every year.

This year the conference met at Milheim, Center county, Pa. The Somerset circuit was divided, and that part lying west of the Laurel Hill mountain was called Westmoreland circuit. To this new charge I was appointed. It was a very pleasant field, and I had a prosperous year. The work soon became too large for one man, so in the fall a young man from Pittsburg by the name of Wm. Plannett was appointed to assist me. He was talented and brilliant but hard to manage.

We extended our borders to West Newton, on the the Youghiogheny river, westward; and New Salem, northward. Near this place resided my father's mother, and my mother's father, Frederick Amand. They greatly enjoyed my visits. This year I became acquainted with Miss Catharine Giesey, to whom I was married the following year.

I traveled over 3,000 miles, preached 202 sermons, and received \$52 for my salary. It is true, I collected much more, but in those days we had to make a pro rata division with all the ministers, according to the size of their families, and \$52 was the share for a single preacher this year. Of course all necessary traveling expenses were paid.

The conference convened in York, Pa., March 11, 1845. Here I was ordained deacon by Bishop Long and taken into full connection, and returned to Westmoreland Circuit. Rev. James Fulton, a local preacher, assisted me considerably. We held one camp and a number of revival meetings, and altogether had a good year, though not as many converts as the first year. On June 11, 1845, I was united in the bonds of matrimony with Catharine Mar-

garet Giesey, of Ligonier, Westmoreland county, Pa. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Daniel Kerr, my presiding elder. She was converted during the previous year, at a meeting we held near her father's home, and was a devoted christian; and well adapted to the peculiarities of the work I was engaged in. Her father, John Giesey, was the son of the Rev. Henry Giesey, who was a German Reformed minister, and pastor of the same congregation in Berlin, Pa., over fifty years. We did not keep house this year, but lived with my wife's parents.

Near the close of the year we went per buggy, via Carlisle, Harrisburg and Reading, to Allentown, Pa., where my brother Levi was married to Miss Rebecca Xander. Then together we visited Philadelphia, Orwigsburg, and other places of note, on our way to New Berlin where our conference convened. On this trip I had two narrow escapes from drowning while crossing the Susquehanna and Antlana rivers.

I preached this year two hundred and two sermons and traveled three thousand and six hundred miles.

At this conference we were appointed to Cumberland circuit, in Cumberland valley, extending from Harrisburg to Chambersburg. This is a beautiful rich old country, and the charge was considered one of the wealthiest and best in the conference. But I did not enjoy it as well as in the "back-woods," or western part of the State. It is true we received a good support, and a goodly number were taken into the church, but there was wanting that cordial hospitality, true friendship, and christian forbearance that I met with on former fields. We moved to this charge in a two-seated open buggy, and had all our *wealth* in two trunks and a pair of saddle-pockets. We rented two rooms on the second floor of an old log house, near Carlisle, and

commenced "house-keeping." The members furnished us with the necessary furniture, viz.: one bed-stead, one table, six chairs and an old stove—altogether worth fifty dollars. But we did not "despise the day of small things," and were happy and contented, as we were not seeking wealth and ease. Rev. J. M. Young was my colleague this year, and was a faithful, good man.

This year the conference was held on our charge, in the Leath Hart Spring Church. We found it a pleasant but rather difficult task to entertain all the guests. As the work had very much increased, it was thought best to divide it. We were sent to the western part, called Franklin circuit, which extended over Franklin county clear up to Hancock, in Maryland. Rev. Wm. B. Gregg, a young man from Harrisburg, was taken into the conference this year and put on with me as "junior preacher." He was an excellent young man, and afterwards was married to my wife's sister, Miss Hattie Giesey. He is still in the ministry in some of the Eastern States. We moved into Leesburg, four miles east of Shippensburgh, and lived in a rented house. We had from sixteen to eighteen appointments, and, altogether, it was a prosperous year. We held a great many extra meetings, and had several fine revivals. Here I will relate a strange phenomenon, one that may be difficult to understand and hard to believe in these days of refinement.

We had been holding extra meetings in the brick church at Leesburg for about four weeks with but little success, as there had been serious trouble in the society. I felt terribly over the matter, but had no thoughts of beating a retreat, for in those days my faith was so strong that I believed, God assisting me, there was no such thing as failure; so I prepared a sermon for the

emergency. I spent the day in fasting and prayer, and in the evening preached to a crowded house. During the sermon I felt that God was strengthening me, and we should have victory; so, at the close of the sermon I stepped out of the pulpit and stood on the front of the altar, pleading with sinners to come and be saved, when suddenly there came a great power, "as of a rushing, mighty wind," over the congregation, and I fell to the floor as quick as though I had been shot. For a few moments I was unconscious, but, as soon as I came to myself, I raised to my feet, and lo and behold! the "slain of the Lord were many." More than one-half of the whole congregation were lying prostrate, and saint and sinner crying mightily to God for mercy. Many of the ungodly were trying to "flee from the presence of the Lord," and crowding each other to get out of the house—some of them falling after they got out. One hard old case, living about a mile from town, ran for home as hard as he could, but when he got to the lane leading to his house he, too, "fell" and laid there until the next morning, when some of his family found him. In the church the meeting continued all night and the most of next day. It was one vast "altar of prayer." Scores were weeping and crying for pardon, and many were shouting and singing the praises of God. Altogether, it was one of the best meetings I ever held. On this charge we had many warm friends who did not only pay their "quarterage," but also gave us many presents, such as clothing, eatables and horse feed, so that we enjoyed ourselves very much among them. Here too, unto us "a child was born," whose name we called Alvin Giesey. He was a welcome visitor.

The conference met at Milheim, Center county, Pa., March 15, 1848. I went to the conference, fully expecting to be returned to Franklin, but to my great astonish-

ment I was sent to Shrewsbury, a very poor and much neglected work in York county, Pa. I informed my presiding elder he could look out for another man, that I could not go, and went home. I felt that my ability had been underestimated and that I was badly treated. My wife was very much troubled on hearing it, and said we had better re-consider it, and not act hastily. She further said, after having such a good charge this year, we can surely endure a poor one for a year. So we talked over it, and prayed over it, and the next day decided we would go. This was the only time in a ministry of forty years that I had serious thoughts of not going to my appointed work, and this perfectly cured me, as the sequel will make plain. So I informed my elder I would go, and we got ready and took up our abode in Shrewsbury, York county, Pa. This year I labored alone. It was a heavy work, but I had grand success. We had good revivals at nearly every appointment; and commenced the building of two churches. The people were very kind to us, and vied with each other in conferring favors upon us until our wardrobe, cellar and larder were overflowing; and this did not, in the least, diminish the regular salary. We also had more than the usual number of wedding fees.

I gave to my wife all these fees, paid in gold, and at the close of the year she had over two hundred dollars, with which we bought a carriage. Thus you see that all our fears of not being supported, which we had entertained as a reason for not wanting to go to this charge, were entirely groundless and false, for we had no debts and more money when we left this charge than ever before or for years after. Here our second child, Esther Naomi, was born.

We went to conference at Loganville, York county, Pa., desiring, and fully expecting, to return to this now

good circuit; but, to my great surprise, when the ballots cast to elect presiding elders were counted, it was announced that U. Eberhart had a majority and was duly elected. This news fairly shocked me, as I had not so much as thought of such an occurrence, inasmuch as I was only twenty-nine years of age and had only been six years in the ministry and the conference had never before elected one so young. So, according to this arrangement, it now became our duty to hastily sever the ties of love and friendship which bound us to this people and take up our journey of 200 miles across the mountains to our new field of labor on Somerset District.

We took up our residence in Somerset, Somerset county, Pa., as this was a central part of the work, in a healthy climate, amid beautiful scenery on top of the Alleghany mountains. My district extended over the western part of Pennsylvania, the western arm of Maryland and western Virginia, as far east as the Shenandoah valley. It was a very laborious field, as it is a very hilly and mountainous country, and I had to travel in my own conveyance, there being no railroads in those days. I had four or five mountains and as many large rivers to cross every time around the district; and, as there were scarcely any bridges or even ferry-boats, I usually had to ford or swim the streams.

As a whole, this was the hardest field it was ever my lot to cultivate. I frequently had to be away from home from two to four weeks at a time; and sometimes I had to sleep under a blanket or two, with very little between me and the slats or ropes, so that in the morning I would feel sore and chilly. Then, perhaps, the next night they would put me between a couple of huge feather-beds with a hot fire close by and nearly roast me alive. To say the least, I would dream I was in the tropical regions.

The first conference after I came to the district was held March 12, 1850, at New Columbia, on the Susquehanna river; the second one at Berlin, Somerset county, Pa., March 11, 1851, where I was elected a delegate to the General Conference held at Flat Rock, Columbiana county, Ohio, during the month of September, 1851. At this conference it was decided to publish an English paper, known as the *Evangelical Messenger*. In a few weeks after I sent in a list of seventy-eight subscribers, the largest number sent in at one time. It is now in the thirty-seventh year of its existence, and has been a power for good in the land. It was also decided to organize an English conference, to be called the Pittsburgh Conference. As I had taken an active part in the formation of this conference I, of course, belonged to it, and must say that a nobler company of heroic workers I never met; and never in all my ministry was I so fully united in love and sympathy with any set of "laborers in the vineyard of the Lord" as with these faithful brethren. And, if ever there was a time in my ministry when it could be said that I was a "popular preacher," it was while I was on this district. Especially was this the case in western Virginia, where we held a great many quarterly and camp-meetings in the grove, as there were but few churches, and the houses too small to hold the hundreds, and frequently thousands, that would assemble. Men, women and children would come from ten to fifteen miles "a horse-back" to hear the "pale-faced boy" presiding elder. And I am satisfied that I had more admiring, warm-hearted friends in Virginia than anywhere else. It was a common occurrence at the close of a meeting to have a dozen or more "Colonels," "Majors," "Captains," or "Squires," come to me and vie with each other in trying to persuade me to go home with them. And, after we got there, which

frequently was a journey of miles over hills and valleys, there was usually not a little excitement and flurry around the premises to make their guest as comfortable as possible. All the colored servants, from the kitchen to the barn, had to be on tip-toe, and hop round and get ready a "roast turkey," or "roast pig," or "boiled ham," with the necessary accompaniments, and then we had a royal feast. A more hospitable and kind-hearted people I never found, to such as were considered worthy subjects.

We lived two years in Somerset and then moved to Ligonier, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, where we lived in my father-in-law's house during the balance of my four years' stay on the district. This made it very pleasant, as my family was fully cared for during my absence. While yet living at Somerset, there came to us another son, whom we called John Abraham. This, according to my judgment, was the most perfect and prematurely developed child I ever saw.

Also while residing at Somerset, I had the misfortune to fracture both my arms and dislocate the wrist joint of my right arm, by a fall of nine feet from a cherry tree. This was quite a trial, as it disabled me so that for a month I could not dress or undress myself, neither could I eat or drink anything except what was put into my mouth. During this time I learned to exercise some of Job's patience, and to appreciate a good wife. In four weeks I went 100 miles to a camp-meeting in Virginia, in my own conveyance, with both my arms boxed to the elbows. I was in the care of Rev. William B. Gregg, my brother-in-law, who did all he could for my comfort. Once, going up a long mountain, our horse got tired and a little "balky," and commenced backing the carriage toward the lower side of the road, where was a precipice of more than 100 feet, so I sprang out just as the hind wheels

were about going over. This so scared the horse that he too sprang forward, and we were all saved. During this meeting I preached about once a day with my arms in a "sling." This aroused the sympathies of the people, so that my preaching was more effectual than usual, both in a spiritual and temporal sense. Many were saved and the collections were large.

During the four years I was on the district I labored very hard, and was much exposed to all kinds of weather, so that I now feel that I sacrificed the prime of my manhood, both mentally and physically, to this work. I preached nearly every day, and traveled over 12,000 miles, and during all this time made but one trip per cars, as railroads were scarce and far between in those days. All this so impaired my health, that I found it necessary to take a superannuated relation. I suffered from bronchial sore throat, which also affected my lungs so that I was pronounced consumptive by some of the best physicians of the land. Under the direction of Dr. Sitzer, a noted German physician, I moved to the top of the Alleghany Mountains, and took treatment of him three months, without any visible benefit. I then took the prescriptions of the great Dr. Fitch, of New York, six months—using his "inhaling tube," and wearing shoulder braces,—but all without a cure. I continued in this condition, with some variations, and in the same relation to the conference for two years, during which time I resided in Berlin, Somerset county, Pa., and only preached thirteen times the first year and eighteen times the second. But during this time I acted as president of the board of trustees, and also as agent of Albright Seminary, an institution of learning, which a few of us had just started, and given to the Pittsburg Conference of the Evangelical Association. My brother, J.F. Eberhart,

was its first principal, of whom I took private lessons in Latin and Greek and Mental Philosophy. Rev. H. W. Thomas, Rev. W. B. Gregg and others were in the same class with me, and the last winter I also taught a few classes in the Seminary. But all this time found no permanent relief, so in accordance with the advice of a good *common sense* physician and my own better judgment I decided to move West, and try what benefit I could derive from inhaling the bracing winds of the prairies. Accordingly, I got ready, selling my horse and carriage to raise money to defray our moving expenses, and started March 31, 1855, per railroad, and landed at Dixon, Ill., April 4th, a stranger in a strange land. After paying my moving expenses and buying a cook stove, table and six chairs, I had seventy dollars left. This was all I had in any shape or form, with a wife and three children to provide for. This I paid as the down money for an old balky mare, which I bought for \$110, giving my note for \$40.

I then rented a house from a Mr. Courtright, and some farming land from a Mr. Moyer, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Dixon, Ill., and commenced "tilling the soil." I sowed three acres in wheat, three in oats, and planted twenty acres in corn. My crops were very good. The corn averaged fifty bushels of shelled corn to the acre. I enjoyed it. I laid aside my sacerdotal robes, put on a straw hat and worked in the ground barefooted; and soon found it was the true panacea for superannuated ministers. When I moved West I had but faint hopes of ever being able to do active work in the ministry again, but now at the close of this summer's outdoor work I found myself so renewed and invigorated that I at once decided not to abandon my cherished life work. So I disposed of my crops, and moved to Brookville, Ogle county, Ill., and spent the winter in assisting the pastors

in revival work. We had good success, and I enjoyed it. And the people were very kind to us, and abundantly supplied all our temporal wants. I now began to seriously consider the question of entering the regular ministry again, and upon investigation found that the Evangelical Association had no English appointments in the Illinois Conference, and not only so, but were actually opposed to having anything to do with the English work, assigning as a reason that Albright organized the church for the special benefit of the Germans of this country. This was very embarrassing to me, as I did not wish to leave the church of my first choice. But inasmuch as the English language is the language of our nation, in which the laws of the land are administered, and in which the most of the books, magazines and papers are printed, I did not believe it to be right or wise for me to limit myself to the German language. So after consultation with my friends and much prayer, I finally decided to join the Methodist Episcopal Church. This might be considered as a small matter by many, inasmuch as the doctrines of the two churches are alike, and the government and temporal economy almost the same, but to me it was a very important change. A man changing his church relations necessarily loses his former prestige and standing, and must start anew where he goes, and is likely to bring upon himself the criticism of both churches. Both look upon him with more or less distrust. But notwithstanding all this, I am well satisfied, in reviewing the past, that under the circumstances I made the change. It brought me into a larger field and higher sphere of usefulness. So I made application to C. C. Best, presiding elder of the Galena District, and was appointed to Hanover charge for the balance of the year. And on April 10, 1856, arrived at Hanover with my family, and moved into

a rented house. This was a two-weeks circuit, and a very pleasant field. I had good success. The conference this year was held at Aurora, Ill., and was the first M. E. conference I ever attended. I very much admired the systematic and orderly way in which the business was dispatched. Here I became personally acquainted with the sainted Bishop Simpson, who, according to my judgment, considering every trait of character, was the best and the greatest of all the ministers I ever became acquainted with. He was a man after my own heart. Through him I was received into the conference and itinerancy of the Methodist Episcopal Church September 6, 1856, and again appointed to Hanover. We had a prosperous year. Many were converted and the members revived.

This year the conference was at Rockford and I was appointed to Lena, Ill. We had a nice parsonage, and everything opened up nicely, but alas! this was a sad and eventful year to me. Here I buried my dear wife and child. She had a premonition that "the time of her departure was at hand," so she made every necessary preparation, giving directions with reference to her burial, the disposition of her personal effects and the care and training of the children. The babe, the great concern of her soul, who up to that morning appeared to be as healthy as any child I ever saw, was taken home just ninety minutes before she left, being seventeen days old. This was in accord with her *most fervent* prayers. She had become very feeble, so that she could not lift a hand or speak a word—apparently just lingering on the shores of time "a little longer" to take her babe with her. For as soon as it had breathed its last, and was laid by her side, she commenced dying. She was laid in a beautiful coffin, the child in her arms, and buried in the cemetery at Lena, Ill., according to her own request. A marble slab, with a

little lamb and broken rose-bud cut on it, marks their last resting-place. She was a woman of marked characteristics, and well adapted to the work of the itinerant's wife. She was a good mother and devoted wife, always cheerful, and yet decidedly religious. She was especially noted for having strong faith in God. Death had no terrors for her. She looked upon death and often spoke of it as simply a pleasant passage from earth to heaven. A few days before she died she twice fell into a trance, and for a few hours appeared to be unconscious, but when she came to herself she sang in unearthly strains (composing her own song), and in overwhelming ecstasies over heavenly visions, shouting aloud the praises of God—stating that she had been in the celestial world, where she saw many of her departed friends, naming her sister Belinda and others. To me she gave special directions with reference to the children, saying: "Don't break up housekeeping." "Keep the children together, and see that they are properly trained and educated; and preach the gospel as long as you are able to do so." Accordingly I got my sister Rebecca to keep house for me, and we did very well for the time being.

Our next conference was held at Waukegan, Ill., August 25, 1858. I was appointed to Winnebago, west of Rockford, Ill. A very good charge. They had a fine parsonage, and were strong numerically and financially. They paid me well, and we had a grand revival. I labored altogether three months in revival meetings this year.

On December 29th of this year I was again joined in marriage to Miss Lovicy Ann May, of Hanover, Ill. I found "it was not good for man to be alone"—especially for a minister with a family of small children. I would say, to all in similar circumstances, with Dr. Clarke, "By all means get married."

Miss May was a maiden lady of twenty-six, with whom I was well acquainted, as I had been twice her pastor. She also was a favorite of my wife, who on her death-bed referred her to my consideration. She was a devoted, zealous christian and an efficient worker in the church, and made a very affectionate and provident mother for my children. Many noble and talented women were presented to my special consideration during my widowerhood, but now, after walking with her the path of life for over thirty years, I am more than ever convinced that she was just the one for me. And here I put my veto on the old tradition "that a second love is not as strong as the first."

This year the conference was at Galena, Ill. My wife went with me, and we had an enjoyable time. We were sent to Council Hill Station, seven miles east of Galena. This was the first and only time I was moved at the end of the first year without a reasonable cause; but this time to accommodate others, the "big iron wheel" was brought to bear upon me. But it was all right so far as I was concerned, as I had before learned that any field is good enough if we only go in the right spirit. This, however, was in some respects a very peculiar work. It was in the lead mines, among the English. I had seventeen local and superannuated preachers on the "official board," and every one of them bound to be on the "preacher's plan" and take his turn in preaching. The members were mostly poor miners, but always managed to pay their "class money"—not in garden sauce or any kind of trade, but in gold or silver. They lived generally in little huts and cabins, but nearly always had a good library and were well read in Methodist theology, so that I am compelled to say they were the most critical hearers it was ever my lot to preach to. They were very zealous,

and yet rather progressive. Here, for the first time in my ministry, they had an orchestra in the church, consisting of a bass viol, two common violins and other musical instruments; and they sang the four parts, played and shouted with all their might, so that it made "the welkin ring." We had good success this year in every way, so that we bought a parsonage, built a church, and had a grand revival. At this meeting both my children, Alvin and Naomi, were converted and taken into the church. And among other desirable events was the birth of a daughter, May 24, whom we named Florence May.

My parents and my wife's parents, and many other friends and relatives, having moved to the State of Iowa, we also decided to go to the "Eldorado" of the West. Accordingly I was transferred from the Rock River to the Upper Iowa Conference, and stationed at Anamosa, the county seat of Jones county. We arrived there October 6, 1860. This was hard work as I had to preach three times on the Sabbath. But the people were very good, and much more social than at many places we had been. During the winter we had good revivals. This fall the conference was held at Marshalltown, Iowa, but I did not get there, as I took fever and ague on the way and had to lie over. This was the first and only time I ever had the regular "chill fever," and I never want it again. And this was the first and only time I was ever prevented from attending conference, save when in the army. I was reappointed to Anamosa, as I expected. Last year I had the Rev. J. G. Wilkinson as colleague a part of the year. This year I had the Rev. Bishop Isbell to assist me. We got along very pleasantly, and our labors were blessed in the conversion of sinners, and upbuilding of the church.

Meanwhile Fort Sumter fell, and the War of the

Rebellion was fairly inaugurated, assuming huge proportions, so that the people were aroused and excited as never before; and enlistments for the army were going on all around us. Two companies were organized in our town and neighborhood. But it never occurred to me that it would be proper for me to leave my work and go into the war, until one day some of the officers asked me if I would accept the chaplaincy if they could get me appointed. After consultation with my family, and making it a subject of prayer, I decided in the affirmative, so they made application to the Sixteenth Regiment Iowa infantry, but through the partiality and intrigue of some of the regimental officers I did not get it, though a majority of all the officers of the regiment voted for me. Let me here state that there was an alarming amount of "bargain and sale" in connection with obtaining offices in the army.

Shortly after this my presiding elder, the Rev. H. W. Reed, was appointed "Indian Agent," so he removed me to the Marion charge, intending that the minister there, the Rev. J. B. Taylor, should be appointed to the district. But "the powers that be" did not confirm this arrangement, so we were both at Marion for a few months. But as there were several preaching places in the country, we both found work enough to do.

Meanwhile, the president issued the call for 300,000 more soldiers. This made enlisting lively, as now nearly all classes felt bound to respond. Very soon five companies were raised in Linn county, and these with five more from Scott county were organized into the Twentieth Regiment Iowa infantry. To this regiment my friends made application for the chaplaincy, and on August 22, 1862, I was almost unanimously elected, notwithstanding that there were about twenty candidates. And on August

25th, I was duly sworn into this official relation to the government. Our regiment was organized at Clinton, Iowa, and then for a few days rendezvoused at Davenport, Iowa. So I quickly got ready for my departure. I arranged to have my two older children, Alvin and Naomi, go to school at Mt. Vernon, and my wife, with Florence, was to go home to her parents, Father May's. Thus having made the best provision I could for them under the circumstances, I took leave of them on August 30, 1862, and joined my regiment at Clinton. This was a sad parting, as it then looked as though we might not meet again in this life. But I felt it an imperative duty to respond to my country's call in her time of need, no difference what would become of me.

We left Davenport September 5th, per boat, having received orders to go to Rolla, Mo. At Nauvoo we had to take barges, in order to get over the rapids. Then per boat the "Northerner" to St. Louis, where we stopped a week in "Benton Barracks," that we might be more fully initiated into the preparatory drill, and be better equipped and supplied with all the paraphernalia of war.

On the boat going down the river I tried to preach to about 1,000 soldiers, having for my pulpit the bow of the boat; but it did not go very well, as the noise of the fireman and spray of the water made too much confusion. It was "sowing to the wind" and not "casting your bread on the waters." At St. Louis on Sabbath, September 14, just as I was getting ready to preach in the great amphitheater containing 20,000 people, we got marching orders, and so imperative are military orders that we could not even wait to hold our service. That night at 8 o'clock we landed at Rolla, and as we had our bedding packed in the cars I slept on the "soft side" of a plank on the railroad platform. We were now in an enemy's land, where we must throw aside the romance of war and

test its reality on the battle-field and that, too, with our brethren of the same nation. These things strangely exercised my mind so that it seemed almost as though I could not muster courage enough to face the deathly weapon on the field of conflict. But I soon learned that there is such a thing as a spirit of war, and that on the battle-field both man and beast soon become intoxicated with it and then rush furiously and madly into the very jaws of death.

Our first engagement was at Newtonia, near the Boston mountains. The enemy was entrenched in a stone barn, with a stone wall eight feet high around it, and about 7,000 strong. We had then about 10,000 which were divided into three divisions. We made a forced march of 100 miles to get there, and surprised them by attacking at sunrise, on three sides, viz.: East, West and North. After a few hours of canonading, they "skedad-dled" by an opening on the south side. Our men who had only been six weeks in the service were very much excited, but behaved well, and were brave for young soldiers. It is true, about a half-dozen got "sick" just when the battle opened, and one, after firing once, broke ranks and ran, without claiming to be sick. He was the only man I met with during the war that really was a coward and could not fight, after repeated trials. He was reprimanded and "bucked" as a punishment, but all in vain. He was afterward detailed as a cook and did well.

After the battle we encamped in a grove near by and for the first time suffered for food and clothing. The most of the men had cast off their heaviest clothing, some all but shirt and pants, before going into the battle, supposing they could return and get it again. But in this they were disappointed, as it was confiscated by the "contrabands" and citizens, and, as we had no tents and it got

much colder, we suffered considerably. And in the excitement the haversacks were also thrown away by the most of them, so there was nothing on hand to eat and nothing could be found in that country but a few old cows as poor as "Pharaoh's kine," for the rebels had foraged all over the land. But it was not long until these cows were brought up and shot, and then every one rushed up and cut off the piece he could grab and at once put it on a fire and broiled it as best he could, eating it without salt or bread of any kind. This made many sick. I had a few "hard tack" left, but the poor beef and poor water made me sick for the first time since in the army. The field service agreed with me so well that in a short time I weighed 175 pounds, whereas I only weighed 155 when I enlisted.

I soon learned that we had a goodly number in the regiment who belonged to some of the different religious denominations and that their moral character and religious enjoyment would be likely to suffer during their army life, hence I proposed the organization of a regimental church. This met with a hearty approval by a majority. Accordingly, we organized at once, calling it the Christian Society of the Twentieth Iowa Regiment. We had a regular constitution and by-laws.

We had a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and a committee of five chosen by the society, who together constituted a Board of Adjudication, for the settlement of all disputes and the punishment or expulsion of disorderly members. We held preaching, prayer and conference meetings regularly each Sabbath and several times during the week when not prevented by unavoidable circumstances or military orders. We also had a Sunday-school, or rather a Bible class, in each company. Our society numbered nearly 200, and we had fre-

quent additions to our church, both by conversions and otherwise. We held one "revival meeting," and once administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper right out in the grove.

Nearly all attended service, when convenient. We had two officers, and a few others, who professed to be infidels and tried to oppose us, but could accomplish but little, as our colonel, Mc. E. Dye, was most decidedly in our favor. He was raised and trained in the Episcopal Church, and was a noble man, an excellent scholar both in science and literature, graduating at West Point, and made one of the best officers I met with during the war.

During the winter of 1862-3 we traveled over the greater part of the State of Missouri and northwestern Arkansas and were never long at one place, as we were in search of rebels, who kept a proper distance in our advance, and never stood long enough for anything but a little "skirmishing," until December 7th, at Prairie Grove. This was a regular "pitched battle" between Gen. Hindman, of the Confederate army, with 25,000 of the best drilled soldiers they had, and Generals Herron and Blunt on our side, each with about 12,000 fresh volunteers. The enemy was well entrenched in a grove behind a hill, and we had to form our line of battle on an open prairie. But we had the best and most artillery.

The battle did not fairly open until about 2 P. M., as they were reluctant to come out from behind their fortifications. But finally some of our men, getting impatient for the fight, rushed right up to their works. On seeing this, they turned their whole army loose on our left wing, and drove us back pell-mell, so that it soon got to be a little "Bull Run" stampede. I shall never forget the sight, much less the feelings I had, when I saw our men fleeing in such disorder and

the rebels in hot haste after them. I, of course, thought all was up and we were prisoners of war. But standing a minute, wondering and praying what to do, a strange, patriotic spirit took hold of me, inspiring me with hope that something might yet be done to avert our utter destruction; and, not being able to find any of the higher officers with whom to counsel, I mounted my pony and rode in advance of the fleeing, panic-stricken soldiers, crying "halt! halt!" But they did not heed me at first. I then commenced pleading with them, and urging them, for the sake of their country and their families and their Christianity to stop, turn around and try it over again. At last, when they got to a little grove, I got them to hold on a little, but were not willing to go back into the battle. About this time I heard heavy artillery firing on the other side, so I rode up to General Herron's headquarters, who had been considerably dumbfounded, and learned that General Blunt had just arrived and opened on the enemy's rear. This did not only stop them from pursuing us, but suddenly caused them to "round-about-face" to fight him. So I went back to my forlorn band, and had but little trouble to persuade them to "face about" and fall into rank, and go in on the rear of those who, only a few minutes before, had been pursuing them; and then for an hour it was woe to the rebels!

This was a very decided battle. It was claimed that, considering the numbers employed and the time engaged, it was the most effective battle of the war. That night I shall never forget. I was up all night taking care of the wounded and dying. We had about one hundred in and around an old log house, confiscated for this purpose. After midnight the surgeon and all the nurses gave out from fatigue and loss of sleep. I alone was left to take care of so many; so I had to be as nearly ubiquitous as

it was possible for a mortal to be. Almost simultaneously I would hear the call, "Chaplain, please give me a drink;" "Can't you get some more cover for me? I am shivering;" "O, come and adjust my limb!" "Chaplain, do you think I am mortally wounded?" "Will you pray for me?" "Will you write to my friends all about this?" For my efforts in rallying the men and faithful services this day; I received special commendation in the official report of the battle sent to Washington.

The next day we buried our dead in a circle around a large oak tree, with military honors and Christian simplicity; and on the fifth day we assisted our enemies to bury their dead, which were still lying round by scores, rapidly decomposing and being devoured by swine which were permitted to roam over the country. We also fed and cared for twenty-five hundred wounded rebels left on the battle-field. We got our wounded to the hospital at Fayetteville, Ark., as soon as possible, and I staid with them several weeks taking care of them. On December 26th our army got orders to move southward, but as many were sick and wounded a detachment was left behind, and I was detailed as adjutant-general of the camp, which office I filled as well as I could in connection with the office of brigade post-master and the duties of the chaplaincy. After the army returned, we moved on to Fayetteville, Ark., and had a grand review of the entire army. It was said by many that I rode the gayest and most sprightly pony on the ground. It was an Indian pony of the Choctaw tribe, for which I paid fifty dollars when but four years old. I think it was the most perfect of the horse kind I ever saw. I rode on it when we entered Vicksburg, and then sent it home and gave it as an anniversary present to my wife, and we kept it until it was twenty-five years old, when it died and was buried.

From Fayetteville we traveled northward, via Huntsville and Cassville and Pea Ridge, to Camp Schofield, where we rested a few weeks. We had rain and snow and sleet and terribly bad roads all the way, so that it was no uncommon thing for our teams to stick in the mud a dozen times a day; so at last we stuck all night and called it "Camp Stuck-in-the-mud." Here, in a grove of large trees, I spread my rubber blanket on the snow, five inches deep, with several inches of mud underneath it, and slept soundly, deciding the next morning that it was the softest bed I ever slept on.

February 9th we came to Camp Bliss, and the next day to Bloomington, where we stayed several weeks, then went on to Elk Creek, where we staid three weeks. Then to "Little Piney," into "Camp Totten." Here, on April 6, 1863, my wife came to visit me and staid with me seven weeks, living in the camp, and marching with us when we moved. I bought her a side-saddle, and borrowed a horse from "Uncle Sam" and we did some huge horse-back riding. My wife here tried an experiment in teaching the "contrabands" who came into camp. She sent for books, and in the afternoons, when we were not marching, taught them, and soon decided that they were not only capable but also very eager to learn. From Camp Totten we went to Rolla, Mo., then to Pilot Knob. Here my wife and I visited Iron Mountain, one mile high, composed of solid iron ore, which is said to yield ninety per cent. iron. Here my wife left me, returning home, and we moved on to the Mississippi river, and June 7, 1863, at Geneva, took boats for Vicksburg. We had a fleet of seventeen boats, under command of Gen. Vandever. I had excellent quarters in a state-room on the J. D. Perry, with the rest of the officers. No privates were admitted, so on Sabbath I preached to about one hundred officers in the

cabin of the boat. I gave them a plain sermon, reminding them of the responsibilities they assumed when they accepted Uncle Sam's shoulder-straps, and reprimanded them for profanity, drunkenness, and unnecessary Sabbath desecration. Some of them did not like it and got angry; but the great majority said: "You did just right." During our trip to Vicksburg I distributed hundreds of testaments and five or six thousand tracts, which were gladly received by the soldiers, and I have good reason to believe I accomplished much good in this way. I often saw soldiers, even when on duty, earnestly reading the Word of God, and in death frequently found either a bible or testament after nearly all other luggage had been abandoned during the weary march.

We got to Vicksburg June 11, 1887, and the next day crossed the Mississippi river below Vicksburg, landing at Warrenton. That night I saw the most terribly grand sight I ever witnessed. It was the "shelling" of the city by about two hundred mortar boats. They threw into it red-hot balls, the streaks of which could be seen like streaks of lightning; but I could not see that they accomplished much except the setting on fire of a few old buildings. After we crossed the river and took our position on the south side of the city near the river, in the regular line with those who were already besieging the city, we were considerably annoyed by 200-pound shells, which frequently fell among us—sometimes exploding in the air and raining down upon us in a hundred pieces. They were fired from large siege guns, which the boys called "*Whistling Jack*," and "*Whistling Dick*." They could send them three or four miles with considerable accuracy. At one time when some thirty officers of us went forward a half-mile with General Grant, to look for a suitable place to plant one of our large guns, they saw us with their

glasses, and sent one of these shells among us to prevent the enterprise. It struck the higher ground above us, passed over our heads, and burst into a hundred pieces below us. We all ran, knowing that another one would follow soon, all but General Grant, who also hastened his usually slow pace somewhat, remarking: "I'll allow you to run when they send these big ones." During the time I was at the siege of Vicksburg, these large shells frequently dropped close by where I was standing, sometimes without exploding, and sometimes exploding in the air above me into a hundred pieces, but I was never touched by one of them. God mercifully preserved my life, and I did not even feel afraid, for I could adopt the language of the psalmist, when he said: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty;" and "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." I staid around Vicksburg until the taking of the city, and during this time had a large experience. Here I first saw the so-called "Spanish-moss," or Mistletoe. It has neither roots, leaves, nor any external signs of life, and yet it is one of the hardest things to kill known in the vegetable kingdom. It is used for upholstering, and if not first thoroughly cured by keeping it entirely under water for three or six months, it grows in the sofas and chairs afterward. Here I also first saw the far-famed "magnolia groves." These trees are as large as the oak trees in Northern forests, full of beautiful white flowers, from six to eight inches in diameter, filling the atmosphere with fragrant odors miles around. Here I also plucked the first ripe figs from the trees, growing in the forests and in the fields along the road-side, similar to plum-trees in the North. I found them very delicious when fully ripe. One pecu-

liarity of this kind of fruit is, that they do not all ripen at the same time. You may find buds, flowers, half-grown and ripe fruit on the tree at the same time. But the general appearance and climate of this country I did not like. It is too rough and hilly, and the atmosphere is not bracing enough. This accounts for the proverbial saying, that the negroes and Southern people in general are a slothful people. It affects a Northern man in the same way. He soon succumbs to climate, losing his elasticity and sprightliness. There are no winter's frosts to rejuvenate the earth and purify the atmosphere, so as to make it invigorating. Here, too, the insects and reptiles are not destroyed, or put to sleep, as they are in the North, but live and multiply the whole year round. Hence you find serpents, lizards, ticks, fleas, mosquitoes, gnats, flies and chiggers all the time to annoy and pester you. It is true this is the "Sunny South," but it is not free from clouds and storms, diseases and suffering. I continued around Vicksburg, taking care of the sick and wounded and burying the dead, until July 4, 1863, when Gen. Pemberton surrendered the city and we marched into it triumphantly, taking charge of the 30,000 prisoners he delivered to us. This was one of the grandest and proudest days of my life. I had the privilege of riding in with the officers who had the honor of first planting the stars and stripes within the fortifications. It was my birthday, being forty two years of age, and also the birthday of my country's independence, and, above all, the breaking of the backbone of the rebellion. It was glory enough for one day. I also had the honor of preaching the first sermon to the colored people after the surrender of the city. Their own church had been destroyed, and they had been forbidden to hold meetings of any kind for nearly two years previous, as this would have given them an opportunity to

hear and spread the current news among each other. They had not yet heard of President Lincoln's "Proclamation of Emancipation," and were informed that the South had been victorious in all the principal battles up to this time, and would be unto the end. So I got permission of Gen. Grant to take them into the large Methodist Church, seating 1,200, and explain this matter to them. It was the happiest and most attentive congregation I ever preached to. Every eye was intently fixed upon me, and every time I moved, the faces of the entire audience moved with me, and every word was eagerly devoured. In fifteen minutes they were all shouting happy, and I had to quiet them a little so as to be able to proceed. This I had to do several times during the discourse, and then I let them have their own way—and such shaking hands, singing and praising God I never witnessed.

After the surrender of Vicksburg the so-called "Contrabands" came in from the surrounding country by thousands, hoping to get something to eat, and something to do to make a living. This, with the thousands already in the city when we took it, soon swelled the number to thirty or forty thousand. And as the weather was very warm, and they had little or nothing to eat, and had collected together in empty houses and cellars to shield themselves from the burning rays of the sun, all manner of diseases soon made their appearance among them and scores were dying every day. So General Grant issued an order that they must immediately be removed, dead or alive, to the Louisiana side of the river, and put in camp. At this juncture he requested me to take charge of this work. I did so, but with considerable reluctance, as it was necessarily attended with much exposure and danger, as many were sick with small-pox, yellow fever and other

contagious diseases, and a good many were already dead, and some of them had been dead for days, and all had to be removed. With the thermometer at from 90 to 100 degs. in the shade, you may form some idea of the terrible condition of things.

In all my army life I witnessed nothing like it. It beggars description. I will only give one of many cases. A woman had been dead several days, and her child was still nursing the dead mother. We did this work in the following manner: We took large commissary wagons, drawn by six mules, and put those of them that were unable to walk therein, and took them to the river and loaded them on to a boat, took them across the river and unloaded them on the shore, where there was nothing to shelter or protect them save a few large live-oak trees. For weeks they had neither hut nor tent to shelter them. But this was not the worst feature in their condition. They had nothing to eat save a little "hardtack," given to some of them by the soldiers, and what they picked up by the way. On the day I entered on this work, Gen. Grant told me he would send over a boatload of provisions the next day. So I made out a "requisition" and took it to the Quarter-master, who, to my great disappointment, would not honor it, saying: "We have no army regulations to feed niggers, especially when our soldiers and prisoners are on short rations." So said all the officers and commanders, whose duty it was to sign and countersign the papers. So the only resource left me was to go back to Gen. Grant, who, after hearing the case, at once issued a "special order," which, of course, every one of them honored at sight. The next thing to do was to secure a boat in which to carry them over to the camp. Accordingly I made out a "requisition" for one, and went to the Navy department, but when I came to

the commodore in command he said, "I can not furnish boats enough for the use of the army, and of course I can not give any to carry contrabands around the country." I at once went to Gen. Grant and obtained a special order, which brought the boat in a hurry. But it was so managed that it took them all day to get it ready and load the provisions, and then, to my utter consternation, either intentionally or carelessly, it was sent some twenty miles up the river to another camp. After a long search I found where it was, and at once sent a messenger up to bring it down. But worse then ever, such was the inexorable law of the army and "red tape," that those in command would not move a peg until they had orders from headquarters. So I had again to resort to Gen. Grant, my never-failing source of help, for another special order, which brought the boat. But all this time the poor contrabands were starving to death. It is true they did all they possibly could. They caught a few fishes, frogs, clams, etc., and ate all the herbs and roots within their reach. They even ate wild parsley, which killed some of them.

I took over a box of hard-tack and two hams for my own use, which I divided among them by breaking a hard-tack into four pieces, and cutting the meat into very small pieces, and gave a piece of each to the worst cases. But, notwithstanding all this care and attention, they actually starved to death, at the rate of twenty or thirty a day, right before our eyes. This was suffering and sorrow indeed! Such as I had fondly hoped I would never witness.

In this wretched, starving condition, these poor creatures became very despondent, desperate, and even rebellious, so that I began to fear that my life was in danger, for they could not understand how it was that

if there was something to eat at Vicksburg, just across the river, why they could not get it, and came to the conclusion that the "Yankees," instead of being their friends, intended to starve them to death—as some of their masters had told them. This was a terrible crisis, and what to do I did not know, but finally concluded that myself and Levi Weaver, the only white assistant I had, would steal away at the hour of night and go to Vicksburg and make our last effort to obtain help. But lo! and behold! at sunset of the 5th day a boat well filled with provisions landed at our camp. This quickly and wonderfully changed the aspect of things. If God had rained "manna" from heaven among them, it could not have had a greater transforming power over them. All was now rejoicing even in the midst of distress and the greatest suffering. They praised God by looks, words, and all manner of actions, and even in their weakness tried to clap their hands and spring into the air, thanking God that he had sent "Masser Linkum" and "de Yankees wid deliverins." But now while one trouble seemed to be passing away another trouble came. They had expected to rush up to the boat and eat to their stomach's content, not knowing that this would have proved more fatal than all the famine of the past. So when I ordered only one hard-tack for each of them, it brought a cloud over their sky. If it had been a "hoe-cake" it would have answered the purpose a little better, but they sorrowfully said: "Wat am de had-tak?"—"It am too dry an' tuff." But I soon brought order out of chaos, by ordering them to form themselves into squads of six, twelve or twenty-four, as suited them best, and then detail two or more of their number to come to the boat and draw their "rations." I also detailed some of them to assist me in cutting up the meat and handing

over a small piece and some flour for each one of them, according to the number of the "mess." But how in the name of humanity do you suppose they managed this matter, as they had nothing in the shape of pails, pans or dishes of any kind to hold their provisions, much less to cook or bake them in? But "necessity is the mother of invention." They went to the noted "cut-off" above the city, where so many of our noble soldiers dug graves for themselves, and yet accomplished nothing against the rebellion, and picked up pieces of boards, large chips, and the bark of large trees cut down at that time, and on these received their scanty allowance. Then they hastened to the Mississippi river and with their hands dipped the murky water on to the flour, stirring it with a stick into a dough, or rather a batter; then, rushing to where some of their number had built a fire, baked it in the hot embers as best they could, and ate it, giving thanks to God.

During my connection with this work I had a rich experience in studying the character of this long-oppressed people. I found them a very industrious people. The government furnished them material and tools with which they soon constructed rude shanties for temporary homes. And when there was an opportunity to enter the army the able-bodied men at once enlisted and made good soldiers. They were, comparatively speaking, a moral people. Profanity, Sabbath desecration and drunkenness were scarcely found among them. It is true some of them learned to swear and drink very fast after the soldiers came among them and set them a bad example. Their greatest "besetting sin" was petty theft. They *would* steal on a small scale. I had to hold a little court almost every day to settle some little trouble in this line. I said to one of the most intelligent of them: "How is it that you colored people *will* steal?" He said: "I can

tell you. We learned it from childhood up. When we raise de corn and put it in de master's crib, and he would not gib us enough, we didn't think it very wrong to go and take it. And when de corn in de master's crib was all done gone, den we had to go to de neighbor's crib, or starve." This was to him the end of all controversy, and it did look rather plausible. They were an obedient and very manageable people. This lesson they had to learn from early childhood, in their state of bondage. And they were a religious people. Nearly all of them belonged either to the Methodist or Baptist churches, and we soon had good meetings right out in the open air. I sometimes preached to them standing on a large stump and they standing around me as close together as they could, when they numbered from 10,000 to 15,000. They always listened very attentively, and responded very heartily when anything was put in the interrogative form.

They were a very hopeful and cheerful people in the midst of all their afflictions.

When General Sherman made his raid through Mississippi, he gathered some 3,000 of them and brought them with him, and as soon as I heard that they were to be brought into my camp I rode out several miles to meet them and interview them. They were a motley crowd, consisting of all ages, sexes and conditions in life, and traveling in all imaginable ways, modes and styles—yet cheerful, happy and gay. To test their feelings and prospects, I said: "Well, my friends, where are you going?" The first one said: "Wees goin' to de land ob libertee." The next one said: "Wees goin' up Norf." Another one said: "Weens is goin' whar youins is." At last a stalwart old patriarch said: "Wees goin we dosent no whar." I said to myself, how true. For they did not realize that they were then in their transition state from bondage to freedom,

and that it would take at least, as in the case of the ancient Israelites, forty years to get into the full enjoyment of the promised "land of rest," and that some of the privations in the "wilderness" would even surpass those in the land of slavery.

They had rather vague and loose ideas of the laws of marriage. The most of them had never been legally married—for in a state of slavery this could not be, or they could not have been sold apart. Their master, or some one appointed by him, usually had a mock ceremony performed, which the most of them soon learned was not binding when the master wished to sell them to some Southern planter. In view of this fact, the government issued orders to have them re-married—requiring all the officers to see that it was carried out. Accordingly we had many weddings, as many as forty in one day. To give the reader an idea of the vagueness of their notions of marriage, I will relate an incident coming under my own observation. I went to a shanty to get some washing done, where I found a fine, young couple living as husband and wife, who I had reason to believe, from what I saw and heard, were not married. So, to test the matter, I said: "How long since you were married?" When the man responded "O, wees not married at all." I then said: "Do you not know that it is wrong for you to live this way?" When he replied: "Wees dosent no if it is wrong or not, but we can't get married, fur she has got a nudder man she lubs better den me, and our bargain is, dat I am to be her husband until he cums back, and den I must stan' aside; and if he nebber comes back den I am always to be her husband."

I think they also lacked in maternal affection for their offspring, which was doubtless owing to the fact that they were raised in slavery, and in that condition mothers

could not be allowed to give much attention to their children. Of over 200 children born during the organization of our camp, and a few months after, all died but a dozen or so. When in November afterwards my wife came down from the North with boxes of clothing for children, and inquired of our cook, where are all the babies, she said: "Las a me, dem all done gone died up long ago."

The "camp," where so many were brought together from all the surrounding country, was a great place for those who had been sold away from each other to meet and recognize each other again. I will here give a thrilling incident which came under my observation. A stout young man, owned by Mr. Cline, one of the wealthiest citizens of Vicksburg, was sold to some one in the Yazoo country, leaving a small boy behind, whose name was Moses. For nearly forty years they never heard of each other. Moses grew up to be a fine, intelligent negro man, and, therefore, I appointed him to take charge of the burial of the dead. When General Sherman made a raid up the Yazoo river he brought back with him some 1,200 contrabands for my camp, and among them the father of Moses, a venerable, robust, old man. So Moses put him to work digging graves, not knowing who he was. One day it so happened that they were both digging at the same grave, when the father said: "Who was your master?" Moses said: "Mr. Cline." "Is dat so?" replied the father. "He was also my master, and when I was sold, I left a boy behind called Moses, and you must be the one." Moses said: "It must be so." At this juncture the father very excitedly said: "Take up your pants, and I'll see whether you have a scar on your leg where you were burned when a child." Suffice it to say, the identical scar was there, and the father cried out: "I am your father, and you are my Mose;" and then they embraced each

other and hugged and kissed each other until they both fell down into the grave together, the son crying at the height of his voice: "I never expected to see my father in this world any more!"

I continued in camp, though in feeble health, doing the best I could for the poor contrabands, until the middle of August, when I was taken very sick with malarial fever and diarrhœa, so that they had to take me over to Vicksburg, where I was put into the rooms of the "Christian Commission" and treated by a Dr. Dewey. After convalescing a little, and finding that getting well would be a very slow process in that climate, I obtained "leave of absence" and went home. The bracing atmosphere of Iowa and careful nursing at home soon restored me to comparatively good health, so that I was enabled to spend several weeks in soliciting aid for my camp in the shape of clothing and eatables. About the last of October, 1863, I started south again with a good supply of clothing, etc., for my camp, taking my wife and youngest daughter with me, and putting my other two children into school at Mount Vernon. My wife was commissioned by the American Missionary Society to teach the contrabands, and also was authorized by some eastern societies to distribute clothing among the destitute.

After we got there and had distributed our goods, we found that different arrangements had been made by the government relative to the management of the camps. They had been put under military supervision and therefore needed not my help, so I was detailed in the Marine Hospital and resumed the duties of the chaplaincy again. Shortly after, I was transferred to Hospital No. 3. Here I spent the time very pleasantly, having nice rooms assigned us, in which we kept house on a small scale. My wife was engaged in teaching the contrabands in connec-

tion with others, I assisting and superintending the schools as best I could, along with my other duties.

The schools were mostly held under shade trees until later in the season, when cast-off tents were patched and prepared for this purpose. They ordinarily learned very fast, because they were so eager to learn and become great and smart "like de white folks." Some also of the more aged and religious wanted to learn to read so they could read the Bible. One day a man, some sixty years of age, a soldier and a blacksmith in his regiment, came to my wife and said: "Missus, I can't go to de school in de day-time, but I wants to larn to read dis blessed book," taking a testament out of his pocket. "Wouldn't you be so kind as to larn me ob evenings when I dosent have to work?"

My wife, who was already doing more than she was able to do, could not refuse such a request. Accordingly an arrangement was made to have him come in the next evening. I was astonished, as well as pleased, to see how eager the old man was to learn. All the light we had was an old-fashioned tallow candle on a little table in the middle of our room, on the one side of which I was seated and on the other side my wife and the old man were at work at his lessons. He had already mastered his A B C's, but had little or no idea of pronouncing.

I forgot all my work when attracted by the picture before me. The old man, with a pair of old "specks" on, was bending all his energies, in every possible attitude and adjustment, so as to get the most possible light on his book in trying to pronounce "dem hard words." At last he came to the word horse. He clearly and distinctly said all the letters—h-o-r-s-e. "Well, what does that spell?" said the teacher; to which he responded, "Me dosent kno." "Well that spells horse." "De animals we

rides on?" said the old man, quick as lightning—"Las a mes"—feeling as though a world of knowledge had dawned upon him. He learned fast, but in a few weeks the regiment was removed and he had to leave. But before leaving he called to settle his bill, and on being informed that there was nothing to pay, he went back to his shop and made an old style fire-shovel and tongs, and came back and said: "Now, missus, I wants you to keep dis shovel and tongs, till your little gurl, Florrie, gits married, and den gib dem to her." Suffice it to say, we did so. I spent my time here very pleasantly, visiting the sick and wounded in the hospital, burying the dead, and taking care of the contrabands. I also organized the first M. E. Church in Vicksburg, and was temporarily placed in charge as pastor, by Bishop Ames. All this was very agreeable, as I could have my wife with me, and had the assurance that we were doing a good work. But during the first part of March an order came for all on detached service belonging to the Sixteenth Army Corps to join their regiments. This was unwelcome news, for my regiment was away off on one of the islands in the Gulf of Mexico, doing guard duty, and of course I could not take my wife with me, and could not expect to accomplish as much good as where I was. But military orders, as a rule, are like the laws of "the Medes and Persians"—they change not. Accordingly I got ready and went as far as New Orleans, where I was detained a few days, as I had been in charge of twenty-six soldiers, with orders to leave them there. And during the time I was detained, I met my colonel, who was then acting brigadier-general, with whom I advised relative to the best course for me to pursue, who thought, in view of the state of my health and the great need of chaplains in the hospitals, I had better ask to be placed in one of them. Accordingly I

made application and was "detailed" to the Marine Hospital at New Orleans. I soon had my family with me, and we were very nicely situated—having excellent "quarters" and accommodations, and very fine intelligent officers to associate with. Here, for the first time in my army experience, I found surgeons, who did not only aid me in my work by notifying me of those needing my labors, but also assisted me in this work. It is true the work was hard. The hospital accommodated one thousand and two hundred patients, and it was full the most of the time. And I made it my duty to visit all the wards once a day, and read the scriptures to, and have prayers with, the worst cases. We had from three to six deaths every day, and had to go out into the country some eight miles to bury them. I also wrote many letters to the friends of the sick and relatives of the dead, every day. We had a chapel in the hospital, in which I preached to the convalescent every Sabbath P. M. and then conducted a Sunday-school. My labors were greatly blessed, and I have reason to believe I never accomplished more good in the same length of time before. My wife also did good work by teaching the contrabands, both in the graded school held in the Medical College building, and those in connection with the Hospital as cooks and nurses. But all this work, pleasant as it was, soon made inroads on my health. I found that I could not endure the climate at that season of the year. I was first taken with malarial intermittent fever. Then chronic diarrhea set in, with severe bronchial affection, so that in June I was unable to work any longer, and very reluctantly sent in my resignation. I did not do this until after the eleven surgeons in the hospital, and Gen. Banks' Medical Purveyor, all decided that I must die if I did not immediately go North.

My papers were sent in June 13, 1864, but by this

time I was unable to walk. So my wife had to attend to securing my transportation and making the necessary preparations for my removal North. This, at this time with the thermometer standing at one hundred degrees in the shade, and in the midst of "red tape," and the inexorable laws of war, was almost a Herculean task—but was, nevertheless, attended to with a heroism rarely excelled during the war. I always looked upon it as the unmistakable evidence of a noble, brave and kind-hearted woman and true, affectionate wife.

We finally got ready, and on June 15, 1864, I was put on the boat "Mollie Able," and we started north. All the surgeons and their wives and many others came to bid us farewell.

We left many warm friends behind us, and it was with great reluctance that I left the United States service. I was offered a "leave of absence" for ninety days if I would try to get well and then return again; but I saw no reasonable hope of this, as my whole physical system seemed to be a wreck. And I was too conscientious to hold office and take pay from the government without rendering adequate services, as, I am sorry to know, many did. They proposed to get me a United States or perpetual chaplaincy, but I was afraid of being sent so far south that I could not endure the climate, so I declined, and resolved that if I ever was restored to health again I would re-enter the pastorate and spend my remaining days and strength in this best and grandest work. We had a tedious journey. I never felt more miserable. I was as yellow as a mulatto or creole, and could not eat anything but the weakest gruel. I subsisted mostly on tonics and stimulants. We were six days on the way, and had to run the guerrilla blockades a number of times, but every time but once had gunboats to protect us, so we escaped unharmed.

We landed in Chicago June 21, and took up our abode with my brother, J. F. Eberhart, who boarded with Mrs. Miller. Here we tarried several weeks, until I had gained a little strength for the rest of the journey. I found that the bracing prairie winds soon had a wonderful recuperating effect on me. We then went to Eldorado, Iowa, and spent the summer with my parents and my wife's parents and other friends, who did all they could to make us comfortable and aid in regaining my health.

In October, 1864, by way of substituting the last year of my three years' enlistment in the army, I accepted the State agency of the North-Western Freedmen's Aid Commission, to collect funds for the support of the 4,000,000 slaves who had just emerged from bondage to freedom, but most of whom were now in greater want and privation than when they were yet in slavery. My health was still rather feeble, but as this was a very needy and urgent work, I did the best I could, and enjoyed it very much. As money was plenty and my cause a very popular and pressing one, I was quite successful in collecting. I averaged about \$1,200 a month ready cash.

In the fall of 1865, feeling that I had served my country long enough in this way, and that I ought now to direct my energies to the work of the church, I entered again the ranks of the itinerancy in the Upper Iowa conference and was stationed at Vinton, Iowa. This was very agreeable as it was near the little farm I had bought in Eldorado and meanwhile my parents had also moved to this place. This was a very pleasant charge and we had a good revival during the first year. Some seventy or eighty were added to the church, mostly promising young people. I felt very much at home at this place, and was well supported. At the end of two years I was

stationed at Waterloo, Ia. This is a beautiful city on the Cedar river, and we had a commodious parsonage and good church building, but the society was not proportionately strong, yet they paid us \$1,000 a year, with the use of the parsonage furnished. We had good success, and each year something of a revival. During the second year my wife's health was very poor so that the physicians gave her but little encouragement. Therefore, as a last resort, she went to Dansville, N. Y., to a Hygienic Water Cure, where in less than six months she was restored to comparatively good health again. It was astonishing what a change was wrought in her case in so short a time; not by taking a lot of strong medicine, but by observing the "laws of health," viz.: by taking proper rest and exercise, and having proper food, air, and wearing suitable clothing, etc. It so revived her despondent spirits, and renewed her emaciated physical system, that her "youth was renewed like the eagles."

Our next field of labor was Tipton, Cedar county, Iowa. This was an old town, with an old society of substantial old members, having a rickety old parsonage, and a small old church. So we built a two-story church, 50 x 80 feet; and had quite a good revival, and, as a whole, it was a pleasant, prosperous year.

At the close of this year, feeling that my health was much impaired and that I needed a little mental rest and physical exercise in the open air, I requested the conference to place me on the "supernumerary" list. So, for the purpose of getting the necessary outdoor exercise, and, at the same time, trying to earn my bread and butter, I engaged, with two of my brothers, in prospecting for coal. We moved to Newton, Jasper county, Iowa, leased land, and went to work, and in three months found a vein of good coal, three feet and four inches in thick-

ness. We then opened a shaft and commenced selling coal with good prospects of making a little fortune, but, alas!

“ How vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair; ”

for, in the very height of our expectations, the miners came in one day and said, “ We have struck a ‘ fault.’ ” I said: “ What is that ? ” They said: “ Well, the coal has run out.” This was a very strange, and almost unheard of, phenomenon—for a well established vein to break off abruptly in the side of a hill. But, it undoubtedly was all for my good, as it kept me from “ entangling ” myself with the unsatisfying business affairs of this world, and to take heed to the apostles’ warning: “ They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare.” I lost a clean \$1,000 in this little enterprise. To say the least, it had a tendency to dampen the money-making zeal a little, which had more or less annoyed me ever since I left the army. At no time had I any intention of abandoning the ministry, but thought if, in some honest way, in connection with my ministerial labors, I could make a little fortune against the time of old age, it was my privilege to do so.

This year, October, 1871, our conference was held at Clinton, Iowa. We had a very pleasant session, and, contrary to all calculations, I was sent to Albion and Liscomb circuit, in Marshall county, with Rev. Henry Bargelt as junior preacher. Albion was an ancient village, settled mostly by staid eastern people, but, as is sometimes the case, they had been having serious troubles the previous year with their minister, so that they had locked the church against him. So, all things considered, I went to this appointment rather reluctantly, feeling first that it was beneath my grade, and second, that the work

was too hard for my state of health—for it was an old-fashioned circuit of eight preaching places. But I finally decided to go and do my best, and leave the result with God; and I am glad to say, that in this case, as every time previous, when I acted with an “eye single to the glory of God,” my labors were abundantly blessed and I had a pleasant field.

We had good revivals all over the work, and many hard cases were brought into the church, and cold disaffected members were restored to their former enjoyment.

In three months we divided the work, I taking Albion and vicinity, and Rev. Bargelt, Liscomb and vicinity. Bro. Bargelt was a very fine, promising young man and did well. This year I collected money and bought the Lutheran College at this place and gave it to the Upper Iowa Conference, free of all indebtedness. It was a fine brick building, with a nice, commodious campus, costing originally about \$16,000, and we named it Albion Seminary. We at once opened a good school, with Prof. T. B. Taylor as principal, who taught two terms, and then Prof. S. G. Smith took charge of it and soon had it running at high water mark, as he was a young man of brilliant intellect, good executive ability, and admirably adapted to this position. After the resignation of Prof. Smith, other good and noble men had charge of it, and with the exception of the difficulties naturally attending the sustaining of all schools of this class, it has continued to prosper; and to-day its future prospects are promising. I was returned the second year to this charge, and in connection with my pastoral work had a constant care over the Seminary. I adopted it as my child and as such watched over it with a jealous zeal—planning and working, day and night, for its prosperity. I was a trustee, and most of the time the president of the board of trustees for over

ten years. I also acted one year as Financial Agent, and during this time raised an Endowment Fund of \$10,000 by selling lots in Chicago Lawn and appropriating the one-half of the money viz., \$100 a lot for this purpose. I also raised over \$10,000 endowment by subscription and donations, and at different times collected hundreds of dollars for repairs and improvements. I found the people of this place very liberal, though not very wealthy, nor very well educated, but fully realizing the necessity of educating their children. I felt very much at home among them, and greatly enjoyed this work, and now look upon it as one of the most successful efforts of my life. At the close of two years I was stationed at Iowa Falls, Hardin county, Iowa. This was a beautiful town situated on the Iowa river, and surrounded with the most romantic scenery, and inhabited by an intelligent, social people, who made us very welcome and comfortable, during our two years' stay among them. They had a good society, and a large church building, the very high tower of which was blown down by a tornado during our pastorate, which we re-built. We had a good Sunday-school, good prayer and class meetings, and a good religious interest all the time, and a goodly number were taken into the church. From here I was called back to Albion again, to take the agency of the Seminary a year, for the purpose of improving the financial condition of the school. I also had the care of the church at this place, which was too much for my state of health—for all these years I was suffering from bronchial affection. But the labors of this year have already been referred to, hence I will say no more. Oct. 6, 1876, we took up our abode at Ackley, Hardin county, Iowa, where we had been appointed by the conference, and as they had sold their parsonage we boarded around with the members a few weeks, and lodged in the church; and

at once put all our energies to work at a new parsonage which was finished, and we living in it within six weeks. It was a very neat and commodious little house, and well adapted to our little family, which consisted at this time of myself, wife, and our daughter, Florence. This was considered a hard field at the time we were sent to it, as our society was small and poor and the members considerably divided among themselves; but not in the least discouraged, we went to work in good earnest, and the Lord abundantly blessed our labors. From January 1 to April 1 we held meetings almost day and night and had a most glorious revival. Over 200 professed pardon and peace through our Lord Jesus Christ, and I took into the church as many as 65 in one day. A part of the time this was a partnership meeting with the Presbyterians, and Dean, the Evangelist, conducted it. This, I now think, was a mistake, as we did not work together very harmoniously, and before the converts were all taken into the churches there was more hard feeling and discord between the churches than ever existed before. I, therefore, give it as my candid opinion that, as a rule, it is best for each society to work with their own harness on, in their own way. We remained at Ackley three years, and, as a whole, had a pleasant and profitable time of it.

Our conference this year was held at Davenport, and it was a very pleasant session. We were appointed to Jessup, Buchanan county, Iowa, and took possession of the parsonage October 8, 1879. It was rather an ancient institution, but answered the purpose well enough. The church needed repairs badly, which was attended to in due time, and then was quite neat and commodious, accommodating about 400. The society was strong numerically, and included many good, substantial mem-

bers, but, as a whole, was not very progressive. We had our usual revival and a goodly number were added to the church, and the first year passed off very pleasantly, but at the close of the second year things did not look quite so favorable, and we felt it a great privilege to be quietly relieved, according to our church regulations, without any unpleasant feelings, and go to another field.

Accordingly, at the conference held this year at Osage, we were sent to Blairstown, Benton county, Iowa. This seemed like going home, as in this vicinity both my parents and my wife's parents and many of our brothers and sisters had resided, but at this time had all removed but Mrs. Josie Hayden, my wife's youngest sister. But as we had resided here several years ourselves, we still found many friends and acquaintances which made it very pleasant. During the first year we had a good revival and took quite a number into the church, and also relieved the church property of an almost hopeless debt—my wife paying \$100 of it herself.

In the spring of the second year, my health being precarious, admonishing me that the infirmities of old age were approaching, and perceiving that amidst the superabundance of college-bred young ministers coming on, the old pioneer preachers were not so much in demand as formerly and did not have as much of a show for "easy appointments," and also remembering that the forty years of my ministry had expired, which was the length of time I had at first decided would be about the limit of my itinerant career; but above all, seeing a providential opening to secure a little home of my own where I could spend my declining years in peace and quietude, I decided to ask the conference for a superannuated relation, which was granted at the next conference in 1883. But in order that I might successfully enter this "providential

opening" and stop at the end of forty years, I arranged with the presiding elder to supply my place until conference, and we moved to Chicago Lawn, a beautiful suburb of Chicago, where two of my brothers and my mother and sister already resided. We arrived there and my mother gave me a "reception dinner" on March 24, 1883, after being in the itinerant ministry just forty years to the day. During this time I traveled 117,000 miles and preached 4,762 times, and received into the church about 3,000 persons. I kept a diary, so can tell every text I preached, the name of every place and person I lodged with every night, and the distance I traveled each day as well as the principal events that came under my observation. I did this for my own satisfaction and benefit, for it greatly strengthened my habits of order and promptness, and enabled me to recall persons, places and events that otherwise would have passed into oblivion. I would advise everyone to keep a diary, even though it be on a small scale. I would not take one thousand dollars for mine.

I never wrote out in full but one sermon; hence, preaching extemporaneously, I never preached precisely the same sermon twice, save this one.

Writing sermons has its advantages and disadvantages, and, after an experience of forty years, I now feel that if I had to do it over again I would write a great many more of my sermons, but would not read any of them *verbatim* in the public congregation.

And now, as my active ministerial life has come to a close and I review the past, I am constrained to say that with all its toils and trials it has been a very satisfactory life to me. I greatly prize the itinerant ministry, and believe it is the best and most effective system in the world for the promulgation of the gospel of Christ in all

the earth, and if I had my life to live over again I would be an itinerant preacher in preference to any profession or calling I have any knowledge of.

I sincerely wish I had been more successful. And, with my present experience, seeing things as I now see them, I feel certain I could do better if I had to do it over again. But I have this to console me, that I was sincere and did the best I could under the circumstances. And, taking all things into the account, I am really astonished that I succeeded as well as I did. My "sufficiency" came from God, and to him be all the glory.

Since here at Chicago Lawn, now seven years, I have greatly enjoyed myself, being permitted to live among many of my father's family, and all but one of my own family. I have a comfortable home and many friends, and am blessed with all the necessaries and many of the conveniences of this life. I very much appreciate a settled home after wandering about forty years in the itinerancy. But the reader must not infer that I am idling away my time in my declining years, for, though I am nearly seventy, I am busy all the time, still rising at five o'clock in the morning and performing both mental and physical work nearly all the time. I witnessed the increase of Chicago Lawn from nine houses to a population of nearly 2,000—now added to the city of Chicago. I made the first Fourth of July speech; preached the first sermon, and conducted the first prayer-meeting in Chicago Lawn. I also organized the first church and the first Sunday-school, and now I am superintending the building of the first house of worship in Chicago Lawn, and in this way I expect to continue doing good to the end of my earthly pilgrimage.

URIAH EBERHART.

CHICAGO LAWN, ILL., 1890.

THE END.