An Itinerant’s Career: Dedicated to the Historical Society of the Puget Sound Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church

David Goruch LeSourd D.D.
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by

David Gorsuch LeSourd, D.D.

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Rev. LeSourd originally dictated his autobiography to his first wife, Maggie, who wrote it down in longhand. It was later typed from the original by Charlotte Riemer, secretary to then University of Puget Sound President Edward H. Todd. The handwritten manuscript is lost; this text was created from the typed version, two copies of which are housed in the University of Puget Sound Archives at Collins Memorial Library (Library of Congress call number BX8495 .L67; OCLC 444904904).

In editing the text I verified names and dates to the degree possible, corrected spellings, and applied consistent style and punctuation, but I did not interfere with LeSourd’s voice or recollection of events. In several instances LeSourd expresses opinions or describes scenes in a way that would be considered insensitive today. Since these passages help us understand LeSourd’s time and place in history, they appear as written. In a very few other cases the typescript was missing a line or skipped a phrase. When absent words could not be inferred, the text skips to the next full line.

My extreme gratitude to University of Puget Sound student Lestraundra Alfred, who spent a good part of her sophomore year, between her studies, rekeying the manuscript for digital reproduction, and to Jim Walker, archives and history chair for the Pacific Northwest United Methodist Conference, and Dick Seber, of the Methodist Church, for their assistance. Thanks also to Pat Mallinson for reading the manuscript and for her usual sharp eye.

Chuck Luce
Tacoma, Washington, April 2010
was born on Oct. 4, 1841, near Rossville, Clinton County, Ind., and was the 10th child of a family that later consisted of father, mother, and 12 children.

My grandfather, John Peter LeSourd, came to this country from France, a corporal in one of four regiments that landed at Newport, R.I., during the American Revolution. He was with his regiment at the siege of Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered.

After the war, he, like most of the French soldiers, remained in this country, married a Miss Curtis of Virginia, and settled about 20 miles north of Baltimore, Md. In this neighborhood both my father and mother were born.

My mother’s maiden name was Ann Gorsuch, and her father was doubtless a descendant of Charles Gorsuch, a Quaker who in 1662 received a patent for 50 acres on Whetstone Point, now embraced in the city of Baltimore.

Grandfather LeSourd was a small farmer, a great reader, a staunch Protestant. Although reared a Catholic he became an ardent Methodist. My mother’s early home was near the Gorsuch Mill, owned by her honored father. There she was married to my father, Benjamin LeSourd, in 1824. They lived on the old LeSourd farm for a decade or more.

There, the most of my brothers and sisters were born, but about 1836, Father and his family followed most of their relatives to the Miami Valley in the state of Ohio, where Father conducted a small
mercantile business until 1841. A few months before I was born, they migrated to Indiana and settled temporarily in Clinton County but in the following February moved on to a pre-emption in the big woods of Howard County, then known as the Miami Reserve.

As I was only an infant I do not remember when our folks went into the first log cabin, which later became a double log house with puncheon floors, stick chimneys, and broad fireplaces. There, in three years, I came to a limited consciousness of my surroundings. I remember the little, cleared fields, the “log rollings,” the “big log heaps,” the “pulling of the flax,” how it was “broken,” “scutched,” “hackled,” and spun on the little or big wheel into thread and then woven on the loom into cloth.

I recall the day I got into my linsey-woolsey pants, also the fact that I had a horror of school, believing that teachers almost skinned their puppies alive. Well I remember how my sisters hired me to go to school and remain all of one day. This I did, although I screamed with fright when the teacher threatened to put two of the boys into the hole under the puncheon floor. In time I attended several of these short-term schools, sat on rude seats at narrow rails with no support for our backs and often no rest for our feet that hung limp three or four inches from the floor. My only textbook was the elementary spelling book. The monotony of these schooldays did not prevent me from learning to spell well for one of my years. The little I ever knew about spelling I learned in these backwoods schools. The County of Howard was organized about the time Father moved into it, and for several years he served as probate judge. When Father would come home after court week I often heard him speak of Murray and Lindsey, two county attorneys, and I had no idea there were any other lawyers in the world.

The first town I ever saw was Kokomo, now quite a city, but at that time consisting chiefly of 15 or 20 log cabins. Crude as was
the little world in which we lived, we were greatly blessed. First, in the fact that we had good Christian parents who taught us children the fear of the Lord. And, second, that the itinerant Methodist preacher came statedly [sic] into our neighborhood and often made our home his. Nor can I overestimate the influence those devoted preachers had on the expanding lives of us children. Not only did they preach the Gospel but inspired us with an ardent desire to learn and thus become as good and great as we thought they were.

Hence every one of my brothers and sisters as well as myself were in due time converted to God and became devoted and intelligent Methodists. When I was 9 years of age my father, owing to an unfortunate financial venture in building a mill which never paid, sold his property and moved west to the prairies in Jasper County. After living two years on a rented farm he began to build a home in the southern part of the county on a beautiful tract of prairie which he expected soon to enter. But on going to the land office he found that this land had been taken up by speculators, as had all the good land in that part of the state. Nor would these land-grabbers sell one foot of the land on which our folks had made improvements. This was very disheartening, the more so because Father was in very poor health. Hence, for several years after this we lived most of the time on farms in White County [Ind.], which we cultivated on shares. In the meantime, from 1850 to 1857, there were no public schools where we could attend, save one held during a very cold winter.

There I began the study of arithmetic and reveled in it as I did in the higher mathematics in later years. Finally Father and my oldest brother, Curtis, bought a small farm 3 miles east of Brookston in White County. Here, those of us who were at home worked hard and lived in comfort if not in luxury.

We had preaching every two or three weeks, a district school which we attended each winter. But all told I hardly had more
than 20 months of school until after I attained my majority. In the
meantime, as I ripened in years, there had grown in me an ardent
desire for an education. I knew little of colleges, and what little I
knew gave me no hope that I could ever attend one. But I would
have given the world for the privilege. Sister Martha and I often
studied our lessons at night after the family had gone to bed until
Father would order us to go, too. Long before this, in 1856, when I
was 15 years of age, I had become greatly interested in the political
contest between Fremont and Buchanan for the presidency. All
my folks were strong anti-slavery and supported Fremont and the
Republican Party. I would go 5 miles to the station to get the semi-
weekly *Tribune*, and, poor reader as I was, I would pore over that
paper of evenings till it was so dark I could not see.

There and then I began to acquire a taste for periodical literature,
and in a few years I was reading eagerly such papers and books as
suited my age and came within my reach.

When I was about 11, I with two of my brothers united with
the church in a noonday prayer meeting held in my father’s house.
The meeting was held at that hour so that we who were in school
could attend. Although I was deeply impressed, I did not at that
time experience the marvelous conversion I had heard others talk
about. I am now convinced that what I most needed was a wise
counselor.

From my earliest childhood I had had the fear of God before my
eyes. When not more than 5 years of age I longed to be a Christian
and to belong to the church. But we received the impression that
some wonderful change must be wrought in us before we were fit
for a home in the church. Hence, while praying sincerely, I thought
of myself as out of the Kingdom. Even after joining the church I
was not satisfied because I had not received a shouting religion. Yet
in a weak way I followed on to know the Lord until after the war.
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When in college He came to me as the rain, as the latter and former rain upon the Earth.

I was now 18 years old, nearly grown and used to farm work. Indeed I almost grew up between the cornrows. When 10 and 11 years of age my brother Frank and I followed the breaking plow as it, propelled by five yoke of oxen, turned over the stiff prairie sod, leaving a furrow 18 inches wide and a mile long. In these furrows we dropped the kernels of corn.

When 12 years old, I had charge of a team of horses and a plow. Early in the spring my next older brother, Benjamin, and I each ran a plow in a field 3 miles from home, breaking ground for oats. One day brother Ben had to go for a load of wood, so I harnessed my team, rose to the field, and, hitching up, plowed ’til noon, unhitched, watered and fed my team, and then ate my cold dinner all alone. Hitching up again I worked on till about 6 o’clock, when, with my faithful horses, I went home feeling I had done the manly thing.

It was early in 1860 that brother John, a noble young man, died in Jasper County from an internal sprain. His body was brought home for burial and was laid away in the cemetery at Pretty Prairie Church, where now sleep our parents and seven of their children. This was the second death in the family.

Three years before this, sister Rebecca Brooks died in Minnesota, leaving a husband and three children, only one of whom survives at this writing—the Rev. B.F. Brooks. This beginning of sorrow made an impression on my mind never to be forgotten.

It was early in the spring of 1861 that the Civil War broke out as the result of the attack on Fort Sumter. Excitement ran high. My heart flamed with an ardent desire to see the rebellion crushed. In the fall of that year my brothers Curt and Ben enlisted in the 46th Indiana Infantry. I was eager to go, too, but it was decided I must remain at home with my younger brother Frank to cultivate the
farm. This was the more necessary, as Father had been for a long time a semi-invalid. But as the war waxed fiercer the need of the country dominated all my thoughts, and, in August 1862, on a Saturday, I enlisted in Brookston, giving my name to Lt. Price, who was the recruiting officer for Capt. Bowman’s company, which was soon to be Company D, 12th Indiana Infantry, a regiment that had served one year and was now reorganizing for three years.

My folks did not object to my going but were very serious. At first it seemed I was to be the only one in my company going from our neighborhood, but by the next Tuesday, when the company mustered at Brookston, three of my intimate friends and schoolmates had joined me, and there were others in the company I knew.

My chums were Frank Eldridge, Will Sleeth, and George Hay. They were not only agreeable company but helped greatly later on to stave off attacks of homesickness, each passing around all his letters from the home folks and the girl he left behind him…

After our many friends had bidden us good-bye at Brookston we sat up or stood up all night before we got a train for Indianapolis, where we went into camp with our regiment.

Here we drew regulation clothing, and, fit or no fit, managed to put on every garment assigned us. Thus clothed in coarse woolen underwear and navy blue vest, coat, and pants in the hot month of August, it seemed we would smother. And what was worse, when night came and six of us were crowded into a wedge tent side by side on the ground, with little but earth under us and the nettling garments all over us, we found ourselves in a state of torment through most of the night. Nevertheless these were things we must get used to in army life.

The next morning, on looking out, I saw a big mess pan of rice, which had heaved up and topped out like a haystack and had run over, nearly putting out the fire, and which the raw cook in despair
had abandoned to its fate. This gives some idea of our cooking during our initiation into camp life.

But we learned fast, and in time became experts within the range of army culinary possibilities. The cooking did not bother us so much as getting used to camp fare, which consisted chiefly of hardtack, bacon, beans, and coffee. I think few of the higher officers fared as well then as the private does in the army of today.

We had been in camp little more than a week when our regiment was ordered to the front. Boarding a long train of boxcars without seats, we traveled via Cincinnati to Lexington, Ky.

On our arrival at Lawrenceburg, Ind., at midnight, bonfires were burning in the streets and the people, old and young, vied with each other in giving our men coffee, rolls, and doughnuts. Arriving in Lexington on the morning of the second day we camped southeast of the little city in a beautiful bluegrass pasture dotted here and there with ash and elm trees.

Toward the close of the next day we had dress parade, and while standing at “parade rest” in full dress, the sun beating down unmercifully on our backs, I dropped to the ground overcome by the heat. When the regiment returned to its quarters I was one of about a dozen still lying on the grass where we had fallen. I soon rallied and in a day or two was able to march with my command as it was ordered forward, as was supposed, to reinforce Cumberland Gap.

Leaving our tents and knapsacks behind us we carried only guns, cartridge boxes, haversacks, canteens, blankets, ponchos, frying pans, and coffee pots. Thus we were equipped in what was called “light marching order.” But for troops on their first day’s march on a scorching hot day, this load was anything but light. And, although there were frequent halts, the men fell out by the score all day long, overcome with heat and fatigue. Near sundown those that were in the ranks went into camp having marched 16 miles, while a column
6 miles long came slowly straggling in. While preparing to make coffee there was a sudden commotion in camp. “Fall in!” was heard on every side, and as we formed ranks we learned that Richmond, 11 miles up the pike, was supposed to be menaced by the rebel cavalry that had that day defeated a body of our cavalry at a place called “Big Hill.” We moved forward as fast as we could to save the town, but, in the dark and dust, desperately tired men could move but slowly.

Finally, fool’s orders were given that we might throw away all of our outfit except cartridge boxes and guns, and at once blankets, frying pans, coffee pots, and even haversacks were dumped into the fence corners. Thus relieved a little we staggered on till about midnight, when we came to the town. Our mouths parched with thirst and our tongues swollen and gritty, we formed a line of battle in the streets, but, no sign of an enemy being heard, we were allowed to drop on the stone sidewalk and go to sleep. Stiffened and dirty, we rose in the morning hardly able to recognize each other because of the dust and grime that covered us. We were of course ravenously hungry, not having had anything warm for 24 hours, but now we did not have hardtack or coffee. And for more than a week, as we camped at this town located in a rich country, we had no regular supplies issued and no way of cooking what we did get. Wagons and men were sent back to gather up the things we had foolishly thrown away the night before.

When they returned with such things as had not been carried away by Negroes living along the road, there was a wild rush for the wagons. Not one in three got anything. I was the only one of us four chums who got a blanket, and all of us slept spoon-fashion on the ground with that over us. As for frying pan or coffee pot, we had none, and seldom could one be borrowed. Grumbling and fault-finding were the order of the day!

It was known that Gen. Manson, our immediate commander,
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had only 6,500 men, most of them just from home, and that a rebel army had invaded eastern Kentucky and was marching down on us. But instead of falling back to Lexington, where Gen. Nelson, our department commander, held a larger portion of his troops, Manson let us remain in Richmond, 27 miles from support, till the enemy, 15,000 strong under Gen. Kirby Smith, attacked us. Manson began the battle early in the day with one little brigade.

This was forced back and took position with another little brigade 4 miles in front of Richmond. These were attacked fiercely and soon driven to the rear. Then the semi-brigade to which our regiment belonged joined on the right of the new line. Here the rebels assaulted our left, while we on the extreme right advanced through a woods on a left wheel till we came within 100 yards of the enemy, taking position behind a fence in our front.

These were old troops, many of whom had seen service at Shiloh. They opened on us through the fence with a volley that fairly shivered our line. Of course we replied with our clumsy Belgian muskets as fast as we could, and as the rebels lost as many killed and wounded as we did, our fire must have been severer. But every minute our men were falling. On my right hand, a man, John C. Johnson, sank at the root of a tree, shot through the left shoulder, the blood splashing his face and clothes. I heard the groans and cries of others who were wounded and some of whom were dying but was so agitated and so busy awkwardly trying to load and shoot that I knew but little of what was going on.

The contest had lasted half an hour or more when I glanced to my left and to my surprise saw that with one exception only a line of dead or wounded remained. Captain Bowman was standing about a rod to my left and rear and said, “Fall back, boys. There’s no use staying there longer.” Looking to my right I saw just four or five men leaving the firing line.
The facts are that the enemy had crushed in the left of our line first, then the center, and we were the very last of the extreme right to retire. In a little field a quarter of a mile to the rear I found our regiment in a state of utter disorganization. There, too, I found Frank Eldridge and George Hay. Will Sleeth was sick and in the hospital. We were glad to find that all three of us were unhurt. Frank said, “Well, we got what we wanted—a battle—but we did not want to get licked.” At that, George, who was only 18, burst into a flood of tears, indicative of the deep chagrin we all felt.

Our losses had been fearful, about 17 having been killed and wounded in our company of not more than 75 present. Our noble Col. Link straightened out the regiment and marched us back to our old camp in front of Richmond. He seemed to have foreseen the disaster we had suffered, realizing that our little force was utterly unprepared for battle. That afternoon, while trying to rally the men, he received a mortal wound.

The remnant of our force formed a line of battle in front of the town with its wings refused. The enemy came on in great force and sent a heavy column of cavalry to our left rear, within plain view, to cut off our retreat. He then attacked our right, left, and front, crushing our weak line and sending it in dire confusion back through the town.

In retreating I was one of the last to scale a high fence just in our rear and tried to go through under the rider, but this caught my cartridge box and held me as in a vice. By the time I extricated myself I was at least 150 yards behind our retreating men. I dared not look back to see how near the enemy was but ran with all my might for some 300 yards when I turned and beheld a line of “Johnnies” advancing in the field we were in and about even with the place where I had stuck in the fence. I have often wondered that they let me escape.
As I came to the south side of the town Gen. Nelson, who had arrived on the field from Lexington, was trying to rally the troops along a post-and-rail fence. I paused and panted as did some others, but the mass of the men and officers would not rally under him for they believed he had exposed and shamefully neglected them. Hence, heedless of his appeals, they moved along every street and alley, the whole of our force, men, batteries, wagons, ambulances, all going pell-mell to the rear. Passing along an alley to the west of the town I came to a pond of warm, muddy water in which were a large number of mounted officers watering their horses and immersing their canteens. I waded in and got down on my hands till they sank in the mud to my wrists and drank out of a horse track, the water being so thick with clay that a little of it made me sick. In the meantime I heard execrations from those officers that they did not care a damn what became of themselves if only Gen. Nelson was killed.

As I passed along on the pike, now almost choked with a streaming mass of fugitives, it became evident to many of us that we were hastening into a rebel trap, that the cavalry which had gone to our rear had planted itself squarely across our line of retreat to Lexington. Those of our number who had run first and fastest rushed headlong into the trap. They were followed by 2,000 or more who found themselves prisoners in the hands of the rebels, having moments before mistook [sic] them to be Union soldiers coming to reinforce us.

But many, suspecting the true state of affairs on the pike ahead of us, went off to the right or left and, dodging through fields and ravines, eluded the enemy till a friendly night threw a mantle over us. I was one of many that went off to the left of the pike. In the evening twilight, about 30 of us, all strangers to each other, got together at a pool of warm water. Here we drank and drank to
quench our burning thirst, then, exhausted, threw ourselves on the ground. But even there we could hear the muffled roar over on the pike a mile away, where the rebels were corralling our poor fellows. Presently a lieutenant of the 16th Indiana with part of his company came our way and insisted that we should follow him. We agreed to do so but urged him to follow the ravine we were in down to the Kentucky River, but he turned off at right angles to the course he should have taken.

We followed him through fields of corn and tangled copses of brush and briers till many of our boys, some of them badly wounded, sank down to be left behind. After 1 o’clock we laid down till 4, when we arose and consulted. Most of us told the lieutenant we would not follow him in his western course longer, and, sure that the Kentucky River was to the north, we started in that direction, and as dawn was coming on all soon saw that we were right and followed in our wake. Trudging on over a very broken landscape, looking for the river from every hilltop, we finally came to a cabin and asked the inmates how far it was to the river. To our surprise they answered, “4 miles,” so we were little nearer than we were the evening before. Those 4 miles seemed interminable, but at last we reached and waded into the river.

Then, every fellow for himself, we slowly plodded on. About 4 o’clock I came to the pike I had left the day before. On this there was a column of troops falling back toward Lexington. They had started out under Nelson to reinforce us but only got as far as the Kentucky River when, hearing of our defeat, they halted and were now on their way back to their starting point. Struggling back on either side were many who had been in the battle and had made their escape. I soon ran across Stacy and Coshow of our company, the first men I had seen who I knew since the break on the firing line the day before. We agreed to stay together and, as soon as we
could get something to eat, to lie down for the night and risk the danger of being taken by the rebels. Going to one plantation we could see no one but an old colored man.

We asked him if there was any chance for soldiers to get something to eat there. He answered, “I do’ know, sor. Fo’ks all gone off here, sor.” Assured the proprietor was a rebel we asked the somber slave if he could tell us of someone who would feed soldiers. “Oh, ye,” said he, brightening up. “There is the home of Mr. so-and-so over the pike there. He been feeding sojers all day, sor.”

Well, straight for the mansion over the pike we went and learned it was the home of a leading Union man of the state. Going to the back door, a splendid lady greeted us kindly and did not have to be told that we were hungry. She invited us into the hall and told us that a lot of officers were eating at the table. If anything was left after they were through we should surely have it, she said. Stacy, who was very footsore, fearing we would get nothing, pleaded for a cup of tea saying he was sick.

“Well,” said the lady, “a sick man must have something if others go without.”

So she went and brought him a cup of tea and two small biscuits. These he ate as he lay on his blanket and, handing cup and saucer back, thanked the lady profusely, although what he had eaten simply whetted his appetite.

Afterward, our kind hostess called Coshow and myself to the table, where we found plenty of cornbread and buttermilk—just what we craved. And while we ate ravenously, poor Stacy felt like kicking himself for what he had done, wishing to share a place with us at the table but too polite to tell the mistress of the house that he now had the appetite of a well man.

The good lady sent us to the barn with quilts to sleep on, but we had become so used to sleeping on the ground that the haymow was
entirely too warm and, sore as we were, slept but little that night.

Starting early in the morning we went by the house, when the proprietor called to us to wait ’til Dinah, the cook, could bring us some johnnycake. This we gladly accepted and gave her a little money for her service.

It was only 4 miles to Lexington, where we soon expected to be and to rest. But Stacy’s blistered feet were so bad he could not walk without help, so Coshow and I got one on either side of him, allowing him to relieve the weight on his feet by swinging on our shoulders; hence it took nearly all the forenoon for us to reach the little city. On arriving there we found, besides several full regiments, about one-fourth of each regiment that had been in the battle.

Our superior regimental officer present was the captain of Company K. Our company had present our 2nd Lt. Price and 25 or 30 men, among them two of my chums, George Hay and Frank Eldridge.

How glad we were to greet each other! Looking over to the camp where we left our tents and knapsacks a few days before, we saw them in flames, and all around were more than $500,000 worth of supplies going up in smoke. Hundreds of wagons were emptied of their loads and then run off, while their contents were left to be burned. Nearly all of this property could have been saved, but panic-stricken officers who had not been in the battle were certain that the rebels were on our heels, and we must abandon everything and hasten away. And though the rebels did not get into Lexington for several days, after this we were hustled out on a retreat of 100 miles to Louisville.

Stacy was allowed to ride in a wagon. The rest of us marched the remainder of the day till 5 o’clock in the evening, when we were allowed a sorry chance to make coffee. Then we slept till 3 o’clock in the morning, when we took up the weary line of march and
plodded on till 10 o’clock that night, when we went into bivouac at Frankfort.

Leaving there before daylight, we never stopped long enough to cook anything till 11 at night. We had hardly gotten settled or asleep when at 2 in the morning we were hustled out to resume the march.

This overcrowding of men, half dead for sleep and rest, was justified on the theory that the rebels were hard after us, when in fact they had hardly reached Lexington, 80 miles in our rear. As it was, owing to the dark night, the road was so blocked with wagons we could not go 100 yards without a halt, when many of us, sleeping on our feet, would bump up against our file leaders. Thus awakened and at a standstill we would drop in the deep dust of the road and lie there like dead men till roused by the cry of our officers, “Forward, men, forward!” when we would stagger to our feet, move forward a little way, halt, drop down again, and lie in the choking dust as before.

Thus the weary hours went by till after 9 a.m., when we went forward a little faster and, utterly exhausted, reached the suburbs of Louisville about noon. Here we camped for 10 days while Buell’s army, falling back from Nashville, was approaching the city.

In the meantime, we learned the commands taken prisoner at Richmond, Ky., were now in a parole camp at Indianapolis. Gov. Morton of Indiana soon arranged for the detachments to which we belonged to be returned to our state to join our pardoned comrades.

Gladly we crossed the Ohio River and, arriving in Indianapolis, were at once furloughed home for a few days. Arriving at the farm I had left only a month and a half before, my people were overjoyed to see me alive. For days after the battle they had heard nothing directly about me. One man, of whom it was said came home from the battlefield, reported that the last he saw of me I was lying down
behind a row of dead horses, when in fact I had never seen a dead horse during the battle.

While I was at home, brother Ben, having been discharged from the service at Memphis on account of dysentery, came home so emaciated that we scarcely knew him. Our joy on seeing him was heightened by the belief that careful nursing for a while would bring back his health and strength, but in spite of tenderest care he continued to decline for about two weeks, when he quietly passed away.

In the meantime I and my soldier chums had gone back to Indianapolis, where, at Camp Morton, we joined our regiment. From there I returned to the sad funeral of my brother. When that was all over and I was about to leave for Indianapolis, sister Mary said, “Don’t say goodbye. We can’t stand it now.”

So with a sad heart I turned away from other sad hearts and faced the duty of a soldier. Most of the men in Camp Morton were paroled prisoners, but we who had escaped capture at Richmond were privileged here to rejoin our respective companies and regiments. Our stay of about two months in this camp, though pleasant, was not one of leisure. The long sheds that surrounded what was once the state fairgrounds were our quarters. These were fitted up with bunks but no seats or tables. We had, however, plenty to eat, such as it was, more than plenty of camp guard duty, and several hours’ drill each day.

Once, while on company drill, our captain meant to order the company to make a right wheel like a gate swinging on its hinges, but forgetting the proper command he said, “Company, just come around like a gatepost on its hinges.” This caused an uproar of laughter.

Finally about November 20 news came that our regiment had been exchanged, and shortly we entertained for some point down
the Mississippi. Starting west in the evening, the next morning found us speeding over the prairies south of Decatur, Ill. Late in the evening we arrived at Cairo and went on board the *J.H. Doan*, a boat that could hardly be kept afloat. Bedding down on the decks, we slowly floated down 300 miles to Memphis, Tenn., where we landed and went into camp with Sherman’s corps. Under this general we were destined to serve nearly all the remainder of the war. He was fitting out his command to join Grant’s overland campaign against Vicksburg.

Starting on the 26th of November, we camped on a rich plantation the second night. It was owned by a man who boasted of the sons he had in the rebel army and, while insisting that guards should be placed over all of his property, became so offensive as he told of his devotion to the Jeff Davis government that the guards, as soon as they were off duty, joined by others, only waited their opportunity to punish him for his open treason. Hence as we left the place we saw the cotton gin, then the barn, and other buildings in flames ’til all but the home were consumed. Officers tried to prevent this but could not.

Bridges had been burned by the enemy in places, and because of slippery banks the best of teams would stall. But a detail of men—20 or 30—with a long rope attached to a cannon or a wagon, each soldier taking hold with one hand, could walk away with the heavy load with the greatest ease. Thus for hours one vehicle after another would be hauled up the steep banks, the men laughing and singing as if the work were sport.

One evening we camped in a cornfield, where we made our beds (for us four) of corn blades and, lying down with blankets over and under us, thought ourselves “snug as a bug in a rug.” But alas! Before we had gotten to sleep a terrific storm broke over us, blowing down the officers’ tents, deluging the field with water, which poured
down the furrows and flooded our beds, causing us to run through a loblolly for shelter when no shelter could be found. At last most of us reached a big barnyard where we made fires out of rails, around which we stood drying our steaming garments ’til morning.

When we could see the site of our camp of the evening before, it was a fright. Many of our blankets and knapsacks were nearly buried, and stacks of guns were flat in the mud. We spent most of the day there cleaning up, only to be drenched with another downpour the next day as we marched to Wyatt, Miss., on the Tallahatchie River.

When we camped on the river bottom our men were wet and bespattered from head to foot. It was hours before we could get fires going and were shivering in wet garments we could not dry, and those in our knapsacks were soaking wet. With brush under our feet to keep us out of the water, we stood around the fires all night, wretched and forlorn.

The exposure of that day and night caused much sickness and some deaths. Here at Wyatt our newly appointed Chaplain Gage preached to us on Sunday, which reminded us of home in peaceful hours of worship. From this place the 12th Indiana was sent up the river some miles to guard the railroad bridge, while Sherman’s command marched on to join Grant’s forces near College Hill. We thus became detached from our corps and were not returned to it for seven months. Tents were brought up and we tried to be comfortable, but misfortunes overtook us. Col. Williams and our quartermaster went to Holly Springs, where vast quantities of supplies had been accumulated for Grant’s army, to secure much-needed rations for our regiment.

While they were there overnight, Col. Murphy, commander of the place, allowed himself to be surprised or pretended to be surprised by Van Dorn’s [Confederate] cavalry force, when he and nearly all his command and the great depot of supplies were taken.
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The latter were burned, and the prisoners, including the quartermaster and Col. Williams, were paroled. When word reached us of this disaster there was a commotion in our camp, and our drunken lieutenant colonel was ordering companies here and there all night, expecting a force of cavalry down on us to burn the bridge. But the enemy had gone the other way, and we settled down to routine duty and short rations, only to learn that Gen. Grant, owing to the shameful destruction of his supplies at Holly Springs, was falling back toward Tennessee. As the troops were back to our position we were assigned to Denver’s division of the 16th Corps and marched with them to Holly Springs.

Here I had the honor of standing guard at Gen. Grant’s headquarters most of one day. His manners might be characterized as simplicity itself. He passed me frequently, always returning my salute, but more interested apparently in a horse that he was showing to other officers than in anything else.

If Grant ever had reason to be discouraged it was then, but, whatever his feelings, he faced the future with courage and was soon leading his forces down the Mississippi with that quiet, bulldog persistence that never let go till the enemy surrendered.

Still falling back, a march of three or four days brought our corps to the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and our division went into camp for the winter about Grand Junction, Tenn. Our regimental camp was in a soggy old cornfield where comfort was out of the question unless we created the conditions of comfort, as we could have done by building wooden shanties with fireplaces and covering them with our tents. But this privilege was not allowed. We had, in the absence of our kindhearted Col. Williams, a tipsy lieutenant colonel who prided himself in conforming to what he called “military regulations.” Hence our men were forbidden the use of boards to raise their tents or to sleep on.
Our flat bell tents were crowded with 14 men to a tent so that there was not an inch of spare room when all were lying down. Worst of all was the fact that those who bunked on the upper side of the tent could not stretch out their limbs without placing their feet on the knapsacks and in close proximity to the faces of those who slept in the lower row. All this created bickering and discontent. Nor could we warm ourselves by campfires, as green wood had to be carried a long distance and hardly sufficed for cooking purposes. As it proved a winter of alternate rain and snow, freezing and thawing, we could not air our damp blankets, and when we lifted our ponchos from the ground where we had slept, every man could see the imprint of his body in the soft clay.

Under these circumstances no one felt well, and sickness increased alarmingly. The hospitals were overflowing, and the funeral dirge could be heard daily. Among those who sickened and died was my bunkie Frank Eldridge. One day after he had been sick some time he called me into the tent when others were out and told me he thought he could not get well and entreated me to pray for him that he might be converted. I told him I felt too unworthy to pray for myself, but he expressed the utmost confidence in me and urged me to pray. And there, for the first time in my life, I lifted up my voice in audible prayer. And as I prayed he prayed also, turning over on his face in an agony of suffocation. Finally his struggles ceased, and turning over he looked up into my face and said, “Dave, I feel better. I do believe the Lord has pardoned my sins.” And I left him happy.

He was soon after this taken to the hospital, where typhoid fever ran its deadly course. There, some 10 days later, I was by his cot with our chaplain when the light of heaven shone in those emaciated features. The chaplain asked, “What shall I tell your mother after you are gone?” He answered, “Tell her I am happier now than she or anyone else can be in this world.”
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Already in thought he was in the borderland of another world, far removed from pain and sorrow. In a few moments he passed beyond the shadows into the light immortal, eternal. He was buried where 40 of our regiment had been laid away. A few days later his body was disinterred to be taken back to Indiana, and it was found his rude coffin had been immersed in water.

Here let me allude to the experience of our company while on picket duty during a great storm. It had rained all day before we went out in the evening. The wind veered to the northwest, and, as it turned cold, snow came down rapidly. I was sent with a squad to a high hill that was raked by the driving wind and snow. We had no shelter and could only keep a little fire going by dragging up long sleet-covered boards from a fence 100 yards away and putting the ends of these on the fire to keep it from going entirely out.

The storm became a blizzard, and our sentinel on post a little down the hill said it was stifling down there. Another man relieved him and after half an hour came in saying, “It’s too bad for mortal man out there.”

“Well,” said the sergeant, “we will not send out another sentinel. Let the rebs come and take us if they can.” So, wrapping our damp blankets about us, we hovered over our little fire with the snow piling up all around us.

To get the effect of the heat we crowded so close down to the flickering blaze that even our eyebrows and lashes were scorched. In the morning Capt. Bowman came wading up through the snow that was more than knee deep to see whether we were dead or alive. Indeed we felt as if it had been a struggle for life.

In those two long, gloomy months at Grand Junction there were scarcely any bright spots. One was when the mail reached us after our arrival there. It had been six weeks since we had heard from home. When each read a letter he would tell the news to others who
had come from his neighborhood. But when he got a letter from his sweetheart he was so delighted that he would perhaps smile a radiant smile to himself. Another, finding something particularly good, would leap to his feet, utter a yell like an Indian, and spin round on his heels saying, “Come here, boys! Come here! Just see this, will you!”

Another was when an improved quality of rations was issued to us. For a long time we had been compelled to eat St. Louis crackers that were full of bugs, and bacon that was so far decayed that the rind would drop from the side of meat when we tried to hang it up. As to the crackers, the boys would heat them before the fire till they burst open and then shake out the intruders, saying they preferred not to have their bread and meat mixed. After vigorous protests and many curses aimed at our quartermaster we received more welcome rations, very much to our satisfaction.

Another joyful occasion was when word reached us that we were to be moved farther west on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. Anywhere we could be sent we thought preferable to staying at Grand Junction. Indeed, our experiences there lingered in our minds all through the war like the memory of a nightmare. How glad we were, therefore, to board the train that carried us west to Neville Station, within 20 miles of Memphis. Here, in a beautiful grove, we erected shanties out of the abundant material left us by a Kansas cavalry regiment, which we had relieved.

We covered these shacks with our tents, which let in the light but kept out the rain. We built bunks two feet from the ground with boards or shakes instead of mattress springs. Sleeping on these, away from the ground, was a real luxury.

It was now early March, and the warm breath of a Southern spring was infusing new life into grass, shrubs, and trees. Fields grew green. Flowers bloomed. The majestic oaks leafed out, and the
birds sang in chorus their songs of joy. All of us felt a thrill of new energy in our bodies as a result of an improved environment and the exhilarating spring weather. Indeed, our three-months’ stay at this place is remembered as a dream of delights. I now recall the pleasure I had as I stood guard just before day and heard the mocking birds imitate the songs of a score of other birds.

All our boys spruced up and even blackened their shoes till they shone like mirrors. When the regiment, now under Col. Williams again, mustered for dress parade it made a splendid appearance. It is true that we had a long line of railroad to patrol of nights. To effect this, one company after another was stationed right or left of headquarters several miles apart. Once, when our company was out for a fortnight at one of these posts, one of our pickets, after nightfall, fired at what he took to be rebel cavalry but which proved to be a skeleton of a horse which had been turned out to die. At the discharge of the gun every man rushed with his gun and cartridge box into our little stockade. Some were not half dressed, and the ludicrous appearance of many as they hustled into pants or shoes could never be forgotten. Soon we calmed down to find our alarm without cause.

As a rule, the beautiful days were given up to sports. Mumble-the-peg, horseshoe pitching, ball playing, and bayonet practice were indulged in as first-class sports. We baked our bread in Dutch ovens made out of brick, and, if biscuits made without soda or yeast were not excellent, they were far better than hardtack. To our great joy a carload of boxes from home reached our company at this time. Every member of Company D, with one exception, received a box of delicacies. What a joy to get cookies and fruits prepared by loved ones far away.

At this camp, one Sunday afternoon, Lt. Blackwell led a little prayer meeting, and to my surprise I was the first one called on
to lead in prayer. With no little trepidation I offered up a few sentences of prayer, and though they may have helped no one else they did help me. But in army life our stay at any camp was of uncertain tenure. Toward the last of May came orders for the whole division commanded by William S. Smith to be concentrated at Memphis for a trip down the Mississippi. We left our pleasant camp with some reluctance but with high hopes of having an honorable part in the siege of Vicksburg, which at that time was receiving so much attention.

Within two days our whole division—cannon and horses, wagons and mules—had gone on board a flotilla of 14 river steamers. As these vessels pulled out and followed one after another downstream, the decks of each lined with soldiers in blue, their flags waving and bands playing, patriotic sentiments were aroused and voiced in hearty cheers.

The trip of 400 miles down the river amid scenes that were new became increasingly interesting as we reached the lowlands, where the live oak and the holly were festooned with long, gray Spanish moss.

One amusing incident of our trip we never can forget. Our regiment was on the Belle Memphis, one of the finest steamers on the Mississippi. Its captain was cross and gruff toward all save the commissioned officers. Only the latter were allowed in the cabins. The rank and file had to sleep on the cold decks. One evening when a drizzling rain was falling, Col. Williams took matters into his own hands and let the men into the nice, warm cabins. Of course there was a jam of soldiers who soon occupied every available inch of sleeping space on the floors. In fact the lower limbs of the men often overlapped each other badly. About 4 in the morning the captain of the boat started from his stateroom to reach a door at the end of his cabin. To do this he had to pass over the mass of sleeping soldiers.
Inevitably he would step on the shins of the men who, half awake, became as furious as if they had been charged by a mad bull.

At once, hundreds of heels were in the air kicking viciously to ward off the intruder, while cries of “Kick him!” “Kill him!” “Throw him out!” were heard on every hand. So the poor captain, cursing and jumping from one set of shins to another, was kept bouncing by the kicks that landed about the seat of his pants. Finally he reached the door amid the derisive roar of laughter.

Nor did our boys ever forget the night when they got even with that overbearing captain. Reaching the mouth of the Yazoo River, we turned up its sluggish current and passed Grant’s base of supplies, where for the first time we saw men whose bronzed faces and soiled uniforms indicated the severity of life in the ditches about Vicksburg.

Going on we passed numerous crocodiles scuttling right and left in the water, and, ascending a few miles, we landed at Snyder’s Bluff, 12 miles from Vicksburg. We took position to the right of Kimball’s division, which was already there. In a few days we were joined by two divisions of Parke’s 9th Corps and thus had a formidable force, which was engaged in building a line of fortifications some 15 miles long facing the northeast.

Along this line we were posted to defeat the rebel Gen. [Joseph E.] Johnston’s army, should it attack, hoping to force its way into Vicksburg and thus raise the siege. Johnston was near at hand with a large force but prudently refrained from attacking. In the meantime some of our men had gone into the warm Yazoo River to swim, soon to find one of their number pulled under by alligators, never to appear again, while another one was caught and barely escaped with his life. After that our boys had little taste for swimming in the Yazoo.

One night we marched to a new position and bivouacked by the side of the road in a kind of low, wild cane. Before morning, the
men were all awake and almost frantic with an itching and burning sensation that was new to them. Soon someone said, “Jiggers!” (or the chigoe, a species of flea), and “jiggers” by the thousands they were. What to do for relief we knew not till we learned that by going to the creek, stripping, greasing the whole body with bacon rind, then applying soap and plenty of water, we could get these pests to let go their hold. This remedy proved effectual.

During our stay at Snyder’s Bluff, Miss., a little, dapper baker had furnished us good bread, which had been baked in a “field baker.” Having marched to a new position, he was to follow next morning with fresh bread for breakfast. Morning came, and no bread. When, near noon, the baker arrived, we were ravenously hungry and anticipated nice, fresh loaves. Think of our disappointment when little balls of sourdough that had been half dried in the oven were distributed to us.

Our boys, indignant beyond control and believing our baker and his help had been on a spree the night before and neglected the bread, yelled in chorus at the guilty fellow whenever he appeared, saying, “Sour Dough! Sour Dough! Sour Dough!” No other name would they apply to him for days but “Sour Dough.” Thus the poor fellow was punished until he went to the colonel and insisted that he be placed back in the ranks.

All this time we could hear the booming of the siege guns, night and day, around Vicksburg. At last, on July Fourth, word reached us that the rebel stronghold had surrendered with its 30,000 of a garrison. That night our division started as a part of the 9th Corps under Parke to join two other corps, all three under the command of Gen. Sherman. His object was to bring Johnston to battle or drive him from the state.

We moved out in dust that was shoe-top deep, but soon storms came up that wrecked limbs from the trees and deluged the land
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with water. After some skirmishing we crossed the Big Black and pushed on toward Jackson, Miss. Johnston, falling back, took refuge in that fortified city.

It was so very hot, we marched mostly after dark. One night following a hard rain we went into bivouac till morning. I found nothing dry I could lie down on, and, going about 100 yards to a country church, I tried in vain to crawl under it. At every attempt the heels of men who had preceded me prevented further ingress, and I had to content myself by trying to sleep on the soft side of a little, wet log.

Following the rebel army, we closed in on three sides of the state capital on the 11th, our corps being on the north side. Then, rather than assault the strong fortifications, Sherman began regular siege operations. Day and night the cannonading and the picket firing went on, sometimes rising to the fierceness of a battle. Three days and nights our regiment was on the picket line. On one of those days we were lying in the woods when a battery of 16 guns in our rear opened on the Confederates, firing right over our heads. The enemy returned the fire with spirit, so the shells shrieked over us, passing in the opposite direction.

One seemed as dangerous as the other. Pieces of exploded shells fell among us, and one unexploded one fell at our feet and was kicked down the hill by one of our boys. Another day and night our company occupied the bed of a creek and carried on a hot skirmish fight with foes we could not see but who were close at hand. In the midst of this some of us would drop down on the damp gravel and snatch a few moments of sleep while others kept up the battle. Of course we were glad to be relieved and return to camp the next forenoon, where we could eat and sleep at pleasure.

On the night of the 15th, when Sherman was planning to throw a force across the Pearl River and thus surround the enemy,
Johnston, taking alarm, evacuated the city, and our forces marched triumphantly in. Our own regiment lost 10 wounded during the short siege, the whole army about 1,000. The enemy, including prisoners, lost probably three times that many. One of Company D’s beloved men, John Bunnel, was on the sick list and fell from a haymow where he was sleeping and broke his neck.

We remained about Jackson until the 23rd, living off and desolating a beautiful landscape, when the whole army started on its return to Vicksburg. The second day of this march was so intensely hot that thousands of men fell by the wayside, some to die, others to be brought into camp in ambulances, while many kept straggling in till after midnight.

Our division reached and crossed the Big Black at Messinger’s Ferry on the 25th and went into our summer camp on the high ground on the west side. Here were assembled all four divisions of Sherman’s corps, the 15th, for we had been transferred to it, which was the same corps we had joined at Memphis and with which we were to serve till the close of the war.

Our camp, called Camp Sherman, was high and healthy for that malarial climate. In the ravines were copious springs of pure water. Many of the troops were sheltered by the cooling shade of trees. All the camp and its surroundings were carefully policed, and not a foot of refuse or decayed vegetable deposit remained unburned.

Our tents were brought up, erected high above ground, and bunks placed within where the air could circulate freely. Each mess set up little tables on which we ate cooked rations that were wholesome and drank coffee that was good and strong. Indeed, the more than two months spent at that camp was in the main a season of rest and contentment.

There were not a few, however, who came to the camp with the germs of disease in their bodies as the result of exposure during
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the previous campaign. Those soon developed typhoid fever, which became alarmingly prevalent and carried off its victims frequently. Each day, sometimes two or three times a day, a little procession with muffled drums and reversed arms could be seen bearing the body of a comrade to a shallow grave over which the chaplain’s prayer was offered and the sad salute fired, followed by taps, and some mother’s son was left ’til the resurrection day.

One of the helpful features of our stay at Camp Sherman was a protracted meeting held by the chaplains of the division. Much interest was awakened, and many were aroused as to the need of strengthening the things that were ready to die.

We also had some fine dress parades, our regiment in particular attracting the attention of the whole division.

Nor can I forget that often many of our men had much fun at the expense of the rude natives who came into the camp with fruit to sell. On one occasion the mischievous boys, believing these natives were rebels at heart, managed to pry the end-gate off an old wagon as it ascended the hill toward our camp. Slowly the peaches tumbled out on the ground to be eagerly snatched up by the crowd that followed. When the owner reached the camp he found to his surprise that the wagon box was empty.

Late in September it became known that Rosecrans had been defeated at Chickamauga and forced back into Chattanooga, that Gen. Grant had been ordered that way, as supposed, to take command, and that a large part of Grant’s army from about Vicksburg was to reinforce him there. Sherman was ordered to Memphis with his own corps, thence to move east toward Chattanooga, picking up the 16th Corps on the way.

We left Camp Sherman on the 28th. At Vicksburg, our division, the 4th, went on board steamers without delay, but the trip up the river was very tedious owing to an unusually low stage of water and
to the necessity of stopping three days to “wood up.” All day long the man with the lead line stood on the prow of his boat and called to the pilot, using terms that indicated the depth of the water. They ran about this way: “Mark Twain, 4 feet., Mark Twain, 4½ feet, 5 feet, 6 feet, and no bottom.” These nautical terms thereafter became favorites with our boys when they were wading streams or trying to sleep where the rain flooded the ground.

It was the 8th day of October, 1863, when we landed at Memphis and began at once to prepare for a 300-mile march to Chattanooga. The other troops had gone forward as far as Corinth, Miss., by train, but it fell to our lot to march from the start. At Neville Station we heard the sound of battle about Collierville, 4 miles farther east.

We hastened on, not knowing if our help was needed, but arriving after nightfall, learned that the garrison had been attacked in the morning by some 2,500 Confederates under Gen. Chalmers. Gen. Sherman and staff, with three companies of the 13th Regulars, happened to run into the place on a train just as the battle began. He, with all his men, joined the 600 in the fort and helped stand off and drive back the enemy. But a spirited contest continued ’til near sundown when Chalmers, utterly defeated, retreated, leaving his dead and some of his wounded to fall into the hands of the victors.

When we arrived at the village we found there the 66th Indiana, which had fought with us at Richmond, Ky., the year before. To meet them here, just after their victory in a fort our brigade had erected the spring before, gave us hilarious joy. The next day our brigade was diverted from its direct line of march and sent south in pursuit of Chalmers forces.

But we could not overtake them, and all that we could learn from citizens was to the effect that the fleeing rebels had with them numerous wagons filled with wounded. After camping overnight we changed direction toward La Grange, Tenn., 33 miles away,
and after one of the most laborious day’s marches we ever endured, reached that place at 11 o’clock at night so tired that the men threw themselves on the ground and slept on empty stomachs as only tired soldiers could sleep.

In the morning we felt grouchy, but when each soldier had filled up with substantial army fare, including a pint cup of hot coffee, we felt like giants refreshed with new wine and were ready for the march of the day. This took us past Grand Junction, the scene of so much privation and suffering the previous winter. Then on and on until three days of hard marching brought us to Corinth, which had witnessed one long siege and a great battle.

During the night of our bivouac there a downpour of rain came that not only soaked our covering but ran in streams over the ground. Indeed, one man slept until the water ran into his ears. As there was no shelter, the men lying in their drenched garments would call out one to another, “Mark Twain, 3 feet, 5 feet, 6 feet,” when one, as if surprised, would yell, “No bottom.”

We marched the next day to Burnsville Station, where we camped for about a week. The entire corps was close at hand, delayed by orders to repair the railroad as it advanced. Here we received shelter tents, which proved such a boon in all the subsequent months of the war. Each soldier received a half shelter, and when camping time came he needed but to join a comrade, button their two pieces together, hang them over a ridgepole, stake them down and cover the upper end with a poncho, and they would have a nice, dry place to sleep undisturbed by the eight or 10 who usually crowded the larger tents.

At this juncture Gen. Sherman received an order from Gen. Grant to drop all repair work on the railroad and to hasten with all his corps to Chattanooga. Accordingly our division led on, marching to the Tennessee River, crossing on a gunboat; then, moving up
country via Florence, we went onto the Elk River, which Sherman found, on account of high water, too deep to wade and too wide to bridge without considerable delay.

Promptly he turned the head of the column north for a two-day march to Fayetteville, Tenn., where we could cross on a bridge. Resting there one day we pushed on across “The Barrens,” ascended a spur of the Cumberland Mountains, camped on top of the range, and after two days reached Bridgeport on the Tennessee. There we left our knapsacks, overcoats, and other impediments, crossed the river on a pontoon bridge, and plodded through deep mud to Whiteside. It was on this march that we had horrid evidence of the state of destitution to which the Army of the Cumberland had been reduced.

Not only were the sides of the road strewn with hundreds of dead mules, but so many of these starved animals had fallen in the mud of the road that as our teams passed over them three or even all four of the wagon wheels would be resting on the mutilated carcases at the same time. About Chattanooga more than 10,000 animals had died within three months, and the garrison, it was said, was living on half rations of crackers and beef dried on the hoof.

But we were eagerly hastening to their relief. Turning aside near Whiteside, our division ascended the rugged sides of Sand Mountain, where two teams of our train went over a precipice in the night into the gorge below. We crossed over the top the next day and on down into Lookout Valley at Trenton, Ga., where we demonstrated against the left wing of Bragg’s rebel army, wishing to draw the enemy that way.

November 21, in a cold rain, we marched down the valley, camping late in plain sight of the rebel picket fires on Lookout’s rugged brow. With others, I was sent out on picket duty at 10 o’clock at night. Our squad was posted at the corner of a little cleared field in the woods. Our orders were not to shoot unless attacked.
We soon discovered, however, a few young cattle, and while I stood on post the other boys enclosed a nice heifer by building a fence across the corner of the field. This heifer they dispatched without the use of a gun, and when my two hours of sentinel duty were up there was plenty of broiled liver for me. And though we were without salt and had only a few dirty cracker crumbs left to go with it, yet to hungry soldiers sitting by a warm fire it was “mighty good.”

The next day we passed Hooker’s forces in the lower valley and crossed the Tennessee River at Brown’s Ferry under cover of the night and went into camp on the north side of where we were concealed from the outlook of the enemy.

We were now on the eve of a great battle. Grant, having Sherman’s corps at hand, was ready to launch the blow that would send Bragg’s army in route from Mississippi Ridge.

On the 23rd Thomas’ forces led off in the center with marked success. On the 24th Hooker won Lookout Mountain from the enemy. Long before the dawn of the same day, a flotilla of pontoon boats, each full of Yankee soldiers, shot out into the Tennessee River, crossed silently over to the south side, and surprised and captured most of the rebel pickets. These men in blue were the advance guard of Sherman’s corps, which now hastened to put in a pontoon bridge across the river.

While this was being done we crossed over on an old steamboat. By 3 o’clock, three divisions were lined up in echelon, ready for an attack on the north side of Mission Ridge, which was held by the enemy. Moving forward in solid ranks we encountered the rebels in a spirited encounter at an outlying ridge in front of Tunnel Hill. Getting possession of this, Sherman determined to fortify what he had gained and hold there till morning.

Nov. 25, 1863, opened bright and beautiful. Soon our forces were preparing for an assault on Tunnel Hill, a promontory jutting
out from Mission Ridge and some 400 feet high. All night long the enemy had worked hard on their fortifications and were bringing over their best troops to defend this, the right wing of their army. After much skirmishing and cannonading, Corse’s brigade was ready to move up the slope on Tunnel Hill. Our brigade under Col. Loomis supported Corse on the right. As we moved from cover we came out into the edge of a broad field extending to the ridge. Here opened before us the grandest panorama of war I ever saw. In our front on the ridge three batteries began to send shells thick and fast our way. We could see long lines of glittering steel as regiment after regiment of rebels hastened north to reinforce their line in our front. Yea, we could see between the legs of the Confederates as they stood on the high ground behind their fortifications. At the same time off to our left were lines of blue, with floating banners and steady steps moving to the charge. Everyone could see that an almost impossible task was before us, as the rebel Gen. Bragg was throwing half his army across Sherman’s front. But there was no faltering. Our brigade, in the face of such shell fire as shrieked overhead, tore up the ground, and made gaps in our ranks, moved into the open field, aligned its ranks as if on dress parade, and then went forward on the double quick.

A rebel officer, long afterward, declared that this advance of our brigade was the coolest exhibition of courage he ever saw.

In the meantime, Minié balls began to do their deadly work. As we advanced, Jake Van Scoy was shot through and fell forward near me. My first impulse was to stop and help him, but seeing that he was dead or dying I hastened on after my regiment, which halted and was ordered to lie down in the fields only 100 yards from the lower slopes of the ridge.

Here we waited under a deadly fire of grape and canister, but we could not advance as we desired to do unless Tunnel Hill to our
left was first carried. We saw Corse’s men charge this stronghold and reach the fortifications, which they could not enter. Falling back 50 yards and taking shelter behind a ledge of shale, they held on and were reinforced. Anon the rebels made a charge and forced them down the hill. Here reinforcements came to their relief and soon drove the Confederates back into their works.

Taking cover at the ledge our brave boys held on, fighting over the ground lying between them and the rebels till every twig was cut or hackled by bullets. Dead bodies of both armies lay thick on the ground.

In the meantime the men of our brigade on the open flat were unable to do much but to suffer the effects of decimating canister, and the fire of sharpshooters who posted behind trees and boulders on the slopes of the ridge picked off not a few of our boys. There we lay for five or six mortal hours where we could see every motion of the rebel cannoneers as they loaded and discharged their guns.

We could see them depress their pieces so as to rake our lines. Yet we could not reach them effectively, as they were 400 feet above us and half a mile away. ’Tis true the enemy sent detachments of infantry down the slopes two or three times, to pick us off or drive us away. It was a relief when these detachments would deploy within our reach. Then our men would rise to their knees and pour a volley into them that would send them dodging from tree to tree and from boulder to boulder up the ridge. But by evening Sherman’s command seemed deadlocked with the enemy in their front. Hence our brigade was withdrawn from its exposed position a mile to the rear, where we went into bivouac till the morning, the picket line holding on close up to the enemy till they gave way in the night. Little did we think as we lay down that evening that Gen. Grant’s army, as a whole, had gained a great victory. The vigorous attack by Sherman on Bragg’s right disconcerted that officer and led him to
weaken his left and center in order to send a strong force to help hold Tunnel Hill and thus save his base of supplies. Hence, late in the day, Thomas’ forces in the center and Hooker’s on the right, all of whom had lain idle while we had fought desperately, were ordered forward and in one grand, overwhelming charge swept over the rebel fortifications on top of Mission Ridge and put the entire left wing and center of Bragg’s army to flight. The victory was so complete that before morning every vestige of the enemy had disappeared, leaving in the hands of the victors more than 6,000 prisoners, 40 cannon, 69 gun carriages, and a large number of smaller arms.

Our brigade had lost heavily, more, in fact, than any other brigade in the army of equal size. Our Company D lost two killed and several badly wounded, among the number Capt. Bowman, who was carried off the field never to return to us again.

Before daylight on the 26th, Sherman’s forces were on the move, following the retreating rebels by way of Chickamauga Station and on past Graysville. Here Sherman, after a day or two, received orders to start at once for the relief of Knoxville, which was at that time besieged by Longstreet’s army and which, it was said, could only hold out four days longer. Sherman was to command parts of three corps, including two divisions of ours. Concentrating near Cleveland, Tenn., on the 29th day of November, we marched along the railroad day after day and often far into the night at the rate of 4 miles an hour. The beautiful country through which we were passing had been overrun by Longstreet’s army, and the loyal inhabitants had been stripped of most everything that would sustain man or beast.

And now we had to take what was left, for we had to live off the country or to starve on it. Our foragers did manage to get some bran, a little poor flour, and a quantity of corn, which they ground in mills by hand. The enemy had broken the machinery of these mills.
Making a mixture of these coarse cereals, we managed to bake “hoe cakes” that would keep body and soul together for a while. We also got a little fresh meat now and then. In the meantime we reached Marysville, 16 miles south of Knoxville, having marched 85 miles in four days, having been delayed a day in bridging the “Little Tennessee,” which bridge, if I remember correctly, was made by placing wagons close together in the river and then laying stringers and planks on them.

At Marysville we learned that Longstreet, aware of our coming, had raised the siege and decamped toward Virginia, thus rendering our advance unnecessary. Sherman, however, rose on into Knoxville and was warmly received by Gen. Burnside and treated to the best dinner he had had in many weeks. He thus learned that the besieged garrison in Knoxville, short as their rations had been, were actually living better than his own command. Hence our corps and the 11th were ordered to retrace their steps towards Chattanooga. Taking a route to the left of that over which we had advanced, we found supplies very meager, and our condition became pitiable. It was now mid-December. The nights were very cold. We had neither tents nor overcoats. Much of our scant clothing was in tatters. Not a few of the men were without shoes and either went barefoot or dressed their feet in old rags. I have seen men standing in their bare feet in a column in the morning on a frozen road and calling out gleefully, “Go on, you fellows. My feet are hurting this ground.”

To add to our discomfort, not having any chance for weeks to wash our garments, the clothing of the whole army became infested with vermin, giving us no peace day or night. I heard one of Gen. Sherman’s staff say he would bet $500 that every officer and enlisted man in the army had greybacks. He knew Gen. Sherman had, for he had seen them.

One evening we camped on a rebel general’s plantation. As soon
as we stacked arms, about 500 of us charged upon a flock of geese and put them all to flight, but scurrying soldiers soon captured them. I was just ready to seize a fine gander when another soldier snatched him from under my hands.

He assumed to be generous and offered me an old goose he had previously caught. Accepting the offer with misgivings as to the age of her gooseship, we cooked her most of the night and till a late hour in the morning and then could not even break the skin with our teeth pull as we might.

Finally, after privations and sufferings rivaling those of Valley Forge, we reached Chattanooga on December 16 and went into camp near the battlefield where we had struggled heroically less than a month before and where many of our brave boys were sleeping their last long sleep. We naturally expected full rations when we arrived. The men were clamorous for food, and many demanded shoes at once. But it seemed that the Army of the Cumberland had claimed everything in sight, and we were put off with short rations till we could reach Bridgeport, 30 miles below. To the latter place we hastened as fast as tired feet could carry us. Passing over the nose of “Lookout” we camped near Whiteside that night and the next day reached Bridgeport, where we had left our overcoats and knapsacks six weeks before. Here we were issued not only full rations for all but a complete outfit of new clothing.

We also had time and soap and hot water, essentials for cleaning up. Making bonfires of our old garments we put on our new suits and looked so spic-and-span that when on dress parade the next day it was said the regiment made a fine appearance.

We were made glad at this time on learning that Gen. John A. Logan had been assigned to the command of our corps. Gen. Frank Blair had been commander for some time but was unpopular. “Black Jack” Logan created enthusiasm wherever he served and was
the idol of his men. From this time on to the close of the war he was in the thick of our every conflict and earned his right to the honors of commanding the Army of the Tennessee, as he did at the Grand Review in Washington. His corps was now distributed along the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad from Bridgeport to Huntsville, Ala. We marched directly for the station of Scottsboro, Ala., where we arrived December 26 and began at once the erection of winter quarters. Our camp was in the open woods at the foot of mountains that sheltered us on the west and north. Our mess of six—Henry Eldridge having recently joined us—built a hut 6 by 8 feet and covered it with our shelter tents. In the rear end were two bunks one above the other, each wide enough for three. At the other end was a fireplace with a door by its side and in the middle a little table and around it a few wooden stools. The “shebang” looked nice to us, but the night of December 31 we were almost frozen out, for the wind sifted through the stacks and made us shiver.

The next day—known all over the country as “the cold New Year”—I told the boys that if they would keep water hot to thaw the ground I would make mortar and daub our house.

This I did with their help, and the change wrought in the temperature within was marvelous. We slept in comfort that night and many jolly times we had about the fire within while the storm raged without.

But the pleasures we had in our cozy quarters came abruptly to an end after three weeks of occupancy. Col. Williams was ordered to command a force including his own regiment that was to demonstrate in the mountains country south of us. Starting in the dead of winter we crossed the Tennessee at Larkin Ferry and passed over Sand Mountain to Lebanon, Ga.

Our purpose was to attract the attention of the enemy and keep him from sending troops against our forces in Mississippi.
Having accomplished this purpose we returned through rain and snow and reached camp having been out eight days and marched 80 miles. Hardly were we settled in our snug quarters when orders came that were to take us on a march of 100 miles to Cleveland (eastern Tennessee). Gen. Thomas had been ordered to demonstrate against Dalton with a large force, and detachments of our corps were sent to reinforce him. Our regiment and others were selected from the 4th Division for the expedition. Passing over familiar ground via Bridgeport and Chattanooga, we came, weary and disgruntled, to Cleveland. This march had been very laborious, as the roads were muddy and our movements rapid. We remained there in bivouac for 10 days or more in the most inclement weather, without proper shelter and with only green pine poles for fuel, the smoke of which affected our eyes more than the heat did our bodies. Finally the combined forces moved south in a vigorous demonstration against Dalton.

Sharp skirmishing and loud cannonading showed that the enemy under Joe Johnston was there in force, and as our chief object was to hold him there, we fell back to our bivouac and then took up the march again through Chattanooga and Bridgeport to our winter camp at Scottsboro.

We arrived there greatly to our delight March 5, having marched on the round trip 225 miles. It was now early spring in that southland. Peach trees began to bloom, buds to unfold, and birds to sing. For nearly two months we had as delightful surroundings as soldiers could ask. The camp was made beautifully clean, and the officers’ tents were overspread with bows of green.

Sports were indulged in daily by those off duty. One of the most popular of these was a battle between opposing companies with cast-off shoes as weapons. When one side charged the other it was give-and-take, and some sore heads and other bruises were
accepted good-humoredly as part of the game. At the same time, drill went on daily, and the 12th Indiana, having the reputation of being the best-drilled regiment in our corps, attracted special attention. Gen. Sherman said its dress parade was the best he had ever seen, except that of his old 13th Regulars. But Gen. Edwig, our division commander, said we could beat the 13th, for he had seen both on parade.

Gen. Logan and many other officers would come to see our regional maneuvers, especially the novel method of forming a square while all the regiment continued to move forward. All of this was preliminary to the great campaign that was at hand. Gen. Grant had now been promoted to lieutenant general and given command of all the armies of the United States. Gen. Sherman was advanced to the command of the military division of the Mississippi, Gen. McPherson taking Sherman’s place as commander of the Army of the Tennessee, of which we were a part. Gen. Harrow was placed in command of our division.

Gen. Sherman began the concentration of an army of 100,000 men in front of Chattanooga. Three divisions of our corps—1st, 2nd, and 4th—were ordered to join the 16th Corps as the Army of the Tennessee to operate as the right wing of the great army. Accordingly we marched on May 1 along the familiar road to the east, crossing the Tennessee at Bridgeport. It was the 10th time we had crossed this broad river here and elsewhere.

On approaching Chattanooga, we crossed over old “Lookout” and camped on the plains below. The next day’s march brought us to Crawfish Springs, where we camped on the battlefield of Chickamauga. Here a fierce conflict had been waged on the 19th and 20th of the previous September.

The Army of the Cumberland was to our left, and to its left Schofield’s Army of the Ohio, and all facing toward the rebel
stronghold at Dalton. As the center and left moved forward threatening to assault this place, McPherson, with 23,000 men under orders, passed silently through a narrow gap in the mountains called Snake Creep Gap, intending if possible to strike the rebel line of communications at Resaca, Ga.

But McPherson, approaching the place, found it naturally strong, well fortified, and stoutly held. He thought it not prudent to assault it; hence he fell back to the foothills overlooking the valley of the Oostanaula River.

Sherman thought that in this instance McPherson missed a great opportunity and that he could have carried Resaca and blocked the rebel line of retreat. Be that as it may, it was a strong place and could only have been taken at fearful cost.

In the meantime, our brigade had been left behind to guard the train and spent all of one night getting the six mule teams with their heavy loads through that snake-like pass, for it was a deep defile, so narrow that the only possible road was the rough, tortuous bed of a creek. Early in the morning we joined our division on the spurs of the mountain to our left. We soon saw Hooker’s 20th Corps emerging from the pass and massing near us, ready to support McPherson.

On the evening of the 12th, as our company was eating supper of hardtack, bacon, and coffee, Gen. Sherman, with other officers, came by on foot and said, “Eat hearty, boys. Plenty of work tomorrow.”

Sure enough, the next morning nearly 50,000 men were massed near us, ready for battle. It was known by this time that all of Johnston’s army was falling back and taking positions around Resaca. Indeed his line extended from the river below to the river above that place, a distance of eight or 10 miles.

At first thought it looked as if we were to be held in reserve, but
about 10 a.m. orders came to fall in, and we were marched straight through that mass of troops and placed in line of battle at the edge of a wide-open field. Our division was on the left of our corps, which now went forward in splendid array, driving back the rebel skirmishers and their battery support. Crossing the field we entered a curtain of timber and came out just beyond a creek in the edge of a half-cleared field. Here our line was raked with Minié balls, and grape and canister, and having no orders, our whole brigade laid down and returned the fire.

Sgt. Schoultz and myself lay side by side, and it so happened that neither of our new Springfield muskets had gone off. We both lay packing powder into the tubes of our guns and talking to each other. I was ready to shoot first and turning my back to him, rose to my knees and fired. As I reloaded I heard a ball whack something behind me. I thought it had cut down some old, dead weeds that stood there, but a little later on, looking in that direction, I could see nothing of Schoultz. Afterwards I found out that it was his right hand that the bullet had whacked, tearing it almost to pieces as he was rising to fire. Thus maimed for life he coolly went to the rear without a grunt.

After our regiment had lost about 50 men killed and wounded, including John Shigley of Company D, killed, and Capt. Price, John Schoultz, and Will Sleeth seriously and others slightly wounded, we were ordered to fall back and take position in reserve.

Will Sleeth fell on the picket line and was found by our chaplain and his aides long after nightfall. He was carried to the field hospital, where I found him and Capt. Price the next day, both resting easy and looking cheerful. I could not learn where Schoultz was.

During the 14th and 15th we were supporting batteries that put some rebel guns out of commission. Throughout those two days the deadly skirmishing and occasional charges and counter-charges
went on. Our men gained ground generally, especially on the right, in front of our 1st Division. A charge was made that carried the outer rebel works and brought Resaca easily within the range of our artillery. This had much to do with the commotion we heard over on the Confederate side during the night following. We could hear their officers cry, “Close up, men, close up.”

It was surmised that they were retreating, and daylight revealed the fact that Johnston’s whole army was across the Oostanaula. Our victory, though not decisive, was most encouraging to us and discouraging to the enemy.

Sherman ordered an immediate pursuit. But in starting on the march an incident occurred that occasioned no little merriment in our company. We had with us a half-witted fellow the boys called “Pillick.” After being in one battle he declared he would never be in another, and he never was. Just after the Battle of Resaca began, Pillick suddenly disappeared and was not seen by any of us for three days. When we had started in pursuit and were wondering whether our lost man was dead or alive, who should step out of the brush by the side of the road but our Pillick. With a broad grin on his face he stepped toward his place in the company. At once our rougher boys, who had often called him a damned fool, called out, “Hello, Pillick. Where have you been?” Instantly he replied, “I’ve been lingerin’ to the rear, where any damn fool ought to be.” This created a furor of laughter, but Pillick was serene.

We crossed the river on the afternoon of the 16th, and advancing on the right of our enthusiastic army, kept up the march till a late hour at night. On the 17th, keeping abreast of our forces in the center, we pressed on ’til we were near Adairville, where Howard’s 4th Corps had had a spirited battle. The rebels retreating during the night, we diverged toward Rome, Ga., ’til on nearing that town and finding that Jeff Davis’ division was about to take the place
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we turned east toward Kingston, which we reached on the 19th. At Cartersville, Johnston had made every arrangement to fight a decisive battle, but some of his leading officers objected to their location, and he weakened in his purpose and ordered a retreat across the Etowah River.

In reaching this place, Kingston, we had marched 85 miles, taking a rich country from the enemy. Leaving Kingston on the 23rd of May, the whole of Sherman’s army crossed the river and marched toward Dallas, Ga., in order to turn the strong position of Johnston at Allatoona Pass. Our advance reached Dallas after passing over a barren region, only to find the rebels in force across our path.

In the meantime the Army of the Cumberland far to our left had struck the fortified Confederate line at New Hope Church, resulting in a hard battle and heavy losses to Hooker’s corps. And little had been gained except that our men established their line close up to that of the enemy.

After toiling all night to bring up the train, our brigade reached Dallas on the 27th and went into line on the right of the 15th Corps, throwing up breastworks. The next morning I was sent out to our left with a large detail to clear off a place for a battery near our picket line. In the afternoon the guns were placed in position, and we were relieved. I was on my way to Company C when I heard the rebel yell and the volleys of skirmish fire, which gave notice that the Confederates were coming on a charge. I ran to my regiment just in time to see my company tumbling over the breastworks from the picket line with the rebels only 100 yards behind. But one good volley sent them reeling to the rear, and all along the line they were repulsed with heavy losses. Our losses were small.

Sherman now began to draw in his right and to extend his left toward the railroad. Accordingly our corps was withdrawn and relieved Hooker’s corps in what had been the center. This was a hot
place in more than one sense. Our fortified line was not more than 100 yards from the enemy’s. Skirmishes were kept out in front of these so that “Yank and Johnny” pickets, each behind a little tree or stump or log, were not more than 25 or 50 yards apart. On these picket lines there was a ceaseless battle, and sometimes the main lines would blaze with the fury of the contest.

In front of our regimental left was a big tree known as the “fatal tree” because it was said every man that got behind it was picked off by some sharpshooter.

Twenty years after the war, while preaching at Elma, Wash., I recognized Joseph Witham of Company C, 12th Indiana, and meeting him at dinner and seeing he did not recognize me, I said, “Is your name Witham?”

He said, “Yes.”

And I said, “You belonged to Company C, 12th Indiana?”

“Yes.”

“And you had a brother killed at New Hope Church behind the ‘fatal tree?’”

In fact his brother was only one of several who met a like fate behind that tree, which seemed the most suitable shelter for any picket on the line.

In confirmation of all this I remember meeting an old soldier of the 20th Corps on Whidbey Island. His unit was at New Hope Church before we relieved it. He said that one day he commanded the picket line of his regiment and took shelter from the severe fire of the rebs behind a big tree later known as the “fatal tree,” but something seemed to say to him, “If you stay here you are sure to be shot.” So impressed was he that he ran to the right and tried to shield himself behind a tree that was not more than 15 inches through. In a few moments another skirmisher took his place behind the “fatal tree” and was almost instantly killed.
One night I was on the skirmish line, where we stood two and two close to a little branch on the other side of which we could hear the rebel pickets whisper. Yet when my post-mate stood guard I dropped down on the wet leaves and slept. This incessant picket-and-trench warfare, with its frequent casualties, was trying on the endurance of the soldiers of both sides, and our relief was great when one morning we discovered that the rebel works were deserted.

In fact Sherman’s flanking movements on the left had compelled the whole of Johnston’s army to fall back and take a new position. The retreat of the enemy had given us possession of Allatoona Pass and opened the railroad for us to Acworth, whither we marched and where the army received supplies. Moving forward on June 11, 1864, we took position at Big Shanty, where two divisions of the 17th Corps under Blair joined us. Here we looked across a wide plain, on the other side of which were the rebel trenches stretching left and right around the base and on the top of Kennesaw Mountain. For three weeks continuous rains made military movements very difficult. But slowly our lines were pushed forward ‘till we were fortified at the base of the mountain. During these advances we charged frequently the picket line of the entrenched enemy line and captured many prisoners.

On the 27th Sherman made a desperate charge with part of his troops on the almost impregnable position of the enemy, which resulted in heavy losses to the troops making the charge. Though they planted their standards on the rebel ramparts they could not cross them. In this charge Capt. Kirkpatrick of the 40th Indiana was killed, and his brother Cyrus was taken prisoner at the very parapet of the enemy. (I mention this because I later married one of their sisters.)

The incessant cannonading and picket battle went on till the night of July 3, when Sherman, moving by his right flank, compelled
Johnston to let go his stronghold and fall back on a new line near the Chattahoochee River. On the 4th the whole of our army was in motion. Logan’s corps (15th) marched to where we confronted the rebels at Turner’s Ferry and demonstrated as if we would try to force a crossing there. But Sherman soon effected a crossing above the railroad, and we were withdrawn and marched rapidly up the river in very hot weather to Roswell.

Here, on the 14th, we crossed on a reconstructed bridge and went into camp with all the rest of the Army of the Tennessee. By the 17th, the whole of Sherman’s army being across the Chattahoochee, we began to move forward on a great right wheel to close in about Atlanta. Johnston had just been superseded by Lt. Gen. John B. Hood, a brave but reckless officer who, with his army well in hand in the trenches about Atlanta, aimed to strike the right of our army before it could get in position beyond Peach Tree Creek. But Glen Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga, was there with his trusty men. Though the battle raged furiously all afternoon of the 20th, by night the Confederates were driven back at all points, having suffered a terrible repulse and very heavy losses.

On the same day, the 15th and 17th corps moved west from Decatur, the former corps astride the Augusta railroad. Nearing the city we came onto a new line of fortifications that were held by Wheeler’s cavalry till they were relieved by Cleburne’s division of infantry. Some vicious cannonading and sharp picket firing ensued that afternoon, but our lines closed within half a mile of the rebel position and threw up strong lines of breastworks. The morning of the 21st, Leggett’s division of the 17th Corps charged and gallantly carried Bald Hill, an important elevation just to our left, but Cleburne’s men still held on to their trenches in front of the 15th Corps.

In the evening of that day it fell to my lot to go on picket. I
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was stationed with a squad behind the bank of a dry creek about 150 yards in front of the rebel line. The night passed off quietly considering the close proximity of our foe. But when morning came it was soon discovered that the Johnnies had withdrawn their regiments from our front, leaving only a picket line in their ditch. It was at once surmised that the enemy was making some maneuver that might bring on a battle. Our officers, from Sherman down, were alert and seeking to find out “what was up.”

It was soon rumored that our skirmish line would charge the rebel line in our front. I said to myself, “If the order to charge is given I will go up that path there to the right, as it runs through bushes that would conceal my approach to the rebel works.” But the order never came, and by 8:30 we were all craving coffee to go with our hardtack. But having no chance to boil coffee there I offered to go to our regiment, make a pot, and bring it out to the boys of our post.

Our sergeant was only too glad to have me go. Setting off across the plowed field where the bullets here and there raised the dust, I soon was with my company and had a pot of coffee just ready to boil when I heard a fusillade of firing on the line from which I had come. Suspecting that our men had been ordered forward on a charge and not wanting to be absent in a time like that, I seized the bail of the coffee pot and ran for my post, but when I got there our men were gone and I could hear them shooting in the woods beyond the rebel breastworks.

Still clinging to my coffee I started up the hill along the path of which I have spoken, but had hardly gone 10 steps when I ran onto the dead body of a member of our Company F who had fallen in the charge where I might have perished had I been there when he went forward.

Pressing on and crossing the rebel breastworks, I thought I would find my squad somewhere around. But I soon discovered that
our skirmish line was advancing, and I followed on till I found our men engaged in a hot encounter near the inner line of Confederate fortifications. Not finding any of my squad and seeing everyone too busy to drink coffee, I poured out the contents of the pot, strapped it on my back, and joined in the skirmish.

This went on until about noon, when all at once we heard a quick volley followed by the unmistakable sounds of battle far to our left and rear. Now we surmised what the rebels had been doing. In the night previous, Gen. Hardee, with 20,000 men, had made a hard march to reach our extreme left flank, which he was now assaulting.

Happily for us he struck the 16th Corps, which bravely stood its ground and drove the rebels back. But the left of the 17th Corps was assailed front and rear, and our men there stood the enemy off by first fighting toward the rear, then toward the front. The conflict along the lines at that point was awful. Guns were clubbed over the ditch, and one Iowa captain seized a rebel colonel by the hair of the head, pulled him over the breastworks, and made him a prisoner.

Finally the 17th Corps, holding on to Bald Hill, with its right connected with the 16th Corps, repelled all the assaults made upon it. This hill was the center of the conflict. The rebels, having lost it the day before, were determined to recapture it. Our men within the fort were greatly decimated, nearly every commissioned officer having fallen.

A sergeant told me that he was there and, so far as he could see, was the ranking officer present. A rebel colonel was on the outside of the parapet slashing with his sword and calling to his men, “Go in, boys! Go in!” Then our sergeant would call to his men, “Don’t let them in boys! Keep them out!” Twice the sword of the colonel reached its mark, first grazing the scalp of the sergeant, the second time slashing the clothing on one of his arms. This blow brought
him to his knees, and having just fired his gun, he feared the colonel would be over and on him before he could reload. But as he fell, his hand dropped on the gun of a dead comrade. Picking up the loaded gun he leaped to his feet and fired, the colonel rolling back into the ditch on the outside of the parapet. After that his men took to cover, although they did not give up the struggle till after dark. The fact that they left 2,000 dead on that field proves the desperation with which they fought.

It was early in the battle that our beloved Gen. McPherson, commander of the Army of the Tennessee, was killed. His death was a shock to the entire army, especially to Gen. Sherman, who loved and trusted him as all who had served in the Vicksburg campaign did.

In the meantime, while the battle raged, to our left and rear 500 15th Corps skirmishers were facing Atlanta and only a half-mile from Gen. Hood’s inner line of defenses, which were in plain sight and seemed to be deserted. As we listened with intense interest to the battle in the rear—it seemed at first to go against us and then in our favor—we were startled as 16 cannon in our front opened up with shells that went “zizzing” and whining over our heads, being aimed at our forces about Bald Hill. But we felt sure the battle in the end would prove a victory for us and that we skirmishers would remain where we were, undisturbed.

About 3 o’clock, to our surprise, there came over the top of that inner line of Confederate fortifications some 16,000 men with fixed bayonets, in three lines of battle. The captain commanding our regimental skirmishers said, “Give them a volley, boys, and fall back.”

This we did, and a half-mile in the rear we came near enough to our front lines to see that they had moved up and occupied the breastworks from which we had driven the rebel pickets in the morning.
They had reversed the line, facing it toward Atlanta. But a short distance in front of this line a lieutenant whose name I did not know, with sword in one hand and cap in the other, was trying to rally the skirmishers, saying we were simply falling back before a demonstration, that the rebels were not advancing, and that if we would follow him he would go back ’til he found what the Johnnies were doing. As we could hear no movement in front and could not see far through the young pines and oaks, 20 or 25 of us, more careful of our honor than our lives, fell in line and marched a quarter of a mile back through the underbrush. Looking under the boughs we suddenly saw a line of “butternuts” (a uniform commonly used by Confederate soldiers that was colored by a dye made with, among other things, walnut hulls) standing at trial arms and ducking to see us. We were merely a corporal’s guard as compared to them and made double-quick time to the rear, for it was evident that our lieutenant had discovered all and more than he wanted to find. As soon as we started to the rear the enemy fired, their bullets cutting the leaves, tearing up the sod, and making bark fly in our faces. If everyone escaped it would seem almost miraculous. All I know is, as it was every fellow for himself, I was more scared than hurt. But no sooner were we jumping from tree to tree, shooting occasionally and yet hurrying to our lines, than a tremendous roar of musketry broke out on our right and left of us. The rebel general had massed two charging columns, one to move straight on Bald Hill and the other along the railroad to the north of us to strike our line at the “deep cut.” Hence we were now between these two columns, which had struck our forces. In other words the enemy was on three sides. Availing ourselves of the only road out, we soon were with Col. Walcott’s second brigade of our division, which held a line on the northwest slope of Bald Hill.

As many of us that had just come in from the picket line
belonged to the last brigade, which was a half-mile or more on our right, we passed through the 2nd Brigade and started to our respective regiments. But Col. Walcott said it was too late now and that the battle was on and we could fight in the ditch there with his men as well as anywhere else.

We remained there through a sore battle of three hours, during which time the rebels first assaulted our line, including the brigade to which I belonged, but were easily repulsed. The rebel general, Bates, then organized a strong force, threw it in column onto the railroad track, and rushed it through our lines in a deep cut that was, through an oversight, totally unguarded. The rebels then took our line both to the right and left till all the center of our corps was displaced. Our men, taken by surprise, found the enemy inside their lines and sweeping down to envelop them. Hence the braves had to run for their lives while cowards surrendered.

The rebels pushed south until they had displaced all our troops to the right of Walcott’s brigade and had three, or parts of three, of our batteries in their hands. Fortunately for Walcott and his men the Confederates could not turn this position; hence when they came down sweeping everything before them, no sooner had they gotten within range of Walcott’s men than we raked them with an enfilade while at the same time our batteries in the second line poured in grape and canister till the discomfited enemy, unable to find shelter on either side of the breastworks they had captured, fled in utter disorder. And though they tried this movement a second time from part of a battery to our right in their possession, yet I saw those men shot down or driven off after trying in vain to spike our guns.

Finally our gallant Gen. Logan, who had taken McPherson’s place as commander of the Army of the Tennessee, came on the field. He organized a force made up of the “boys” of many broken regiments, saying, “This is the boys’ fight—the boys had never failed yet.”
Inspired by the action of “Black Jack,” who with foamy horse, rein in one hand and hat in the other, rushed onto the wedge-like gap, which was more than half a mile wide at our first line and extending to a point near our second, driving the exhausted rebels back toward the cut and beyond till the last one was gone and our batteries recovered and our lines restored.

Now everywhere along a front of 7 miles our men felt that they had won a hard-fought battle. Certain it is, the battle of Atlanta was disastrous to Hood. He had set out with a good plan to crush the left wing of Sherman’s army. He had not only failed to do this but had lost 10,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners. Our loss was about 4,000.

Two or three incidents of this battle that came under my observation are worth passing notice. In the early part of the 15th Corps battle, a fine-looking rebel officer suddenly rode out of a ravine about 100 yards in front of Walcott’s men. At once some 500 guns were leveled at him, for it was evident he was looking for a way to escape. But realizing that he would be shot should he attempt to flee, he spurred forward into our lines and surrendered himself and his horse. He then explained with no little chagrin that he was seeking a place to plant his battery and had not seen our line till he rode out of the ravine.

A sadder scene greeted me when at the close of the battle I hastened to my own regiment, for it had been in the thick of the fray, and I was anxious to know how our boys had fared. The first thing that impressed me in the line of Company D was the sight of our noble Harvey Scott lying just back of the trench on a rubber pouch, having been shot through the face at the base of the tongue. He could not speak but motioned for pencil and paper and wrote this, his last message to us: “I think I must die. Meet me in Heaven.” He had fallen in the trench, and twice he was in the hands of the enemy.
and twice rescued by our men. Late in the evening he was borne away to the field hospital, where 2,000 wounded crowded not only in the tents (only those it was possible to save were admitted) but in the grove round about as well. He was laid amid the oak and pine saplings, surrounded by scores of those whose wounds were mortal.

There, at midnight, Chaplain Gage found him. When he called his name, with superhuman effort Harvey rose to his knees and clasped the chaplain round, and as they embraced Rev. Gage said, “Harvey, shall I tell your father and mother that you are willing to die for your country? If so squeeze my hand.”

At once Harvey gripped his hand.

“And shall I tell them.” He then asked, “You expect to meet them in heaven?”

Again Harvey gave an affirmative grip. He then sank to the earth and was gone. God had taken a faithful soldier home!

In addition to Harvey Scott, of our company Bob Little was killed, and one was wounded and three were taken prisoner.

In the midst of such scenes there was a general solemnity, although in two or three days an incident of the battle came to light that created much merriment. Some Company F boys had employed a young Negro to cook for them but in fun persuaded him to promise to fight in the first battle that came off.

“Yes, sir, I fight,” he would say.

So when the battle was at hand they furnished the cook a gun, and he got behind the breastworks and fired bravely and with others exulted in the repulse of the enemy. But when, later, the rebels came down on the flank of the regiment so that the men had to run for their lives, the young colored man not only ran but kept on running till he was several miles in the rear. It required much coaxing after three days to induce him to come back to the front and assume his cooking.
When the “funny” boys would ask him how he liked fighting he would answer, “I don’t like him, sah.”
“Well, Sam, you’ll fight in the next battle that comes off?”
“No, sah, no mo’ fightin’ for dis chile.”
“Why, Sam, you’d not fight for your own freedom?”
“No, sah, I thought you alls come down here for dat.”
So freedom or no freedom, Sam declined to fight again.

Gen. Sherman, having destroyed the railroad leading to Augusta, determined to withdraw the Army of the Tennessee from the east of Atlanta and throw it against Hood’s lines west of the city, his chief objective being to reach and cut the railroads that supplied the city from the south and west.

Accordingly we marched in the rear of our army all of one day and far into the night, then bivouacked northwest of the city. The next morning our corps moved on south, while the 17th and 16th corps wheeled into line faced east. But Gen. Howard, who had been assigned to command the Army of the Tennessee, believed Hood would try to attack him in flank and so faced our corps in line of battle to the south. The skirmishing growing hot, Gen. Logan got a man to climb a tall tree from which he could see the rebels massing heavily in our front; hence our men closed up their lines and began to throw up improvised defenses. Company D was ordered out of the skirmish line. We took position behind a dense thicket where we could see nothing to our front.

Heavy skirmishing continued to the right and the left of us, but we sat down and were eating a noon lunch when word reached us from the right that the Confederates were advancing in three lines of battle with fixed bayonets. We fired a volley at a foe we could not see from our standpoint, and like all the other skirmishers ran for our lines in the rear. Hardly were we over the little breastworks that our men had started when we found that the rebels in heavy
masses were almost at our heels. Our men, barely waiting for us skirmishers to get over, poured into the ranks of the advancing foe such a withering blast of musketry that it shivered their lines and sent those who had not fallen, to the rear.

But the confederates made charge after charge in the face of such infantry fire as I had never before heard. They pushed up the rise of ground we were occupying till many of them fell within 10 or 15 yards of our line. Indeed the rebels persisted until they had made six or seven distinct charges and had thrown in nearly all of two corps, almost half of Hood’s army.

On the other hand we had little more than two divisions engaged, yet our line never budged. Nor did I ever know of such a slaughter of men on so limited a field of battle.

Our regiment, after our Company D returned from the picket line, except two companies, was in reserve and helped supply the 26th Illinois in our front with ammunition of which 40,000 rounds were fired during the afternoon by that regiment and our own, which became so enthusiastic because of the tide of battle that without orders we rushed in and doubled up with the 26th, ducking two or three deep behind the little breastworks.

While one fired another loaded. A big German of the 26th handed me his gun and took mine ready to shoot, and I found his gun so hot I could hardly hold it and so dirty I failed trying to load it. Seeing my predicament the German took his own gun, saying, “It’s not hot like it was,” and with the thrust of a giant he drove a load down the barrel with his ramrod and then pulling on his bayonet he showed how he would lift the Johnnies over the little parapet if they would only come near enough. Then reaching over as if he was forking one up he would say, “Come on, Johnnie, I’ll help you over.”

There were many poor rebels only a few rods away who had hid
behind trees and stumps and, unable to get away, surrendered late in the day, heartily glad when safe on Uncle Sam’s side of the line.

A young soldier boy said, before the firing had ceased, “There’s a rebel flag over there behind that stump, and I’m going to have it.’

Others said, “Not a rebel has been that close to our line.”

The stump was, in fact, only six or eight steps from our trench. But the boy, leaping over the breastwork ran to the stump, seized the flag, and brought it in, reporting that there were three dead Johnnies behind that decaying stump.

Not until the next day when the enemy was gone from our front did we know fully of the fearful slaughter of the Confederates. Often we saw two or three bodies lying across each other. A little stream ran red from the blood of the men who had fallen into it. I saw as many as half a dozen in numerous fence corners. A little ditch was even full of the mutilated bodies of brave men. Near there I saw where 90 bodies were placed side by side, and a little dirt thrown over them to hide them from sight. Not until after the war did we know that the Confederates acknowledged a loss of nearly 6,000 in this battle, while our own loss was only 600.

At the time, our men would ask rebel prisoners what they thought of Hood’s course in assaulting our lines, when they would answer, “Oh, I reckon there’s about two killings of us left.” And they were right. Two more killings, one at Franklin and one at Nashville, practically annihilated Hood’s army. After two or three days all the right wing of Sherman’s army pressed forward south and east. As our corps advanced we found in our front beyond a wide-open field a strong line of rebel fortifications. We took position at the edge of the field nearest us and threw up breastworks. That evening when we were building fires to cook supper, Sam Dickey, of our company, a good soldier, was shot through and mortally wounded by a rebel on a picket post in the field in our front.
On the morning of August 3 our picket detail, of which I was a member, was ordered to charge and carry those strong rebel pits in our front. They were about two rods apart and each manned with eight or 10 soldiers. After a sharp fight we captured these pits and were engaged with shovels reversing them so as to face them toward the enemy when the Confederates came on us with a strong skirmish line supported by a regiment of infantry. We gave way at once and retired to our old line. Logan came out and said we must retake the lost ground. He reinforced us until there was a man on the skirmish line for every 4 feet. A hard downpour of rain came on, at the end of which a battery fired all its guns at a signal for our advance. A yell and a pell-mell charge, though it was the hardest skirmish fight I ever was in, carried everything in our front. But while our men were reversing the captured pits, the Johnnies, who had not fallen back far, made it hot for us till we could shelter ourselves from their fire. In the charge, I, with a few others, reached a pit from which all had fled except two wounded men, both of them having been injured in their lower limbs. While they pleaded for help as they lay in mud and water in their pit, we crouched in the soft clay on the front slope of the same, unable to help them till late in the evening, for bullets struck the pit every few minutes and made our position perilous. But we also made it hot for the enemy and held fast to our gains till night, when all these pits were joined together in some continuous line of breastworks.

In this contest our division skirmishers lost about 90 men killed and wounded, including one of our company. On completion of this new line our whole corps moved forward and occupied it, and there we remained for nearly a month carrying on the siege. During that time our company occupied a ridge that sloped toward the enemy and at first we were not safe out of ditches. But we improvised little barricades in the rear for each mess where we who were not on
duty could eat and sleep. They did not, however, give protection on all occasions. A bullet entered a blanket roll one day, just after the owner had used it for a pillow, and cut 21 holes in it.

On another occasion, when we were eating our noon lunch, a ball cut through our barricade just over our heads and tore a slit 4 inches long out of my poncho.

During all this time, heavy skirmishing and terrific artillery duels were almost daily occurrences. Our batteries often rained volleys on the rebel forts, and of course there were frequently casualties on both sides. There was also a great deal of sickness. I myself was excused from duty for several days because of dysentery. When I was a little improved I was detailed for the skirmish line. That night our army pulled out of their ditches and started on a great wheel to the rear of Atlanta for the purpose of cutting Hood’s remaining railroads and compelling him to give up the city. Sherman had determined on this venture believing it the surest and quickest way to take this great railroad center of the South.

Our picket line did not withdraw till our whole corps had been gone four hours. Then we silently assembled and hastened to overtake our command, leaving the rebel pickets firing away in blissful ignorance of the fact that our works were empty.

It was a great relief, as daylight came on, to get out into the country where green fields and fragrant meadows were in sight. Not being well, I did not get to where my regiment was camped till toward evening. On going to my mess I saw a pile of roasting ears near their camp. Not having had anything green all summer I was ravenous for that corn. But my first thought was that if I ate it in my present condition it might kill me. The next thought was, “I’ll eat it and risk the consequences.”

So I ate and ate of the corn, hardly half roasted at that, yet coarse and half raw as it was, it was not only food but medicine for
me, as were green turnip tops and green apples. I improved every
day, while one of our own mess who had been well in the trenches,
living on army rations, was made so sick by the green food that
cured me that he was carried to an ambulance and sent back to the
general hospital.

Sherman’s army was now astride of the West Point railroad
leading to the southwest of Atlanta and spent two days so destroying
it and filling the cuts with all kinds of obstructions that its use
during the summer was out of the question.

In the meantime Hood thought that Sherman was retreating,
but he was soon undeceived. On August 30 the army moved
forward on a great left wheel to cut the Macon railroad, the only
line of communication in the hands of Hood’s army. The Army of
the Tennessee moved directly toward Jonesboro, 20 miles away.

Our brigade, in the meantime, was left behind to bring up the
teams. Late in the evening the advance of our corps rushed the reb
cavalry over the Flint River, secured the bridge, and formed a line on
the hill beyond facing Jonesboro. There, the next day, Gen. Hardee,
who had come up with his corps to defend the railroad, charged our
forces, only to be driven back at all points with heavy loss.

During this day the Army of the Ohio under Schofield and the
center under Thomas had struck the railroad between Jonesboro and
Atlanta. These forces, tearing up the road, moved down on Hardee’s
lines, the right flank of which they assaulted on the afternoon
of September 1, breaking up a whole division and taking many
prisoners. That night Hood, setting fire to the trains and supplies
he could not remove, abandoned Atlanta, and by hard marching
managed to get his army or what was left of it together at Lovejoy
Station the next day. Thus Sherman’s campaign was brought to a
great and glorious end, and he could with a little pride telegraph to
Washington, “Atlanta is ours and fairly won.”

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This news electrified the whole North and gave unqualified joy to the tired army. Sherman now determined to give his army a season of rest and withdrew it to the vicinity of Atlanta, which the 20th Corps had already occupied. The Army of the Tennessee marched to East Point, went into camp, cleaned up, and drew new clothing.

The rest of a month there, after four months of marching and fighting in and out of the ditches, was delicious. Many officers and 5 percent of the men were allowed to go to their homes on furlough.

During this time there was an exchange of prisoners. Gen. Sherman would send south on the railroad to a place called “Rough and Ready” a train loaded with sleek, well-fed prisoners (Confederates). The train would return with cars filled with human skeletons from Andersonville Prison, many of them not having clothing enough to cover their bodies and so emaciated that their best friends did not recognize them.

On October 1 rumors reached us that Hood, having lost about 25,000 men around Atlanta during the summer and no longer able to meet Sherman in the open field or to prevent his advance into Georgia, had planned a great flanking scheme to our right and rear. His object was to destroy our railroad communications with the North, thus cutting off our supplies and compelling us to fall back out of Georgia across Tennessee and on to the Ohio River.

By October 3 Hood was on the Chattanooga railroad, north of Marietta. There was nothing sensible for Sherman to do but leave one corps to hold Atlanta and march with the rest of his army till he had driven Hood from his railroad or forced him to battle. Accordingly he made a hard march to our rear on the 4th, my 23rd birthday, camping at Vinings Station.

The next morning we moved forward and went into line northwest of Kennesaw Mountain, on the very ground we had fought over the previous June. Looking north, up the railroad, we
could see miles of piles of burning ties where Hood’s forces had torn up and destroyed the road.

At the same time, 16 miles north of us, at Allatoona Pass, could be heard the unmistakable sounds of battle. Large supplies were at that point for the army, and Hood, wanting these, had sent French’s division to capture the place. Fortunately Gen. Corse got into the fort with reinforcements just as the rebels closed round it.

The battle that ensued was one of the hardest-contested conflicts of the war. Corse lost heavily, as he was assailed by superior numbers on all sides, but while sustaining severe wounds himself would not give up the fort. It was at this juncture that Sherman, on top of Kennesaw and in plain sight of us, signaled over the heads of the enemy to Gen. Corse, “Hold the fort, for I am coming!” and he did hold it in spite of repeated charges by the enemy during which they suffered fearful losses.

A day or two later we passed over the battlefield and observed the terrific conflict that had raged there. Hood, though baffled in his attempt to take Allatoona, pushed on northwest to strike our road further up toward Chattanooga. This he succeeded in doing, wrecking the road from Resaca on to Dalton, doing great damage. But we were after him hard, so much so that his soldiers could scarcely eat the scanty food they had prepared for themselves. Hence he was compelled to turn west across low mountain ranges toward Alabama. We reached Resaca to find the enemy just gone, and followed him through Snake Creep Gap and on west for three or four days, when we reached Galesville, Ala. Here Sherman halted, determined not to be led in a stern chase further, for he had matured his plan to send Gen. Thomas with two of his corps back into Tennessee, there to be joined by other troops to oppose Hood, should he go north, while he, with the rest of the army, would march back to Atlanta and from there cut his way to the sea.
The first rumor that reached us in regard to this now famous march was an exact prophesy of what took place later. And though the authorities at Washington thought the undertaking perilous, yet every soldier in the army was ready to throw up his hat in applause of the proposed movement.

Our return march to the railroad took us part of the way through a country rich in supplies, but the latter part of the march was through “The Barrens” where a “razorback shoat” could hardly find a living. Our corps was placed along the railroad from Kingston down to Atlanta, 60 miles, to protect the road while Sherman needed it, and to tear it up and ruin it when he cut loose for the sea. Our brigade was halted at Vinings Camp Ground. Here we were paid off and nearly all our money sent home. We also cast our ballots for president and vice president, nearly all the soldiers voting for the reelection of President Lincoln.

The railroad that had been repaired was now crowded with trains night and day, conveying supplies and furloughed men from Chattanooga to the front, while return trains were taking to the rear all kinds of army impedimenta. Sherman was literally stripping his army for the race. All unnecessary wagons, many of the batteries, all poor horses and mules and poor everything was sent back to Chattanooga. Not one man in a thousand carried a knapsack, a dress coat, an overcoat, or an extra shift. A blouse, a vest, a pair of pants, a suit of underwear, and a pair of shoes, with a hat, sufficed as to clothing. Of course each man had a blanket and a half shelter tent and in some instances a poncho. When the last train went to the rear and the telegraph line was cut, severing communication with the North, soldiers all the way down from Kingston were on the line of the road ready to tear it up so that it could not be used by our enemy after we were gone. A brigade would form along the side of the track and all at once would take hold of the ends of the ties.
and with a “he-e-eave-ho!” lift ties and rails bodily and send them all over like a great sod. Then prying the ties loose from the rails, pile them up like cob-houses and set them on fire, after which we would take the T-rails and lay them across the burning ties so they would become red-hot in the center. Then, taking hold of the ends of these rails, twist them into all sorts of shapes.

Many of them were left as bands around telegraph poles or trees, and when they had cooled a dozen yoke of oxen could not have pulled one off.

When this work was done we marched at once for Atlanta, where railroads, machine shops, and all public buildings were given to the flames.

There, on the morning of Nov. 15, 1864, the great march to the sea began. The army of more than 60,000 present consisted of the right wing, composed of the 15th and 17th corps under the command of Gen. O.O. Howard, and the left wing, composed of the 14th and 20th corps under Gen. Slocum.

There was also a small cavalry division under the irrepressible Gen. Kilpatrick. This, Gen. Grant said, was as good a body of soldiers as ever trod the earth.

There was a pent-up enthusiasm among the men which expressed itself in loud cheers as the heads of columns pulled out on the various roads, one column answering to the other, while all kept step to the lively music of the regimental bands.

Our right wing moved at first nearly south along the Macon railroad while the left wing started due east along the Augusta railroad. This was to confuse the enemy as to our course and to enable us to ruin the railroads along which we marched. It was also to give us a wide field on which to forage. Sherman’s orders were to forage liberally off the country, and our boys put a liberal interpretation on that order.
By the end of the first day we were out of the war zone and from that time on the country afforded ample supplies for man and beast. At Lovejoy our cavalry struck the outposts of the Confederates, charged them, and took a battery, driving the foe pell-mell from the place. We found the bridges burned and the roads obstructed by the felling of trees across them. But our pioneers could put in pontoon bridges and remove obstructions about as fast as the army could move. Hence Sherman’s 25,000 wagons moved along unvexed toward the sea.

What royal times we had! The weather was usually fine and the roads good. When we reached camp after a good day’s march each mess was usually provided with ample supplies for the night. Soon a bright fire might be seen with a two-gallon tin pail full of sweet water on it and a frying pan of beef steak or dressed chicken, and as soon as these were cooked the skillet was put to use in the baking of “slapjacks” which we easily flopped over without the use of a knife. When to all this was added fragrant coffee, we had a feast which a king would not despise.

Most of these provisions were brought in by the individual messes, but every brigade had a regular detail of foragers. These usually went out on foot but would return mounted on mules or horses well laden with forage, or perchance they came with all sorts of vehicles, wagons, or carriages. Any one of these might be drawn by a tandem team consisting of a cow, a mule, and a donkey. In a carriage might be seen a dozen chickens tied to the bows and in the bed of the vehicle ample supplies of ham, flour, or meal and sweet potatoes. The great pageant that would thus pass in review each evening would not only create great merriment, but would furnish evidence that the resources of the whole country were at our command.

It must be admitted that to the inhabitants that were thus deprived of that which seemed to them necessities of life, all this
seemed cruel. But “war is cruel—you cannot refine it.” It was better to destroy the supplies that would support the rebel army than to kill the men in the ranks.

On nearing Macon we struck the railroad leading east from that place to Savannah, and as one branch ran to Milledgeville, the capital of the state, we began at once to tear up both lines, working two or three days during which time the whole army probably destroyed 150 miles of railroad in the very heart of Georgia.

This severed the rebel government at Richmond from the Southern Confederacy west of us. The rebels never did rebuild these railroads. In the meantime Walcott’s brigade was guarding our rear, looking toward Macon. It was no part of Sherman’s plan to attack fortified towns, for he did not want to encumber himself with prisoners. But Hardee, the Confederate commander of that department, had ordered Gen. Phillips to march his division from Macon to Savannah.

Though Sherman now had 30,000 men along that road, yet Phillips undertook to obey his orders and soon ran into Walcott’s brigade, which had taken position behind old logs at the edge of a field. The state troops which Phillips commanded came on bravely but met a withering fire from Walcott’s veterans and fell back only to reform and charge a second and a third time over the field, which at the end was crimsoned with the blood of their slain.

But finally Walcott’s men thought their right was about to be turned and sent for help. Our regiment was ordered up on double-quick and, rushing in on Walcott’s right, improvised a line of breastworks in half an hour by throwing old logs together and by using our case knives for spades and our tin plates for shovels. But the Confederates had had enough of battle and withdrew in the early evening to Macon, having lost about 600 to Walcott’s 90.

After this we had no fighting until we reached the environs
of Savannah. It is true that detachments of the enemy tried hard to prevent our crossing certain rivers, but our men soon effected a crossing above or below them, when they would retreat in a great haste.

Thus while rebel newspapers boasted that Sherman was surrounded, hemmed in, and would starve in their midst, we were moving on day by day as if on a great picnic excursion, while at the same time the luxuries of a rich country supplied every physical need. Indeed our march was so pleasant, the weather was so nice, that the troops in their hilarity were given to pranks which they often played on each other.

One of these was to kick the pinecones in the road over the heads of those in front. As the men got used to kicking nearly everything in sight, some wag would snatch up an old cast-off hat and carry it along till he found a stone that would fill it, then laying the hat so as to carefully conceal himself, an expert kicker would up and give that hat a tremendous kick with the idea of landing it on the head of some man two or three rods in advance. The kick, however, failing to budge the anchored hat, would leave the discomfited kicker limping with a bruised foot. This would cause a roar of laughter only to be followed by another roar as some other acrobat coming up from the rear would kick the same hat and meet with the same fate.

On our way toward the sea we passed Millen, where many of our men had pined and starved as prisoners. Of course those who survived had been run off to other points as we approached.

Continuing to tear up and destroy the railroad, we came into the low, flat pinelands of the coast, where farms were few and supplies scarce. By the 10th of December, Sherman’s army had closed in about Savannah, confronting a rebel line extending from the Savannah to the Ogeechee. Here were a series of rice plantations extending from river to river with a system of deep canals and ditches, behind which
Hardee’s rebel force of 15,000 men was entrenched. We could easily have routed this force had it not been that it was behind flooded fields with no way of approach to its position except a long, narrow causeway that could be raked by rebel batteries. Hence for the time being we were brought up standing, while skirmishing and cannonading made the situation lively. In the meantime our whole army, men and beasts, became dependent on rice and rice straw for food. There was an abundance of these to supply our forces for many weeks, but the trouble was to hull the rice, which was of the finest quality.

At first we would put some of the grains in our tin cups and pound with the butts of our bayonets till most of the hull was loosened. But that was a tedious process for hungry men. Luckily we discovered that the slaves on these plantations had been required to hull their rice in mortars, or “homing hods” as our boys called them. Gathering many of these into our camps and keeping them going chug! chug! all night and all day, we managed to clean enough rice to do us. The small amount of government rations we had brought with us had been exhausted, and the boys were beginning to get hungry for hardtack.

Sherman knew that a fleet with abundant supplies for his army was in Ossabaw Sound, some miles below us, but those supplies could not reach us until Fort McAllister, a stronghold on the Ogeechee River, was taken. Hence, at his request, our Department Commander Howard selected Hazen’s division and sent it across and down the Ogeechee till they reached and invested the fort on three sides. Just before sunset Hazen gave the order to advance, and in a few moments, in spite of heroic defense, our men were climbing the parapet 15 feet high on all three sides, and the fort with all its guns and garrison was in their hands.

When news reached us of the taking of this fort there was great
rejoicing, and our boys would call over to the rebel pickets, “Fort McAllister is taken and the hardtack line is open.”

Sure enough, in two or three days cracker boxes were dumped on our quarters, filled with nice, crisp crackers just from New York. Some of our funny fellows almost stood on their heads in delight and declared nothing ever tasted so good as those crackers.

After this the siege was pressed vigorously until the night of the 20th, when we had everything ready for an assault in the morning. We lay on our arms all night expecting before daylight to march across the muddy rice fields carrying hand bridges to throw across the big ditches, but night passed and no order came.

Some fellow said, “I'll bet five dollars the rebs are gone.” And gone they were! For during the night Hardee had abandoned his works and crossed the Savannah River, his only avenue of escape, on a pontoon bridge, leaving scores of cannon and 30,000 bales of cotton to fall into our hands.

Never was there a prouder army than the one that marched into Savannah that day, Dec. 21, 1864. We had fought no great battle, won no great victory, had captured no great army, but we had pierced through the heart of the Southern Confederacy, giving her a death wound from which she could not recover. The beginning of the end of the long war was in sight, and now we could move with the sun toward the north. No sooner had we stacked arms, however, about Savannah, than there was a rush for town to see what could be seen in that quaint Southern city. I went down along the sandy streets under the great live oaks to the docks, where hundreds of Negroes and poor whites were seizing and quarreling over supplies which the Confederates had abandoned.

One buxom Irish woman won in a fight for a half a barrel of pork and walked off with it in her arms. Most of us soldiers were content to gather up some rice and go back to our camps.
Almost at once we began to build shacks for winter quarters, supposing we would remain there till early spring. Owing to sickness, our mess had been reduced to three. We built a shack with a fireplace and a bunk that was ample for three occupants. One of our mess, Sam Stow, would go downtown and after being out all night would return with blankets for our beds and luxuries for our table. On asking him where he got them he would say, “Ask no questions.” No doubt, like many others, he had evaded the guards and managed to climb to a back shed or roof, where he could enter one of the many dwellings that had been abandoned by fleeing rebel families. In one of these he no doubt slept till morning and then brought away what we most needed. Had these people remained at home they would not have been disturbed, but as it was, few of the soldiers had any sympathy for them for they had run off to evade the sight of the hated Yankees.

While at Savannah, Sherman sent about 10,000 Negroes, who had left their masters, to Beaufort, S.C., where the government could care for them. On the march to the sea these swarms of Negroes were constantly flocking from the plantations to our passing columns. They had one dominating idea: “De ya’h ob jubilee am come.” Some women would come with bundles as big as bed-ticks on their heads, others with only the rags that half covered their bodies.

Sometimes a single soldier would come in mounted at the head of a column of 60 to 100 Negroes all astride horses or mules and all showing rows of shining ivory, as they grinned with a sense of newfound liberty. Nothing created more fun among our boys than to get a young Negro, fresh from a plantation, and to hear his answers to questions like these:

“Well, Sambo, who is your master?”
“T’aint, sa’h, ’less it am Massa Linkim.”
“But who was your master?”
“Massa Rodney, sa’h.”
“And who is Massa Rodney?”
“Dunno who Massa Rodney is? I thought ever’body knowed Massa Rodney.”
“But where does he live?”
“Down on Punkin Vine, sa’h.”
“And where is Punkin Vine?”
“Y’u all oughta know where Punkin Vine is.”
“Is your old master at home?”
“No, he dun gone off long ago, sa’h.”
“Did he go fast or slow?”
“You could hev laid a aig on his hoss’s tail, sa’h!”

Thus we got an insight into the state of commotion among the whites and the spirit of jubilation among the colored people. Poor freedmen! It was not till many years of trial and struggle that they learned what real freedom meant.

We had not been in Savannah more than three weeks when it became evident that Sherman had determined to march his army into the heart of South Carolina and from there north toward the rebel capital. It was indeed a desperate undertaking, for the swampy lowlands of South Carolina at that time of year were thought by the rebels to be impassible for an army. But Gen. Sherman knew that every mile his army moved north deprived the tottering Confederacy of that much more country on which to feed its armies. And, believing his men equal to any emergency, started his right wing by water around to Beaufort, S.C., and the left wing up the Savannah for 15 miles to where it was expected they could cross on pontoons, but floods of rain raised the river till the adjacent country was flooded, and it was several weeks before Slocum’s corps were all safe across. In the meantime we marched down to the mouth of the river and took a steamer for Beaufort and next morning were out
on the deep, blue ocean. It was the first sea voyage for most of us, and many had a taste of seasickness. All of us were glad when at 2 p.m. we landed at Beaufort and went into camp on the farther side of the island.

All the country on this coast was immensely rich and had been the home of wealthy planters who had fled on the approach of the Yankees more than three years before the government had colonized thousands of Negro families on these lands, fed and clothed them, and allowed them to raise cotton shares. Hence Negroes were found on every hand.

Like them we soon found a prolific source of supply in the numerous oyster beds that abounded in the adjacent waters. Two men would man a boat and float down with the outgoing tide to some oyster bank, where they would load their dugout with great clusters of oysters, slimy without but delicious within.

Coming to camp late in the evening with their boat full to the brim, they would cry out, “Any mess that will come and get these oysters can have half.”

Away we would go with our camp kettles and soon have two piles of oysters lying by as many campfires. Then we would roll portions of these bivalves into the fire, where the slime would dry up while the oysters would burst open. Then, giving them time to cool, we would have a feast such as princes might envy.

Of course we would not vouch for the perfect cleanliness of our oyster roasts, but after seeing the Negroes shell oysters, we thought we would relish in our own dish rather than that of the colored mammies.

It was the last of January 1865 that the right wing of our great army began to move forward toward the interior of South Carolina, passing on the way Pocataligo, where another line of Confederate railroad was put out of use.
Stopping over a day at McPhersonville, an old but once wealthy town, we found it overgrown by pines nearly 100 years old, many of which grew in well-defined furrows of what was once a broad cotton field. On our advance from this place, February 1, nearly the whole town was in flames, for the rich planters had fled from it and there was a deep-seated purpose in the minds of the rank and file of the army that South Carolina rebels, who were the first to plunge the nation into war, should be made to feel the blight and curse of war. Hence, in spite of orders against firing residences, I hardly saw a house that was not burned during the first three days after we left McPhersonville. And though a stringent order checked this indiscriminate burning to a great extent, it did not prevent it entirely, and for years after the war the route of Sherman’s army through South Carolina could be traced by chimney stacks that stood where once were the homes of Southern chivalry.

It must be remembered that the last sons of these planters were fighting us, obstructing the roads and burning the bridges over which we must pass. There was a strong feeling founded on fact that these planters who remained at home with their Negroes were the support and stay of the Confederates in our front; hence the more we destroyed their resources the sooner the war would end. This march though the Carolinas was not a picnic by any means. There were almost continuous rains. The country was low and marshy. The rebels burned all the culverts and bridges on the narrow causeways. All crossings of streams were opposed with infantry and artillery. The most formidable of these streams south of the Charleston and Augusta Railroad was the Salkehatchie, a stream said to have 15 different channels and which drained a vast swampy region. The bridges over these channels had all been burned. When moving forward along these narrow roads and coming to one of these streams, the column would have to stop till a bridge was built.
To do this our men might have to go a mile up it before the bridge could be built. It must be remembered that the banks were too steep to allow the putting in of pontoon bridges. Hence our progress through these swamps was slow. But to make matters worse, supplies in this swampy country proved little more than sufficient when the army moved on without delay.

Hence everything was done to hasten our advance. Often, beyond a deep channel, a rebel fort with a battery in it and infantry supports on either side would stand ready to challenge our crossing. But Gen. Sherman or one of his subordinates would send troops above and below the crossing and, with their cartridge boxes about their necks, the men would plunge in and flounder through the channel waist deep and, coming out on the other side in the face of a strong picket fire, would soon find the fort deserted and the enemy fleeing in disorder.

But the marvelous speed with which we overcame such formidable obstructions is evidenced in the fact that the roads were cleared and the bridges rebuilt while the army marched a distance of 70 miles in eight days. At the end of this time our corps struck the South Carolina Railroad at Bamberg, 76 miles from Charleston and 64 miles from North Augusta. The rebel general had calculated that they could meet us on this road with 33,000 troops, but we were on it and had thoroughly broken it up before their concentration began.

In fact Sherman’s movements through the swamps during the floods of winter dumbfounded the Confederates. From here we moved on toward Columbia, and everywhere had a full share of mud, rain, and swollen streams. But our pioneers could put in corduroy roads and repair bridges with marvelous rapidity so that the army moved forward at the rate of about 10 miles a day. As we neared Columbia we reached a better country but encountered
Wade Hampton’s cavalry, which made an attack one evening but was soon driven off. In the forenoon of Feb. 16 our corps moved up the Congaree River opposite the beautiful little town of Columbia, now in plain sight, passed the great bridge that had just been burned, and continued up the river while our batteries, replying to rebel guns, sent shells into the public buildings of the city. A little above Columbia the Saluda unites with Broad River to form the Congaree. Here, too, the bridges were burned, but we crossed the Saluda on pontoons and lay on our arms near the Broad during the night. Early in the morning Stone’s Iowa Brigade effected a crossing of this river and began a hot skirmish fight that lasted till 10 a.m.

As this brigade advanced in skirmish line on the city, our brigade followed. Stone’s troops arrived in time to see the last of the Johnnies disappear. Our brigade, the first of the 1st Division, 15th Corps, was the initial command to march through the city in column. There was much confusion. Some of Stone’s men had been given whiskey and were drunk, but guards were trying to maintain order. As we marched through the principal streets we found them narrow and almost choked with burning cotton bales that had been piled for long distances, end against end, in the middle of the streets and set on fire. Whatever might have been their intention, the rebel soldiers did all this. Perhaps they wanted to destroy the cotton so that the Yankees might not get it, when, in fact, Sherman was burning all the cotton he captured in the interior. We do not claim that the Confederates planned thus to burn their own city, but they could hardly have been blind to the fact that bales of blazing cotton in narrow streets endangered adjacent property.

We were almost suffocated by the smoke as we passed along these smoldering cotton bales. We frequently saw large flakes that had been blown from the bales blazing as they were tossed about the streets by the wind, which was now becoming a gale. Camping south
of the city, we were eagerly preparing for a good supper when in the
dusk of the evening we saw a lurid blaze near the center of town
and at once came urgent orders to fall in. Leaving our half-cooked
chicken and sweet potatoes, we seized our accouterments and were
off for the city. There we found confusion worse confounded. The
streets were choked with soldiers, Negroes, and some citizens, most
of them having come there out of curiosity.

A corner of one block in the center of town was blazing fiercely.
How that fire originated no one has been able to explain. Gen.
Sherman laid the blame on the rebels, claiming that the burning
cotton had been blown into a cotton warehouse and thus started
the fire. The rebels persist to this day in asserting that Sherman
set the city on fire. Personally I doubt whether any man living
or dead knows just how that disastrous fire originated. As it was
the fire could have been subdued had the city had an efficient fire
department. But there seemed to be but one engine, and that a very
poor one. Soldiers were detailed to work it, but at best it threw but
a feeble stream on the flames, which increased in fierceness as the
wind rose to nearly a hurricane.

After we had tried in vain to clear the streets, I was detailed with
a squad under Sgt. Elliot to go out and bring in Negroes to work
the fire engine. We went off to the northwest, found one Negro
carrying an immense mirror for his master, who, seeing the town
would burn, was trying to save what he could. We told him that he
must give up his colored man to help work the fire engine. But he,
thinking that we simply wanted to steal his slave, said, “Yes, man,
you can have him, but just let him carry this up the street a little
further.”

We told him we did not want his Negro but that he must go at once
to the engine and help save the city. And while the poor slave, afraid
to disobey his master or the Yankee soldiers, was saying, “Yas, yas. Lor’
Massa,” we forced him to put down the mirror and go toward the fire but neither guarded him nor cared much what he did.

By this time the fire had consumed most of one block, when suddenly a great whirlwind carried scores of burning brands high into the air and rained them down on buildings across the street. Soon the fire had spread in every direction, for everything was dry as tinder. To the southeast, the way the wind was driving, the fire moved rapidly in spite of officers and troops who were trying to stay its onward sweep. Nearly all of our own regiment was driven before the flames but continued on duty all night protecting and saving the homes of people living in the less populous parts of the city. But our squad was to the windward and became more and more separated from our regiment. We saw the fire back up against the wind through burning blocks to the edge of the streets, then, aided by the intense heat, leap the street and consume other blocks, thus burning itself out to the less compact part of the city.

Some of our own writers have said that fire would not have spread to the windward had there not been Negroes and drunken soldiers who, after the fire started, seized brands and carried the fire across the streets, where it could not have gone without their aid. But I was there on the ground till after midnight and never saw a man with a firebrand. But I did see the fire back up against the wind, leap narrow streets, and consume block after block till it had reached the suburbs. In fact I know that the Providence of God in sending the high wind and the dry weather, when the Confederates set fire to their own cotton, made the sad conflagration almost inevitable.

About midnight our squad ran across our colonel, and we told him we were lost from our company and regiment. He did not know where the regiment was himself but said if we did not find it soon we could bunk down near his headquarters wagon, which was on vacant lots not far away.
That was all the order needed, and soon we had spread our blankets on the greensward by his wagon and there rested our weary limbs listening to the constant discharge of firearms, for every house had its arms, and the crackling of flames, till we were sound asleep. In the morning we looked out on what the day before was a rebel factory and a rebel arsenal as well as the proud capital of the Palmetto State, now reduced to blackened walls and ruined homes.

We enjoyed our breakfast, however, not feeling responsible for what had occurred. Gen. Howard issued supplies to the people of Columbia and gave them half of his herd of cattle and advised the mayor as to how he might supply the citizens.

On the 20th the army again moved forward, no one knew where but Sherman. His object was to keep the enemy in doubt as to whether he would move against Charleston or turn north to Charlotte. But his real object was to converge on Cheraw. Passing through a rather barren country, we crossed the Catawba River on the 23rd and moved on steadily from day to day, finding the usual amount of rain, mud, swollen sloughs, burned bridges, and wide swamps.

One piece of good luck came to our regiment at Columbia that served to supply a great need on this march. While our men were doing guard duty in the state capital, someone discovered several hundred pounds of coffee, a very rare commodity in the South at that time.

As Sherman had ordered that no more rations should be issued without a special order from him, we had lamented the fact that for several weeks we would be without our cherished warm drink. But the coffee find being reported to our colonel, he quietly ordered it distributed to the several companies of our own regiment. So a big poke of coffee went to every mess, each member of which would take turns in carrying it and from which we made delicious coffee.
for about three weeks. When other troops would pass our camp and scent the aroma they would call out, “Where did you get that coffee?” Our usual answer was, “We drew it.” This indefinite answer gave us more pleasure than it did the others.

Our corps went into camp on Lynch’s Creek February 26. There our foragers brought in an abundance of eatables for night and morning. Because we were so prodigal in their use, they were nearly all gone by the next day. And owing to rising waters in the creek we were detained over three nights. In the meantime our foragers found almost nothing more. The morning we were to move on I came in off picket duty just as our company stood in ranks ready to march. My messmates pointed to three little corn cakes lying on a tussock, saying, “There’s your breakfast.”

I took the cold cakes in one hand and with my gun in the other stepped into my place as the command moved off.

Crossing a bridge that had been built, abandoned, and rebuilt on account of the changing depth of the water, we marched steadily till about 3 p.m., when we were halted till another creek could be bridged.

By this time we were desperately hungry, and, as our foragers reported nothing, we concluded to forage off the mules. Going among them we managed to filch some little corn from the corners of their troughs. When this parched we made our dinner off it and counted it much better than nothing.

After dark we moved forward again and in less than an hour halted, as it was said, for rations. Details were sent out from each company to the commissary, who, it was supposed, was ready to distribute ample supplies which our foragers had brought in.

When these details returned they brought nothing but a little fat fresh pork. A bite or two of such meat, when fried to a crackling, on an empty stomach would have made an ostrich sick. But sick
or well we marched without a halt and without a morsel of food passing our lips in the meantime, for 21 miles. I did reach into a deep wagon and got a sliver of hardtack as large as a silver dollar.

At our camp in the evening the hungry men set up such a clamor for hardtack as moved our division commander, Gen. Woods, to issue one fourth of a day’s ration, contrary to orders, from the reserve that was kept sacred for special emergencies. That little supply was the occasion of rejoicing and sufficed for the next morning.

In the evening, however, our foragers got in and brought enough for a half meal. One of our mess asked, “Shall we eat it now or save it for tomorrow?”

“Eat it now and trust to Providence for tomorrow,” was the reply.

And Providence did seem to be propitious the next forenoon when, after a march of a few miles, we came out of that wilderness of swamp into the broad and fertile valley of the Great Pedee River at Cheraw. Here, in the midst of plenty, we rested for three days.

On the morning of March 6 our brigade was drawn up on the hill overlooking the river, awaiting the crossing of the large corps train over the pontoons. Near where our regiment had stacked arms, a rebel arsenal of abandoned ammunition had been emptied of its contents and all this explosive material thrown down the side of a steep ravine.

In moving the ammunition, many fine streams of powder had sifted from the kegs, making continuous streams from near the arsenal to the bluff. Our men were well rested, the air was crisp, and they were full of fun. Innocently enough some of our boys began to touch matches to these trails of powder. As the blaze flashed along the trails, creating a commotion and much laughter, it would run its course and go out. But this would excite others to fire other trails, and in the midst of the fun the flame ran along one trail over
the bluff and into tons of fixed ammunition that strewed the bank. Instantly there was an explosion that seemed to rend the heavens and the earth.

My first thought was that the rebels had undermined the earth beneath us, and I was doing my utmost to stand on my feet while the earth heaved beneath me. Nearly the whole brigade started a stampede, and the air was thick with flying missiles. All that saved our regiment from annihilation was the side of the bluff, which caused the force of the explosion to go over our heads. As it was, it was said that 40 persons were killed or wounded, four of whom belonged to our regiment. I have never seen an account of this tragic event that was nearly correct. Not one attributed it to the innocent, fun-loving boys of the 12th Indiana.

Soon after leaving Cheraw we passed into the state of North Carolina, and though the rains seemed to increase and mud to deepen, yet we plodded on, hopeful and courageous, closing in on the remaining territory left to the Confederates. Word reached us that Wilmington had been taken, thus assuring Sherman a base of supplies there should he need it.

Hence we pushed forward in spite of the fact that some days our pioneers had to corduroy nearly every mile of the road we passed over. Our most dismal day it fell to the lot of our brigade to bring up the rear. But it was 3 p.m. before the last of the train began to move, and it was swamped inside of 2 miles from where we had camped. While we stood in a downpour of rain awaiting the moving of the train, we discovered an old Southern cart with a mule in the shafts and a venerable-looking colored driver by its side.

Wondering at the unusual sight, we approached the cart and saw within on a little wet straw a lot of colored babies, none of whom had on more than a little cotton shirt, but all were asleep and all steaming like a litter of pigs.
About the same time there passed, with hundreds of poor, wet Negroes, a colored woman leading her blind father through the rains while she carried one child in her arms and had another clinging to her skirts.

The night that followed was a time of horrors. In places three corduroy roads were put in and sunk out of sight, one on top of the others. Many of the mules as well as the wagons mired down completely. Some vehicles were abandoned, and many teams were pulled out by our men who, fastening a rope to the wagon, plodded through the mud themselves and brought mules and wagons onto more solid ground. Some wagons that had been mired were unloaded, the contents carried some distance and reloaded. This gave very hungry men a chance to replenish their empty haversacks from boxes of crackers.

One of my messmates came to me and wanted my haversack. I gave it to him, and presently he returned with it quite full, as were many others that were filled in the same manner.

At last, after toiling all night, morning came and a little rest, and we moved on upon a better road. We were now aiming straight for Fayetteville, which we reached on the 15th day of March.

The next day a shrill whistle announced the presence of a steamboat that had come directly from Wilmington, bringing news from the outside world. This would have been more welcome had it brought letters and papers from home, for we had not had any mail in six weeks. From here Sherman sent away the thousands of Negroes and many white citizens who had flocked to the army and come with us all the way from Columbia. These people were tired of the war and sought homes in the free North.

Sherman had now swept everything before him, leaving South Carolina helpless, while North Carolina was feeling the inevitable blow of his advance. But the rebels were putting forth every effort
to stay his onward march and if possible cripple his army. Our general expected that another stage of this march would bring him to Goldsboro, N.C., where the campaign would end.

Crossing the Cape Fear River, the left wing soon encountered Hardee’s rebel corps, and a sharp battle ensued, resulting in the retirement of the Johnnies.

The right wing took the more direct course toward Goldsboro. Though spring was at hand and trees were budding, a more difficult, muddy road could hardly be found. It was a continual struggle of man and beast to move the train at all. Forty-three miles in five days was all we could make. On the evening of the 21st our brigade was ordered forward to Bentonville, where we were supposed to be needed. Near there, two days before, the rebel Gen. Johnston had concentrated all his force and had made a fierce attack on the left wing of Sherman’s army. As the head of the column was somewhat surprised, Johnston gained ground for a while but was driven back to his fortifications after dark. The next day our right wing arrived to find the Confederates had fallen back into the bend of a little river and were well fortified. Sherman could doubtless have crushed Johnston’s army had he risked an assault, but he did not think it necessary.

When our brigade reached its corps on the 22nd, tired almost to death, we supposed we would be allowed some rest, but instead we were ordered out on picket duty that night, the last night; in fact we were never in reach of the enemy’s guns. Only one bullet came near us, and that did no harm. When morning came there were a few rebel sentinels in our front who were glad to surrender, for they had simply been sacrificed that the Confederate army might escape. Thus it had effected in the night, leaving the battlefield in our hands.

Sherman had no desire to pursue the rebels at that time but turned his whole army toward Goldsboro, where we arrived on the
24th of March, uniting there with troops under Schofield, who had come up from the coast. This gave Sherman a grand army of 100,000, all in exuberant spirits and within easy reach of abundant supplies. Our stay of more than two weeks in this sunny place was delightful.

Here returned two of our mess who went to the rear on account of sickness the previous August. There also came two of our company who had been taken prisoners in the Battle of Atlanta and had been in Andersonville Prison most of the time since. While in prison they set up a barber shop and took small pieces of beef bone for pay, and thus, to use their own expression, “lived fat.” They convinced their captors their time of enlistment was out and were exchanged.

On the 6th of April came the glorious news that Grant had taken Richmond. This sounded the death knell of the “Secesh” movement, but we wanted to be in on the funeral. Accordingly, on the 11th of April, Sherman marched his whole army against Joe Johnston’s forces, who, resisting sharply, fell back toward Raleigh.

On our second day out, two of Company A were cut off from their command while they were returning, poorly mounted, laden with forage. Though it was two to a dozen, our boys tried to rush through the troop that had headed them off. The least of the two boys fell with his horse and was captured, but in a few moments managed to escape by leaping into a morass where he tore through the tangled copse till he reached camp nearly stripped of clothing. The other man rushed through his would-be captors, one of whom followed him and clubbed him over the head with a revolver. Unable to endure this longer, he seized his own gun which hung by its strap under his arm and, pulling down on the butt, fired at a venture and shot the rebel through the heart. Thus our men would fight to the death rather than be captured.

On the 11th or 12th news spread like wildfire that Lee had surrendered at Appomattox. There was a great uproar when this was
confirmed by an official telegram. All pressed forward now toward Raleigh, which was entered on the 13th. One of the first sights that greeted our eyes was the Stars and Stripes waving over the place where one of the leading papers of the state was published, showing the large Union sentiment in this old commonwealth.

Camping about this beautiful capital city it became known on the 15th that Johnston had opened negotiations with Sherman for the surrender of his army. We were all anxious that the surrender might speedily take place. It would virtually end the war at once. Otherwise Johnston might retreat to the mountains and lead us in a wild goose chase in a vain effort to overtake him. But while these negotiations were pending, the astounding news reached us that our noble President Lincoln had been assassinated.

For hours the mass of soldiers seemed struck dumb. Their grief was as real as if they had lost a father or a mother. Later their threats of vengeance were heard because of the deep damnation of his taking off.

A few days later it became known that Sherman’s first agreement with Johnston in regard to terms of surrender was not approved at Washington. But in a second conference Johnston agreed to accept for his army the terms that were granted Lee’s army at Appomattox.

Thus, on the 25th of April, 1865, the second largest Confederate army, consisting of 30,000 men, laid down their arms to return to their homes, not to be molested so long as they obeyed the laws of the United States.

The joy we felt at this consummation could not be expressed in words. The cause for which we had fought and suffered had triumphed. The long, cruel war was over, and we could now turn our feet toward home and loved ones.

The race between Logan’s 15th and Blair’s 17th had now become strenuous. Blair’s command had the main pike, while our corps,
being on the extreme right, had to travel country roads which were never good nor straight. One night, after a very hard day’s march, we did not camp until after 10 p.m. Hardly had we gotten sound asleep, so it seemed, when we were roused at 3 a.m. and urged to hurry breakfast, as it was desired to cross the Roanoke River before the 17th Corps.

We were on the road by break of day and without a pause marched 21 miles by noon, when Logan came out on the main road on the hills overlooking the river. Just at that, up came Blair with his staff in advance of his corps. With the air of a victor he cried out, “Hello, Logan. Where is your corps?”

“Here it is,” said Black Jack, as our pioneers, followed by the 12th Indiana, came rattling out of the woods onto the pike.

As Blair saw he was beaten and would have to halt his corps two or 3 miles back in order to get water, it is said the air around there was blue for some distance with army cussing.

Our whole corps marched down into the valley and occupied the river from far above and below the crossing. All the following night and the next day till noon was spent in putting in a pontoon bridge, for the quicksands made it very hard to anchor the boats so as to insure a safe passage. But, the bridge completed, our corps spent all the afternoon in crossing, and having been in front the day before it fell to the lot of our regiment to bring up in the rear. Hence we did not cross till after sundown, but even then Blair and his whole corps were drawn up to follow on our heels that night. Indeed he, so far as himself and staff were concerned, did not wait till we were across, but before the rear of our regiments had reached the middle of the bridge this irate general rushed with his staff and headquarters wagons upon us, forcing us aside so that he and his might pass. Thus he rushed on, swearing, it was said, that he would beat Logan into Petersburg or kill his horse in trying.
He may have succeeded in beating our corps command into Petersburg, but if he did, he ran away from his own command while Logan, with his own corps, got there far in advance of the 17th.

We were now in the midst of the tobacco plantations of the Old Dominion. Many of the officers of Lee’s late army were at their homes in these parts, some looking glad, some sad, and some mad. From this on it was a steady march to Petersburg, which we reached on May 7 and where we laid over for a day of rest and sightseeing.

We were too tired and too ignorant of the points of special interest to see much on those fields where Grant’s army had fought so long and hard. Of course we saw long lines of fortifications and the battered old town, but were glad when, the next day, we marched on to Manchester, just across the James River from Richmond, where we went into camp for three days.

This gave us a splendid chance to visit places of interest. That which excited my attention most was Libby Prison, the old state capital, and the ruins of that large part of the city which had been burned when the place was evacuated. I have often thought, since, that if federal soldiers instead of Confederates caused that conflagration we would not have heard the end to this day.

On the 13th our regiment was the last of our corps to pass through Richmond on its way to Washington. For more than 50 miles the unbroken column pushed on via Hanover Courthouse, Bowling Green, and Fredericksburg, thus passing through a country desolated by war.

On the 19th, by special permission, Gen. Wood marched his division past Mount Vernon, where we marched at shoulder arms past the front of the tomb of the father of his country and his wife. We saw the grounds and old home from the rear side only, but I retain a lively picture of it to this day. We camped in the vicinity of Alexandria, opposite Washington, till the 23rd. Mead’s Army of the
Potomac and Sherman’s of the Department of the Mississippi were near at hand, ready for grand review.

The Army of the Potomac was reviewed on the 23rd and made a fine appearance as they marched past the White House and then back over the Potomac before night.

That evening our division marched over Longbridge and camped for the night on the commons south of the Capitol, ready to lead Sherman’s army in the pending review. We were up before day the next morning, and at an early hour, stripped of everything but cartridge boxes and guns, with gleaming bayonets, even our rough, old shoes blackened and shining and our brass pieces reflecting the rays of the sun, we were ready for the march. About 9 o’clock, our regiment in the lead, with platoons as straight as arrows, began the march down Pennsylvania Avenue from the north side of the Capitol.

Never shall we forget that grand pageant. In advance of us was Gen. Sherman with Gen. Howard by his side. Behind them was Gen. Logan, commanding the Army of the Tennessee. Then Gen. Wood, commanding our division, and near him his brother Gen. W.B. Wood, who commanded our brigade. Behind them came a little battalion of pioneers and then Col. Williams leading our regiment.

On either side of the avenue was an enthusiastic crowd of people that lined the sidewalks and crowded out into the streets as far as the mounted guards would allow. Then they filled doors, windows, and balconies till it looked like a solid mass of people up to the fourth and fifth stories. These were cheering and clapping their hands, while hundreds of women and girls hung garlands about the necks of the horses of our generals and showered bouquets in profusion over us or hung them on our bayonets.

People were there from all the loyal states, and we could tell that Indiana was represented by the way the Hoosiers called out,
“Hurrah for the Indiana boys.” The Western people were specially proud of Sherman’s army, as it had fought from the Mississippi to the Atlantic Ocean (and was in the main made up of Western troops). Nor is there a doubt that the Eastern people generally were surprised at the appearance of Sherman’s army. They thought its rough and tumble experiences in the swamps, its long marches and constant foraging, had made it an army of bummers, but when they saw its steady step, its rhythmic swing, its straight platoons, they, too, joined in the cheering.

On nearing the White House we passed a series of grandstands where were seated the diplomatic corps, the official representatives of the states and of Congress. In the midst of these, just in front of the executive mansion, was the president’s stand, where the members of the Cabinet were seated with President Johnson as well as Gen. Grant, Gen. Mead, and others.

Just as we passed this decorated stand we saw Gen. Sherman dismount and ascend the platform, while all the men seated there rose and crowded round to congratulate him.

We saw with what pleasure our general received these compliments, but noticed distinctly that he refused the hand of Stanton, secretary of war. It was well known at the time that Sherman felt very bitter toward Stanton on account of his public criticism of the first agreement as to terms of surrender of Johnston’s army.

After receiving congratulations, Sherman stepped to the front amid applause and stood there for four hours never taking his eyes off his troops, answering the salute of every officer and battalion commander that passed in review. And never had a general more reason to be proud of his army, when even the silent Grant could say, “The marching of Sherman’s army was superb.”

After marching on a little way beyond the reviewing stand,
we turned off to the right, marched out on one of the main thoroughfares to the north, and went into camp about 4 miles from the Capitol building.

Here Sherman’s army was soon assembled. The next thing in order was to arrange for the speedy discharge of those whose time of enlistment was most nearly out. The government ordered 100,000 or more of this class mustered out at once. Happily, our regiment was included in this list. Soon all the regiments of Sherman’s army that were to share the benefits of this order were busy making out the muster rolls. In the meantime the men of our army availed themselves of this opportunity to visit the places of special interest in the city of Washington. They poured down the streets by the thousands and swarmed about the public places, especially the patent office, the White House, the Navy Yard, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Capitol building.

While we walked until we were very tired, these visits were both interesting and instructive. I remember how a few of us were permitted to enter the “East Room” of the White House and how gingerly we sat down on the cushioned chairs. Those chairs were too soft entirely for boys who had been used to sitting on the ground or on chunks of wood or granite boulders.

Two weeks’ time sufficed to get the muster rolls of our regiment ready, and on the 8th of June, 1865, we were drawn up in line where every man answered to his name as it was on the rolls and was thus mustered out of the service of the United States.

Of course we would not be discharged till after our arrival at our state capitals. By this time all of Sherman’s army that was not being mustered out at once was going west to Louisville over the B.O.R.R., the road we were to take. On the evening of the 9th of June, the 12th, the 97th, and the 100th Indiana infantries left Washington for Indianapolis.
We were loaded onto coal flats much as so many hogs might be crowded together. But we were so glad to be on our way home that we did not complain. We could not half lie down at best, and first down, first served, so some would begin to make their beds about 4 p.m.

West of Harper’s Ferry the grades became so steep that our train frequently stalled and for miles moved so slowly that the boys talked of getting off and making coffee, believing that they could then overtake the train without difficulty. Worst of all for us, return trains from the West had the right of way, and we were sidetracked for one, two, three, and even four hours at a time. But our trip on the downgrade in West Virginia on a beautiful Sunday was a delight.

The loyal people of that state were at the station with bands and banners to cheer us on our way. As we passed one station, John Pugh of our company saw his mother on the platform and nearly fainted.

Arriving at Parkersburg we boarded river steamers and enjoyed a delightful ride down the Ohio to Lawrenceburg, where we were loaded on freight cars and about midnight arrived at Indianapolis and slept till morning on the beautiful campus of the Soldiers’ Home.

After a speech of welcome by Gov. Morton, as the regiment could not be discharged for several days, all who desired to do so were granted furloughs to return home till they were again needed at the capital. Going by Lafayette in the night, I reached Delphi early in the morning and went at once over to Pittsburg, where my sister Rachel Wilson lived. As I in part surprised her, she was almost overcome but sent her son Mell out to Father’s, 3 miles, to have them bring in the team for me and her family of three children and herself, as she desired to go with us.

After a late breakfast Mell returned with the wagon and three of my four sisters that were at home—Hannah, Martha, and Samantha.
Our meeting and greeting were quiet but full of joy unspeakable. In due time we were out at home, where sister Mary and Father and Mother welcomed me.

The three or four days I spent there before my return to camp were so full of real comfort and inexpressible joy that they seemed more like a dream than a reality.

Returning to Indianapolis, we were paid off and given our final discharge papers on the 20th of June, 1865. Then, dressing in citizens’ clothes, we boys who had bunked together for three years shook each others’ hands and started for our respective homes. But those boys have never been forgotten, and my greatest delight was to meet 13 of those old comrades at Monticello in 1900.

On returning to the home farm I was soon at work in the fields. Father had poor help and was needing mine. Nor did I ever enjoy farm work so well. The atmosphere seemed so quiet and peaceful, the plough so light, and the furrows so soft as contrasted with the noise and commotion and burdens of army life that I rejoiced that I was a free man in a free country where I hoped there would never be another war!
Now that I was out of the army I had to face the future as never before. As I trod the furrows the question would come to me, “What is to be your calling in life?”

“If you continue to labor on the farm you will be a failure.”

Why should I have such impressions I know not, for I dearly loved farm work. But from my youth I had had a vague impression that I would be a preacher some day. Indeed, I do not remember the time when I did not want to be a preacher.

The desire was still upon me, if duty called in that direction, but there were what seemed to me insurmountable difficulties in the way. In the first place there were Father and Mother and four sisters more or less dependent on us three brothers who were just getting home from the war. As I saw it I was as much under obligation in this matter as either of them. How could I get an education and do my bit at home? In the second place I knew I must have something like a college education to succeed in the ministry, and how to command the means to pay my expenses was a problem I could not solve.

I studied over this question till I became discouraged, and for about one day I gave up my cherished desire to attend college. I told my sisters I thought I would give up the idea of going to school. But, God bless them, they entered a protest and insisted that I should not cease to plan to attend college, telling me how they could help me.

I believe they thought I was called to preach, though I had said nothing about it to them. Thus encouraged, I promised the Lord that if he would open the way for me to go to school, I would take that as evidence of my call to preach.
The Battle Ground Collegiate Institute, though nothing more than a good academy while claiming to do college work, was the nearest Christian school to our home and seemed to me to be amply prepared to give me all the education I could ever hope for. Accordingly, while working with my brothers till late in the fall, putting in a big crop of winter wheat, I planned to enter this school at the beginning of the winter term.

Here let me say that I had been attending Sunday morning services with my folks at Pittsburg. There I saw on several occasions a one-armed man whose looks seemed somewhat familiar, yet as to who he was or where, if ever, I had known him were questions I could not solve till one Sabbath it flashed through my mind that he was F.J.K. Lunbeck, who had lost an arm at Richmond, Ky. We had only served together in the company for a month when his wound eliminated him from the service. Hence neither of us knew the other at first, but later we were at school together, and still later both of us were presiding elders of the Methodist Church.

With a young Mr. Mobray of our community, I engaged boarding at the home of Brother Head at Battle Ground, whose son soon became a warm personal friend of mine and later entered the ministry. Two thoughts were uppermost in my mind: First, I must enter on a strenuous life if I were to make up for lost time. And, second, I was so deficient in English grammar that I would almost feel ashamed to enter any class in that study. To carry out the first of these impressions I made the most of each day, rising at 5 in the morning and putting in all the time till 9 in the evening, never thinking of recreation. As to grammar, force of circumstances placed me in the “finishing class” in Pinneo’s Grammar.

The class numbered about 60, and to my mortification I conceived that I was among the poorest. I determined, however, to master the subject, and in two or three weeks had learned the
fundamentals of English grammar. From that time on it was easy sailing. At the end of the year I received a credit of 99 in this study, and only one in the class got a credit of 100.

That was the only time during the four years I was connected with the school that I received a credit of less than 100 in any subject. Of course students there were not graded according to their daily record in recitations as now. A student who came up with a good daily average got a credit of perfect. Mathematics came easy for me. I entered the second-term class in Ray's Elementary Algebra and led my class so easily that Prof. Rice, my teacher, advised me to skip a term of work in higher algebra and go into the finishing class of the spring term. This I did, and though the class was the best I was ever in, with just enough of rivalry to make it interesting, I held my own easily, and when near the close of the term we struck a peculiarly difficult problem I was the first to solve it after we had wrangled over it several days.

When our professor said some one of us might expect to have to explain the hardest problem in the book at the public examination, the class cried out, “Give it to LeSourd.” And sure enough LeSourd got it but was ready with the solution.

Soon after this I heard that Prof. Rice said I was the best in mathematics of anyone who had ever entered the school.

There were other subjects, such as were then called natural philosophy and mental philosophy, in which I made a first-class record, but Latin and Greek did not come so easy. There was so much depending on a memory that could hold all the little details. My philosophical mind could easily grasp a subject in general but would often fail in particulars. I learned to translate fairly well as far as I went, but I never became proficient in either subject. What I did learn, however, has been helpful to me in my studies since.

During my first years I was happy in being one of four young
men who met weekly in the evening for an hour of prayer. These all became preachers.

Our hours of communion were inspiring. Then after our devotions we would linger for a social, the only recreation in which I indulged during this year, while Albert Walkins, who was a genius in intellect, in piety, and in wit, would keep us roaring with laughter as with perfect mimicry he told Petroleum V. Nasby and Artemus Ward stories. This young man soon entered the ministry and served a charge in Indianapolis, where he was greatly beloved, but came home from there to die.

One day I was at his bedside in the home of his widowed mother. They were very poor. She said something about those rich people in Indianapolis bestowing every luxury on her poor son as if that were a great condescension. Looking at his mother in a St. John-like look he said, “Mother, we’ll have no reason to apologize in heaven for being poor.”

In the meantime during these two terms I had now a standing in our literary society for being one of the best declaimers and one of the few debaters. Accordingly, when our committee came to make out a program for our annual literary exhibition at the close of the school year, I, a first-year man, was selected as one of two to discuss in debate some popular subject of the day. Few entertainments in modern colleges attracted the attention of the people as our annual exhibition did, especially among friends of the two rival literary societies who came from far and near hoping to see their favorite society give a finer entertainment than its rival.

My opponent, Johnson, and I chose as our subject for debate “Should the Negro be granted the right of suffrage?” I was to have the affirmative. I do not think either of us made much of an argument, but the congratulations I received might have flattered a senator and gave me more confidence in myself than I had ever before.
It was in the early spring of 1866 that my sister Rachel Wilson died, leaving three children, only one of whom, Evelyn, survives and whom we often welcome into our home as our much beloved niece. Her mother was a rare saint who walked with God.

In May of the same spring sister Samantha was married to Lt. Maxson, with whom she lived, a faithful wife, a devoted mother, till in 1885, when she passed to join the loved ones on the other side, leaving three children who are occupying places of importance at this time.

During the summer vacation I was at home, hard at work in the harvest field or on the straw stack in time of threshing. In the fall, Providence opening the way, I returned to Battle Ground, my brother Frank going with me. We took our outfit and most of our provisions from home and “bached” together. We had bread, butter, potatoes, usually some kind of meat, and coffee, and lived well.

The fall term passed by pleasantly. During this time we were invited to some of the social affairs. To one of these I escorted a bright young miss, hardly grown, whom I had met in the young people’s Sunday morning class meeting and whom I took to be as sincerely Christian as she was vivacious. In a few months we were fast friends, and by the end of two years I was quite devoted to her and she seemed equally devoted to me, but I found out to my sorrow that she had not those steadfast elements of character I had attributed to her. Of course we parted. I would that we had parted long before.

As winter came on, brother and I engaged to teach district schools. I taught a four-month term at Benham’s schoolhouse in Carroll County, Ind. The school was large and in a good community, but unfortunately for me, a beginner, there had been a sharp contest between my supporters and those who favored another young man as teacher.
Of course I could not please all of the defeated party. A few went so far as to try to stop the school at the end of three months. But the masses of the people stood by me, and when the four-month term closed some said it was the best school ever taught in the place. This was more than I could claim, so conscious was I of my inexperience.

On returning to school at Battle Ground in the early spring, I found no difficulty in entering my class in geometry and in going on into my class in trigonometry for I had studied geometry during the winter while teaching. But I did not fare so well in Greek and Latin. The training the class had received during the winter I sadly needed, and its loss could not be made up even by doing my best on the daily lessons.

This takes me to the close of my second year in school. I need not attempt to recount in detail the events of my next two years. It should be understood that a four-year classical course then was all that was considered necessary anywhere for a thorough collegiate education. My first two years in school were much more satisfactory than the last two. I never tried to finish the classical course for the reason that the few who had graduated in that course were in classes in advance of mine, but if I went on to finish the course I would be alone. Of this neither my teachers nor I approved. As it was, the further we advanced, the fewer the numbers in our classes and the less inspiring were our recitations.

I know now as I did not then that it would have been, if possible, much better for me, at the end of my second year, to have gone to DePauw or some other college where, amid inspiring classes and under efficient teachers, I could have gone on to finish the classical course and receive a diploma that would have given me standing and reputation in those days. I thought vaguely of all this but did not see how I could command the money necessary to pay my way if I went further away from home to school. Moreover I was greatly
attached to my chums in the school and especially to our literary society, which had been such a fine location of training for me. Indeed with all the limitations and defects of such a school as I was attending, it had advantages that should not be overlooked in these days of great universities. As compared with a first-class high school of these times, our Western academy was utterly lacking both in equipment and adequate courses of study, but the influence our school exerted on the community round about and in the state at large was incomparably greater than the influence of any high school in our cities. In the first place the Western college had a body of students that were the pick of the country within a radius of 50 miles or more. They, in the main, came to school with the sole purpose of making the most of their opportunities. They entered into their classes and their various societies with all the enthusiasm characteristic of the times. Those who were most competent and most earnest naturally forged to the front and became the successful reciters, editors, debaters, and orators. Success along these lines stimulated ambition and inspired efforts for higher achievements.

I heard one say, who knew whereof he affirmed, that Northwestern University could not compare in debate with our debates at Battle Ground. The offhand combats in our literary societies helped us to think on our feet and gave us confidence before the public. It is only in this way that we can account for the prominence of so many of the young men and women of those Western country colleges after they returned to their homes.

During the four years of my connection with the Battle Ground Collegiate Institute I knew one or more students who became doctors, two college professors, one lecturer and temperance organizer, three or more lawyers, several representatives or state senators, one secretary of state, and one lieutenant governor. As to ministers, aside from several with whom I had slight acquaintance,
I knew personally and well nine, including myself, all of whom became Methodist preachers.

Of these, two died in young manhood. One was Albert Watkins, our St. John to whose remarkable record I have referred. The other was Albert Nordyke, my bosom friend, the best and wisest all-around boy of 20 I ever saw. We were as David and Jonathan together. His sole ambition was to preach the Gospel. But failing health prevented his joining the annual conference.

After I came to the Pacific Northwest and when he was nearing the end of years of suffering, he would write me of his longing to be alongside me preaching the blessed Gospel.

Of the others, one, my friend Sim Head, joined the Northwest Indiana Conference, but soon afterward went into the ministry of the Presbyterian Church.

Of the other six, one, Thomas Van Scoy, became a university president, and five of us in time became presiding elders in the Methodist Church and were classed among the leaders in our respective conferences. These were E.A. Mahin, F.J.K. Lunbeck, H.N. Ogden, H.H. Middleton, and myself.

What high school or small college of today can equal this output of four years? Nor does this record include the many young ladies who were among the brightest and most capable of our students. They may not have become lawyers, doctors, farmers, or preachers, but a large proportion of them became teachers, some the wives of college professors, of doctors, of farmers, of lawyers, of capitalists, and not a few the wives of ministers. A large number became leaders in women’s organizations, especially in the W.C.T.U. A volume might be written of the places they have filled and of the achievements that are to their credit.

During the winter of my third year, President Rice arranged for a special public debate between Gus Mahin, the youngest brother
of the celebrated family of preachers of that name, and myself. There was a full house when the debate came off, and the interest was good, but I do not think that either of us measured up to the occasion as we might have done had not the debate been postponed two or three times.

During this year I taught a winter school three or 4 miles west of Battle Ground. The name of the schoolhouse I do not recall and am not certain that I can recall the name of the man with whom I boarded, but I think it was Perry Stevenson, who was himself an excellent talker. In the early ’50s he had gone to Oregon with his folks. He entertained me of evenings, telling of the trip across the plains and over the Rockies, and gave me a true mental photograph of the Willamette Valley. When, in 1881, I came into that valley I saw the exact original of the picture he had shown me.

The school I taught near his home was small. In the beginning of the term two nice girls came to me in distress and said they had tried to learn grammar term after term but could not. I told them I knew their difficulty, and in a few weeks they would understand the first principles of this science and be delighted. So I began, not by giving lessons in *Pinneo’s Grammar*, but by putting on the board such sentences as “birds fly,” “dogs run,” “girls laugh.” As soon as they learned the difference between subject and predicate they began to smile, and from that time on made rapid advancement in the study of English grammar.

During my fourth year in school I taught a three-month term across the Wabash River from Battle Ground, near Buck Creek Station. This school had a bad reputation. The older boys boasted of having “cleaned out” several teachers and considered it a joke that they had actually whittled desks and seats to pieces in the old schoolhouse, which was furnished with stands and chairs for the pupils.
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These frail furnishings were at least free from ink stains and penknife scars. When school assembled I impressed on the minds of the pupils the beauty and elegance of their furniture and told them that those who kept their stands and chairs the cleanest were to be on the roll of honor. The proposition worked like a charm. Even the big boys sat down in their seats with a look of admiration for their elegant surroundings. For several weeks everything passed off smoothly, but as I required all the pupils to take part in elocutionary exercises every alternate Friday, I found there was a spirit of rebellion among the big boys. They objected to “speaking pieces,” as they called them, and put forward Frank Cole in defying the teacher. If he succeeded they would all follow his example. I allowed this fellow to escape taking part on two Fridays because of certain excuses he made. But when his turn came for the third time he flatly refused to take any part or to give any excuse. I saw the issue was joined and that I must master the situation or the whole school would be in a state of rebellion. So I gave Mr. Cole two simple verses and told him if he committed and recited those before the exercises closed I would let him pass for that time. But refusing to look at the verses, he flopped the leaves of the book in defiant bravado. After a time I told him to come to me. On his refusing to do so I walked back to his seat and, lifting him up, I wrenched his hands from his stand, brought him forward to the low platform, and shoved him down on it. When he attempted to rise I shoved him down again and told him to stay there, though he was about as tall as myself.

In closing the exercises I told him and all present that I should never hear another lesson from him till he had spoken a selection before the school.

Monday morning he was present but did not dare come forward with any of his classes. In the meantime I would ask him if he was ready to recite, to which he always returned a negative reply. I heard
the big boys on the campus were saying they bet the teacher would never make him speak. Going to him at recess in the afternoon, I virtually ordered him to take his books and go home unless he intended to recite. This he did, asserting that he guessed there were other schools that he could attend. The next day I saw nothing of him, but the following morning while I was building a fire, long before we expected the pupils, in came young Cole, crying, and saying, “I’ve got my piece.” He had come early hoping I would allow him to recite before the other scholars arrived. But I assured him that the school would want to hear him. In due time, with blushing cheeks, before the school he bravely got off his “piece.” From that time on I never had a more orderly or a more obedient school.

During that term I had under my care a bright young man who had been in school at Battle Ground but who thought I could teach him as well as the teachers he had in the institute. Hence he arranged to remain at home and recite to me.

He was studying *Robinson’s Higher Arithmetic*, a book I had never studied nor taught. But I mastered every problem till late in the term, when we came across a problem the statement of which was not clear to me. Studying it over for two or three days without reaching a solution, I, in my dreams, saw where the difficulty was and on rising in the morning solved the example in a few moments.

One of the delightful adjuncts of this school was an old sugar orchard, which lay between the schoolhouse and my boarding place. On my way to the latter place in the evening, early in March, I would call at the camp where the syrup was boiled down and the sugar stirred off. I can see and almost taste the rich syrup and golden grains of the sugar as the transformation from liquid to solid took place.

During this time I continued the study of Greek, and as I had now given up all thought of completing the so-called classical
course, I took such other studies as would be most helpful to me in the future. When the year closed, of course I received no diploma, nor did I expect one. But after I had left school the authorities inserted in the catalog, after my name, “B.S.” This designated me as a Bachelor of Science, and though I did not ask it I had taken studies that were the full equivalent of the scientific course as it was outlined at that time.

The parting at the end of the four years from those I had been more or less associated with for the quadrennium and some of whom I was never to meet again, cast a shadow over the closing hours. I was glad, however, that I could now face new problems and prepare in some measure for my life work before me.

In the spring previous (1869) I had been licensed to preach by Rev. Hargrave, presiding elder, and made two or three efforts to talk to congregations before I left school. But here I must revert to a phase of religious experience that came to me some two years previous, when Hargrave, one of the greatest preachers I ever heard, was pastor at Battle Ground. I had often regretted that I had not had that ecstatic religious joy others talked about. But one Sunday evening when the pastor was preaching on the centennial of Methodism, I sat with a chum on the front seat. I followed the speaker with profound interest as the power and joy of those early Methodists were portrayed, when all at once ecstatic joy filled and thrilled my entire being—body, soul, and spirit. I did not feel like shouting but rather had that quiet joy expressed by the poet when he says, “My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this and sit and sing itself away to everlasting bliss.” It was simply “joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

This emotional joy lingered with me till long after I was alone in my room, where I laughed and cried alternately as I joyed in God, my savior. I never felt competent to interpret this, to me,
unusual experience, but thought it might be the divine seal upon
the consecration I had made to the ministry.

I had now fully determined to apply for admission into the
Northwest Indiana Conference, but for several reasons thought
it best that I should teach most of the year before taking that
important step. Hence, when I left school, hearing of a place where
they wanted a summer public school, I decided to apply. This place
was Milford, a decaying old town about 8 miles west of Lafayette.

It was surrounded by beautiful country, but to a newcomer it
looked like “The Deserted Village.” The houses were nearly all old
log cabins, and business had gone elsewhere. After contracting to
teach the school I was conducted about dusk of the evening to a
place where it was said I could get good boarding. But we found the
proprietor and his wife were in bed. In due time the former struck
a light and opened the door about 3 inches wide. He seemed afraid
he might expose to view the large part of his body not covered by
a short garment. He finally told me there was another bed in the
room where he and his wife were sleeping and if I desired I could
“pile in.” As that was the only opening I concluded to “pile.”

The next morning, after a frugal breakfast, I, hoping to find a
better boarding place, told them I wanted a room where I could be
alone, as I wanted to study. They told me I could have the upstairs,
that they could fix a bed for me up there. So I was conducted up a
winding stairway in one corner, which was as nearly perpendicular
as stairs could be, and found an empty garret with a window in each
end. These insured plenty of ventilation, as the window frames had
rotted out, leaving only a few panes of glass.

After a day or two, hearing of no better place, I decided to take
this upper chamber, as I could have a little privacy there. Here I
sometimes spent four hours reading after school was out in the
afternoon. From my bed I could look out through the clapboard
roof and see the twinkling stars. Very often of a morning I was awakened by a loud set-to between my host and his wife. Their disputes often ran after this manner.

Wife: “Well, you know there isn’t a thing in the house fit for Mr. LeSourd to eat.”

He: “Well, I don’t care. It is your own fault. You know there is plenty of corn out there in the field if you weren’t too durn lazy to go after it.”

She: “Yes, and you’re out there every day and are so blamed lazy you won’t bring any in.”

Thus the boarder found, as the wife had asserted, nothing fit to eat, at least nothing wholesome.

As to the school, it was composed almost wholly of children under 14; many of them were mere kiddies. My oldest scholar was a girl of 16 who took a notion to get married and dropped out of school. Enthusiasm, I had none, and of course could impart none. Some hot afternoons I think every child in the schoolroom was asleep at one and the same time. As they were quiet and learned as much asleep as when awake, I let them sleep till time when their recitations came. I tried in vain to teach a little Irish waif two letters of the alphabet she did not know. I was heartily glad when the term closed and resolved that I would never again try to teach a summer school.

Soon after this I contracted to teach for six months the important school at Sugar Grove, Tippecanoe County. The well-to-do and progressive farmers had maintained the nucleus of an academy there for some years. The school was now receiving public money. The principal was allowed an assistant, and students from any part of the township who wanted to take studies in advance of the eighth grade might attend along with all the pupils of that immediate district. Before the opening of the fall term I returned to
Lafayette on my way to my father, who then lived in Pittsburg, Ind. At the Wabash depot I met Mr. Moses Creek, whom I had known from my boyhood but whom I had not seen for years. The familiar and yet half-bashful way he greeted me was puzzling. But not till he spoke of having been at my father’s home and indirectly alluded to the wedding did it dawn on me that he had married my sister Martha. I had heard of his being at Father’s some time previous and knew that he and Martha had been warm friends before his first marriage, but I also knew that sister had been corresponding with a preacher who was a member of the conference and when, shortly before this she told me that she might be married before I got back, I supposed she meant to marry her preacher friend. Hence my great but joyful surprise when I learned that she had married her lover of the years long gone.

I never told Mr. Creek, nor sister Martha either, of my agreeable surprise. But her happy choice insured her a good provider, a kind husband, a tender father, an honored citizen.

Early in September I went down to Sugar Grove to begin my last and by far most interesting school. Securing board at Aunt Libbie Insley’s, a nice place, I had a walk of three-fourths of a mile that all the fall was a delight, especially when the maples were changing from green to russet and from pink to scarlet.

My assistant was a Miss Boland, a very agreeable helper. We had two rooms in the building: a large room where all the pupils had seats and desks, and a recitation room in which Miss Boland received and heard her little ones recite, while I had charge usually of the main room. But for one hour or more in the forenoon and one in the afternoon I gave the large room over to my assistant and took two or more of my classes into the recitation room, where I could give them my undivided attention.

One of these was finishing in arithmetic and one in grammar,
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and better classes I never saw anywhere. There were 48 in the school from 12 to 18, and nearly all of them belonged in one or both of these classes. They were so alert and quick to learn it was a delight.

Most of the pupils came from the best of homes and were unusually intelligent, but the boys and girls wrestled and played together, especially in the recitation room, till I thought best to allow the girls only to occupy that apartment at the noon hour. Neither the girls nor the boys liked this very well, though all could play together out-of-doors.

The boys, more for fun than anything else, appealed to me in a flaming petition for equal rights with the girls, asserting that ours is a free country and all are entitled to equal privileges. I put their petition away and said nothing. The next Friday afternoon during our literary exercises two of our girls read letters to assumed friends as their literary stunts in which they eulogized their professor but charged that he was very partial to the boys.

This gave me my opportunity. Accordingly I told the school that I was in a “strait betwixt two.” The boys thought I was partial to the girls, as a petition that I would read showed. And as they had heard what the girls thought I would leave it to them all to decide in the matter. As soon as the school closed the older boys and girls began to chide each other and never did allude to it again except to laugh over it.

During the latter part of the winter there was a great revival at the Methodist church situated only 150 yards from our school. Profound interest prevailed in the community, and very many of my pupils were converted or reclaimed. In a modest way I helped in bringing them to Christ. So great was the interest that I consented to close for the noon hour 15 minutes before 12 o’clock in order that the scholars might attend the 11 to 12:15 social meeting at the church. So eager were many to go to these meetings that they would
snatch a handful from their dinner baskets and run and eat on the way. Thus nearly everyone in school would get into the testimony meeting, and if I remember correctly only one unconverted pupil over 10 years of age was in the school at the close of the meeting. When we had our usual morning prayers every scholar in the school would kneel without my asking them to do so, and some of our visiting friends said these opening exercises were more like a prayer meeting than the beginning of a weekday school.

Just before the close of this delightful term of school I went one evening to Uncle John Kirkpatrick’s, whose family were among the leaders of the community in every good word and work. My chief object in going there was to help my nephew, B.F. Brooks, who made his home with his Uncle John’s family, put some finishing touches on his part of a debate that was to come off at the close of school. But as I was well acquainted with the family, especially with Maggie, Emma being away at music school, it occurred to me that I would ask her to accompany me to Mrs. Insley’s, where there was to be a social party that evening. But while I waited for a chance to speak to her, she came in hastily and asked me to excuse her, as her brother Cy was going by Aunt Libbie’s on his way to “The Corners,” and she could ride with him. As I could not offer her any way to ride I excused her, of course, thinking possibly she would prefer to go that way rather than with me. So I went to the party alone and when all gents were told to escort each lady to the table I took a Miss McMillin, and as it happened all had partners except Maggie. Years afterward when she had become my wife we laughed over this episode—how she had intentionally run off from me and how I had shown my indifference by taking another to the table, and how, had we understood each other we might have had a pleasant evening together.

Before evening at Sugar Grove, however, I did ask her if she would correspond with me, to which she assented. One or two friendship
letters passed back and forth between us when I heard from her no more. Thinking she cared very little about her correspondent, I tried to dismiss the matter from my mind and neither saw nor heard from her for three years. Having closed my school I went to my father’s home for a few weeks. My good sister Mary had now, after living many years for others, passed to her reward. So Father, Mother, and sister Hannah were all that was left of the old home circle.

Later in the spring I went to sister Martha Creek’s, 6 miles northwest of Pittsburg, and stayed with them all summer. I did a little work in the garden but nothing to compensate them for their kindness to me. I spent most of my time on the course of study for admission into the annual conference, which I hoped to join in the fall.

I went once to Battle Ground and preached to a large congregation, but was somewhat embarrassed and “lacked liberty.” As my membership was still there it was arranged that I should be recommended to the annual conference from that charge.
Early in September 1870 I started to Terre Haute to attend the annual conference. I was not very well at the time, nor had I been in very good health for two or three years. And now as the malarial season was coming on I was threatened with a bilious attack. I arrived at the seat of the conference half sick, half well and was assigned with another preacher to a good Baptist family for entertainment. With a class of six or eight I was duly examined in the course of study and passed satisfactorily in all the books.

On the third day of the session, Sept. 9, 1870, if I mistake not, my name was presented as a candidate for admission by Presiding Elder Hall. I was called forward and gave my hand to Bishop Simpson, who presided and introduced me to the conference. I learned later that I was unanimously admitted after two or three had spoken in commendatory terms of my fitness for a place in the conference. When the bishop had introduced me he held my hand and asked me if my name was not French. When I replied in the affirmative he seemed pleased. I had been greatly interested in him and all he had to say before the conference and hoped to hear one of his matchless sermons on Sunday. But I was so sick by the time I was admitted that I left immediately for my lodging place and went to bed.

Here, from Friday until the next Wednesday, I lay very sick. Sunday came and went, conference adjourned, my roommate left, and I was too sick to travel for two days afterward.

I did not learn till after I was up to what place I had been appointed. My host and hostess were very, very kind to me and
placed me under obligations I could never repay except in gratitude. They called a good physician who never charged me a cent for his services. As soon as I could walk I took my leave, and boarding a train for my parents’ home on the way, for the first time I learned of my appointment to Winamac, Ind.

Recuperating for a few days at home I started to Winamac, which was on the P.C.C.R.R. in the north-central part of our conference. I had never been in Pulaski County, of which it is the county seat, but having heard that it was somewhat noted for copperheads during the war I had an apprehension that it was not a popular place for a Methodist preacher. I was told by my predecessor that when I arrived at Winamac the postmaster, a member of our church, would be at the station for the mail and on the lookout for me.

On landing from the train I saw a crowd and got a glimpse of the man with the mail sack hurrying off toward town but not looking my way. Soon I was alone on the platform in the dusk of the evening. There seemed to be nothing for me to do but follow the crowd to the post office, for I thought possibly the postmaster had looked and failed to find me. Crowding inside the door I waited about an hour while he was distributing the mail. I then asked a question of some bystander, when my brother, hearing me, asked if that was Brother LeSourd and invited me inside, where I stood for another half-hour.

By this time the mail was distributed, and I was conducted upstairs into some half-finished rooms where the family lived. As it was now nearly 10 o’clock I was given a cold lunch and shown a place to sleep. But no apology was given for not meeting me at the train.

The next morning my host took me down to the store of Mr. Barnard—I think that was the name—to introduce me to the proprietor, who was the leading man in our church and the
recording steward. When he was told that I was the new preacher he looked at me with mingled pity and indignation and said, “What do you expect to do here? We distinctly told the presiding elder that we didn’t want a pastor sent us unless we were connected with some other point so that we could support him.”

Then he took the membership record book, and as he turned the leaves, pointed out how many had moved away, others had died, and still others had withdrawn till only a few were left. While he thus scanned the book, a Brother Croft came in whom Mr. Barnard introduced, saying that he and his wife were among their standbys.

Again glancing at the list of members he looked up in astonishment at Brother Croft and said, “What does this mean?” Croft replied, “I’ll explain that some other time.”

The facts are that just before my predecessor left the charge, Croft and his wife made complaint that Barnard had sued them on an old account, and they wanted the matter fixed up or their names stricken from the records. The pastor, so they said, told them that after he was gone there would be no church organization in Winamac and marked them “withdrawn from the church.” By this time, timid and inexperienced as I was, my heart seemed to sink into my boots.

Personally Brother Barnard was kind to me, taking me home for dinner, but the more I saw of our people and became acquainted, the more I saw they were utterly discouraged and did not think they could keep me unless I could work without salary and live among the members. Under these circumstances I would willingly have gone to the most obscure circuit in the conference rather than remain there. I had hoped for a charge where I would not have to preach more than once at the same place on the same day. But here I must prepare two sermons each Sabbath. When Sunday came I confronted a little assembly of 25 or 30 in a large auditorium.
The attitude of the people was not encouraging and somewhat embarrassed for the young clergyman who went lamely through the service without inspiration or ready utterance.

And to some extent this was more or less true of all services I held in that church. I was too conscious of the lack of preparation and ready delivery to suppose the people especially enjoyed my preaching. What I most needed then, I did not receive: real heartfelt sympathy shown and expressed. However the little flock believed in my earnestness and after a time arranged for me to have a room where I could study and read and sleep, at a Brother Brucis, a Pennsylvania German. The room was good enough, but the fumes of sauerkraut that greeted me three times a day were enough for the rest of my life.

I was to take my meals at each family in succession, each to keep me a month at a time. A subscription of about $275 was raised with the help of the presiding elder, Brother Cooper, who expected his full claim of $60 out of the amount paid, and I was to take what was left. But I insisted on his obeying The Discipline, and he agreed to prorate my salary, which I believe was fixed at $250 in money and $250 in board.

I often had to rise at 5 in the morning and go through the snow half a mile or more for my breakfast. In the winter we had a little revival and about a dozen united with the church, but not one of them, I believe, was received into full connection. This was disheartening, but one man wrote me after I had left the charge that he was sinking with consumption, but he wanted to thank me for leading him to Christ.

I thought to myself, “Well, I can claim one sheaf from that charge at least.”

In the early spring a hard wind blew the church doors open and so spread the walls lengthwise that all the row of joists on the
north end fell down over the pulpit and platform, bringing laths, plastering, and splinters with them, and smashing up our pulpit furniture generally. I succeeded, to the surprise of some, in raising money to repair the damage and make the church as good as before. I left Winamac at the end of the year with a glad heart, knowing I had the confidence of the people but feeling I would rather go to any other appointment in the conference than return to that charge.

Visiting my parents for a few days, I went on to the annual conference at Crawfordsville, where I was entertained at the home of a Pres. Grocer, who was telling of the jokes which the Grocers got on each other about painting the legs of their dressed chickens yellow because there were so many Methodist preachers in town.

I passed my examinations all right, and had I not been half sick I would have had a good time. One night the Hon. Henry S. Lane, United States senator, gave a reception for Bishop Ames, who presided over the conference, and we were all invited to the swell affair.

The bishop, that day, had seen fit to remove Father Hargrave from his district. It almost killed the old man, but that evening the bishop was gracious enough to invite Hargrave to stand with him in the receiving line. While chatting there in the presence of the senator, his wife, and others, Hargrave said, “Bishop Ames, do you remember the Sunday you tried to preach at 11, following my sermon of the morning, and failed?” “Yes,” said Ames, “I remember it. I was not going down on a retiring wave.”

We had in our class three men who rose to positions of importance in the church. One was Darwood, who became a leading member in the New York Conference. Another was Dr. Dillie, now a leader in San Francisco. The third was N.A. Chamberlin, at one time presiding elder in the Colorado Conference and later superintendent of Wyoming Mission. The latter two and myself
An Itinerant’s Career

were often put to the test on examinations as to who should get the best standing.

At this conference I was appointed to Chesterton in Porter County, Ind., only 4 miles from Lake Michigan. On arriving there I received a kindly welcome and had during the year two boarding places, both of which were first-class. I had two appointments: Chesterton, where I preached twice each Sunday, and Furnaceville, 4 miles up the M.C.R.R., where I preached Sunday afternoons. The congregations at both these places were only medium-sized, but they showed interest and appreciation, making one feel very much at home. They promised me $500 and paid it in full. We had a most excellent revival at Furnaceville early in the winter, where in a small community, about 20 were converted.

Near the close of that meeting I was moved one evening to ask the Lord for a definite number of seekers, but my faith would not claim more than four. Sure enough, when the invitation was given four persons stepped out and knelted at the altar and gave themselves to the Lord, thus verifying the Savior’s saying, “According to your faith so shall it be.”

At this place lived a man who had recently been burned out in the great Chicago fire. He had come out there with his family to work up some timber he owned into lumber. He had saved so little from the fire that they had hardly enough in their old house to make ends meet, yet the first Sunday I preached there he handed me $10 as salary and $40 for missions, saying he paid so much every year to the Lord and if he had lost heavily he should keep it up, believing it paid. He gave $60 during the year for benevolences and $40 more on salary, saying he knew it paid.

One cold night I stayed with an English family, which had buckwheat cakes for breakfast. When they were passed to me they were stiff and cold. As I did not eat heartily of them the lady
remarked, “Are they not cold enough for you?” Of course I assured her they were plenty cold.

At Chesterton our revival meeting was not so successful, but some of the fruits of our effort were gathered in later. Here I had a great many funerals. People from five to 10 miles away came to us for a regular preaching service in connection with the burial of their dead, expecting us to open and warm our church and after the service to officiate at the grave. But seldom did they, if ever, so much as offer to pay the sexton for his service or thank the pastor for officiating.

We had in our Sunday school in this charge some faithful teachers, and this department of our work was most encouraging. All in all this was a good and fruitful year. The presiding elder was very insistent that I should return to the charge for the next year, but to this proposition I strenuously objected because the country around Chesterton was intensely malarial, and by the time my year was up I felt I was poisoned with it. Indeed I reached the home of my parents on my way to conference so sick that I went to bed at once and sent for the doctor. The next day from early morning till sundown one purging spell after another exhausted my body till it was sore. At last scalded horseradish leaves applied to my feet brought relief. After a few days I was able to go on to Thorntown, the seat of the conference, but the session was half over and the examinations a thing of the past. However, the examiners were very lenient to me, for, after asking about three questions and never looking at the books, they reported my examination satisfactory. The next day, with the class of candidates for admission, I stood for one hour before Bishop Janes while he addressed us. Before he was through I felt as though I would sink to the floor. I am glad that this old custom has disappeared with other harsh features that were thought conducive to godliness. One Sunday this good bishop
ordained me with my class a deacon in the church of God. When
he presented to us an open Bible that we should lay our hands
upon it, and said “Take thou authority to preach the word,” etc.,
he said emphatically, “That, brethren, is your commission, preach
the word. If you have anything else to preach, for God’s sake, get
out of the pulpit.”

When the appointments were read on Monday evening I was
assigned to Williamsport charge, Crawfordsville District, J.L.
Smith, P.E. Thus I was changed from the extreme northern part
of the conference to a little west of the center. Some of my friends
thought my appointment to this charge a decided promotion. And,
considering the fact that our church there had been served by Isaac
Joyce and Dr. Brooks, who at that time filled the pulpit of the largest
church of our conference, it might be inferred that I was in the
line of succession. But Williamsport charge was weak numerically
and financially when I was appointed to it. The old town fronting
the Wabash River was in a state of decline while a new town was
building around the station of the Wabash Railroad, on the hill.

Our church was situated so as to accommodate the people of
both sections pretty well. My reception in the charge was all I could
desire. I found a goodly number of intelligent, cordial families who
made me feel at home. Aside from the church in town I had another
appointment: Ellen’s Grove Church, 4 miles out, where we had a
small class and a new church nearly ready for dedication.

As neither the Methodist church nor the Presbyterian church
in town was large we had an understanding that neither church
should hold services at the same time the other did. Hence the
two congregations were practically one. When I preached Sunday
morning, the pastor of the Presbyterian church would hold services
in Attica, and most of his people would be in my congregation.
At night I would be at Ellen’s Grove, and my people would attend
his services in the Presbyterian church. The next Sunday the order would be reversed.

This put me on my mettle, as I had to hold my own against a man of years of experience. I was both surprised and delighted with the way my people took to me from the start and how the more formal but intelligent Presbyterians showed their appreciation of my services in various ways.

This was the more comforting to me, as my health that fall and early winter was very poor. Twice after that bad attack I had about conference time, I was down with bilious fever and was greatly enfeebled. Indeed some of my people talked of burying me before the year was out. But having obtained the help of God I continued in my work and got better toward spring.

Another matter that seriously embarrassed me was the difficulty in finding a decent boarding place. I lived around among our people most of the time for some weeks, much of this time at the home of Ben Gregory, who had a splendid residence, was a lawyer, boss Republican of the county, and had been our superintendent of Sunday school for 33 years, but he and his wife were old people and did not feel able to keep me. And so it was from one cause or another that none of our good families could make room for me. I tried one place for a week which seemed little short of purgatory.

Just when I was in despair, Prof. Douglas Jones, principal of Williamsport’s Public School, and his refined wife came forward and offered to take me in, provided I could room with a brother of the professor who was attending school. Joyfully I accepted the offer and not only had a royal boarding place but the most delightful associations. We became fast friends and when, in 1888, I was in New York as a member of the General Conference, Mr. Jones, an attorney now, was there as a lay delegate from the Northwest Kansas Conference, and we had delightful hours of companionship together.
Soon after my arrival at Williamsport in the fall of 1872, the state elections of Indiana came off. As was my custom I went to the voting precinct to cast my ballot. But just as I approached the polls a big Democrat challenging the vote of every man he did not know said, “I challenge that vote.”

Some of his party friends at once saw who I was and whispered to him, “That’s the Methodist preacher,” when he cried out, “I take it back.” And while I voted, all parties had a big laugh at the expense of the big Democratic challenger.

During January 1873 we held a protracted meeting at Ellen’s Grove Church. It proved one of the most thorough revivals I ever knew. I began the meeting in weakness and fear. We had less than a dozen members, and only two, both women, would take any active part at first. And as for myself I could not preach night after night for more than 15 minutes at a time. But our little flock humbled itself in the very dust before God. And God, the mighty God, came to our help and sent us, in unlooked-for ways, the assistance we needed.

One layman came 40 miles, not knowing he was needed, but proved a great worker. Brethren from an adjoining charge brought their preacher, Brother Foxworthy, over. When he got baptized of the Holy Spirit, as he did, he preached in demonstration of the Spirit and of the Power.

The result was a renewed class, 60 or 70 converted, 30 of whom were heads of families, thus revolutionizing the entire neighborhood. I must not omit reference to one of several weddings I had during this year. One day, returning to my lodging with my mail, I was overtaken by a young man who wanted to know if I was the preacher. Replying in the affirmative, he wanted me to go back to the drugstore where they were and marry his brother (younger than himself) to a girl whom he said had a sick headache. I told him
to send them up to my boarding place where they could be married in the parlor.

So I reported to my landlady that we were to have a wedding. There were some callers in the parlor, and all waited in expectation as the youthful couple appeared in sight, the young fellow half-persuading, half-forcing the girl along as she dropped her head from side to side and stopped again and again. As he held her arm he would say, “Come on,” and give her a jerk. Thus with her hanging back and his vigorous urging forward they at last got into the parlor, where he stood with his hat on, and on the wrong side of the bride. I had him change sides when he remarked that he thought something was wrong. And then, hat on, he was married to the girl who, sick or well, he had literally pulled into my presence.

As they started away he turned at the door, took out a roll of bills and gave me a $1 bill, asking, “Will that do? You can have more if you want it.”

Assuring him that it would do, he was ready to go on his way when a young lady in the parlor started a ditty on the piano at which he turned and said, “What’s that? Let’s go back and hear it.” And pulling his reluctant bride back into the house he took off his hat, and both sat down as if they intended to remain a long time. But the piano girl was too full of laughter to play more, and ceased, whereupon the newly wedded pair took their departure for good.

During the early spring of 1873 I made a visit to my friends at Sugar Grove, where I had taught my last two terms of school. While there I renewed my acquaintance with Miss Maggie Kirkpatrick. She was most cordial toward me but never alluded in any way to the abrupt manner in which she had broken off the correspondence between us three years before. And thinking of her only as a good friend, I went back to my charge. Later, however, she wrote, making ample apologies for what she called her neglect.
In the early summer I visited her home again and while there broke all barriers between us by asking her to become my helpmeet for life. She was very naturally much moved at the time and though pleased did not give me an unqualified affirmative answer for six weeks afterward. But before I left for my work I felt that her heart was more than half won and that in due time we would be one, in the scriptural sense of the word.

After we were definitely engaged it was agreed that we would be married at the close of the conference year and then go at once to South Bend, the seat of the annual conference. Our arrangements were made accordingly. I had with me, on the last Sunday of the year, my friend and best man, Rev. Simeon Head, who preached for me in the forenoon. After dinner, a two-seated livery rig was, by my order, driven to my lodging place, and Head and I drove it that afternoon 18 miles to the McMillin residence in the Sugar Grove neighborhood. In the evening, with Mat and Lib McMillin (as they were called), two intimate friends of Maggie and her sister Emma, we drove over to the Kirkpatrick home, where I had a last talk with Maggie before our marriage.

Returning to the McMillin home for the night, we were up before 4 the next morning, and with the same parties in the carriage as the night before, we drove over to the Kirkpatrick home. There, at 7 a.m. Sept. 8, 1873, in the presence of a large circle of relatives and intimate friends, Maggie and I were pronounced husband and wife together by Dr. J.L. Smith, my presiding elder.

Repairing at once to the dining room, we were helped to a sumptuous lap breakfast, after which, Sim Head and Mat McMillin in the front seat and we two behind, with other friends in other conveyances, drove to Romney, 6 miles away, to take the train for Lafayette.

On arriving there we found the train was some hours late, so there was nothing for us to do but to drive on to Lafayette, 12 miles
further, in order to catch the train there. On entering the city, one of our livery horses became frightened almost beyond control at a switch engine. We all leaped out except the steady driver, who was helped by bystanders in getting the frightened animal subdued, when we went on to a hotel for dinner.

Sending the team back to Attica with B.F. Brooks, my nephew, we took the noon train for South Bend, 100 miles away, and arrived after dark. Going directly to the church, we waited an hour or more for our turn to receive our assignment.

Some people were there waiting for their guests, among them a gentleman with a restless boy. This Brother and his wife expected to entertain two young men, but his boy, running around, went to his father and, pointing us out, said, “There’s the folks we want.”

This so pleased the father that he went to Brother Boyd, the pastor, and asked if he could not have us. Boyd said, “Certainly.” And he introduced us to the man and the boy. Of course we went with them gladly to their home. And what a home it was! And a nicer family than his never entertained us.

There, during the conference, our young preacher friends and their wives came to call on and congratulate us. Nor could we ever forget the delightful time we had during our sojourn in this lovely home.

Conference over and being reappointed to Williamsport, we took the train over to Chicago, had dinner at the Sherman House, and looked around the city for a few hours, seeing the marvelous resurrection that had taken place since the city had lain in ruins two years before. Starting again, we went down to Pittsburg, Ind., visited Father, Mother, and sister Hannah, who welcomed us and invited some of my friends to meet Maggie. We also visited sister Martha and her family, and Douglas Jones and wife at Monticello. Then we returned to Maggie’s old home and began at once to plan for housekeeping.
Father Kirkpatrick was very desirous we should have a full feather bed and said if we would pick the geese we could have all the feathers we wanted. So the first work Maggie and I did together was to pluck the geese, and we had work as well as fun and got feathers enough, including those already given us, to make two fair-sized feather beds. We had no tony notions about beginning to keep house in a style our fathers and mothers had never known. A wagonload from Maggie’s old home, some things my folks shipped down to us, and a few pieces of furniture purchased in the local market constituted our outfit.

We could have had more had we desired it, for Father Kirkpatrick, after giving Maggie 80 acres of land, asked her which she would prefer: $100 in money to fit up her home or her pick of the horses on the place. She said, with thanks, her husband had money enough to furnish the house and she would take Queen, a fine gray horse which would make us a good buggy horse.

This conversation took place while Maggie’s father was driving us in the family carriage from Sugar Grove to Williamsport. Arriving at the latter place we began to fix up our old but picturesque parsonage. We laid down our new carpet; I believe the others were brought from home.

In a few days, friends from the parish came in ones and twos and threes to welcome us both and to congratulate me on the fact that I would not have as hard a time finding a boarding place as I did the year before. Maggie soon felt herself quite at home with these nice people. Some of the Presbyterian ladies were quite gracious toward her when they learned she was an alumnus of the Western Female Seminary, where their friends and relations had graduated.

Then when I had purchased a buggy and our Queen was harnessed to it, we had many enjoyable rides out into the country, where our hospitable people about Ellen’s Grove always welcomed us.
During the following year, pastoral labor faithfully performed, the charge was kept in a growing condition, although there was no marked revival interest. We had a union meeting in the winter, which like most union meetings was interesting to many church members but resulted in few conversions.

In the early spring, the Woman’s Crusade struck our town. Great meetings were held, and the men were organized to cooperate with the women, but when the women met to organize no one could consent to accept the office of president. This tied matters up for a few days to the chagrin of many. We all felt that a lady of standing who had lived long in the place was needed for the position. But as all such refused, Maggie, though a newcomer, offered to serve. Accordingly she was elected, and under her leadership the ladies visited all the saloons, prayed in them or on the streets in front of them, and awakened such a public sentiment against the liquor traffic that one saloon after another quit business or got out of town till all but one was gone. But one day as the proprietor of that saloon stood in the door of his establishment he dropped dead, and that shocking event closed out the last saloon.

This great victory for the crusaders was not won without cost. Maggie worked so hard and under such a nervous strain for days that she broke down and was confined to her bed for three or four weeks and was not restored to normal health for three months.

As the time drew near for closing up the work of the year, I concluded it would be best for me not to return, though many wanted me to return after conference. In those days it was a very rare instance when a young man remained more than two years on the same charge. So I expressed my desire for a change, though I think now that I should have remained, for everything was in good shape for another successful year.

Before taking final leave of Williamsport, I must refer to another funny wedding that took place on this charge. One evening a man
came to the parsonage and said his brother-in-law wanted to get married shortly but did not have the money to pay a fee. He had come to assure me that he would provide security for the payment of the money and I need have no fear. Then he insisted on my promising to be present at the appointed time for the wedding. Well, I was there at the time set in a ramshackle room where sat a few men, one of whom I knew as a big, lazy hunter. He was the man to be married. He actually had on a white shirt, possibly for the first time in his life, but no collar. When it was suggested that it was time, “Well,” said he, “if it is time we’d as well be at it,” and, lumbering across the room, he stood up while one of three big girls from the farthest corner came and stood by him and they were pronounced man and wife together.

The next day I took the certificate over to the courthouse to deliver it for filing. When I handed it to the clerk he looked up at me with a smile and said, “How much did you get out of that?” Inferring I had got nothing—and I never did—he said, “Some folks thought they had a joke on the clerk and the preacher, asserting that we had taken a joint lien on the man’s hunting dog for our pay.” As nearly as I could find out, the big fellow, not having the money to pay for his license, had offered to give the clerk a lien on his dog if he would issue it.

The annual conference in September 1874 was held in Lafayette. Maggie and I stayed with Brother Cy Kirkpatrick and his family during the session. Having graduated in the conference course of study, I, with others, was ordained an elder on Conference Sunday by the sweet-spirited scholar Bishop Wiley.

My appointment was Oxford, Benton County, 18 miles northwest of Lafayette. Returning to Williamsport by way of Sugar Grove, we arrived at the latter place at 1 in the afternoon. After getting lunch I went out to engage teams to haul our household
effects to Oxford. I returned about 3 and reported that two teams would be there the next morning at sunup. Maggie insisted it would be impossible for us to be ready by that time, as everything had yet to be packed. I contended we could encompass the job, and she, though doubtingly, went to work with me, taking dishes at a pace seldom heard of, and working half the night we had everything ready when the teams came at an early hour. When all was loaded and the teams had started, we followed in our buggy.

We arrived at the pretty town of Oxford in the early afternoon, having come 20 miles or more. We unloaded our goods into a nice, almost new parsonage. Here we set up a bed and prepared to eat and sleep there from the start.

We found many nice people and a few excellent Methodist families who gave us a welcome. But I soon learned that the town of Oxford had recently received what was considered a mortal blow in the removal of the courthouse to Fowler, a new town. This, for the time, took many people and much business from Oxford; hence the population that was left was discouraged, and the churches also.

A recent church trial had left much bad feeling in certain circles, but my congregation was fairly good and very pleasant. When we came to revival efforts, though, busybodies ran around insisting that the trouble which grew out of the trial must be fixed up or we could have no revival. Thus they would block our best efforts.

I had a country appointment which, part of the year, was reached through almost bottomless mud. One night, while returning from this appointment, it was so dark that I could not see my gray mare, which I must trust as I could not trust myself. Although she ran the wheels on one side off onto the verge of a steep bank and floundered from one side of the lane to the other, yet she always found the middle of the road when a culvert or bridge was to be crossed and thus brought me safe home.
It was on the 12th of June, 1875, that Ella May, our firstborn, came into our home. We had looked forward with pleasure to this event, but, alas, Maggie did not have the care of a skilled, careful physician when she needed one badly. Consequently she went into puerperal fever. For weeks she seemed to linger between life and death. For three weeks I never removed my clothing save one night. When convalescing she was for many weeks almost a nervous wreck. In the meantime it was impossible to get a suitable housekeeper or a nurse for our colicky baby.

I wore myself out trying to care for the mother and our little one. Finally Father Kirkpatrick came and took us to his home, though Maggie could not sit up straight. There I left wife and Ella until after conference, going back to fill all my Sunday appointments, then returning to my family.

Conference that fall was held at Greencastle, Bishop Janes presiding. About all I remember about that conference is that William Taylor (later a bishop) was there and held outdoor meetings.

Conference over and being reappointed to Oxford, I went back to Sugar Grove and took Maggie and our baby back to our parsonage home. Here, with my help, we managed to get along, although wife was far from well. The work on the charge was well sustained this year, both as to Sunday school and congregation, but we little more than held our own, not adding many to our numbers.

It was during this second year in Oxford that Father LeSourd suddenly died at his home, in his 75th year. We went over to the funeral and helped, in sorrow, to lay away his body, but rejoiced that it was well with his soul. Father was a good man and an earnest Christian. He had the confidence of everyone. He never laid up large wealth on earth, but he had incorruptible riches in the mansions above, where we hope to meet him “When the Mists Have Rolled Away.”
Our annual conference of 1876 was held at Battle Ground, Bishop Simpson presiding. The list of appointments, read at the close, assigned me to Sugar Grove. My appointment to this charge grew out of a request of certain brethren from Sugar Grove that I be sent to their circuit. These brethren, knowing me, believed I could serve the charge successfully, that it would please Father Kirkpatrick to have us live with him, and that in this way the charge would be the gainer inasmuch as it had no parsonage.

My father-in-law was not a party to this plan, but the good people of Newtown, 10 miles away, took an entirely different view of the matter. They, not knowing the facts, affirmed that “old John Kirkpatrick had gotten some of his friends to help remove their pastor in order to make room for his son-in-law.” As to my predecessor, he asked for a certain station, and that was equivalent to asking for a change. Not getting what he wanted at conference, he allowed the people of Newtown to believe he was moved from his charge against his own will. Consequently they were up in arms and disposed to contest my appointment. Maggie and I, utterly ignorant of this bitter feeling, went to her father’s at Sugar Grove, where we were welcomed to remain but not urged to do so. As for ourselves, had there been a parsonage we would much have preferred to live in it.

The first Sabbath of the New Year we went to Newtown with our Ella, knowing nothing of the commotion there. About half the usual congregation was present, and although people were friendly there was a certain reserve that was noticeable. Had it not been that a certain good Brother Low saw fit to invite us to dinner I doubt whether we would have had an invitation at all.

What impression I made I know not, but from that day much of the complaint abated. As the weeks went by the people at this point became more and more cordial. When the time for the first
quarterly meeting came, Newtown folks were well represented at Sugar Grove, where the meeting was held. The presiding elder came on, however, prepared to preach a sermon on “Loyalty,” having heard that there was a state of rebellion on the lower end of the charge.

But when he got there he found that all the trouble had vanished as the mists before the rising sun, and his sermon on loyalty had to be reserved for another occasion. The only reason these people gave Brother Michaels, the presiding elder, for changing their attitude was that LeSourd was so much better a preacher than they had supposed, knowing he was only a schoolteacher a few years previous.

Never was there a happier mingling of people than at the quarterly meeting there, and never in all my ministry had I more delightful associations with parishioners than with those of Newtown, and never so many splendid homes were open to receive us and ever urging us to come.

At Christmas, three months after they had talked of repudiating me, they gave me the cloth for a splendid suit of clothes and remembered Maggie also. My work on this charge was delightful from the first. I had three appointments. Pretty Prairie, 3 miles north from Sugar Grove was one; the other two have already been named.

At Sugar Grove we were acquainted with almost all the people. Many of the young folks had been my pupils. Maggie had been born and reared in the neighborhood, so we were much at home in a splendid community. We went down to Newtown every other Saturday, where we spent the Sabbath and where I preached both morning and evening, returning Monday to our home.

Late in the fall I began special meetings at Pretty Prairie. Practically all who attended were young people. They were not ill-disposed but a little rude. I kindly suggested that reverence was due in the house of God and that while they meant no harm it showed a
lack of reverence for young men not to take off their hats at the door, and if they would peel and eat their apples in the yard rather than around the stove in the church, it would seem more gentlemanly.

They took my suggestions kindly, and in a few nights we had as orderly a company of young people as I ever addressed. As the meetings went on, interest increased till we had as high as 14 of those young people at the altar at once, and practically the whole band of 25 or 30 were converted and united with the church. In due time everyone, I believe, was received into full connection.

Later I held special meetings at Sugar Grove. Here was a large circle of intelligent young people who were members of the church but who had become religiously cold. By the 14th night of the series I felt that a crisis was at hand and urged those young people to come to the altar and re-consecrate themselves. Not one moved, though some wept. A few of the older ones joined me at the altar in prayer. I do not know what we said, but I do know there were groanings that could not be uttered. I went home with a heavy heart and, not being able to sleep, prayed nearly all night. As I went back to the church Sunday morning, still praying but depressed in spirit, Father Gains was leading the morning class, and instantly as I entered I felt a spirit of revival in the very atmosphere of the place. The Holy Spirit had come like a spring bursting out in a desert waste. I had great freedom in preaching that morning and in the evening, assured that God was in that place. I only talked a little while and then gave the invitation for everyone that wanted to help to come to the altar. At once the young members of the church flocked about the altar railing, and among them eight or more of the unconverted.

Inside of 15 minutes, six of these were happily converted and shouted aloud the praises of God. In two weeks the church was thoroughly revived and many of the unconverted in the neighborhood had been brought into the fold.
Later in the winter I began special meetings in Newtown. From the start there were crowded houses. Indeed there had been marked interest there for some weeks. One Sunday evening I made an earnest appeal to the young people to decide for Christ at once. When I invited them to unite with the church, two young men came down one aisle and gave me their hands, while a Miss Schultz, 16, came down another aisle, almost flying to get to the altar. She afterwards testified that she felt, as I began to preach that evening, she had never been so wicked in her life as she had that day, but when the invitation was given she felt it was now or never with her. When she determined to start in response to the invitation, she became perfectly blind, but felt her way to the aisle by holding on to the top of the seat in front of her. Just as she stepped into the aisle a flood of light streamed all around her and made her pathway radiant as she came forward to give me her hand. Her conversion was as thorough as it was sudden.

During the special meetings, an uncle of hers, a Mr. Schultz, township trustee and perhaps the most prominent man in the community, got under conviction and repeatedly rose for prayers but made no other movement. One Sunday he took Father McMillin of Sugar Grove home with him for dinner. In the afternoon he opened his heart to his old teacher friend, and asked him to explain a certain passage of Scripture he had been reading. It proved to be the parable of the prodigal son. Its explanation gave him some light, and when the two came to church that night and pushed down the crowded aisles till near the pulpit, they were just in time to hear me, as guided by the Spirit, announce as my text, the words, “I will arise and go to my Father.” Schultz whispered to McMillin, “He’s talking about that now.”

When I closed speaking I saw there was no room for an altar service, as the altar rail was crowded with people who sat up there. I
therefore said, “If there is anyone present who would confess Christ by uniting with the church, we would gladly receive him.”

All eyes were on Schultz, who hesitated and then said to his friend, “I’ll arise and go to my Father.” And pushing his way came forward, took me by the hand, and wept on my shoulder. And such a scene I never witnessed, as his wife and Opha, his niece, came forward and embraced him. People sat down by scores and wept. The conversion of that man made a deeper impression than would the conversion of 50 less known and less influential people. Hence our series of meetings was felt to be a great success, although not many were brought into the church.

Late in the spring of that year we made a delightful visit to relatives in Kansas. All the way, the country seemed flooded with recent rains. At Salina, Kansas, we found brother Frank awaiting us at 11 p.m., but as the next morning brought increasing floods we remained in our hotel till the second morning, then ventured through the swollen streams where the water had been higher than the tops of our heads as we sat in the wagon, and over rolling prairies 20 miles to Gypsum Valley, where was brother’s claim and where his wife was awaiting us.

After several days of novel experiences chasing rabbits, etc., we returned much the way we had gone till we came to Topeka and took a branch road for Oskaloosa, where we visited Maggie’s sister Emma and her husband, Albert Hamilton. We had a splendid time with them and others, and then we returned over the Wabash Railroad to our Indiana home.

Everything had gone so nicely on the charge during the year that the membership unanimously asked for our return. The conference was held at La Porte, where Bishop Merrill presided and where we young preachers had some fine outings among the lovely vineyards. We were allowed to help ourselves to the luscious grapes and, down in a crystal lake, had some delightful swimming.
Returning home to my old charge another year and finding all well, I was happy. My second year on this charge, save in the matter of the general revival of the winter before, was so nearly a duplicate of the previous pastorate that I need not repeat particulars. The work at all three appointments was well sustained after the old manner of doing things. Sunday school, class meetings, young people’s meetings were the order of the week. I was always faithful in pastoral visiting, getting around to the homes of the people three or four times in the year. They appreciated this more than any service I could render them; thence they asked for my return the third year.

Our 1878 conference was held at Brazil and was presided over by the able but pompous Bishop Peck. I was then and for several years after on the board of examiners and had my share of work at conference. Back then, Brazil, like the church in which we met, was small. It has since come into its own in the discovery of vast deposits of block coal, which underlay the city.

Being reappointed to Sugar Grove and Newtown, I returned to my loved ones desiring to make my last year on the charge the best. To further this plan, in addition to my regular pastoral duties, I raised a subscription and secured volunteer labor to repair and repaint Pretty Prairie church. A few of us labored three weeks on the job and so improved the building that it looked almost as if it were new. At the reopening our presiding elder, Brother Michaels, was present and preached to an audience that filled the house.

In another undertaking at Newtown later in the year, we raised the money and purchased a residence for a parsonage. It was expected that at the next conference there would be a rearrangement of appointments that would make Newtown head of a circuit; hence the need of a parsonage.

It was March 5, 1879, that our Edwin James was born into our home. He was a fine-looking baby. Alas, one Sunday morning
when only 7 weeks old he was ruptured in the paroxysm of colic. He cried piteously for some time, but we had no idea of anything serious ailing him, so I left home at an early hour for a Newtown appointment and stayed that night at Brother Schemerhorn’s. There early Monday morning Father Kirkpatrick came for me, saying our boy was very ill.

Hurrying home as fast as possible I found the darling child in a dying condition. They had had two doctors, but in their ignorance they had failed to find out what ailed the boy till it was too late to do anything. We laid his little body away in the family plat in New Richmond. The blow seemed to fall harder for Maggie because she had been sick from nervous disorders from the day of his birth. And as for myself I never knew what grief was till then. I had known sorrow often, but the grief I felt then was very different. Yet when we read the blessed words of David, “I shall go to him but he shall not return to me,” our hearts were greatly comforted. In spite of this sad affliction, the latter half of the year on the charge was both delightful and fruitful.

If I remember correctly we increased the amount of our benevolent collections each year we were on the circuit. As the time for conference drew near there were many expressions of regret that the three-year limit which was then the rule would require us to move.

The conference met at South Bend that fall, and Maggie, with Ella, now over 4 years old, went with me to that lovely city, where we were entertained by the same family that so generously cared for us in their home six years before. The boy of our first stay with them was now a young man and a boss plumber. He would take Ella with him in his buggy for hours as he drove from place to place. He seemed as much delighted as she, for they kept it up from day to day.

The great Bishop Foster presided at the conference, and I shall
never forget his saying that the best part of his heart had been in heaven ever since his darling wife was taken there 20 years before.

At the close of the conference I was assigned to the Fowler charge in Benton County, a telegram requesting my appointment having been forwarded from there. This was the new town that had taken the county seat from Oxford just before I went there. All I knew about the place had prejudiced me against it. I had a premonition that I would not fit the place nor the place fit me. We determined to go, however, and do the best we could though we should go with regret.

We returned to Sugar Grove from conference to find that Father Kirkpatrick had been stricken with apoplexy and was in a state of unconsciousness. In spite of all that four physicians could do and the tenderest ministrations of his daughters, he gradually sank away until about the fourth day, when his generous heart ceased to beat and his liberated soul went to join the wife and companion of his youth in a better country.

His death was lamented throughout the Sugar Grove community, where he had been a leader in every good undertaking. The Saturday following the funeral I set out to visit my new charge, going into Lafayette on a load of wheat and from there on the railroad to Earl Park, the farther of two places included in my charge.

On the way into Lafayette, we were caught in a heavy shower, and my clothes were wet through in places. That evening it turned cold and, as they had no fire for me to warm by where I stayed for the night, I took a severe cold which resulted in serious bladder trouble. The next day—Sunday—I was in poor condition to appear before two strange congregations each separated from the other by 6 miles. I think there were 20 or 25 present at Earl Park.

Our meeting was held in a private building, as we had not a church there. After preaching as well as I could under the circumstances
and getting some lunch, I managed to get down to Fowler, where I was welcomed by Rev. Frank Taylor, a superannuated preacher, and his wife, whom I knew, and by Brother Barnard and his wife. These two men were the ones who had telegraphed to conference asking my assignment to the charge, and the only influential men we had in our church. I then began to learn a sad state of affairs.

My predecessor had become editor of a local paper but wanted to return for another year while he would continue to serve as both pastor and editor. But while he had his friends, the better element in the church opposed his reappointment. The result was two parties in the congregation, a superannuate at the head of each, the editor having taken this relation rather than move.

I preached that Sunday evening to a good congregation, although the church was situated on the prairie rather than in town. I did the best I could, but under a strain of physical depression. The next morning, hardly able to travel, I started on my way back to Sugar Grove, but from that day till the end of the year my health was poor and my duties laborious.

As soon as possible we moved our household effects, rented a little place, and went to housekeeping. Winter came, and with the help of a brother pastor we tried to hold revival meetings, but the divided sentiment in our charge seemed to paralyze the best efforts we could make. We closed the meetings just in time to be ready for an event of vast portent in our own home.

On Mar. 9, 1880, our now darling Mary Rebecca was born. Maggie and I, having lost a boy, naturally hoped that this would be a boy also. But when the baby was dressed I carried her to her mother, who, knowing it was a girl, looked on her and said with manifest disappointment, “Redheaded.”

I said, “No, she will have brown hair.”

And Maggie replied, “Oh, Lee, that is sour grapes with you.”
In fact, the little tot was nearly red all over at first, but what a joy and comfort she became to her mother, and how she has lived to bless her father in his old age.

All that time we had a good, first-class nurse, and Maggie, except for one bad night, got on well, and the babe grew nicely in spite of colic.

By that time I had gotten the people of Earl Park interested in a plan for building a church in their town. There were but few members there, and the outlook for financial aid was not good. But we went forward, organized a board of trustees and started subscriptions, which I pushed when- and wherever I could—not only in the town but in the country as well, often riding miles to see a man and then perhaps get only $1. But finally, with the promise of help from the Church Extension Society, we concluded it was safe to begin our building. When I left the charge in the fall it was well under way, and about three months thereafter was dedicated free of debt.

As the end of the year approached there were several reasons why I wanted a change. First, owing to the time the trains were due, I often had to walk to reach my appointments on time. Second, some of my best friends thought I ought to retire on account of my health and spend at least one year on the farm. Third, factions and indifference in the charge left the pastor and a fraction of his members to do all the work. Fourth, we had no officials that would perform the duties assigned them. For instance, shortly before conference, it came to light that the stewards had done nothing during the year and that there was a large deficiency to raise in the pastor’s salary. I called those officials together to talk the matter over, and all agreed that the deficiency could and must be raised. Certain amounts were assigned to each steward to collect, and they went out, as I supposed, resolved to secure the whole amount. But to my
astonishment and chagrin not one of them ever reported a cent that he had collected, thus proving that they made no effort whatsoever.

I therefore asked for and received a change to another charge. The last session of the Northwest Indiana Conference I attended was held at Frankfort. There I was assigned to Hebron in southern Porter County. But to reach that place by train our nearest route was to go 80 miles to Chicago, then 40 miles back on the panhandle road to Hebron.

Returning to Fowler after conference, Maggie and I packed up, and soon our goods were shipped. Then, with our children, we gladly took the train for Chicago, where we transferred without delay and arrived at Hebron about noon. New but kind parishioners received us into their homes and entertained us for a day or two till our goods arrived, when we moved into a good parsonage.

We found Hebron to be a country town of about 2,000 inhabitants. Our membership, which lived largely in the country, was, relative to the population, large and our congregations good. There was one country appointment 4 miles north where I was to preach every Sunday afternoon. This made a horse and buggy desirable, so I bought a nice, young horse and a top buggy in which we could ride to our hearts’ content. The people of the charge were mostly farmers, and all were cordial and hospitable. Our surroundings were pleasant, and all the church services were well sustained.

To preach three times on a Sabbath was heavy work for one in my state of health, but the drive to the country and back was refreshing. However, when winter came (and it was the coldest winter I ever experienced) I had some very trying rides, especially when we tried to hold revival meetings at this country appointment. Often of nights I had to turn aside where the lane was blocked with drifted snow, and with my horse and buggy would drive on
the compact drift over the fence into the fields. When I reached home my folks would hardly know me because of the hoarfrost that covered my hair, burnside, and clothing.

For six weeks a continuous stream of bobsleds passed our home loaded high with wood from the swamps of the Kankakee, the drivers covered with frost and icicles hanging from the horses’ chins.

Later in the winter we held some special meetings in town, but my health so far failed that I was in no condition to conduct the services. Indeed some of our good women begged my wife to prevail on me, if possible, to cease from these special efforts. They said I looked like a ghost. Accordingly the meetings closed, not having achieved the results desired.

The question now forced itself upon me: In view of my declining health, what should we do? We could have gone on to our farm, part of the old Kirkpatrick place, or possibly we could make a change of climate by transferring to another conference where we could hope my health would improve. One or the other I must do, or I would fail utterly. Much as I loved the farm, I loved the pastorate more, and I had an abiding conviction that the Lord still had work for me to do in the ministry.

Being under 40 years of age, I looked forward with prophetic foresight to 25 more years of service in the Master’s vineyard, provided I could get away from a malarial climate. Accordingly, with the approval of my wife, I opened up a correspondence with brethren on the Pacific Coast, whom I knew could give me information as to climatic conditions and possible openings for a possible transfer.

While this correspondence was pending, we decided to make a visit across country to our relatives in Carroll and Tippecanoe counties. As it was a very dry time in June we expected to find a good, new road across the Kankakee swamps. Ella and Mary in the buggy with us, we drove 8 miles east, then turning south crossed the
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Kankakee River on a good bridge and continued over a high dike to the sand ridges, when, upon reaching the top of one of these, to our surprise, the visible road disappeared except scattered wagon tracks leading into vast swamps. What to do I knew not, but decided to go on. My young horse plunged into a slough where only bulrushes and swamp grass saved us from going hub deep into the mud.

After a mile of this we had about 3 miles of soft prairie hardly above water. Beyond this there was firmer ground and wagon tracks which we followed till night overtook us 6 miles from Rensselaer, where we had expected to stay. Pulling up at a rude house for the night, we drove on to Rensselaer the next morning. There I put Maggie and the children on the train expecting them to go on to the Creeks’ near Yeoman, and I was to follow as fast as the fagging colt could travel.

After a hard and exhausting day I reached the Creek farm about 10 p.m., my poor horse so used up that he would not get up in the morning to eat what was offered him. Staying a few days with my people there we went on down to Sugar Grove and visited Maggie’s oldest sister, Mrs. Mary Shepherd, her family, and others. While there we spoke of the possibility of our going to the Pacific Coast, but everyone laughed at the suggestion as a joke.

Before we were ready to start home, the whole of northwestern Indiana had been flooded with rain. The parched ground had become a pool. Wherefore I took my family to Lafayette and put them on the Monon train to return to Hebron, while I proposed to make my way through mud and swamps to the same place as best I could. I drove that evening, 8 miles through the rain, to the northwest of Lafayette and stayed overnight with my brother Frank and his kind wife, Mary. Four years before we had attended their wedding at her father’s in this immediate neighborhood, and now I was enjoying the hospitality of their home, a sort of foretaste of the
many nights and days I and my family have enjoyed like blessings under their roof.

After a stormy night I started north, foolishly determined to find a clear cut across the wilderness to the Kankakee bridge, instead of going by Rensselaer. From the start the roads were horrible. Finally I ran into sloughs where bridges were washed away, and my horse almost mired in crossing so-called fords. Later I ran out of any road, made my way to a settler’s cabin by letting down the fence, and was put on the road to Bradford, where I stayed with a Methodist preacher all night.

The next day I struck out to the northwest, although no one could tell of a road to the Kankakee, and no wonder. There was none. Well, the horrors of that day I will not attempt to describe.

About sundown, following wagon tracks, I came to the barn-like home of a Pennsylvania German. It was a real frontier ranch, but the family let me stay with them, and the next morning the man told me how to keep a sharp lookout for the wagon tracks in the high grass and the little bridges that might have been washed away.

Following his directions for some time, seeing tracks and then losing them, I drove on till about 11 a.m., when I came in sight of the dike south of the Kankakee bridge. Soon, however, I discovered that the high waters had carried away 100 yards or more of this embankment, and all teams had to ford the water to the road yet remaining, immediately south of the bridge.

I followed wagon tracks into the water and came out on the bridge all right, although the water had run into my buggy. Once on the bridge I thought my troubles were all over. But I was just across and had turned west when floods of water could be seen sweeping over the road, and all there was to guide me for half a mile was the top of a bridge which stood out on the roadway, while the water on either side was 10 to 15 feet deep. Passing on beyond this
bridge for 2 miles or more, the water was generally running over the muddy road.

Finally I came onto a sluiceway 3 feet deep and more than that wide, through which the rushing waters poured. The current had carried away the planking, leaving nothing to cross on. I got out into the mud and water, took my horse’s halter, leaped the chasm, said, “Come!” and my understanding horse leaped over, jerking the buggy after him.

Seizing the whip and cushion that had fallen into the water and replacing them, I was off once more. In about an hour and a half I was home and greeted by wife and children. My greatest relief, after finding them all well, was that my faithful young horse could now have needed care and rest. But I was soon startled when told that while we were gone our parsonage home had been set on fire by lightning and would doubtless have been consumed had not the neighbors rushed in and put out the blaze, which had started in the roof.

How grateful we were to God and our friends. My wife now asked me if I wanted to go to Oregon. I said, “Yes, if the way is open.” Then I asked her how she felt about it, when, without hesitating, she expressed her willingness to go if I thought it best.

These questions and answers were the result of a letter which had come from my friend President Thomas Van Scoy of Willamette University, urging me to come to the Oregon Conference to which he belonged. I wrote to him that if he could arrange that I might supply work for a year or so as to test the effect of the climate on my health, we would go.

The proposed arrangement was made, and from that time on we put all our energies, aside from strength used up in pastoral duties, in preparation for our long journey. I had to make a business trip down to Sugar Grove, but we did not go back to our relatives to bid
them a tearful good-bye, nor did either of us care to do so.

We sold off nearly all of our household goods, many of our books, our horse and buggy, and boxed up our bedding, dishes, and other household necessaries, and shipped them to Portland, Ore.

Hence, very early in August 1881, one very hot day we were at the train ready to start on our journey to the Pacific Northwest.
The scorching hot sun of August 1881 beat unmercifully on the itinerant and his little family as they tramped the streets of Chicago, making final preparation for their trip across the continent.

In poor health, nearly exhausted in arranging for the long journey, I, the said itinerant, felt as though I would drop on the pavement over the heat. But late in the evening, we met at the depot my old schoolmate Prof. Arnold of Willamette University and his bride, whom he had just married at Evanston, Ill., both of whom according to previous understanding were to go with us to the Willamette Valley. Boarding a crowded day coach, we were soon off over the Rock Island R.R. for Council Bluffs. Now our backs were turned on Indiana and our beloved conference, in the bounds of which wife and I had both been born, where all our relatives and most of our friends were, but we faced the West with pleasing anticipations and buoyant hopes.

I had now been for 11 years a member of the N.W. Indiana Conference and, enfeebled as I then was, still hoped that by change of climate I might be good for many years more of effective service in the ministry. All evening and all the following night and till 9 a.m. next day, we rode across the hot and dusty states of Illinois and Iowa. Arriving at Council Bluffs after an almost sleepless night, so far as we parents were concerned, we made the best possible use of the lavatories to wash off the accumulated dust, after which we felt much refreshed. Happily, we had ample provisions and plenty of comforters and blankets for our journey. That afternoon we gathered
together enough congenial people to fill one-half of the tourist car we were to occupy, while the other end was filled with people not so desirable for traveling companions. That evening as our long freight train, with our car near the rear end, pulled out across the bridge and onto the prairies of Nebraska, we spread our comforters and blankets on the wire springs of the bunks, and, before it was dark, I taking Ella with me in the upper berth, wife having Mary with her in the lower, we stretched our weary limbs on beds that were only the thickness of a comforter but which seemed “soft as downy pillows are.”

What delicious rest, as the cool, refreshing prairie breeze gave us the first relief from the torrid heat we had felt for three weeks. Never did beds seem so restful or sleep so refreshing.

The next morning after making coffee and eating breakfast, part of us went out on top of the observation car and there sat for hours, as we did other days, absorbing the sunshine and breathing the pure air, looking over a vast expanse where were on every hand things new and old. As we neared the Rockies and saw the heights and depths and the gleaming snow near the summits, we had a sense of awe till we became more familiar with mountain scenery.

Though we were 10 days on the way from Chicago to San Francisco and often stopped for hours at the ends of divisions, yet we enjoyed every minute of the time, for we had delightful company and the scenery to us was simply wonderful. But what meant more to me was the fact that every day new lifeblood throbbed in my veins and new strength came to my debilitated body. We were all glad to get off at “The Wells” [Nevada], where our train remained four hours, and walk out to the “bottomless wells” a mile away. Indeed I was so jubilant that I was on the eve of suggesting to our party that we go up the Ruby Range to where the snow lay in the gulches. It seemed but a little distance, but some who knew asserted
that it was at least 10 miles to the snow line. I have since learned that objects on the mountains are “so near, and yet so far.” Arriving at Sacramento when the mercury stood 100 in the shade, we were glad to move on toward San Francisco. It being warm weather, we had on only our light summer clothing, and, trusting Prof. Arnold, who had in advance engaged hotel accommodations for us, we gave our trunks over to the transfer company to be delivered at our steamer when we should start north.

Arriving at the Oakland docks after nightfall, we remained on the cars till morning, when we got out in our summer linens into an atmosphere that seemed icy to us. Our very teeth chattered as we crossed on the ferry to San Francisco. This was an astonishing revelation as to the effects of a sea breeze on inlanders. Going to our hotel, shivering, I walked up and down the corridors, looking for a fire where I could warm myself. Finding none, I asked one of the waiters where we could find a fire to warm by. He said there were none in the hotel except in some high-priced rooms, where they were made only on the order of the roomers and at their expense. I then sent a vehicle to the transfer station to bring down my trunk to my room. When it came, I took out my heaviest underclothing and put it on at once.

But still I was cold and went into the market and bought the heaviest woolen underwear that could be found. With this I was more comfortable, but am sure that for three months I had a sense of chilliness whenever near salt water. Waiting two or three days for our steamer, the Columbia, we went on board one beautiful Sunday and anticipated a lovely ride on the Pacific Ocean. If it is asked why we came round by way of San Francisco to get to Portland, the simple answer is, there was no other way.

No overland railroad reached Portland or the Puget Sound basin at that time. We had not steamed through the Golden Gate before
I found myself seasick, just at the dinner hour. I soon was obliged to lie down, and Ella with me, while Maggie, to avoid the same experience, carried Mary back and forth in the lobby. Sick as I was that afternoon I could not suppress a smile when Mrs. Arnold came to our room and said, “Will [meaning her husband] is just as sick as he can be and had to lie down.” He had been telling us all the way from Chicago that to avoid seasickness one need but stand on the prow of the vessel and look the breakers square in the eye. And on this trip he had run in and told us how brave his wife was facing the foam and the spray, assuming all the time that he was immune from seasickness. But when I saw him again on the third day he looked crestfallen and white as a ghost. It was the morning of the third day before I could get up and come out on the deck.

Our steamer was just approaching the mouth of the Columbia River. There I met Bishop Harris, who was on his way to Portland to hold the Oregon Conference. He asked me if I expected to take work on this coast. I answered, “Yes, if there is need of me,” but said I had promise of supply work for a year. He replied if I expected to stay I had better be transferred at once, and that the matter was all in his hands, as the N.W. Indiana Conference was one of those assigned to him for that year. I said, “Alright, if you think that is best.” Nothing more was said to him about my transfer. It took us all day and till 9 in the evening for our steamer to get up the shifting channel of the Columbia and to anchor in the Willamette in front of Portland. With my wife carrying our little Mary, 1½ years old, and leading Ella, who was able to help herself, and I with a big load of bedding in my arms, we elbowed our way onto the wharf, where we found our friend President Van Scy of Willamette University, who was there to greet and welcome us, as he was also there to greet Prof. Arnold and his bride. Then we were soon conducted to a good hotel, where we rested for the night.
The next day we went on a train with President Van Scoy to Salem and stayed with him and his good wife in their home. Having known Mrs. Van Scoy in Indiana, it was a great pleasure to meet her out here, as well as her husband.

Leaving my family there I went down to East Portland, where the Oregon Conference had convened. Brother Skidmore, President Van Scoy, and myself were entertained nicely at the home of a Portland businessman. The conference impressed me as small in numbers but as having a large proportion of strong men, most of whom had passed the period of their greatest efficiency. Among them I recall the names of Driver, Roberts, Doan, Dillon, Royal, Fairchilds, and Tower.

J.F. DeVore, prominent as any, made up in efficiency what he lacked in scholarship. Denison was forging to the front as a leader of young men but was inclined to get into wordy disputations with the bishop. As to the rank and file of the conference, they impressed me, by their bronzed faces and indifferent exterior, as men accustomed to hard work and poor pay. I found myself at home with many of these brethren but was made to feel like a stranger when I learned that many members of the conference were opposed to transferred men being admitted to their body.

One evening I happened to run into a group of preachers who evidently had been talking about some phase of the transfer problem. An ex-superintendent of the Oregon mission turned to me and said, “Do you expect to be transferred into the conference?”

I answered, “Yes. If I am needed. I met the bishop on the steamer, and he thought I had better be transferred at once.”

“Oh,” said he. “If you came with the bishop he will take care of you.”

I answered, “I don’t want to come into the conference unless I am needed.”
He then, turning to his brethren, said, “Do you know of any charge that was not manned during the last year?”

They all affirmed, as far as I could hear their answers, that they did not know of one. Yet the bishop said before the conference adjourned that they were greatly in need of men in order to supply all the charges. When the assignments were read, I found I had been transferred and appointed to Olympia, the little capital of Washington Territory. Up to this time I had hoped for work in the Willamette Valley, as I had been promised supply work there and as all my friends of the conference were at Salem. I was disappointed when I was read out for Olympia, for till that time I hardly knew anything about Western Washington and what little I thought I knew consisted chiefly of erroneous conceptions and confused ideas. Little did I realize then that in the Providence of God I was going into the Puget Sound country to help for the rest of my active life, to lay foundations of that Kingdom which hath no end. However, I soon had my family with me, and, boarding a steamboat at Portland, we ran down to the Columbia and on down that majestic river to Kalama, where we landed to take a train bound for Tacoma. It will be remembered that at that time the N.P.R.R. had not been completed over the Cascades to Puget Sound, but in order to secure a great land grant the directors of this road had built a line from Kalama to the new terminus, Tacoma. Our train, out from the former place, consisted of engine, tender, one mail car, one combined baggage and smoking car, and one small day coach. At no time, so I think, there were more than a dozen passengers beside my family on the car. Yet it was the only passenger train going north within 24 hours, while a similar train went south in the same period of time. In like manner a freight train of five or six cars would go each way daily.

Who could have anticipated the changes that have taken place in the last 35 years? Today, to say nothing of the Great Milwaukee
system of roads, with its various branches and numerous trains, over 40 large, well-equipped passenger trains pass through the Union Depot at Tacoma every 24 hours. And as to the amount of freight handled, one of the railroad commissioners of Washington told me that the N.P.R.R. put a train every 46 minutes, day and night, through the Stampede tunnel. Yet the road could not begin to handle all the freight accumulating at her sidings. But this is only one of six great railroads doing business here today.

The little stations, such as Kelso, Chehalis, and Centralia, consisted in each case of a small, red station house, with two to five shacks clustering about it. Now those stations have become cities of from 5,000 to 15,000 inhabitants. On reaching Tenino, we transferred to a car on a narrow-gauge road that carried us to Olympia. The novelty of the scenery impressed us with a feeling that nature here had done her best. The majestic firs, the tall ferns, which brushed our faces as we looked out of the car windows, filled us with strange sensations. Then we were surprised as we came out suddenly into Bush Prairie and saw improvements that looked old, for moss covered the shingles, and orchards were in a state of decay. We afterward learned that Bush and others had settled there 35 or more years before. Continuing on past Tumwater and down to the Olympia Station over the bay, we left the car and walked up 4th Street into the town, which we liked from the start, for while some things looked quaint, the place seemed home-like and was nearly our ideal of a New England village of 12,000 people. The day of our arrival there, Aug. 21, 1881, was a memorable day in our family history, for we were now to begin labors in a new country where for 25 years I was to devote my talent to the work of organizing and building up the church of our fathers. As our people knew nothing of our coming on that day, we had to inquire before we found any of them. But those we saw greeted us heartily, and a Brother Henderson took
us to his home and, with his kindly wife, entertained us overnight. One of the things attracting my attention at once was the fine fruit to be seen on the trees about every home and the large potatoes and other vegetables that grew in the orchards between and under the trees. The next day we learned that the parsonage was partially furnished, and on examination found that there was enough of this furniture, though badly soiled, for us to keep house until our goods from Indiana should arrive. We therefore joyfully took possession of the manse and began light housekeeping.

Customs and usages entirely new to us attracted our attention. If I asked a boy on the street the price of a daily paper he would say, “A bit.” If I handed 10 cents for the paper he accepted that—it was a “short bit”—but if I gave him a quarter he would hand me back 10 cents in change and take 15 cents for his paper. That was a “longer bit.” It was the same way at the stores. The merchant who made the change got the long bit every time. Pennies and nickels were absolutely refused. If you asked the price of a spool of thread the answer would be two for a bit. Nothing under a dime’s worth could be bought. There were almost no modern wagons or buggies in the territory. Those that purchased them had to pay from three to four times as much as they would cost “in the States.” We saw a few prairie schooners that had done service in crossing the plains, but homemade wagons with great wooden wheels, each pulled along the streets by two or three yoke of oxen, were novel sights which soon became common.

Only few houses in the towns were plastered, and none in the country. Even the parlor chairs in the parsonage had seats made of untanned strips of deer hide. But we soon got used to these things, save the way traffickers had of juggling with the short and long bit, which I despised and denounced till the nickel and one-cent piece came into use.
I soon found we had in our church at Olympia some most excellent people, among them the families of Judge Bigelow; Judge Sparks; Dr. Landsdale; Mrs. Riddle; Mrs. Mann, the wife of a former pastor; her son and his wife; Brother Silsby, and his son-in-law, Weston. These families were standbys in the church and highly respected in the community. But while this was true, it was also true that the M.E. church in Olympia was weak numerically and financially and in a state of depression. The prosperity they had once enjoyed when theirs was almost the only church in the place and when Capt. Finch, a member, could give $500 in presents on a Christmas tree, had departed, and now they were weak and poor. Each family in its turn was supposed to take care of the church a week at a time. But one of the women of the family whose duty it was to care for the church that week would come to the parsonage Saturday afternoon, expecting the pastor’s wife to go over and help her clean the church. This, they said, had been the custom. But my wife, having a babe only 18 months old, refused to go, saying she would be janitor for the parsonage but not for the church.

There was some feeling over the matter, but my wife stood firm, and I labored with my board for a year before they were persuaded to allow me, instead of taking just one collection on Sunday, to take two—the evening collection to defray incidental expenses, including pay of a janitor. Some of the leading members on the board said that a second collection would drive people from the church. But when they agreed to let the “tender fool” pastor try this innovation it was soon demonstrated that the evening offering brought in more money than was needed for incidental purposes.

The congregations also slowly increased. Though these did not usually fill more than half of the church, they were always attentive and religiously receptive.

As winter came on, I began to think about special meetings but
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was told all such meetings held in Olympia for years had been union services, and that while the Methodists had done most of the work in these meetings, other churches induced the “more respectable” of the converts to unite with them, leaving the Methodists to gather in those who had no social standing. I told my brethren that that thing would not occur again while I was their pastor. Accordingly, during the week of prayer, when all the churches were united, I told the people present that we should be convening special meetings shortly, that I had no objections to a union meeting when the occasion called for it, but if we could not as denominations win to Christ the people of our own congregations, especially our own children, then it was a question whether our existence as churches was justified. I also invited everyone to come in and help in the meetings in the most informal way. A minister of another denomination came to the parsonage and tried to persuade me not to undertake the meeting, saying, “They did not succeed out here.” Not a minister of another church came near these special services, nor did laymen of other denominations, with one noble exception, attend.

Gen. Milroy and his wife called on us soon after we came to Olympia, and both of our families having lived in the same part of Indiana and he and I being Civil War veterans, were soon fast friends. They came to our meeting often, and, Presbyterian that he was, he exhorted with the fervor of an old-time Methodist. The result of the meeting, considering our limited constituency, was a splendid revival, with about 20 people converted, all of whom were received into the church.

Our people, of course, were greatly encouraged. From that time forward, for years, the Methodist church of Olympia had a steady growth. It was in the spring of 1882 that wife and I, leaving Ella with the Manns and taking Mary with us, started with Brother and Sister Weston to drive over to Tacoma to the first school convention
ever held in Western Washington. We drove by way of American Lake, and on its beautiful rose-lined banks, ate our lunch. Arriving at the First Methodist Church, at North 7th and G streets, we were sent by Brother DeVore, the pastor, to places of entertainment. Our stay in Tacoma had many new and generally pleasing features, notwithstanding the man who received us into his home as guests and charged us a stiff price for our board, which amount Brother DeVore subsequently refunded. It was here where for the first time I met Dr. Harrington, he and I having been transferred into the conference the previous fall. It was a joy then to see a Methodist preacher, for only one dozen of them had pastoral fields in Western Washington, and up to this time, after landing in Olympia, I had seen but three of them, namely Brother Atwood, my P.E.; Brother Flynn, my genial neighbor at Tumwater; and Brother DeVore at Tacoma. Hence as Brother Harrington and I had come from adjacent conferences in the Midwest, we soon felt very much at home with each other. Later, he and his wife came and spent a Sunday with us in Olympia, and the next year we went over to Seattle and enjoyed the hospitality of their home for several days while I helped the doctor in revival services. Our relations continued most cordially to the day of his death.

Tacoma at this time, though aspiring to be a great city, was in her swaddling clothes.

Nearly all the buildings were temporary structures, and G Street, now Broadway, had sidewalks of slabs about 18 inches wide. Between these walks and the roadway in the middle of the street there were numerous black stumps, relics of the dense forest that had recently grown there. The whole hillside above that street was covered with a mass of half-burned logs and stumps. But the push and enterprise of the people, manifested on every hand, gave assurance that things would come to pass. It was during this year
that Brother Landen came from his Kentucky home and entered on our abandoned charge on Whidbey Island, where Methodism had virtually died out from neglect. Indeed, following the Indian War of 1856, when the people scattered and preachers left for other parts, whole circuits were broken up.

Methodism, with few exceptions in Western Washington, had a struggle for existence till a new tide of emigration began to pour in by way of San Francisco. All around Olympia, where I was stationed, there were numerous points that had been abandoned where flourishing classes had once existed. The coming of Harrington, Landen, and myself to reinforce our brethren here helped them meet an emergency, growing out of an incoming tide of people and the increase in population. At the close of this, my first year on the Pacific Coast, I rejoice in the fact that my health had greatly improved, that my charge had gathered new strength, and that my people wanted me back for another year. Hence taking my little family with me we went over to conference at Albany, Ore., visiting our friends at Salem on the way and feeling that in the Providence of God we had been led into whitening fields. Though Bishop Hurst and Secretary Fowler were present at this conference, and though their addresses were characterized by marked ability, yet the session as a whole was chiefly noted by a controversy on the subject of holiness led by Brother Dennison in behalf of the extremists, while Bishop Hurst seemed alarmed at what he called fanaticism and asserted that the Oregon Conference was in danger. The Sunday morning love feast had more of the spirit of acrimony in it than it had of love.

I was glad, therefore, to receive my reappointment to Olympia, and with my family to be off for our allotted field of labor. I entered on my pastoral duties with sanguine hopes as to the future. If we could not build up this charge rapidly we would, God helping us,
build it up slowly but surely. One of the things that had engaged my attention for some time was repeated complaints of a few good, elderly sisters to the effect that they had all the work of renovating cushions, carpets, etc., and that the younger women of the society would not help them. Wife and I asked them why they did not organize a ladies’ aid society. But these sisters objected, saying it would do no good. Nevertheless we decided to see if something could not be done through such an organization and issued a call for a meeting of all the ladies of the church. This was well attended. A ladies’ aid society was organized, and officers were chosen from the middle-aged women of the church. Committees were appointed to arrange for a supper in the near future, and all took hold enthusiastically and without a burden resting on anyone. The supper proved a great success financially and socially.

From that time on the ladies’ aid become a fixed institution in that church.

Another serious matter to me was the small number of young people in our Sunday school. I had all of those who were in the school in a class of my own, save a few who were officers or teachers. In order to add to the number we frequently invited my class to the parsonage for a social hour, urging the members to invite others not connected with the school to come with them. I also invited young men I knew to come to these informal socials. Well, they came reluctantly at first, but as soon as they became acquainted with the young people of the class they were willing to join it. Thus we increased our numbers. The class became large, enthusiastic, and, in time, was a leading factor in the young life of the church.

In the spring of 1883 I was invited by the Methodist church of Victoria to attend and deliver an address on the occasion of their annual missionary anniversary. I rather reluctantly responded to the call, was met on the landing of the steamer by Dr. Watson, the
pastor, and some of his brethren, and was royally entertained in a Yankee home. Sunday I preached twice to large audiences, a little embarrassed at first, for Dr. Watson was a scholarly man, and his intelligent congregation was accustomed to good preaching. But in my way, without notes, I got on pretty well, and on Monday night at the anniversary proper I had unusual freedom, and the people seemed to appreciate the address. The secular papers gave a sketch of my sermons and address. Of the sermons they said they were plain but well thought out and eulogized my address more than it merited. I took dinner with the mayor, Mr. Shakespeare, one day and attended a social function one evening, where I talked for a little while.

I returned from Victoria deeply impressed with the heartiness and spirituality of British Columbia Methodism.

My second year at Olympia was as pleasant as it was fruitful. Among other things that were interesting and inspiring was the visit of Miss Frances Willard to our town while on her Pacific Coast tour. She was given an enthusiastic reception, at which I made one of the several addresses of welcome. Her reply was graceful and elegant. The next day wife and I went to Seattle to attend the convention to be held there for the purpose of organizing the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union in Western Washington. We went on one of the only two boats that ran on the upper Sound, the Messenger, and were nearly all day making the trip. The convention was largely attended, and as it was presided over by Miss Willard, of course it was interesting. The organization of the W.C.T.U. in Western Washington was effected, and Mrs. LeSourd was elected president. She did not understand when the announcement of her selection was made, but when told that she was president she was overwhelmed and went to Miss Willard in tears, saying that with her little ones she could not serve. But Miss Willard said, “Vox
populi vox Dei.” So Maggie felt constrained to accept the office and do the best she could.

The church at Olympia during the year grew slowly in all of its departments, and a fine spirit pervaded its membership. At our fourth quarterly conference the board unanimously asked for my return for a third year. But privately my presiding elder told me that he did not know if he could hold me for Olympia, as I was wanted in East Portland. When conference time arrived I took my wife and children with me as far as Chehalis and left them there to visit Brother Ward, an Indiana friend, who was at the station to meet them. Somewhere on our way toward Kalama, Brother Harrington came to me and said that in a conversation with Bishop Warren, who was on the train, about our next P.E. he had told the bishop that LeSourd was the man for the place. Up to that moment I had not had a serious thought about the possibility of my being the next district superintendent, and I had as good as promised my wife that I would not accept office without consulting her. I knew, too, that most of the brethren, including myself, wanted Dr. Harrington to take Brother Atwood’s place. But Bishop Warren had already determined to transfer him to Salem, Ore. I knew too that Brother DeVore and others had been on this field for many years, and in this respect had prior claims to a “tenderfoot.” So I really hoped that nothing would come of this proposition and that we might return to Olympia.

At Kalama, as we waited for a boat, Bishop Warren asked me to take a walk with him, and though he said nothing about the district I felt somehow that he was sizing me up. After we arrived at Vancouver, Wash., where the Oregon Conference convened Aug. 22, 1883, I found quite a clamoring among some of our brethren for Harrington to be appointed to our district, and I joined them and went with Dr. Willard to see the bishop, giving reasons why
Dr. Harrington should be appointed. But all the assurance the bishop would give us was that he would not appoint anyone to whom the brethren objected. Later in the session two brethren who had pulled the hardest for Brother Harrington told me with undisguised disappointment that I was down for the district. Under these circumstances, especially, as I was a relatively young man, I did not want the district. Moreover, I could not reach my wife by telegram to inform her of the situation and ask her consent. But as I had studiously avoided, during all the years of my ministry, saying anything for or against a place to which I might be assigned, I concluded not to lay my hands on the ark at this time but to accept if I was assigned to the district of providential appointment.

Accordingly, on Sunday evening when the bishop read the appointment there was a little flurry as he announced: “Puget Sound District, D.G. LeSourd, presiding elder.” I confess I was a little nervous, knowing that the brethren were not certain as to how I would succeed. But they greeted me kindly as their new presiding elder.

Before I take leave of the last session of the Oregon Conference held in Washington Territory, reference should be made to a memorial to the General Conference introduced by John F. DeVore, the substance of which was embodied in the following report of the committee to which it was referred:

“RESOLVED first, that we hereby memorialize our next General Conference in 1884 to set off all that part of Washington Territory, north of the Columbia River and west of the Cascade Mountains, as a separate or new conference.

RESOLVED second, that the new territory when set off be called “The Puget Sound Conference.”

Signed: William Roberts
This report was adopted almost unanimously. Another historical event was the coming of Gen. Sherman to Vancouver during the time of our conference session on his last official visit to the Pacific Coast. In the afternoon almost the whole conference went up to the fort to witness the review of the garrison by this honored general.

After the review, Sherman came our way, and, dismounting, began in his hearty, informal way to shake hands with the preachers, keeping up a running conversation all the time. “Yes, yes,” said the general. “We were all there.” Then lifting the lapel of his coat he showed our old corps badge, the miniature cartridge box, and said, “Do you see that? You remember the 40 rounds?” The bishop said, “Yes, General. He was a soldier then, but he is a minister now.”

“Just as good,” said the general, “as if he were in the ranks.”

To Brother Shoreland he said, “Where do you preach?”

And this brother replied, “Tillamook.”

Gen. Sherman evidently did not understand him and exclaimed, “Hellbrook? They need it over there. Give it to them. Pour hot shot into them.”

Hastening from Vancouver on my way to Olympia, I stopped off at Chehalis and went out to the farm of Brother Ward, where my wife and children were visiting. When I told Maggie of my appointment to the district, she was much affected and half blamed me for accepting the assignment till I made the explanation that I had accepted nothing but had simply taken the appointment given me as I always had done.

Of course we both foresaw that my duties on the district would
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keep me from home weeks at a time, when she would be left alone with the children. The burden that would thus rest on her gave me more concern than anything else. But we both went back to Olympia determined to face our duties cheerfully and courageously. The first thing for us to do was to vacate the parsonage and make room for the new pastor, Brother Cameron. As we could find no house to rent we packed and stored our goods and boarded for several weeks.

In the meantime my wife agreed to teach the primary department of the Olympia Collegiate Institute. This school had been conducted for several years as a union academy but had failed financially. During my second year on the Olympia charge, at a ministerial association held in our church, I called the attention of my brethren of the district to the fact that this building stood vacant and that we could take it over and conduct a Methodist school by purchasing a controlling interest in the stock.

The matter was taken up promptly, the necessary amount of stock was bought, and liberal subscriptions were made to pay for it. That fall Prof. Grubbs of Oregon was engaged to open the school, and Maggie became his assistant.

As there were two vacant rooms in the academy she arranged to move into them for the winter. Her work was to teach a select school for the little folks, in which certain kindergarten features were to be introduced. Though this was the first movement within the bounds of Western Washington toward establishing a Methodist educational institution and though it cost most of us preachers from $50 to $200 apiece and was sold out after we located a university in Tacoma, yet I do not regret having taken over that institution. It served its day, and scores of students received an academic education there which they could have never gotten elsewhere.

In the meantime I had tried to make a survey of the vast field
to which I had been assigned as presiding elder. I learned that it extended from the Cowlitz River to where Blaine is now and from the mouth of the Columbia to Sumas. From one extreme to the other it was 300 miles by any route one could travel. On this vast field I had 18 charges, including the Indian and Chinese missions. But of these there were three unorganized circuits, and these and two others were left to be supplied. As two preachers either failed to go to their charges or left them before the year was out, I really needed seven additional men to man all of the appointments. Doing even my utmost, I could not supply all this need. At the beginning of the year we had only 11 churches, some of them cheap frame structures or log houses. Others were located at the following places: Oysterville, Montesano, Tumwater, Olympia, Tacoma, Seattle, Whidbey Island, Port Townsend, Skagit, Dungeness, and California Creek.

Rev. A. Atwood, my predecessor, with commendable foresight, had planned for building at least seven new churches and had the promise of aid for them from the Church Extension Society. Of these one was located at each of the following places: Centralia, Puyallup, White River, Elma, Whatcom, La Conner, and Ferndale. So far as I know work had not started on more than one or two of these churches when I was assigned to the district, but by the end of my first year all, with two exceptions, were so far completed that they could be used as places of worship.

At that time various ways of travel were necessary in order to reach all parts of the district. I went on foot, on horseback, by vehicles called stages (which were four-horse wagons), by steamboat, sailboat, canoe, dugout, plunger (a small sailing craft), and occasionally by railroad train. Away from the Sound or rivers I nearly invariably had to foot it over the trails that penetrated the wilderness to the new settlements. Neither horses nor even pack
mules could go over those trails on account of the big logs that lay across them.

Our entire membership on the district was about 1,000. My receipts on salary this year were less than $1,000, out of which traveling expenses and house rent had to be paid, leaving me less than $600 net.

My first quarterly meeting was held on the Tumwater circuit near where Oakville now is. I stayed with Brother John Flinn, the pastor, at the home of Sister Newton. Saturday afternoon we held a little quarterly conference and on Sunday two preaching services during the day.

At the close of the last service I made an appeal for immediate decisions for Christ, and six young men came forward and united with the church. Thus seals were given me at the start that inspired in me a hope that God would continue to bless our work.

My next trip took me first to Montesano, where I spent the Sabbath with Brother W.H. Zellers, the pastor, and his attentive people. Holding the usual quarterly meeting services, on Monday I went on a steamboat down to Grays Harbor and was landed on the south side opposite the shack and land claim of Brother S.D. Lougheed, the supply pastor for this new and unorganized field.

At that time there was no Aberdeen, no Hoquiam, no town of any kind on the harbor. But almost every man living on its shores was sure the great terminal city was to be located on his claim.

Brother Lougheed was enthusiastic in more ways than one and got together a few Methodists for an hour of worship and another hour for organization of the Grays Harbor circuit. After spending several days in that vicinity I boarded a steamer and went on down to the lower part of the harbor, where we were rowed out from the larger vessel in canoes until they grounded, when we men had to get out in our boots and carry the women to shore on our backs.
Going to an old settler’s to dinner I said to our host, “The way the new settlers are coming in, you will soon have plenty of neighbors.”

“Yes,” he said, “too many of them. Their cattle will eat up all the pasture.”

Leaving the men who wanted all the pasture but no neighbors, I went on a stagecoach along the smooth ocean beach to North Bay. Arriving there after nightfall and taking passage on a little steamboat, we floundered over the rough waters until we reached Bay Center, where I spent a delightful Sunday. Brothers Beach and Rhodes lived there, and their interesting families and other excellent people. They reported everything paid up to date at quarterly conference, so far as their apportionment was concerned.

Some came on Sunday from the west shore of Shoalwater Bay, and our quarterly services were refreshing times. Bay Center is given up to the cultivation and marketing of oysters, the quality of which is surpassed only by the excellency of the people.

On Monday a gale was blowing across the bay, but a brother who had brought his family over on Sunday from Oysterville in a plunger decided to return in the afternoon. Brother Derrick, the pastor, Brother Hadley, a local preacher, and I decided to go with him. We were not far out on the bay when the wind stiffened, the sail came near breaking its stays, and the boat began to leak seriously. While the mother and children crouched in the fore part of the boat, two of us preachers stood on the windward side to keep the craft from turning over while the third one scooped the incoming water out with a scoop shovel. Running as close to the wind as possible we could not make our landing without tacking, and in doing this we were in danger of being swamped, for the wind had become furious. Finally, to our great joy, we landed at Oysterville, where I remained overnight.
An Itinerant’s Career

The next morning I hastened on by stage to Ilwaco, at the mouth of the Columbia River. From there I passed over to Astoria, where I stayed till the next morning in order to get a boat for Kalama, where I hoped to catch the afternoon passenger train.

But just as we neared this village we saw the train pulling out for the north. Boarding a freight train that soon followed, I reached Tenino at sunset, too late to secure passage on the narrow-gauge train. I started at once and walked 13 miles on the rough railroad track into Olympia, arriving at home after midnight, tired and very footsore.

In two and a half weeks’ absence I had traveled 300 miles, held two quarterly meetings, and organized the Grays Harbor circuit. In all that time, with two exceptions, I had not slept on anything but homemade bedsteads and beds without springs or mattress.

Not attempting to allude to many trips I made to various parts of the district, I will mention my earliest trip to Snohomish, taking two days to get there. This was a new field, left at conference to be supplied. Early in the year I sent W.H. Johnson, a local preacher, into that county with instructions to find all the Methodists he could and to establish as many preaching places as he could serve. I had received favorable reports from him, and now I proposed to spend a Sunday in Snohomish, where I supposed he was.

But on arriving there I learned he was out of the county, and dark as it was by this time, I was in a dilemma. I hoped to find some Methodists who would keep me overnight and help advertise a preaching service the next day. But I could neither find nor heard of a Methodist in town. A family to which I was directed laughed at the idea of being considered Methodists but kindly took me in for the night. No one seemed to want me to preach on Sunday.

I went to the Presbyterian church, hoping the pastor would invite me to preach in the evening, but he ignored my presence.
completely. The reason was that Brother Johnson had preached in
town occasionally, and an outcry against another church coming
into town had been raised. Hence the cool manner toward the
presiding elder.

I left town Monday morning, feeling I had struck one town
where I was not wanted, but I lived to see, after a struggle,
Methodism established in that place and the society housed in a
neat, comfortable church.

Going down to Mukilteo I had to remain over till evening in
order to get a boat for the Skagit River. The only shelter was the
barroom of a low-down tavern. After dinner I was asked if I would
have something to drink, but on declining, my host said, “All right.
If I had been raised differently I might have been a teetotaler.” This
was doubtless true.

Soon after conference, W.B. McMillin, just from Garrett
Theological Seminary, came on with his little family to take work
on my district. I met them in Seattle and told them I would send
them to Skagit City, explaining that I had not been there but that
his work extended up and down the river for 25 or more miles and
that it was a rough country.

He asked if he could reach all of his appointments by steamboat.
I said it was hardly probable. “Well,” said his wife, “we will have to
have a horse and buggy, that’s all there is to it, for he cannot foot it.”

I replied, “My sister, I’m sorry, but I fear there is a very poor
chance to use a horse and buggy up there, for the preacher who was
there last year told me that he could not get through on the trail
with a Cayuse pony, but he thought they could now.”

This opened their eyes to a situation which no person from the
Midwest ever dreamed of. But they went bravely to their hard field,
fitted up a rough shack, cozily called a parsonage, and there, according
to their own statement, spent two of the happiest years of their lives.
I was now on my way to this appointment and found the valley immensely rich in soil and timber, but as rough as rich. The pastor told me that he had often prayed that God would send him to where no other preacher wanted to go, but he had no idea at the time that the Lord would so literally answer his prayer. Later in the winter Brother McMillin conducted a most successful revival meeting at Avon, which resulted in the conversion of about 30 persons, nearly all heads of families.

Steps were taken looking to the building of a nice, new church, which was occupied the following year. All up and down the river, Methodists were taking root and promised harvest by and by.

I must now recount some phases of a trip to the extreme northwest corner of my district. Leaving my home in Olympia, I spent two days and nights on a slow freight boat getting down to Fair Haven (now a part of Bellingham). Staying there overnight with the pastor of Whatcom charge, I gave a man $2 to row me across the bay to the gulch west of Whatcom. From there I tramped through a deep slush of snow, carrying my valise, to the home of John Tennant, a local preacher living near Ferndale.

Staying at his home all night, Brother Tennant and I, in the morning, went over to the Nooksack River and, finding the ice was still in places though melted away from the banks, we leaped onto it, crossed over, and there I said goodbye to Tennant, and in a downpour of rain started to walk 14 miles through slush and water 6 inches deep to California Creek log church.

On the way I borrowed an umbrella, but by noon my clothes were very damp and my feet as wet as if I had been barefoot. Faint and weary, I stopped at a shack and found a Methodist woman who gave me a cold lunch and informed me that it was yet 3 miles to the church.

Going on, I soon crossed the foaming creek and went down the trail on the south side under the drooping fir boughs. Finally
coming to the log church and pushing open the door, I found no one within and dared not sit down, wet as I was, in the cold room. As I tramped the floor, a Brother Kain came in, and, having matches, made a fire while I pulled off my boots hoping to dry my feet and wet socks.

Brother Leven Johnson, the young pastor, whom I had sent as supply for the Ferndale circuit, and others came in, and while I warmed and dried by the stove we held quarterly conference. This over, the brethren decided, as it was still raining, that we should hold services then and there instead of coming back in the evening as we had planned. This meant that the tired presiding elder must preach. But first I must put on my wet and shrinking boots, and my feet, in the meantime having swelled, confronted me with a hard problem. I pulled and tugged till my toes touched the soles of my boots, but my heels seemed to be up in the air. As I preached I wondered if my sermon was making as little impress on the souls of those present as my heels were making on the soles of my boots.

Brother Johnson and I went home with a brother for the night, and as we were ravenously hungry, it seemed a very long time before we were called to supper. But when seated at the table we were helped bountifully to “bacon rind soup.” Indeed I was so bountifully helped that I have never had any hankering after bacon rind soup since.

The next morning I found that the nails of my sore toes had all turned black, and several of them later came off. But we had two good services, including the Lord’s supper that Sabbath, and felt that all our hardships were not in vain.

In the previous autumn, being in Whatcom, I started in the evening on the mail boat Evangel to go to Port Townsend. A fierce gale blowing all night, Capt. Peecher did not venture from the shelter of the San Juan Islands until morning. But the sea was still
running very high, the waves coming in from the west. Soon our little, top-heavy steamer was tossed like a cork and often rolled over on her sides till one could have touched the waves from the upper deck. I was so desperately sick it seemed to me I could not endure it long, and after I reached the parsonage home of Brother Done and his wife at Port Townsend, I went to bed and shivered for hours.

However, I held quarterly conference in the evening, preached twice on Sunday, and officiated in celebrating the Lord’s supper. My stay with this cultured couple, Brother and Sister Done, was most pleasant indeed.

From Port Townsend I crossed over on rough water to Whidbey Island, where I spent the rest of the week and the following Sabbath with Brother Landen and his people. In the middle of the previous year he had come onto this abandoned field finding only two members of the church. But he was now re-laying a sure foundation where today we have two splendid charges.

From such trips how glad I was to get back for a few days to my little family and look after their needs. How my girls would both want to go to sleep in my arms I shall never forget.

All this time Maggie was teaching and doing what she could by correspondence to promote the interests of the W.C.T.U. In the early spring of the year, Brother Zellers of Montesano going with me, we sailed down the Chehalis River from said town in a canoe, aiming to reach a point on the Grays Harbor circuit where I was to hold quarterly meeting. Reaching the head of the great harbor, we turned at right angles and began going up the Wishkah River. Glancing at our surroundings I said to my fellow boatman, “If there is to be a large city on Grays Harbor it seems to me this is the place for it.” Up to that time I had never heard of that place suggested as a site for a town, but by the end of the conference year Aberdeen was on the map as one of the coming cities.
We rowed up the river about 5 miles to the log house of a new settler by the name of Smith. As it was Saturday I asked if we were to have any services or quarterly conference that day. He answered in the negative.

“Then what time on Sunday?” I asked.

“That depends on the tide,” he replied. “The people from the harbor will have to come on the rising tide, and later the people up the river will have to come down on the outgoing tide.”

So it was 2 or later on Sunday afternoon before a little company had assembled for worship, some coming 10 or 15 miles. A precious hour of worship, surrounded by primeval forest, was held, followed by quarterly meeting. Somewhat different was a visit this year to the vicinity of the present town of Sumas, Whatcom County, on the Brother Van Deventer charge. Among other places I visited the Nooksack Indian Mission. These Indians had once been Catholics, but through the efforts of Brother Tate, a Canadian missionary, they had been converted to Christ and a Methodist Episcopal Church had been organized among them.

A church house was built, and $400 annually was secured from the Missionary Society for maintaining a school. Mrs. Hill, the wife of a local preacher, was in charge of the school this year, and her husband preached among the Indians on Sundays.

On the occasion of my visit the leading Indians came to me for a talk about their school. They were very anxious that Brother and Sister Hill should be returned to them for another year. Knowing these Indians were like children, the more given them the more they expected, I assured them that Brother and Sister Hill would serve them the next year but that they should do all they could to help support them.

At that an old Indian arose and said, “Me, poor Indian. Me have no money. Me live up Nooksack. Me raise taters. Me catch salmon.”
Me give Brother and Sister Hill salmon an’ taters. Tell ’em come back.”

When he sat down another arose and repeated almost word for word what the first speaker had said, and so on till some half dozen had spoken, making the same plea of poverty but promising taters and salmon. But the last one added, “Leave Brodder and Sister here allus, and when we die we all fly up to Hebben together.”

After that our brethren on the circuit would say, when short of money, “Well, we can fall back on ‘salmon and taters.”’

As we approached the end of the year I could report that all the churches in our centers—Olympia, Tacoma, and Seattle—were rapidly growing. At the latter place two new churches had been built, Battery Street and the Scandinavian M.E. Church, making eight new churches for the year to add to the 11 we had before. This does not include others that had been projected, two of which were well on their way toward completion. Three new fields had been occupied and now had classes and official members. Eighteen pastors were serving as many charges, including the Scandinavian work under the efficient oversight of Brother Ferrell. The Chinese school at Seattle and the Institute at Olympia each reported a successful year.

Bishop Fowler, coming on to hold our conference, stopped over a day in Tacoma and on Saturday came up by boat to Olympia. We had the pleasure of having him in our home until the following Tuesday, and a more agreeable guest we never entertained. He preached Sunday morning in the M.E. church and was driven out on Monday to the Tumwater Falls. On Tuesday he and my family went to Seattle on the old Zephyr, and we were all entertained at the parsonage home by Brother J.N. Denison and his amiable wife.

On Thursday the 21st of August, 1884, the first session of the Puget Sound Annual Conference convened in the old First Church.
and was opened by Bishop Fowler, who first led the conference in celebrating the Lord’s supper and then asked me to call the roll, which I proceeded to do, 15 brethren answering to their names. But out of the 15 two were transferred to the Oregon Conference, one was a second-year probationer, and one a first-year probationer. So we only had, at the beginning, 11 effective elders. There were a superannuate and two supernumerary preachers, who it seems were not present at the roll call.

Dr. Isaac Dillon was elected secretary, and five brethren were immediately transferred in. Later, four more were transferred into the conference, and a promising class of four were admitted on probation. Thus 26 received appointments at this, our first conference.

From the beginning, Bishop Fowler kept the conference in a glow of enthusiasm or convulsed with laughter, as he played on our feelings with his matchless oratory, his quick wit, or his ever-ready anecdotes. He and all the brethren felt that we were in the beginning of a mighty movement that was to make Puget Sound the center of a vast population, whose Christian forces were to be a great evangelizing agency not only in all our new Northwest, but in Alaska, in the isles of the sea, and in the vast empire beyond.

Inspired with these thoughts, the conference, little as it was, took hold of the work in no narrow sense but with a vision of the needs of all the races. Hence beside the usual standing committees we appointed others on the German, the Scandinavian, the Indian, and the Chinese work. One hundred and fifty dollars was raised in cash to aid the Indian Mission and $525 was subscribed toward the Olympia Collegiate Institute.

Brother John Flinn said the only property he had in the world was an old mare, and she was lost, but if we could find her and sell her we might apply the proceeds on the collection.

In view of the vigorous way the conference took hold, Bishop
Fowler said there was more of it to the square inch than any other conference he knew in Methodism.

As to the work in the cabinet, for once I was “it,” as there was no other presiding elder to question the wisdom of my advice. But the bishop invited in from time to time such brethren as were engaged in special fields of labor, and in all important matters decided questions on his own motion, but no bishop showed more courtesy or deferred so much to my judgment.

He preached on Sunday in one of the theater buildings to a representative city audience, and his sermon was one of his greatest. It was indeed the great sermon preached at the General Conference in 1872. But he told me that his mastery of the theme on our conference Sunday surpassed anything to which he had ever attained. A eulogy of the sermon written by Dr. (Mrs.) Weed, and not a Methodist, and published in the Post-Intelligencer was republished all over the United States and was the greatest compliment, so the bishop said, that he had ever received.

The dividing of the conference into two districts, giving me Tacoma and all the country north of there to the international line, to be known as the Seattle District, and all south of Tacoma to Brother A.J. Hanson, to be known as the Olympia District, was very satisfactory to both people and the presiding elders.

One thing in which Bishop Fowler was especially interested was the selection of a committee whose duty it should be to consider offered sites and donations for the location and establishment within the bounds of our conference of a Christian educational institution of the very highest grade. This was a favorite scheme of the bishop, and he virtually selected the committee.

This committee, however, did nothing during the following year but look up proposed sites and call for donations. Thus the first session of the Puget Sound Conference was a prophesy of its future:
hopeful, liberal, optimistic, planning large things, and brimming over with enthusiasm to bring them to pass.

Conference over, wife and I returned to Olympia and packed up preparatory to moving to Seattle, as that city must now be the headquarters of my district. Arriving in this “young Chicago” we succeeded in renting a small house in what was then called North Seattle, only a few blocks from Battery Street Church, of which Rev. Louis A. Banks was the newly appointed pastor. He and his family secured a house alongside ours.

Brother Frank LeSourd and his family soon came out from Indiana and, living near us, our three families became almost as one. Dr. Banks as pastor, neighbor, and brother was beloved by us all, and a truer friend one never had.

I now began to plan for work on my district, which, though less than the year previous, was still larger than some states. Our little cities were well manned, and at that time needed supervision less than the half-organized circuits and the new fields that were calling for preachers. The difficulties and incidental dangers involved in this work of supervision may be illustrated by telling of a trip I made to Dungeness early in the year.

As I had never been there, I started from Port Angeles to go round to Port Discovery and out to Brother Laubach’s for the night. Reaching the little burg after dark and not knowing the way to his ranch, I put up at a lodging house but learned later that Brother Laubach had a man engaged to row me to Dungeness the next day. Thinking I must hasten on my way, early next morning I secured the promise of passage on an Indian schooner, which was soon to sail for Cape Flattery, passing Dungeness on the way. But it was 10 a.m. before the tug towed the schooner out to the mouth of the harbor, and when it had cast us off there was no wind to fill the sails, and the tide began to carry us the wrong way. I finally told
the Indians to put me off on the shore, for I must make Dungeness that day.

Landing on the beach, valise in hand, I hastened forward along the rocky shore for 5 miles or more till I came to Sequim Bay, a large body of water extending 5 miles inland. A spit ran out nearly across the inlet, but going out on it a mile I found a deep channel between me and the land 200 or 300 yards off on the other side.

Now I was in a dilemma. I called for a boat, as there were Indian huts on the other side, but there was no one at home. I could see smoke curling over a house some 3 miles up the bay on the opposite side from where I was. I decided to try to compass the bay before night so as to reach that house. Going back a mile, I hurried along the east shore of the bay with an almost perpendicular bluff on my left. When I had gone probably 2 miles in this way, the rising tide had stolen up to this bluff, here about 30 feet high. I climbed to the top of it and tried to push my way through the thick underbrush but made such a slow headway that I again resorted to the bluff and slid down to where there was a little margin I could walk on. I hurried along the edge of the water till I could go no farther without wading. Again I ascended the bluff by clinging to a fir tree whose roots held where it had grown, leaving the top hanging downward. I would place an arm round this, throw my valise as high as I could and digging my toes into the bank climb foot by foot till I reached the top.

Soon I found my way hedged up by the thickets as before. I even got down on my hands and knees and tried to crawl through the tangle, but failing in this I again slid down the cliff into the water. Climbing over stumps and old logs I waded along the wall of clay on my left, my coattails floating in the water.

After going two or more miles in this way I found a dry and wider margin on which to walk. But night was coming on, and it
was beginning to rain. I could not possibly compass the head of the bay that night. What I should do I knew not, for I was wet, physically exhausted, and had no matches to kindle a fire. To remain all night in that chill November atmosphere was to risk perishing. Happily for me I had just arrived opposite a house on the other side, three-quarters of a mile away. I called loudly for help, and as the evening was very still, the family living there heard and answered me and sent a boy in a boat to my relief. When I asked him how far it was to Dungeness, supposing it was not more than 3 miles, he replied that he did not know but he guessed it was 14 or 15 miles.

After sheltering under the roof of this kind family for the night, sleeping on the floor, I hired two boys Sunday morning to row me down to the mouth of the bay, giving them $2. From there I walked 12 miles to Dungeness, entering the place of worship about noon to find Brother Lougheed, the pastor, on his feet looking for a text of Scripture. He had prolonged the love feast hoping every moment I would arrive.

Of course the presiding elder must preach, and preach he did, not once but twice during the day. But what I went through that Saturday and Sunday may account in part for some early gray hairs.

Now I must refer to some of the heroic services of our pastors during this year. At conference Brother John A. Tennant was admitted on probation and appointed to the San Juan Islands. With his Indian wife he established himself on Orcas Island and began work in this virgin field by holding special meetings that resulted in many conversions and in the organization of a flourishing class at East Sound. From there he extended his work to San Juan and Lopez islands, establishing several preaching places and gathering in the lost sheep.

To reach all these points he would have to row his boat at times over rough waters, 10 to 15 miles on one round, and then
walk over fearful roads four to 6 miles further in order to reach his appointments. Near the end of the year, having received $100 missionary money and $30 from the people, he wrote me that he thought he ought to be returned to that charge for another year, as any other man with a family would starve to death on that field. But as there were plenty of clams he and his wife would not suffer. Of course he was returned.

Another instance of self-sacrificing devotion was that of J.W. Dobbs, who was transferred by Bishop Fowler from Nebraska and stationed at Whatcom, now Bellingham. Arriving there a stranger, he found a state of affairs that would have been appalling to one of less courage. A fairly good church had been built the year before and paid for, it was said, except $100. But all at once, to the consternation of the trustees, the treasurer, who had had oversight of the building, reported that his books showed that there was an indebtedness of more than $1,000.

By the time Brother Dobbs got on the ground, the trustees, some of whom were not members of our church, were convinced that a fraud had thrown a burden on them which they could not carry, and, to save themselves, the church must be sold to satisfy the creditors. Hence they met Brother Dobbs with this statement and told him he would have no church and no support if he remained; that he must seek work elsewhere and that they would not attempt to support him.

To all this Brother Dobbs replied he was there by the authority of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and there he would stay even if he starved. He did stay, and he would have starved if he had depended upon those who claimed to be officially members. At the first quarterly conference held there that year it was reported that a loan we had secured had been used to pay off the floating indebtedness, part of which went to the treasurer who claimed it was due him.
D.G. LeSourd

This man was also steward and S.S. superintendent. When we came to the question of fixing the preacher’s salary, he opposed the disciplinary plan, saying that the public collections must be used to pay for S.S. supplies and other incidental necessities. Asked what the stewards proposed to do, he said, “Nothing. Let the preacher get out and rustle up his own subscriptions and see what he can do.”

I replied that in case the stewards failed to make and carry out a plan for the pastor’s support, then he had a right to take and keep the public collections and apply them on his salary and that no official member could prevent him.

At that our obstreperous member got up and left the house, saying, “That lets me out.”

The next day after I had preached and afterward administered the sacrament to about a dozen persons, in came the man who had left the meeting the day before, and, as Brother Dobbs called the Sunday school to order, he stepped up to the front of the room and said to the pastor, “By what right do you usurp authority here? I’ll let you know that I am superintendent of this Sunday school.” And then, looking at me, he said, “You ran over on our time today. You shall never do that again.”

Determined to save Brother Dobbs from further trouble, I walked up to this domineering upstart and said, “I want you to understand that this was my quarterly meeting service, and while I did not know the time for the Sunday school, I will have time for my service if other things have to wait—a little.”

“Very well,” said he. “That lets me out.”

And out of the church he went, never to trouble us more. Brother Dobbs, now having no home, secured some lots and some lumber on time and enclosed a small house as winter came on. And in that house he and his devoted wife lived when the snow blew in on one side and out on the other, as I can testify from personal observation.
But while working hard on his dwelling he was working equally hard to save the church from the burden of debt. In the two years he remained there, he traveled far and wide, lecturing and soliciting funds. To save expenses while traveling on the boats, he lived on crackers and cheese and slept on cabin floors. Thus he raised money to pay off every cent of the debt and saw the church dedicated and the notes burned before leaving the charge.

“Well done, heroic servant of God. Your reward is on high!”

If not so heroic, at least equally faithful were some laymen and laywomen. I remember two stewards who were real ladies. And they walked 14 miles to quarterly meeting, reported the small sums they had collected in their neighborhoods, took part in the love feast, enjoyed all the services, and started to go part of the way home on Sunday after 4 o’clock as cheerful as if they were out on a picnic. Indeed there were not a few places where faithful women stewards were the only official members on whom we could rely. But even at Whatcom, where we had so much trouble, there was a Brother Newton, and I never knew a more faithful official member.

Nor should reference to the devoted wives of pastors, some of whom did more effective work on the charge than their husbands, be omitted. One preacher’s wife for years collected every dollar that was apportioned to their charge for benevolences. Some of them would superintend the Sunday school when no one else would. These faithful wives were often appointed to official positions in the local churches, and in one instance at least the pastor had no official member on his charge save his wife. We allowed others to act as official members to make motions and to vote, even if they were not members of the church. We were glad to secure their services and felt that the law of necessity in these cases was paramount to the letter of the discipline.
It was, I think, in the summer of this year when I started from the vicinity of Blaine to explore the country east as far as Lynden. Passing through a dense forest, the trail led over many old but large logs. Some of these had been hewn down on top, 3 or 4 feet wide and 15 to 18 inches deep, the slabs placed on either side, thus making a bridge over which a horse dragging a “lizard” could pass. These lizards, made of a section of a forked limb, could carry a load of 100 to 200 pounds and were used by the claim holders to bring in flour, bacon, and other necessities.

I passed a large number of these claims, with their little slashings and tiny shacks, but not a man or woman did I see. The ranchmen had done a little work on their claims and then gone out in search of places where they could work for wages.

The very silence of the forest was painful. As night came on I anxiously approached a shack, hoping it was occupied, but there was no one within. What should I do, stay there without fire or food, or go on? Just at that a little gleam of light shot out to my front and left. I hastened toward the friendly glow and found a kind, friendly family occupying a little cabin. They took me in and gave me the best they had for the night. The next day I walked 7 or 8 miles to Lynden, where I had been told a good lady member of our church and her husband, a kind gentleman, kept a little store.

When I arrived there I went to the store, supposing that when I made myself known I would be invited to their home, but the man was so very busy trading with others he did not ask me to take a seat or go to his home. I felt, though mistakenly, that I was not wanted and started on east.

This gentleman and his wife afterward expressed sincere regrets that the storekeeper had been so absorbed in business that he had failed to treat me with ordinary courtesy. I went on for a mile or two, stopped at a ranch, and paid for my dinner. Then I continued on my
course 6 miles farther when I came to Nooksack Crossing. There, by remaining overnight, I could get passage on the stage for Whatcom.

The country through which I had passed in those two days was as fertile as any land in the state and now has many well-improved farms, and Lynden, its center, is a beautiful country town with a railroad and good highways.

If I could I would describe the horrors of a trip from Nooksack to Bellingham Bay in those days. The driver sat on a spring seat of a big, four-horse wagon, while the passengers were seated on the bottom of the wagon bed with a little hay or straw under them. The “chuck holes,” were 2 to 3 feet deep, wide as the road, one rod or more in length, and full of mortar, pieces of logs or stumps. Into these the horses and wagons would plunge with lurches and jolts that often wrenched our hold on the side of the box or from the standards and send us stumbling to the right or left, painfully suggesting broken ribs or shoulders.

I rode with a driver on one occasion, when both of my hands were wrenched loose from the grip I had on the seat. I fell over onto the front wheel and was on my way into the water and mud below when the driver caught me and pulled me up on the seat again. After one of these stage rides, for which we always paid a good price, we would be sore for two or three days.

But, while discussing Whatcom County experiences, I might as well tell of the last trip made during this year to the Nooksack Valley. I had with me brothers Tennant and Dobbs, for we were going to Nooksack Crossing to help the pastor, Brother Osborn, in conducting a camp meeting. With the help of the Indians of the mission, a good shed had been erected under which the meetings were to be held for the benefit of both whites and Indians.

The attendance of the latter was good, for the grove meetings appealed to the Indians’ instincts. Not only did their men, women,
and children attend, but they listened to the “Boston preachers” (American preachers) and would insist after the sermon that someone who understood the Chinook language should interpret it to them in that jargon.

Then, between the regular services, an Indian preacher from British Columbia would preach to them in their own language. Thus these children of the forests saw and listened to four or five sermons or interpretations daily. But they never tired and never got enough.

Mrs. Hill, the teacher, taught Jimmie, a big Indian boy, to help her wash dishes, and while he washed she sang to him, “This old-time religion, this old-time religion, it’s good enough for me.” And as she repeated verse after verse, over and over, Jimmie translated it into the Indian language. When the Indians heard this old hymn in their own tongue it was like a revelation from heaven to them. They would sing it over and over and would have remained all night singing it if Brother and Sister Hill would have permitted it. Of course “The Old-Time Religion” was a favorite at the camp meetings.

The interest among the whites was not so marked, nor the attendance so good. In this respect this camp meeting was like all I attended in Western Washington—not a success. The people would leave the preachers and two or three helpers to make all arrangements and to camp on the ground while they only came occasionally during the week. But they would be present on Saturday evening or Sunday morning to spend a day and night, often living off the pastor’s family and a few other campers on the ground. Then the weather, generally chilly, made the air under the great cedars and firs unpleasant.

Hence, after a few years of effort to sustain these meetings, they disappeared from the Sound country. After the Nooksack meeting closed, brothers Dobbs, Tennant, and myself secured passage in a large river canoe with nine Indians, including men, women, and
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children. Our object was to go down to Lynden, where these Indians lived, and from there on to Ferndale to another camp meeting.

Lynden Jim was a sort of chief, and Tennis George was his son. These two reliable Indians had charge of the canoe. The June flood had filled the river brim full, and nearly all the way to Lynden we ran in a channel 50 feet wide, which the government had opened through several miles of an old jam. All went well as we glided down the smooth but rapid current till we neared Lynden, just at the outlet of the jam, where the water poured into the wider expanse of the river.

Just above the outlet we rammed a large saw log that had lodged against the jam on either side and thus lay horizontally across the channel and 3 or 4 inches under water, while a mighty whirlpool surged in the center of the stream just above the log. We ran high onto this log till the prow of the boat stood out of the water, when the big canoe began, in spite of all efforts of Lynden Jim, to swing round till he and his granddaughter, Brother Dobbs, and myself, in the stern of the boat, were over the middle of the whirlpool. In a moment the canoe struck the log along her full length and was lifted one-third of the way over by the water, when it turned back and capsized so quickly that we went over like a flash.

All I remember is our plunge into the water and my head bumping against the log or the boat. Down, down we went, probably 15 feet, heels over head. The four of us in the stern were caught in the whirlpool and carried down deeper than the others.

Jim got doubled across a log, while the child to which he clung was torn away from him and drowned. The old chief came out of the water with part of her clothing in his hand.

In the meantime Brother Dobbs and I had struggled to escape from the depth of the awful swirl. When death seemed just at hand and we thought of a thousand things in a moment, each breathed
out a prayer to God for help, and both had the assurance that God would deliver us. Now I knew I was rising, the thought came, will I ever reach the top? Then all was hazy. I was suffocating, choking to death, when all at once my head came to the surface, and as soon as I got my breath I was perfectly myself. The shore of the river never looked so beautiful, and now the question was, can I make it?

I was glad to find that with all my clothing on I could float and make headway. Presently, as I neared the shore, I realized that my strength was gone. I could not make a stroke or work my hands; I simply floated till I was almost in reach of an old log that projected over the water yet was too high for me to lay hold on, when my hands seemed to clutch a springy limb that was just below the surface. I pulled myself nearer until my chest pressed upon it, and there I rested, and the rest was as nearly a physical heaven as I ever expect to find on Earth.

While thus waiting I saw Brother Dobbs, who had reached the surface before me, gone down again and up again, when, in spite of himself, he was sucked into a big whirlpool just above a great root bank that had lodged in the river. As he went under he threw forward his hand and caught a small root that enabled him to raise his head out of the water. Then, getting a better hold on the root bank, he climbed and panted and prayed till I heard him, though 1,000 yards away, exclaiming, “Oh, my God!” But he was safe till the Indians in a canoe came and took him off.

In the meantime Lynden Jim came along, and after various efforts managed to pull me out onto the land, where I staggered about till I had thrown up an overplus of water. Then I could take in my surroundings and learn about my companions and their distress. I discovered that I had floated down 100 yards underwater, before I emerged so that I could get my breath.
Tennant and his wife, clinging to the canoe, which had split into two pieces on the log, floated down the stream till he succeeded in shoving his wife off into an eddy, where she clung to a floating log, but sinking deeper every moment, when she was rescued by an Indian crew. Her husband, by a desperate struggle, landed on a detached piece of jam far below. There he picked up his own and his wife’s hats. He was more fortunate than the rest of us. My missionary receipt book, valise, hat, and overcoat were all gone to the bottom. The Indians, who were expert swimmers, escaped, except the girl who was drowned.

Tennis George’s wife, very sick at the time, leaped from the prow of the boat as it turned and landed among the logs of the jam, waist-deep in water, but her babe, in her arms, was safe and dry. George seized one of their little boys as he went under the log and the other one as he came to the surface below, and, getting them both to hold onto his coat collar, he swam out to shore with them on his back. I have often been asked if the water, just down from the glaciers, was not very cold? My answer has always been that I never thought once whether the water was warm or cold.

We preachers went over to the village of Lynden, where our friends kindly gave us changes of clothing while our own were drying, and hats that would do to wear even if they did not fit.

Brother Tennant and I remained over a day to attend the funeral of George’s little girl. All the mission Indians came down, and the men searched the river bottom with long poles till the lost body was found and brought to her grandfather’s home amid great lamentations. Then Lynden Jim’s best cow must be killed and the beef and the potato patch given over to the assembled Indians. These proceeded, without ceremony, to feast the rest of that day and all the next till the time when we assembled for the funeral in the afternoon. And even then “Long-Johnnie,” the Indian class leader,
had to call some of them from their gourmandizing for the funeral service. He told them it was the devil kept them from coming.

The corpse was brought out in a little coffin that was filled with blankets folded about the body, and other things precious to Indian thought. Over all was placed a small cross, not a bad custom they had learned from the Catholics. Going to the grave we had a simple service, when the coffin was lowered and covered over in the usual manner.

Going on the next day to the Ferndale camp meeting, we found the interest only a little better than it had been at Nooksack. I was so nearly sick from the effects of the water that had gotten into my lungs that I took but little part in conducting the services.

There was one baptismal service at this meeting or the year before that was so unique I shall never forget it. Quite a number of white children and 16 or more Indian babies were to be baptized. Occasions of this kind are looked forward to by the Indian mothers with the greatest possible concern. The children to be baptized were dressed as never before. At the appointed hour this array of children and their mothers were before me on long seats. After the usual introduction to the service, I approached the first Indian woman in the row and taking her baby said (through Jimmie, the interpreter), “Please name this child.”

But after a few words had passed between him and the mother he said, “Tain’t got no name. Wants you to give it Boston name”—meaning an American or Christian name.

These children all had Indian names, but the parents expected the minister would bestow a Christian name when the child was baptized. At once I saw that I could not think of enough different names to go round on this occasion, so I told Jimmie to tell the mothers to select names for their children. But as soon as they understood this, all the near relations wanted to have a say as to what names should be chosen.
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This resulted in a bedlam of confusion till I called Mrs. Hill, the teacher, and told her to go before me and help the mothers select names for their children and not allow any others to have a say in the matter. Thus aided, everything passed off nicely and soon there were nearly a score of Susies, Janes, Marys, and Marthas who had changed their Indian names for Boston or Christian names.

It has been asked what the Christian religion did for those Indians. Look at this nicely dressed baby and its older brothers and sister, their faces showing intelligence. See their mother in a neat calico dress with her hair well combed and in two braids falling over her shoulders. Then look at that old heathen grandmother that never combs her hair and who eats the vermin that falls from her body. Yes, look at them! These three generations show what our religion can do for the most degraded peoples.

On going home my wife saw by my looks what I had passed through and realized as never before (though I had telegraphed) how near I had been to the gates of death.

My second year on the district drawing to a close, I had reason to rejoice in the faithful service the pastors had rendered and the success that had crowned their efforts. Four new charges had been organized, namely: San Juan Islands, Sea Circuit, South Tacoma and Old Town in Tacoma, and Scandinavian charge in Tacoma.

Revivals had resulted in many conversions and accessions, especially at First Church, Seattle; at Puyallup; at Bird’s Schoolhouse; and at Nooksack Crossing. Fifteen new classes had been formed. As many new Sunday schools had been organized, while six new churches or chapels were ready for occupancy. Our second annual conference was held in First Church, Tacoma, Bishop Walden presiding. His administration, though cordial, was more fatherly than that of Bishop Fowler. Both were most brotherly when met in private, but there was a difference in the men as bishops.
Fowler would ask questions for information, listen attentively, catch on quickly, and act with a good understanding of the situation. Bishop Walden, though a hard worker, asked for little advice and seemed satisfied with his knowledge of affairs throughout the conference.

But he could not know many conditions in Western Washington. For instance, Brother Hanson, in the cabinet near the close of the session, suggested the wisdom of placing several contiguous points on the railroad in one charge so that the pastor could reach them by traveling on the trains. But the bishop interrupted him, saying, “What does a man on a circuit need of the cars? I thought he traveled on horseback.” Then we had to tell him that in our rough, roadless country, fordless rivers and trails that a Cayuse pony could not pass over are everywhere. Not one in a dozen of our preachers could ride to all of his appointments. But these characteristics of Bishop Walden did not prevent him from being one of the most useful of our general superintendents.

In my report to the conference I said, “Our brethren in the ministry have learned both how to be in want and how to abound. Some of them have been in the perils of hunger and of cold, in perils of seas, of mountains, and of rivers, yet out of all the Lord has delivered them. As I contemplate the sacrifices they have made and the battles they have fought and won, I thank God and take courage. The race of itinerant heroes are not all dead yet.”

Omitting mention of my visits to the various charges during the year on which we were now entering, I must tell of the new fields upon which we lifted up our banners. One of these we called South Prairie Circuit, which included that part of Pierce County east of Sumner and north of the Puyallup River.

We had sent Brother Ailward, a local preacher, into that field, and, desiring to visit it myself, I rode from Sumner up the White River by way of Connell’s Prairie to a schoolhouse about 2 miles
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west of where Buckley now is. We held services on Sunday, greatly
to the delight of the people. For some of those, these were the first
services they had ever attended. One sister told me that when they
moved into their cabin homes unbidden tears would flow in spite of
herself, not that she feared they would starve, but the awful thought
of rearing her family almost overwhelmed her.

At a later period I held a little meeting one Saturday at South
Prairie, where, under a big cedar tree, we organized a quarterly
conference. Two women sat in that conference who had walked 6
miles to get there, and, while we transacted business, tears rolled
down their cheeks, tears of joy, because the old mother church had
found the lost sheep in the wilderness.

We now have at least three charges and three more church
buildings in the bounds of the original South Prairie Circuit. The
Snoqualmie country was another one of the new fields occupied
this year. Brother Andrew J. McNamee supplied the circuit. He was
a unique character whose career in Western Washington deserves
more attention than I can give it in these sketches. During his
active ministry he endured more privations, did more hard work
on pioneer fields, built more chapels, largely with his own money
and his own hands, and received less average salary, possibly, than
anyone else among us. Years before my coming to the coast he, a
student preacher from Willamette University, was sent to Whatcom
County to plant Methodism wherever he could.

When he landed on the mudflats of Bellingham Bay, a brother
Methodist met him and, taking him to his home, said, “We expect
you to preach this (Friday) evening.”

Brother McNamee was at once alarmed, for he had but one
sermon, and he had expected to preach that from place to place
around the four weeks’ circuit, by which time he hoped to have a
new discourse. Now if he preached his one sermon that evening,
what could he do for a Sunday discourse for the Whatcom people? But preach he must and preach he did, his one sermon that evening.

The next morning as he was trying to think of a text as a basis for his Sunday service, in came a man asking him to preach the funereal sermon for a little one whose remains were to be buried that day. “Then,” said he, “I saw I was in for it, and, selecting a text I thought would do, I sailed in hit or miss and did the same thing Sunday.”

After the Sabbath service, a man stepped up and handed him $5 in gold. “Well,” said McNamee, “I thought if that’s the way they pay in Whatcom County I’ve struck it rich.”

But alas for the poor preacher, it was the first and the last $5 he received during the year. There were few people then about the bay or in the county. The itinerant tramped along the wet, muddy trails over his vast field, preaching to little groups here and there but often going without meals between appointments, when he would eat wild berries and rest for sleep by the roadside.

Need we wonder that he became discouraged and like Jonah went away from a hard task and hid himself for years in northern California? Finally his friend J.N. Denison persuaded him to return and take work under me on the Snoqualmie River. We received glowing accounts of the readiness of the people in that valley to receive and care for a preacher.

Brother McNamee did not find it so inviting a field as he was prepared to expect, but with characteristic energy he was soon building—largely with his own hands—a church at Fall City, which was a city in name only.

Late in the winter, after several weeks of lumbago, I arose from my couch and started to go by way of Renton to the Snoqualmie Valley. From Renton I walked, lame as my back was, over a mount 800 feet high into the Squawk Valley, where, staying all night with an old soldier and borrowing a horse I rode up to Fall City’s
neighborhood. Here I put up with a man who, though not a member of our church, was acting as one of our official members and who had said long before that if we would send a man to preach for them he would pay $50 a year toward his support.

As we held a little quarterly conference in this man’s home that afternoon, we came to the question of fixing the pastor’s salary, when this same man moved that in addition to the missionary money ($100) all the appointments undertake to raise $50.

Surprised, I said we had understood that one man of that community had offered to give $50 personally if we would send them a preacher. But to the question whether they knew where he was there was no answer. The proposed $50 was finally raised to $200, but of this amount only $110 was paid.

Though the name of the charge appeared in the minutes as Squawk Mission, the regular appointments were in the Snoqualmie Valley. With all the difficulties in the way, Brother McNamee reported at the end of the year 21 members, two churches, two Sunday schools, and 60 scholars. This was characteristic of Brother McNamee’s work on new fields.

On Sunday we had two services with manifest interest, and Sunday night I went home with a family that lived nearby. Feeling badly, I hoped to find a rocking chair in their house where I could rest my lame back. But instead there was not a chair of any kind in the shack, nor did the man get a fire started for nearly an hour.

I slept, or tried to sleep, on a shack bed which I think belonged to the boys, as they were rolled in a quilt on the floor. Going to bed cold, of course I never was warm during the night, nor could I eat what little was set before me in the morning. Going over to the place where I had lodged the night before, to get my horse, Brother McNamee came out and asked me what kind of a night I had. When I intimated that it was not ideal, he laughed heartily and
said he was glad the presiding elder should get for one night what he had all the time.

He was a little sore just then because of his hard field, and that accounts for his seeming delight when the presiding elder was forced to accept the hardest lodging place in the community. But we have, for all these 30 years since, been the best of friends.

It was in this year [1886] that the so-called Chinese Riot broke out in Seattle. For many weeks a labor organization was fomenting opposition to the presence of Chinamen in the city, of which there were some hundreds. Their threats of driving them out found many people ready to encourage any efforts in that direction. They got out a long blacklist of those who were especially obnoxious to them because they stood for law and order, but the charges against them were that they employed Chinese cooks or laundrymen or sustained friendly church relations to the despised Orientals.

The first name on the blacklist was my own, because as presiding elder I had general oversight of the Chinese Mission. The next on the list was a wholesale liquor dealer! But on this list were the names of hundreds of honorable men in Seattle, including all our Methodist preachers.

As it became evident that a riot was imminent, the sheriff and others called meetings of citizens where 400 were sworn in as deputy sheriffs and speeches were made in favor of law and order. The two principal speakers at these meetings were the Rev. L.A. Banks and a prominent Irish lawyer by the name of Thomas Burke. Hence the would-be rioters were very much incensed at these two men. Finally, one Sunday morning in 1887, chosen leaders, followed by the rabble element, made a rush on the Chinese quarters, and, before the people generally were awake, hustled the inoffensive but frightened Chinese out of their beds and off to the wharf, where they herded them, trying to force them onto a steamer.
As Gov. Squire became acquainted with the situation, he sent a proclamation to all the churches, calling out the deputies. Brother Banks was just beginning his service when he received this proclamation and, reading it to his people, he closed his service and went directly to the armory, for he was one of the deputies.

A company of these deputy sheriffs were armed, and, with a company of militia, marched down to the wharf, where the people were making up money to pay the fare of the Chinamen. They were, because of their frightened condition, more than willing to go but would not pay their own fare if they could.

The armed men simply kept order all the rest of the day, all night, and all the next day till afternoon, while money was being raised to pay the fare of the Celestials. Many paid money for this purpose who had no sympathy with the rioters.

Finally the captain of the steamer refused to receive another passenger on board, saying he had all the law allowed him to carry. Then the leading rioters agreed with the sheriff that the remaining Chinese should be allowed to return to their quarters till another steamer arrived, when, it was believed, they would all be glad to go to San Francisco.

Then those Chinamen who were on the dock started back to their shacks, but as they sauntered up the wharf, the rabble element were having a great jollification in “sawdust town” over the driving out of the Celestials. These, seeing the Chinese coming their way, cried out, “Kill them!” “Put them in the bay!” “Drown them!” and, fired with passion, started after them.

In the meantime, the deputies had been dismissed and had started back to the armory to put their guns away, when they saw the frightened Chinese running toward the dock with the mob after them. Capt. Kenier of the deputies led his company across the street between the Chinese and the rioters. At that some of the mob cried
out, thinking that on no provocation would the deputies shoot, “Take their guns from them! Take their guns from them!” and, rushing on the men who were standing in fours with no thought of a conflict, seized the guns of the foremost but they did not succeed in wrestling a gun from the men in the ranks, though they dislocated one man’s finger.

This man, wrestling his gun from the mob, shot and killed the ringleader. Two other assailants were wounded, one badly. Only a few shots were fired, but while the awed rioters carried off their dead and wounded, an old woman agitator, leaping up in the midst of the rabble, cried out, “It’s Banks and Burke! It’s Banks and Burke!”

Instantly there was a roaring outcry, “Hang them!”

That cry went out over the city till many of the people supposed that Banks and Burke had done the shooting, when in fact Banks did not fire his gun and Burke’s shot only took effect in the top of a building.

For an hour or more the rioters gnashed their teeth and made dire threats, but finally the two companies marched to the courthouse and remained under arms for that night and all the next day, when, at its close, United States troops arrived from Vancouver Barracks, and, as the rioters still threatened to burn the city, the commanding general proclaimed martial law.

Soon after this, Brother Banks, who had been arranging to go to the Boston School of Theology, was sent east by way of Washington, D.C., by Gov. Squires to convey important information to President Cleveland concerning the riot. Thus, to our sorrow was Brother Banks taken from our Battery Street Church. (It was supplied for the rest of the year by the Rev. J.H. Skidmore.)

In closing up this year’s work on the district, I reported in substance that within the 10 counties under my supervision there was a population of about 45,000. That in these counties, some of
which we had not entered, we had 23 charges, a gain of two; one
Indian mission; 45 church organizations; 25 church buildings (a
gain of five); and five or six more churches were on the way toward
completion. Our Sunday schools numbered 33 and our membership
about 1,200. Our preachers had been paid better than the past year,
and our benevolent collections showed a high average per member.

On Aug. 12, 1886, our third annual conference convened
at Port Townsend, Bishop Harris in the chair. The sessions were
characterized by good feeling and harmonious action. Bishop
Harris came from eastern Washington, where he had been almost
prostrated by the heat, but in the invigorating atmosphere of the
Sound he improved rapidly and became jolly and humorous.

The only thing out of ordinary conference procedure was a
proposition to locate our long-talked-of university at Port Townsend.
The Board of Trade of that town was represented by its secretary,
Allen Weir, and Brother Denison, who expected to be president of
the institution, provided it was located there, urged the claims of
Port Townsend and were zealous in showing up the advantages of
their proposed location commonly called “The Briggs Site.”

The bishop and I were driven by said secretary to this location
and shown two beautiful 40-acre tracts sloping down to the west
shore of Port Townsend Bay. We were assured those tracts could
be had as a campus. Influenced by the beauty of the site and other
generous offers, we who had felt that a more central location
should be found, were won over to favor a conditional location of
our university at Port Townsend. The bishop was also committed
to the proposition.

Accordingly a resolution was moved and carried locating the
proposed institution on the Briggs site on certain conditions. First,
we were to have 80 acres on the west slope of Port Townsend Bay as
a campus. Second, a bonus of not less than $40,000 in lands and
$10,000 in cash for building materials was included in the offer made. Third, the bonus of land and money was to be raised by the citizens of Port Townsend and its immediate vicinity. Fourth, the proposed bonus was to be raised within 90 days. And fifth, a committee consisting of me as chairman, J.N. Denison, and A. Laubach was appointed to see that the above conditions were met before calling the proposed board of trustees together for organization.

As trouble grew out of the makeup of this committee, I will simply say here that when the 90 days had expired nothing had been done toward raising the bonus. Later it was reported that Port Townsend could not secure all she had promised the conference.

Late in the spring, I, as chairman of the appraisement committee, was invited to Port Townsend to look over their estimates of the value of the land donated. As I was not furnished with a list of the land, and looking over others’ estimates did not comport with my idea of the duty enjoined on the committee to inspect the land and ascertain its money value and determine whether the 80-acre campus had been secured, I declined to go or to call the committee together. Hence any further authorized action in the matter had to go over till the meeting of the next annual conference.

A matter that gave the bishop special concern was the appointment of a new presiding elder. Brother H.A. Hanson was to go off the Olympia district in order to take the pastorate of First Church, Seattle. After careful study of the situation, Brother J.F. DeVore was considered the most available and the most efficient man for the place. After the appointment had been read it was evident that his assignment to the district was a pleasant surprise, and, when later in the evening he and I had a little conversation with the bishop in his room, Harris playfully remarked to Rev. DeVore, “We did not appoint you to the district because we thought you were the man for the place but because there was no one else (for the place) available.”
“Yes,” said Brother DeVore, “that is just the way it was in 1872 when we elected you bishop.”

We felt then the joke was on the bishop rather than on DeVore. But we liked him as much for his humor as we did for his blunt honesty.

During the year upon which we were now entering there were conditions in our cities demanding special attention. Dr. Dillon had been assigned to Battery Street Church, Seattle, but had served that charge but two or three weeks when, feeling his strength was not equal to the demands of the work, he asked to be changed to Lopez and San Juan islands. His request was granted; thus a new charge was successfully organized and Brother Dillon’s health improved.

Rev. W.F. Loy of the Southern Illinois Conference was transferred to ours and stationed at Battery Street, very much to the satisfaction of the people.

A matter of grave import was now pressing for solution at First Church, Seattle. The need of a new church there had become imperative. Both Brother Hanson, the pastor, and I favored holding the valuable site we then had on Second Street and building a large block there, with business apartments below and a large downtown church above. The grounds lent themselves admirably to such a scheme, which if carried out would have insured us a large income from rents and retained a property now worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. But Bishop Fowler, on being consulted by letter, discouraged the idea lest the business on that street in the future would not justify the venture. He also said we must have a new church if the property had to be sold.

This decided the trustees to accept an offer of $30,000 for the property, intending to locate a church a little farther up the hill. But neither Brother Hanson nor I was willing to approve the sale
unless the trustees would secure at least two lots eligibly located as a new site. Hence at the next quarterly meeting Hanson presented a resolution authorizing the trustees to sell the property for $30,000, provided they would secure at least two lots as a new site.

Just when this resolution was on its passage, Mr. McIntosh, who was, I believe, chairman of the board of trustees and an influential banker, rose and said he hoped they would not tie up the board with a cast iron resolution like that. He declared that it would embarrass the board very much in purchasing a new site if it got out that they must purchase two lots, but the members of the quarterly conference could surely trust their trustees to carry out the wish of the church and thus secure two lots, which all agreed must be had. In the face of this plea the resolution was withdrawn and the property was sold. The trustees bought one lot only for $10,000 on the corner of Third and Marion streets, while an adjacent lot with a good house on it could have been bought for $6,000.

Thus was consummated the greatest blunder Seattle Methodism ever made but for which I have never felt Brother Hanson or I in any way responsible. Afterward, when Bishop Fowler visited the city and looked into the situation, he said to me, “It makes me sick to think of the sale of that property.”

During the spring of this year our district conference at Coupeville was well attended and nicely entertained. There was only one note of discord that related to university matters. Brother Atwood, though feeble in health, did fine work on the new Houghton charge this year, getting the Houghton church so well enclosed that it could be used for service, and the church in the Sauk Valley well under way. Generally, throughout the district the work of the pastors was fruitful in revivals, in increased numbers of accessions, and in liberal benevolent collections. The fourth session of the Puget Sound Conference met at Olympia, Sept. 7, 1887, Bishop Foster presiding.
Aside from the routine business, there was one absorbing question, merely, What shall be done in regard to the permanent location of the university in Port Townsend?

The special champions of Port Townsend claimed that she had substantially complied with all the conditions, and the university was by the action of the previous session located there.

But many believed the conditions had not been complied with. All agreed that if those conditions had been met the institution was fixed at Port Townsend.

The questions involved were referred to the Committee on Education. The time for discussing the report of this committee was fixed for 10 a.m. Friday. In the meantime excitement ran high. The Post-Intelligencer of Seattle virtually accused many members of the conference of trying to rob Port Townsend in the interests of Tacoma.

When the report of the committee was read it was shown that after making all reasonable concessions to Port Townsend, she had in several particulars failed to meet the conditions. First, the bonus had not been raised in 90 days as promised. Second, only a small fraction of the 80 acres pledged as a campus had been secured. Third, many of the so-called pledges or donations were only verbal promises, and the larger part of the land had not been deeded or bonded to the Port Townsend Board of Trade so that it could be transferred to the conference, and some of the tracts had not been located. Fourth, these donations, instead of being all contributed by the people of Port Townsend and its immediate vicinity, were scattered through five different counties, and the owners in the instances were not residents of Jefferson County, of which Port Townsend is the county seat.

In view of these findings, I, seconded by H.D. Brown, offered the following amendment to the report:
RESOLVED, that in view of the foregoing facts submitted by the Committee on Education, it is the judgment of this conference that the Board of Trade of Port Townsend has not complied with the conditions on which this body decided to locate the proposed Puget Sound University at Port Townsend.

RESOLVED, that as a conference we are not morally or legally bound to locate said university at the city above named.

On the subject generally, Brother Denison, on behalf of Port Townsend, spoke till the noon hour. In an afternoon session Brother A.J. Hanson, myself, and possibly half of the members of the conference spoke in behalf of the amendment and some against it.

When, near 6 o’clock, the vote was taken on the amendment, 18 votes were cast in the affirmative and nine in the negative. Thus two-thirds of the conference rendered their solemn verdict, and though we were denounced for years afterward by disgruntled persons, we have never had reason to doubt the righteousness of our decision.

After the Port Townsend proposition was disposed of on Saturday, on the suggestion of Bishop Foster, a commission to consist of three bishops and four members of the conference was appointed to accept a site and a bonus and locate an institution of learning of a high grade and that its actions should be final, provided two of the three bishops and two of the four members representing the conference should concur in regard to the location.

Bishops Fowler, Foss, and Warren were named as the three bishops to serve on the commission, and DeVore, Loy, Dillon, and LeSourd to act for the conference.

In closing my work at this conference for the quadrennium on the district, I was able to gather this summary of achievements. In spite of difficulties as formidable as Asbury and his co-workers ever faced, we unfurled the Methodist banner in three counties and several parts of counties where it had never been seen before, thus
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adding as much additional territory as we had formerly occupied. Four years ago we had within the district 11 charges, only six of which were supplied with preachers. While two had never been organized, now we have 25, all of which have been served by pastors during the past year.

Then, we had 666 members, now about 1,500. Then, we had eight churches, including shacks. Now we have 25, two of which are fine structures that took the place of old ones that were sold. Contracts were let for two others, making 21 new churches built in the last four years. Our church property increased in value three-fold, and our benevolences made a like advance. Only eternity will reveal the heroism and self-sacrificing devotion of the pastors and their wives who toiled and achieved in these virgin fields.

On the fourth day of the conference, at an hour previously agreed upon, a vote was taken for a delegate to the General Conference. I was elected on the first ballot by a majority of one. Rev. Dillon, after several ballots, was elected alternate. I was told that had I not been elected on the first ballot a much larger vote would have been given me on the second, as complimentary votes were cast on the first ballot that would have come to me on the second. David Denny of Seattle was elected lay delegate and John S. McMillin reserve.

At a late hour Saturday evening, while away from the church on some business, I was urgently called thither and on entering the auditorium found a big audience in an expectant mood. I was called forward and to my very great surprise Brother W.B. McMillin, on behalf of the preachers and laymen of the district, presented me with a purse of about $90 with which to purchase a gold watch. A nice silver set was also presented to Mrs. LeSourd, who expressed her heartfelt thanks to the donors. But the sudden surprise and my sense of gratitude filling my heart to overflowing both served to confuse me so that I found no words adequately to express my feelings.
On Sunday the bishop preached one of his matchless sermons, which greatly moved the entire audience. I never was more melted down by a sermon in all my life. Late on Monday the bishop told me he might send me to Tacoma. This information might have flattered me had I not had misgivings as to the wisdom of going to Tacoma, as I had been presiding elder there for the four years past. Hence I told the bishop I wanted him to take the full responsibility in the matter, which he consented to do.

It had already been decided that T.J. Massey, who had been pastor at Tacoma, was to take my place on the Seattle District. In this connection I should explain that the Rev. DeVore, who was appointed to the Olympia District the year before, had only become well into his work when he suddenly broke down from heart failure, and though he rallied, his physician said he must not try to do hard work again. Hence Bishop Foster transferred Rev. H.D. Brown from Nebraska and appointed him to the Olympia District, thus relieving Brother DeVore.
Chapter V
In the Pastorate Again

Our reception in the Tacoma charge was all we could have expected. The membership was kindly and cordial. But as I was so well acquainted with the people there was none of the curiosity that draws a crowd to hear the new preacher.

After getting settled in the little parsonage I soon found the work of the parish demanded all my time and more. Growing as Tacoma was, there was need of more pastoral visitation than any ordinary man could perform. Then having just come off the district, I felt greatly the need of studious habits, especially in the preparation of my sermons.

But in spite of all I could do there were distracting causes all the year that made it impossible to satisfy myself, if it did my people, so far as ministerial service was concerned. As a member of the conference commission on location of an institution of learning, many demands were made on my time. The businessmen of Tacoma were preparing to offer a bonus of $25,000 and $50,000 in land within the city, provided the proposed university should be located in Tacoma.

Before the commission could vote on this or other propositions, titles to the property had to be examined and subscriptions guaranteed. The conference members of the commission finally met on call in Tacoma and cast their ballots: two for Tacoma and two for Port Townsend, myself and Brother DeVore voting for Tacoma. The bishops were also ready to cast their votes for Tacoma when the bonus was put in such shape as satisfied them.

This led to a correspondence that caused delay till very near the date fixed by the donors when their subscriptions to the bonus would
expire, provided said institution had not previously been located at Tacoma. Before the final communication from the bishops came, we had given up all hope of adjusting the matter so as to make available the offered bonus, but early in the morning of the day when, at its close, the bonus would lapse, Brother D.W. Tyler, who had carried on the correspondence with the bishops, came by the parsonage and with an indifferent air said to me, “There is a communication from the bishops in which they vote to locate the university here, provided the donors do certain things so as to secure the bonus unconditionally to the church.

“But,” said he, “it’s too late to do anything now, for the bonus will lapse tonight, and what the bishops demand would require all the donors to get together and take the desired action.”

I thought a minute and said, “Well, it is not too late to try.”

In reply he said, “You can try if you think it worthwhile.”

I took the communication and started to see Brother DeVore, but, failing to find him, I went straight to Mr. Caughran, one of my trustees, whom of all the men I knew in Tacoma I could trust to put the business over and secure both the bonus and the university. He read the communication, talked the matter over with me—how every subscriber would have to be seen and handled with silk gloves—then, fairly rolling up his sleeves, he started out in a way that meant business, and before night the whole town was astir. By 8:30 in the evening everything was in readiness for the meeting.

The subscribers were coming out in force, and after a few words by men outside of our church explaining what action was needed, it was moved and carried unanimously that the officials of the donors be instructed to take the steps necessary to comply with the request of the bishops.

Thus, on Feb. 29, 1888, within two hours of the time when the bonus would have ceased to be available, the matter was settled,
and Puget Sound University was permanently and unconditionally located at Tacoma, Wash.

This was a great relief to my strained nerves, yet it imposed on me additional responsibilities, as various matters relating to the bonus and the organization of the new school demanded immediate attention. Brother DeVore, the chairman of the commission, was in no condition to do this work, owing to his heart failure.

Both Bishop Fowler and Bishop Foss impressed on me the necessity of giving my personal attention to university matters. But if I was to do this additional work I must need to close the special meetings I had just begun.

To do this was to disappoint some of our people, as well as myself, but I could not do the work of two men at one and the same time. Moreover, about this time all our children came down with a bad type of measles and little Gilbert Quinn, our year-old boy, had pneumonia at the same time. He was so very sick that our doctor hardly expressed a hope of his recovery, but by the blessing of God and to our great joy he pulled through.

He was born in Seattle, Feb. 1, 1887. His birth brought gladness to his parents and delight to his sisters. His parents gave him wholly to the Lord in his infancy, and, like Samuel, he was early called to the service of his Master, and we trust will become a prophet whom God will honor.

Late in the winter Dr. Hammond came on from San Francisco as the special representative of the bishops to draft a charter for our new university. He was very genial and companionable, but when he came to map out the charter he asked counsel of no one save an attorney whose help he must have. Hence our original charter with its many excellencies and serious defects.

The effort to popularize the school by placing the mayor and other prominent men of Tacoma on the board of trustees, though
they did not profess to be Christians and had no particular interest in our school, proved a failure as all efforts of the kind always do.

The board, as organized, embraced many excellent men. D.W. Tyler, president of the board, was a gentle man of pleasing address and eminently capable of managing a large business when others furnished the capital, but he lacked the steadfast purpose and unyielding devotion necessary to insure success in a large educational enterprise.

As early spring came on it became necessary for me to make arrangements to go to New York as a delegate to the General Conference. I planned to take my family with me that they might visit in Indiana while I attended the conference. Calculating to be absent six weeks or more, I arranged for my pulpit to be supplied each Sabbath by some of the leading men of our Pacific Northwest. Brother DeVore was to look after the prayer meetings and the sick.

We started east by way of the Northern Pacific Railroad on April 6, 1888, and on reaching Chicago took the Monon Route and ran down to Yeoman, Ind., where for several days we visited two married sisters, Mrs. Creek and Mrs. Kennard, and our brother Curtis and their families, as well as my aged mother, who lived with the Creeks. My youngest sister, Samantha LeSourd Maxson, had died in 1885, and her husband, Milton, and his three children lived in the neighborhood. (Now those children, all grown and educated, are occupying honorable and useful positions in the world.)

As there were many to visit so there were many delightful gatherings. From there we went down to Sugar Grove, Tippecanoe County, to visit Maggie’s sister Mary Sheperd and her family, also old friends of that community. Leaving my folks there to return to Yeoman later, I went to Crawfordsville and late on Sunday night took a train for New York, going by Indianapolis, Columbus, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia. Near Pittsburgh I went into a sleeper.
to secure a berth for the night and soon found myself seated facing a clerical-looking gent whom I sized up as a delegate like myself going to General Conference. Nor was I mistaken, for we became acquainted at once and I learned he was a delegate from the East Ohio Conference. While we talked, a stout man from the other end of the car came down the aisle almost on a run and, reaching out his hand in the most hearty way, said, “Let me introduce myself to two Methodist preachers on their way to General Conference.” And who was this knowing stranger?

Why, he was one we now all know and love, Dr. Iliff, then superintendent of the Utah Mission.

We arrived at the Metropolitan Theater in New York on Tuesday, May 1, 1888, just as the secretary of the conference was calling the roll but in time to answer “present” on call of our names. Already there had been a preliminary clash over the absorbing question of the admission of women to General Conference. This continued to be the exciting topic of conversation through most of the session. The debate in conference was a battle royal, well sustained on both sides.

I was assigned to the Grand Central Hotel for entertainment, where I found conditions all that could be expected. Many delegates I had known in Indiana were quartered there but who now came from not only the Hoosier State but from Ohio, Nebraska, Kansas, and California, and among them Rev. Isaac Joyce, whom we were delighted to see elected bishop during the conference.

Busy as we were, I saw something of New York and Brooklyn, heard Drs. Talmage, Hall, and Abbott, and also bishops Warren and Foss.

A lady offered to pay my way to Boston and back if I could go over and talk to the Sunday schools about the Indians. But I felt it my duty to stay in my place at the conference.

One thing brought sadness to many hearts. My lay-colleague,
the Hon. David Denny, had brought his three daughters east with him, and they were all stopping at one of the New York hotels. One of these daughters had contracted a severe cold while on the way east and grew rapidly worse after their arrival in the city till her sufferings ended in death.

I announced the sad event in open conference the next morning, and many were the expressions of sympathy. It was a hard blow to the Denny family and to Brother Denny in particular, both because of his grief for his daughter and the fact that they must leave with the remains for their home, thus vacating his place in the conference which he esteemed so highly. I very much regretted his departure and felt lonely without him.

This General Conference of 1888, one of the most noted in the history of the church, came to an end the last of May, and soon we were all on our way home. I returned by way of Niagara Falls and Detroit to Yeoman, Ind., where I found my wife and children at the home of my sister, Mrs. Moses Creek, all well and happy. Best of all our little Gilbert had learned to walk, and that pleased his father.

After two or three days we bade adieu to our relatives, but the parting with my dear old mother, then 83 years old, was hardest of all. I tried to be as cheerful as possible for her sake, for she was much affected, knowing that in all probability she would never see us again. Nor did we ever see her face after that day, for she fell on sleep four years later. Dear, sweet, gentle mother! What a heritage of tender recollections you have left your children.

From there we went west again by Chicago and Kansas City to Oskaloosa, Kan., where we visited Brother and Sister Albert Hamilton and their children. After a few delightful days we went to Topeka and boarded a tourist car of the Union Pacific train, and at once were on our way to the Pacific Coast via Denver, Cheyenne, and the Oregon Short Line.
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After a smoky, dusty ride of several days and nights we reached our parsonage home in Tacoma, glad to drink the pure air and breathe the refreshing air of Western Washington.

In taking up the thread of my work on the charge, though I was greeted by a good audience the first Sunday, I realized that I had to some extent lost my grip by being away so long. Indeed I soon saw that it was too late to hope to achieve any large success during the current year. We had accomplished something, for $1,000 had been paid on old debts, the membership had been increased, and the first Young People’s Society had been organized (in the history of the church) and was doing well. But I did not feel that I had done more than half a year of good work in the charge and hoped if I had another year with this church, without other cares, I could redeem the past and make a good record for the charge and its pastor. But this was not to be.

Already some of our ambitious official members, carried away with the boom spirit of the times, were insisting that Tacoma Methodism needed one of the ablest ministers in the church. A good friend told us that Gen. Sprague, of the Presbyterian Church, had talked with some of our officials and impressed on them that the Methodists of Tacoma ought to demand a representative minister, one who could represent all the Protestant churches on important occasions. Other churches, he said, because of their policies could not secure such a man, but the Methodists could make their demands on their bishop, and whomsoever he appointed would have to come.

Some of our officials were impressed with these ideas and began working up sentiment in favor of a change so they could be served by their ideal divine. They stopped not to question whether they could command the services of such a man when they had only a shell of a church, a little, cramped parsonage, and could pay a salary of $2,000 at most.
At the last quarterly conference I retired when the question of who should be the pastor for the next year came up. The prominent men who expected the great preacher had their way so far that the majority of the conference voted for a change.

This was the first and only time in my 66 years of active ministry when a majority of my official board asked me to give place for another. Of course I was a little sore but accepted the decision gracefully, and when, with my wife, I started for conference, I was heartily glad to be relieved from the burden that had oppressed me all the year.

Tacoma Methodism received as my successor a splendid man, an excellent preacher and an energetic pastor, but he was not the Apollo the majority of the board had expected; hence they were disappointed and in the end found more fault with him than they had with any one of his predecessors.

I may say here that six years later, when it was supposed there would be a change on the Tacoma District, Bishop Joyce took the matter to the official board of First Church, Tacoma, and asked whom they would prefer for presiding elder. The only plea made there was for my appointment, and I was informed that the bishop intended to appoint me to the district, but Brother Moore, the incumbent, failed to get the transfer he expected at that conference, and hence he continued for the time to serve as district superintendent.

The annual conference, fall 1888, met in First Church, Seattle, Bishop Ninde presiding. The sweet-spirited bishop could not prevent some of the asperity growing out of the trouble about university matters of the year previous cropping out. Brother J.N. Denison at Port Townsend had absented himself from his quarterly meeting and had refused to prorate with his presiding elder. His undisciplined action was referred to a committee, which reported that Denison must prorate with the district superintendent.
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The bishop appointed W.N. Drake to the district in Massey's stead and made the latter agent of the new university at Tacoma.

My wife and I of course were somewhat concerned about our next appointment. I wanted to go somewhere where I would have a chance, and, believing Whatcom was such a place though I knew it had but few members and had paid but a pittance of a salary the year before, I hinted to Brother Massey, presiding elder of the district in which Whatcom was located, that I would not object to going there, and accordingly I was assigned that charge.

On moving there with my family we found Whatcom in the midst of a great boom. Every boat arriving was loaded to its capacity with passengers. Day after day, every day in the week, Sundays included, hammers could be heard from early morn until late at night. Houses were going up on every hand to shelter the people. So far as our little church was concerned the conditions would have discouraged any of less experience than myself. They had a little church building, and a storm had so wrecked it that nearly all the plastering on the front end had fallen off, and no effort had been made to repair the damage.

Worse still, they had no parsonage, and try as we might we could not rent even a room for my family to occupy. We lived, for a time, among our people, where we generally had to make down beds on the floor to provide sleeping places for all. What we should do I knew not till Sister Dobbs, widow of Rev. J.W. Dobbs, a former pastor, offered us the two front rooms of her small house, provided both families could cook on one stove. We gratefully accepted the offer, and thank God to this day for the generous-hearted Sister Dobbs.

During the two months or more we lived there, I bought a lot near the church and, as soon as I could, let a contract for building a home of our own. In the meantime I saw my chance. Our congregation increased, till in a few months our church was
literally jammed, especially on Sunday evenings. Some remained away, saying they would not be packed in like sardines. Accessions came to us frequently. Soon it was said I was preaching to more people than all the other preachers in the town.

Money began to come in more easily. From a salary of $400 the year before, the board advanced mine to $1,000 and paid it in full. I also had a run of weddings that added to my wife’s pin money.

In mid-winter we moved into our new home, and if it was not ideal it was our own, and that meant much to us. I had plenty of work to do in improving our lots and in putting up a woodhouse and a cow stable, but I enjoyed that kind of recreation.

We were hardly settled in our new home when both our girls came down with typhoid fever. We nursed them through it till they seemed in almost normal health, yet I doubt if Ella ever got over the effects of it, and Mary did not for several years.

In the early spring, Miss Downey, the evangelist, assisted me in special meetings, and much good was done. During the spring and summer there was a good spiritual condition in the church, evinced by the attendance on the prayer meetings. At the close of the year our people asked for my return, or should I say our return, for Mrs. LeSourd, with all her home duties, was a big factor in the work of the church.

The sixth session of the Puget Sound Conference was held in Vancouver, Wash., beginning Sept. 4, 1889, Bishop Bowman presiding. Nothing out of the ordinary routine took place at this conference, save the election of delegates to the Ecumenical Conference to be held in 1891. After much balloting Dr. Fred S. Williams and Dr. Rufus Willard were elected as lay delegates, and T.J. Massey and J.N. Denison as ministerial delegates.

Being reappointed to Whatcom, I hastened home to find our darling Ella suffering from a very sore throat. A physician had been
called but said she simply had a bad cold and that her mother could
treat her as well as he could. She continued to grow worse, however,
and we called the doctor again, when he told us she had pneumonia.
From that time on, though seeming to be better at times, she pined
away, having gone into hasty consumption. From the middle of
September to the last of January, wife and I watched over her night
and day, I taking the hours of the night till 1 a.m. and wife the rest.
I was finally released from the duties of my pulpit, and Rev. Dillon
was employed as temporary supply.

All this time Ella was hopeful and cheerful. A great reader
herself, she never tired having stories read to her and even when
the blood had ceased to circulate in her limbs she held the *Pacific
Christian Advocate* in her hands and indicated pieces she wanted
read. She told us what a blessing her sickness had been to her and
talked calmly of death, saying she did not fear to die.

Thus our firstborn, our precious Ella, passed away on the
afternoon of Jan. 29, 1890, in her 15th year. Her death was a
staggering blow to her parents and her sister Mary. Our nerves had
been on a tension so long that when we knew our loved one could
not hear our sobs, we gave way to unutterable grief. For weeks, even
in our dreams, we fancied that Ella was with us still. She was not
dead; all thought of that was a dream. Then we would awake to the
fact that she had gone forever from our home.

But when I read at the family altar the consoling words of Jesus
in John 14, a fountain of hope welled up in our hearts and we said,
“Yes, it is true, she is not dead. She has simply gone to be with Him
who said, ‘I go to prepare a place for you.’”

Many kind friends in and out of the church came to do all they
could to comfort and help us, and the Grand Army men kindly
looked after the remains as they were taken to the boat on which we
went to Coupeville, Whidbey Island. There, a short funeral service
was conducted by Dr. Dillon, after which we laid away her body in the cemetery near her uncle’s residence overlooking Ebey’s Prairie and the Straits of Juan de Fuca, where she had requested to be buried.

After spending some days with friends we returned to our lonely home, thankful even in our sorrow that we still had our precious Mary and little Gilbert, now just 3 years old. Hardly had I resumed my pastoral work when we were confronted with the absolute necessity of building a new church at an early date or of greatly enlarging our old one. As it was we had no adequate accommodations for our ordinary Sunday congregations. But that which made a larger church a more imperative necessity grew out of the fact that I had asked, and the Vancouver Conference had ordered, that the next session of that body should be held in Whatcom.

This, I was sure, would stimulate our people to prompt action in order to provide ample room for the annual session. Now we only had six months to lay our plans and erect the new church. There was perfect harmony as to the need of immediate action, but whether we should attempt to build a new church or enlarge the old one was a problem on which all could not agree. To some of us it was clear that to enlarge the church would greatly add to our work and cost in the end, as much as a new one.

But our people felt poor, and it had been but a few years since some of them had made great sacrifices to pay for the present structure. Hence it was dear unto them, and they could not bear the idea of its being cast into the junk heap.

Therefore, for the sake of harmony, we agreed to use the old church as far as possible in the construction of the new building. Many of our subscriptions were to be paid in day labor. Having matured our plans we began with shovels, picks, and wheelbarrows and excavated to a depth of 6 feet under all the old structure to provide for a good basement.
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In the meantime the original building was torn down till only the foundation and flooring and one side and one end of the frame were left. These parts, fastened together, were moved back and raised so as to give ample height below for the basement, while the upright framework was to serve as side and end of the new building. The enlarged structure was to be 15 feet longer than the old, with a large wing on one side about 26 by 30 feet.

Altogether there was a vast amount of work to do, but keeping at it persistently we had the building finished, gallery and all, so that I preached in it before the conference. Only about two-fifths of the cost had been paid, but we felt reasonably sure of raising the deficiency at the dedication on conference Sunday.

In the meantime I was finding it difficult to secure pieces of entertainment for the members of the conference and their wives. Owing to the crowded condition of the town, scarcely a vacant room could be found. I could have provided without trouble for the conference proper, but preachers, not members, were notifying me from far and near that they desired entertainment for themselves, wives, and children. One preacher, indeed, came with a wife and three children and went to a hotel, where they could occupy two beds, and left the Whatcom church to pay his bills.

The two presiding elders of the conference, seeing the need of new men to man all the charges, had seemingly thrown wide open the gate and invited in everyone who wanted to come, whether he was adapted to our work or not. The result was we had more applications for entertainment from preachers outside our conference than we had members within.

Even laymen were among the applicants. One pastor wrote me that probably a half-dozen of his people would be at conference and that they would appreciate entertainment if it could be had. A woman, wife of a wealthy farmer, came to conference and sat herself
down in our house, awaiting her assignment. When she found we were not entertaining the laity she went away in anger, saying she would not think a place would ask the conference unless they could entertain the people who came.

Thus it was with the utmost effort that I secured lodging places for all who claimed the right to ask entertainment, and even then many had to sleep in one place and take meals at another. And though some came during the sessions whom we had not heard from, yet every one was comfortably cared for. When the last one was provided for I felt a sense of relief such as I had seldom experienced in my life.

The conference convened at 8:30 a.m., Friday, Aug. 28, 1890, Bishop Newman in the chair.

George C. Wilding was elected secretary. In the minutes of the meeting of that year, he says, concerning the church in which the conference was assembled, “Neat and attractive externally and internally. It is an honor to our denomination and a credit to the indefatigable workers of the Whatcom church.”

The interest throughout the conference session was profound. There were present nearly twice as many ministers as had ever attended one of our sessions before. The citizens of Whatcom turned out in large numbers, showing their pleasure in the presence of the largest ministerial body that had ever assembled in their young city. As the sessions progressed it became certain that the lower Sound country would be cut off from the Seattle District and that a new district would be formed and named after its natural center, Whatcom District. This raised the question: Who was to be the presiding elder of the new district? And the rumor connected my name with a number of the names of supposed candidates. But I was not looking for a district.

Owing to physical and nervous exhaustion growing out of the
long vigils early in the year as we watched over our sick daughter, and the burden during the summer of overseeing the building of our church, and the more strenuous work of entertaining the conference, I felt the absolute need of a long rest and knew that I ought to have that rest at once. Hence, though everything was favorable for my reappointment to the charge, yet my brethren did not want me to be absent for a long time at the beginning of the New Year, just after they had dedicated their new church.

Recognizing their point of view, yet feeling that we must go to California, not only for my benefit but for Mary’s also, as she was in delicate health, I told my board to look out for a supernumerary relation for the year to come and took my family south.

I also talked the matter over with Bishop Newman, who approved of my course if necessary but thought my board ought to have given me my needed vacation. Thus matters stood till well along in the conference session, when, talking with Dr. Chestnut, one of our board at whose house the bishop was entertaining, remarked that he had never felt satisfied about my leaving the charge, but, said he, “Why could you not take the presiding eldership of the new district?”

This question was altogether new to me, but I said that I must have a vacation.

After further discussion he said he would propose to the bishop my appointment to the district with the understanding that I was to have a vacation of at least six weeks early in the conference year.

The bishop, after consulting others, approved of the plan, vacation and all.

The conference, owing to the rapid filling up of the country with emigrants, was trying to keep pace with the growth of the population. About 20 preachers were transferred into the conference at this session, among whom were F.M. Wheeler, S.A. Bright,
C.R. Thoburn, G.S. Feese, Levi Gilbert, Sam Moore, Luther J. Covington, Thomas B. Ford, and Alfred Inwood, all of whom made good in this or other conferences. The names of others who came in then soon disappeared from our minutes, and only one of the 20 transferred is a member of our conference today.

When conference Sunday came we had an excellent love feast, a great sermon by the bishop at 10 a.m. delivered to an audience that filled the new auditorium.

When he closed, I read (at his request) a statement that the cost of the building had been about $4,000, of which $2,600 was still to be raised. The bishop then asked the audience to subscribe the deficiency, and in less than an hour not one dollar of indebtedness remained unprovided for. All the rest of the day we had a “feast of good things.”

At the close of the evening service the bishop formally dedicated the church to the worship of almighty God.

Early Monday forenoon, the appointments were read, and the following assignments of district superintendents were made:

- Seattle District—W.H. Drake
- Tacoma—Samuel Moore
- Vancouver—A.J. Hanson
- Swedish—O.E. Olander
- New Whatcom—D.G. LeSourd

My new district included Skagit, Jefferson, Clallam, San Juan Islands, and Whatcom counties.

During all that Monday morning a cold rain was falling, and I was in and out looking after the interests of the conference. I took a very severe cold and in my debilitated condition was not able to throw it off. The effects of that cold I carry in my right chest to this day—Dec. 19, 1917. However, I was anxious to hold one full round of quarterly conferences before we started on our vacation.
As I began this round I hoped to wear out my cold, but after a fortnight my bronchial trouble seemed worse. Finally, on going to my family physician, he told me that I must quit work at once, that my right lung was not throwing off the accumulated mucus.

Promising I would preach but little, but would go on and complete my round of quarterly conferences, I continued to follow my plan and made a trip to the northern part of Whatcom County. I went on the B.B.&B.C.R.R. to the Nooksack River, and as the railroad was not finished further, crossed on the unfinished bridge and took the open stage for Sumas in a downpour of rain. I had an umbrella that might have sheltered me, but a young miss was by my side who had none, so I tried to protect her from the storm and in doing so I got quite wet on the windward side.

As the six-mile ride was over horrid roads and therefore tedious, I was badly chilled when I reached the home of Brother and Sister Fry. I had, indeed, become alarmed lest my wetting might make my cold much worse, but after dressing ’fore a good fire I felt no harm.

That afternoon and the next day—Sunday—it continued to rain, but we had our quarterly conference on Saturday and public service followed by the Lord’s supper on Sunday—the pastor, Brother Patterson, assisting me.

On Monday morning the stage called early, and when I climbed in it was raining hard. After a tiresome ride down to Nooksack Crossing, I got a bite to eat and, having missed the Lynden stage, started on foot to go there. As the rain kept on, the roads were deep in mud and water, and in many places I could not get out of the mire because of the dense underbrush on either side. Thus after a six-mile walk I reached Lynden wet and muddy to my waist.

Holding quarterly conference that evening, I thought my troubles o’er, but the next morning Sister Robinson, at whose home I stayed, called me early, saying that if I wanted to get over the
Nooksack soon I had better be off on the stage, as the river was already overflowing its banks.

Snatching a bite of breakfast, I ran out to the passing stage in a deluge of rain, and, as I was in the act of sitting down on a cushion, I saw the water running in streams from it. But driving through this downpour to Nooksack Crossing we found the ferry gone, and, going on up to the railroad bridge, were told that a jam had lodged against it, and it was liable to go out any minute.

But, risking the danger, I mounted the bridge and crossed over. Then soon in a caboose, I was behind an engine on my way home, and, though I was damp all over, reaching there was 50 percent better than when I left four days before. I presume the strong Chinook wind that carried the rain had been a tonic both to my lungs and my nerves.

Soon after this, my round on the new district was finished. The outlook was encouraging, and, arrangements having been made with the brethren for holding their second quarterly conferences, I was ready for our trip south. Just before the holidays we departed for Los Angeles, Calif.

After three gloomy days we awoke one morning in the Sacramento Valley, and the sun was shining so brightly our boy Gilbert, not being used to it, blinked and blinked as he looked out of the car windows. Reaching Los Angeles on time, we remained there a few days, taking in the sights and living much of the time in the genial sunshine.

We also had Mary examined by able physicians, for our doctors in Whatcom had said she had incipient tubercular trouble. But a specialist and two able practitioners agreed that her trouble was membranous diarrhea and that with care she should outgrow it. This was a great relief to us.

We soon went out to Pasadena and rented furnished rooms, and
my family remained there all winter. I tarried with them till my six weeks’ furlough was about to expire. All this time I was recovering my lost vitality and gaining in health. We made several trips into the country around Pasadena, largely through the kindness of good Methodist people who took us out in their carriages. We went on the cars to Santa Barbara but found no place we liked so well as Pasadena. Especially inspiring were the services at the great First Methodist Church there.

Wishing to leave Mary in that sunny climate for the winter, Mrs. LeSourd decided to stay with the children while I returned to my work on the Sound. On my way north, early in February, I stopped off and spent a delightful Sunday with Brother Landen at Grant’s Pass, Ore. On arriving at my Whatcom home, I occupied my room and took my meals with the Spencer family, who had lived in the house while we were away and remained there until my folks returned. Dr. Dillon also made his home there.

The work on the district was eminently satisfactory in most cases for the rest of the year, and a credit to the pastors and people. There were many accessions, and a decided increase in salaries and in contributions to the benevolences. Four new churches were reported at the end of the year. One of these was at Sumas and had been started three or four years before, but our people in that community were new settlers and could only do a little on the church at the time. They at last had gotten it so nearly finished that it could be used for worship. Three of the four, however, were new enterprises in fields where there seemed to be the least opportunity for achievements of this kind.

One of these was at Sedro Woolley. This was the center of a new circuit, cut off from the old Skagit circuit. Early in the year I secured the transfer of G.L. Cuddy of the Baltimore Conference and appointed him to this field. He showed at once the pluck of a hero.
When he and his cultured wife landed amid the trees and stumps of the Skagit Valley he could find but one or two Methodists, yet in a town that consisted chiefly of a wilderness of black stumps he unfurled the Methodist banner, and in spite of difficulties and lack of means, built, largely with his own hands and his own money, a church worth $2,000 and a parsonage worth $500. This was characteristic of all of Brother Cuddy’s work throughout his active ministry.

Rev. Crawford R. Thoburn was transferred to us at the Whatcom Conference and was appointed to the rapidly growing town of New Whatcom, commonly called Seahome. There was no organization of any kind to begin with, but in a few months, with the aid of energetic brethren, he had built a church that cost $1,090 and soon had it filled with people, more than 100 of whom were members.

No less noteworthy was the success of A.J. McNamee on Lopez Island, who, with only 13 members on the whole circuit, built a church valued at $1,850 and paid $1,650 on it.

In the spring of the year 1891, Brother Denison wrote me from Port Townsend that he had been engaged as agent of the Portland Hospital, that the trustees of the hospital had written Bishop Newman asking for his services, and that he would leave at once for Portland. Supposing that the bishop had given his approval of Denison’s assignment and wondering why I should have been kept ignorant of what was going on, it seemed to me that there was nothing I could do but find a new man, if possible, to act as pastor for Port Townsend. We were so far from bishops there that it sometimes took months to get a reply to a letter addressed to one of them. Hence, generally, instead of waiting for our bishop to transfer a man, we would arrange for some member of another conference to get leave from his presiding elder and come on, take the charge that was open for him, and then get him transferred at the next conference.
Well, I heard of S.S. Sulliger through Brother Thoburn and engaged him to come out and take the Port Townsend charge. He had been there some six weeks, serving as pastor and doing well, when I received a letter from Bishop Newman saying, “What have you done with Port Townsend? I did not learn until this date that Denison was in Portland. Brethren must learn that they cannot leave their conferences and take work in another without the consent of the authorities. Brother Dennison is still pastor at Port Townsend.”

Yet Brother Sulliger had been pastor there for six weeks and continued in charge till the next conference, when he was transferred and reappointed.

It was such experiences as these that convinced me that our system of general superintendency, which allowed a bishop to reside 3,000, 5,000, or 10,000 miles from the conferences that were under his supervision, was grossly defective so far as our frontier work was concerned. Every other church had its missionary superintendent here in the Pacific Northwest.

Hence I wrote an article that was published in the *Pacific Christian Advocate* in which I tried to show what we then called a “district episcopacy” was a need of our times. What I contended for was the same kind, substantially, of episcopal supervision we have today. This article was criticized adversely east and west and highly commended by prominent men in the church, among them Missionary Secretary Peck, who told me that he read the entire article and was more satisfied than ever, since seeing our needs here in this new country, that I was right. Referring to my chief critic, he said, “Dr. Pearn did not answer it and cannot.”

The annual conference of 1891 convened at Aberdeen, Aug. 26, Bishop Fitzgerald in the chair. Only two things out of the ordinary came up at this conference. One was the election of delegates to the General Conference. I was approached again and
again by brethren who wanted to vote for me, and some of whom said I could be elected if I let it be known I was a candidate. But I uniformly told them I was supporting T.J. Massey, who served the leading charge in my district and to whom I had committed myself. The result was that after a spirited contest A.J. Hanson and T.J. Massey were elected. Some of the brethren persisted in voting for me when they knew I was casting my influence for another. Whether I was wise in declining to be a candidate others may judge, but I may infer that my course in this case was not approved generally, as I know of no man either in this or other conferences who has followed the Pauline injunction, “Let each esteem other better than themselves,” especially when the preference involves an election to the General Conference.

The other matter that attracted special attention was the removal of W.H. Drake from the Seattle District, where it was alleged he had not given satisfaction, and the appointment of T.B. Ford to take his place. When, on the eve of the close of conference, the bishop told his cabinet that he intended to appoint Dr. Ford to the Seattle District, there was no one present who approved of the selection. This was not because any member of the cabinet had anything against the appointee nor that they questioned the right of the bishop to appoint. It was because of a certain prejudice, if prejudice it could be called, in the conference against “ecclesiastical bosses,” and Dr. Ford had come here a year or two before with the reputation of having been quite a “boss” in the South, where he was prominent in our church affairs. In saying this I do not question Dr. Ford’s ability or his loyalty to the church. The appointment, I think, was a misfortune for Brother Ford, if not for the conference, for his prejudice, of which I have spoken, did not abate and resulted in much friction till Bishop Cranston transferred him to the Oregon Conference.
One little matter came near calling down on me Secretary Peck’s censure. During the latter part of the year past, Brother McNamee was about to leave Lopez circuit to find work, as he was virtually starved out, having used up the pittance of missionary money and what little the people gave. The Edison appointment had gone all the year up to that time without a supply. I decided, rather than see a worthy preacher go off searching for work, to send Brother McNamee to Edison to serve that circuit the rest of the year and allow him the small amount of missionary money appropriated to that charge. He did good work there, but when Secretary Peck learned that I had allowed a preacher to use the missionary money appropriated to two charges he at first criticized my action sharply, saying it was a violation of the rules of the Missionary Society.

I acknowledged that what I had done was a violation of the letter of the law but insisted that I had not violated its spirit, that by using this little appropriation in a crisis I had kept a suffering brother at work and that the good done on the Edison appointment justified the expenditure. I intimated that I had taken the advice of Bishop Fowler, who had said to me, “Make the best use you can of the missionary money for the benefit of the brethren, for God knows they get little enough anyway.”

Dr. Peck exonerated me from any blame save an undue desire to aid a suffering brother. I justified myself on the grounds that using the appropriation to the Edison charge was a case like that of David when he entered into the sanctuary and took the shewbread and ate of it and gave it to his followers, thus violating the letter of the law but not its spirit.

The appointments of this year show that all our work in Jefferson and Clallam counties was transferred to the Seattle District, as the charges there could be much more easily reached from Seattle than from New Whatcom. On the other hand, all the appointments in
Snohomish County were placed in the New Whatcom District. This made my work much more compact and more easily reached. We had only fairly gotten through with our first round of quarterly meetings when a series of unforeseen disasters retarded and crippled our work for the year.

Our three principal charges and two others lost their pastors. T.J. Massey, pastor of First Church, Whatcom, was compelled to give up his charge on account of sore eyes, and Rev. Shively supplied his church for the rest of the year. Crawford R. Thoburn, pastor of Trinity Church, New Whatcom, was elected chancellor of Puget Sound University and resigned to accept this call. Rev. Shively supplied the vacant pulpit part of the time. J.A. Tennant, pastor of the Nooksack Indian Mission, had to give up his work on account of failing health, and I asked Brother Van Deventer of the Sumas charge to give the Indians such service as he could in addition to his other work. J.W. White of Stanwood charge felt compelled to give up his pastorate because of poor health, and I transferred J.W. Patterson from Geneva to Stanwood, where he and his wife rendered excellent service. Our pastor at Blaine, W.H. McHaffie, left his charge in the middle of the year to take work in the Arizona Mission. Rev. B.B. Evans of West Virginia was secured to take his place, but the demands of the booming town of Everett were so great just then that I separated it from Marysville, making it a charge to which Brother Evans was appointed, and A. Warren was secured as supply for Blaine.

These changes involved much disappointment, unrest, and loss. But while these adjustments were taking place the panic of 1892 struck us like a cyclone. Banks failed, real estate suddenly lost its value, business firms went under, and laborers went begging in the marketplace for hire or for bread. The newer towns or settlements were struck hard, and our district—as to towns, cleared ranches,
An Itinerant’s Career

and developments—was the newest of the new. Hence our preachers and their families were only half-supported, and many of the churches were found burdened with debts that had once been provided for in subscriptions but most of which were now worthless. These conditions made some needy preachers restless, discontented, and ready to blame someone, generally the presiding elder, for financial stress. Yet most of our pastors stood at their posts with commendable fidelity. Revivals were frequent, a good many classes were organized, and two new charges—Crescent Harbor and Everett—were created during the year.

Three others were named as appointments at conference for the first time. Two new churches were built, several were improved, and about $5,000 was paid on old indebtedness. Thus a very hard year proved in some respects a year of victories.

I think it was in November 1891 that I landed from a steamboat at Utsalady on Camano Island, desiring to cross as soon as possible to Stanwood. Night was coming on, but a big Swede offered to row two of us the 6 or 8 miles for a stipulated sum, and a traveling man and myself took him up on this offer and started for Stanwood on a very high tide. Unfortunately the tide was just on the turn, and our boatman had a strong current against him. After a long, hard pull, when he was three-fourths of the way to Stanwood, he ran aground on the tideflats and as it was the long runout, there we had to stay until morning for a return tide.

Never did I put in a more trying night. It was so cold I shook like an aspen leaf. When all three of us lay down in the boat side by side, I in the middle, we were so cramped I could not endure it and got up, stood in the boat, and looked at the flakes of snow as they fell out of a clear sky and at the dim lights along the distant shore. It seemed an age before the returning tide got under our boat so that we began to move. How glad we were as we glided up to the
wharf at Stanwood. I ran over to the parsonage and roused Brother and Sister White. When they had built a good fire and heated a bowl of milk for me I was soon warm enough to go to bed and get a little sleep.

The ninth session of the Puget Sound Conference was held at Puyallup, August 17-22, Bishop Walden presiding. My wife attended this conference with me, and we were entertained at the hospitable home of Sister Whitney, whose name is now honored through all the Pacific Northwest for her years of devotion to the cause of foreign missions.

The conference was not without pleasing and enjoyable features, but on the whole was more agitated than any other session in our history because, first, of the hard times which made many preachers restless and anxious in regard to their appointments. And second, the recent influx of new men into the conference made its members almost strangers to each other; hence the lack of a sense of brotherliness. Third, not a few, forgetful of the rights of others, were personally ambitious for positions of comfort or influence.

I, as presiding elder of Whatcom District, was the target of not a few criticisms aimed by some who wanted my place and who contended I could not legally serve longer in my present position. This assumption grew out of a rule of the bishops that no preacher should serve as presiding elder on the same district more than six years out of 12. Hence, if the Whatcom District was the same district I had served before for four years, then the two years I had served since my appointment to the Whatcom District would make six within the 12 years and end my time as superintendent. I never thought of this when I was appointed and am sure Bishop Newman did not. But this was the vital question in the case: Was the Whatcom District the same district to which I was appointed when I first was made presiding elder?
Certainly all the territory in the Whatcom District was included in the original, which embraced nearly all of Western Washington. If it was territory that made it the same as the old district, then my time was out. But, if the charges in the new district that were also in the old settled the question, then it would not follow that my time was necessarily out, for only five appointments of my old district as I received it in the first place were in the new. To settle this question in ecclesiastical law an appeal was made to Bishop Merrill, asking for his judgment in regard to the matter. His reply, in substance, was that if the larger number of the charges that were in the new district were in the old also, then it should be considered the same district as the original, but in case there were only a few charges in the new that were in the old, then it should be considered a new district having no relation to the original.

When Bishop Walden learned of Bishop Merrill’s decision and that only five of the charges out of more than 20 in the Whatcom District were in the old district when I was appointed to it, he decided that I was entitled to at least one year more on the district. At the same time he said that the bishop who presided over the next conference must decide as to my further continuance on the district.

I can hardly suppose that Bishop Walden was influenced in this decision by the fact that three-fourths of the preachers on my district and some leading laymen went in a body to him urging my retention as presiding elder of the district.

I was accordingly reappointed, and wife and I returned to our home in Whatcom determined to do all we could on the district during the year to come and be ready to retire from it at the next conference if it should be decided our time was out.

This, my third year on the district, was the hardest financially I ever saw. The hard times of the year before had become doubly hard.
The salaries of some of the preachers were little more than half paid, and deficiencies on nearly all of the charges were appalling. Nor was this all the fault of the laity, who did not in many instances have money sufficient to purchase the absolute necessities of life. Indeed many ranchers during the long winter of 1892-93 had no means of buying anything, as they shaved cedar shingles with drawing knives, put them in bundles, and carried them on their backs three to 6 miles to some country grocery store, where they were offered as the only coin current for flour or bacon. People in such circumstances might give a piece of their last hog or calf to the pastor’s family, but money they could not give, for they did not have it.

No wonder then that the presiding elder should at times sit down to a meal in the parsonage where there was neither meat nor butter on the table. To say that preachers and parishioners alike were discouraged is to tell the unvarnished truth. Hence the average charge did well to hold its own during the trying year. In many cases this was out of the question, for all over the conference there were serious losses in membership owing to the removal of persons seeking employment. These losses were barely made up by the accessions, by letter and on probation. In missionary collections the conference fell down in two years from $4,016 to $2,723. In view of these untoward conditions I was glad we could report at the end of the year a net gain in members of 144, one new church, two new parsonages paid for building and improving $3,502, and on old indebtedness $1,705.

As I went to conference at the close of that year, not knowing whether I should be returned or not, I hoped I never again should see such destitution and need among Methodist preachers and their families, who bravely and uncomplainingly endured the privations common to all the people.

The annual conference of 1893 met in First Church, Seattle,
August 16, Bishop Goodsell presiding. From the first the conference was on its good behavior, influenced by the dignified presiding officer. In his hands business was dispatched rapidly and without friction. In the cabinet he had each presiding elder write a list of his appointments, and numbers were placed opposite the names of each indicating whether the pastor wanted to move or the people wanted a change, how much the charge paid the year before, and how much it probably would pay the year to come; P for parsonage, P.G. for good parsonage, P.P. for poor parsonage, etc.

These papers were all turned over to the bishop. Then he had the status of every charge before him. By a gentle suggestion he gave every presiding elder to understand that he was to attend to his own district and not fumble in the affairs of others unless it was necessary for all to consult together in regard to some knotty problem. He did not usually keep in his cabinet session more than two hours in the afternoon, yet in that time he would dispatch more business than some bishops would in six hours.

When the joint fraternal session of the African Methodist Episcopal Conference and our own Puget Sound Conference was held on Saturday, Bishop Goodsell made a courtly but most fraternal address that could hardly be surpassed for good sense and good taste, to which Bishop Lee of the African Conference replied in as elegant an address as I ever heard on a like occasion.

Before he left the East, the bishop had been informed by both Brother Hanson and myself that we were serving as presiding elders on territory that was included in districts we had served previously. Hanson had served his original district two years and was off only two when he was assigned to part of the same territory as presiding elder, and had served it for four years. And I, having served on my first district four years, was off three, then assigned to a new district within the same territory. I informed him that Bishop Walden had
continued me for the third year on my present district because the first year I served on the old there were so few charges in it that were in the new he could not regard the latter as the same district as the old. He was also told what Bishop Merrill had said in regard to the matter, so the bishop had ample time to consider these ecclesiastical problems before he left his New York home.

One day after cabinet session, he invited Brother Hanson and me to remain for a little private talk. He soon told us that he had consulted one of the older bishops in whose judgment the other bishops had more confidence than in Bishop Merrill. We understood that he alluded to Bishop Andrews, though he did not say so, for it was quite natural that Eastern bishops should look to Andrews for advice on ecclesiastical questions rather than to Merrill, a Western bishop.

Well, the oracle of wisdom he had consulted had said our district problems were not questions of charges but questions of territory. In this Bishop Andrews evidently differed from Bishop Merrill. But Bishop Goodsell concurred in the former’s opinions, and with that interpretation of the rule of the bishops, of course, the time for each of us on our respective districts had expired. In this decision I acquiesced without regrets, though I doubt to this day the correctness of Bishop Goodsell’s decision.

He then asked if there were any charges open in the conference to which we were willing to go. Puyallup was the best one yet open, and I suggested that Brother Hanson be appointed to it, though I knew there would be nothing left for me that would compare favorably with that charge. Then the bishop asked me what was left in my district, and I told him Snohomish was the only place open.

“Are you willing to go there?” he asked, and I answered that since it was the only place, I was. I did not tell him that the people there had asked for a young man, saying they could not pay more than $500 the next year.
He asked me if my home was there. I said, “No,” yet I believe he thought I had kept that charge open for myself and that it was capable of giving me good support. The outcome of the matter was that Brother Hanson was appointed to Puyallup and I to Snohomish.

When the bishop asked me whom I would nominate as my successor on the district, I replied, “T.J Massey.” Brother Hanson concurred, and he was assigned to the New Whatcom District.

In closing my seventh year as district superintendent, it was a pleasure to look back over the nine years since our little conference was organized. Then we had 29 members in conference, now 106. Then church members 1,339, now 8,086. Number of churches, then 27, now 107, making a net gain of 50, and of these more than 30 had been built under my supervision as presiding elder. Value of churches then $58,560, now $351,450. Number of Sunday schools then 1,948, now 10,106.

We, as a family, arrived at Snohomish soon after conference and were met by Sister McNeeley and taken to the hospitable home of Judge Denney and his wife, Mrs. McNeeley’s daughter. There we found a real welcome, and after all these intervening years the judge and his wife are my warm personal friends still.

In the afternoon I went to the Ladies Aid Society, where the good ladies told me that they had been carrying a debt of $1,200 on the parsonage at 12 percent and just could not do it longer. They had been waiting to tell me that they were going to turn the property over to Mr. White, who had gone security on the note in the bank and who had been given a deed on the parsonage property in escrow, believing the debt was more than the parsonage would sell for. Then I said, “Is Mr. White willing to take the property?”

One of the ladies said, “He will have to.”

I then asked them to hold on till I could see Mr. White. That evening, securing an interview with him, I told him what the ladies
proposed. He was almost furious on hearing this, saying it would be the straw that could break his financial back and that he could not carry the burden.

I attended the next meeting of the Ladies Aid Society and told them it would not be right to put that load on Mr. White. That when we had done our utmost and found that we could not possibly carry it, then White would have to stand or fall under the load; but that anything short of our utmost endeavor to carry it ourselves would be dishonest.

They all agreed with me and went to work with energy and persistence, and by resorting to everything possible, expedient for making money, had not only paid large sums in interest but at the end of two years had reduced the parsonage debt some $1,200 to $800 and the interest rate from 12 to 8 percent, while $600 of floating indebtedness was reduced to $300.

All this was done when times were so hard that not a man in the church could give anything save what he contributed to pastoral support and the benevolences.

But going back to the beginning of my pastorate in Snohomish, we moved into the large but unfinished parsonage without delay, only to find it surrounded by large stumps, old logs, and litter from 6 to 8 inches deep. I began on this litter at once, raking, chopping, and burning. It looked like a hopeless task, for 27 stumps had to be dug or burned. An English brother came to my assistance. He spaded around the stumps while I chopped and burned.

Finally, when our people saw that we had nearly cleared the lots, they got up a “bee,” and while the women prepared a good dinner, the men, with teams, ploughs, and scrapers, filled in and leveled up the big plot. Others, at the same time, put in a planed picket fence around the plot. The next spring, after I had raked off 10,000 small stones—more or less, we had the ground in good shape for sowing.
grass around the house and for planting fruit trees and a garden in the rear.

We then had as nice grounds as one could wish. In the meantime the interests of the church were not neglected. The services were well attended and the congregation growing. The Sunday school, with Miss Bailey (now Mrs. McFall of Everett) as superintendent, was doing splendid work. My official board, however, had a knotty problem on their hands. Previous to leaving the charge, just before conference, my predecessor had called his board together and gotten the few who attended to assume a debt of $300 which he, the pastor, was owing a merchant of the town, said amount being due him on salary.

When I arrived on the charge after conference not a cent of this assumed amount had been paid. What was to be done? I told my board, in substance:

First, in our economy the stewards or the official board must provide for the payment of the current expenses, including the pastor’s salary.

Second, the board had no right to assume what it did not intend to pay before another conference year began.

Third, the board of one year has no right to assume a debt and saddle it on the pastor and church members to pay during the next year.

Fourth, we therefore were neither morally nor legally bound to pay the $300 debt of the previous pastor or, what was the same thing, the $300 deficiency on his salary. I told my board that I was not a lawyer nor the son of a lawyer, but this was my decision and if any one of them differed from me I would be glad to have him appeal to the P.E. and let him appeal to the bishop if need be.

But there was no appeal; my decision stood. We had some considerable interest during the revival meetings of the winter, and,
while not a large number were converted, the spiritual life of the church was deepened.

The income from week to week was small, but the people were so kind and generous in giving us vegetables and fruits that we suffered for nothing.

In the early spring our district conference met in our church, Brother Massey presiding. Most of the pastors of the district were present, and all had a spiritual uplift and a delightful time.

But at this time, all unknown to us, a portentous shadow was rising over our home which was to settle down and wrap us in deepest gloom. My dear wife and I became alarmed at certain symptoms that she had seen and felt for a few weeks that made me hasten her to our old family physician in Seattle, Dr. Willard, who, when he examined her and discovered that the trouble was cancerous, said, “My dear sister, why did you not come to me sooner?”

My wife told him she had not known of the symptoms of the trouble more than four or five weeks. It was arranged that she should go to Providence Hospital, Seattle, for an operation. Though this was a Catholic institution, it was the only good hospital within our reach. Sending our children to my brother’s on Whidbey Island, we went over to the hospital in June, and there, with one of her women friends by her side in the operating room, while I walked the porch outside in anxiety, Maggie underwent the ordeal of having her right breast removed. When it was over and I saw her back in her room she was hardly half conscious and showed that the operation had drawn heavily on her vital powers.

There she remained for about five weeks slowly recovering. I remained with her through the weeks, till Saturday, when I would go over to Snohomish, fill my Sunday appointments, and return to the hospital on Monday.

As soon as Maggie was able to travel I took her down to Coupeville
to my brother’s, where our children were. After remaining there some 10 days, feeling that we had already imposed on the kindness of brother and his wife, we returned to our Snohomish home, though Maggie could not walk erect and her wound was not entirely healed.

Gradually she improved till she could take the oversight of household affairs. In the meantime our Ladies Aid had raised more than $100 extra for us in the nick of time, as we faced hospital and doctor bills. While we were away they filled our empty jars with wild blackberries and favored us in other ways for which we were very grateful.

As conference came on, our people asked for my return to the charge, and in view of all the circumstances we thought it better for us not to move. The annual session of the conference was held in First Church, Tacoma, with Bishop Joyce presiding.

On the way to conference I met the bishop on the boat, and as I had known him well in our old home conference (the Northwest Indiana), I had a pleasant chat with him, but he only asked me one question about conference matters, and that related to something I knew little about.

Asking about my wife he said, “Well, you got a good one when you got her.”

Dr. King, the great evangelist, was with him, and the two together, by their addresses and sermons, awakened a profound interest in the subject of the higher Christian life or baptism of the Holy Spirit. Sunday afternoon Dr. King led a consecration meeting where there was heart-searching repentance followed by joy in the Holy Ghost and the power that worketh by love.

During conference, the bishop appointed me chairman of a special committee that was chosen at the request of Dr. Ford to investigate certain rumors affecting his character and standing. Those who brought the complaints told of many surmises but
brought no proof of their charges and suspicions, and our committee unanimously exonerated Dr. Ford.

I went back to my home in Snohomish, having been assigned to that charge for another year, glad to be with my loved ones again and begin the work I had in mind.

Increasing prosperity characterized our efforts all along the line. In the winter the Baptist evangelist William Carnes, whose father was a brother pastor in our town, held meetings in one of our largest halls. All the churches were invited to cooperate in the revival, and we worked together harmoniously. I was careful not to speak to anyone about joining our church who was not a member of my congregation. On the second Sunday the interest was profound in our church, as it had been from evening to evening in the hall. When, at the close of the morning service, I invited those who had decided to lead a new life to unite with the church of their choice, 16, all adults, came forward, and many more joined later.

Of course, providing for the payment of our debts made it necessary for us to sidetrack the question of adequate salary. As it was in those days, we could live on $700 a year without want, and I was happy in knowing that we were saving the church property from the creditor.

As the end of the year 1894 drew near, our people again asked for our return, and for many reasons we would have been delighted to go back for the third year to our loyal people at Snohomish. But there lurked in our minds an abiding fear of the return of Mrs. LeSourd’s malady, and certain symptoms increased our concern. Wife and I therefore went to the annual conference in Seattle hoping we might be transferred to Tacoma, where, if the old trouble returned, she could have the privileges of a Protestant hospital and the service of good physicians.
This conference was held in Grace Church, Seattle, Sept. 4-9, 1895, Bishop Bowman presiding. I was not at all well during the session, and with my concern about Maggie and my future appointment I had little interest or pleasure in the proceedings. I learned that my presiding elder had been doing all he could to open a charge for me in Tacoma, but the superintendent of the district said that Epworth Church was the only place open that could support me, and the people wanted a younger man than myself. Thus matters stood till Monday morning, when, in a session of the cabinet with the bishop, all the members except the presiding elder of the Tacoma District joined in the plea that under the circumstances my appointment to Epworth was due me.

The Tacoma presiding elder then yielded so far as to consent at least to my assignment to that charge. I was on the floor of the conference within an hour of adjournment, not knowing what my fate was to be, when I saw Brother Berry of Epworth come in and speak to someone, with a disappointed look on his face. I had learned that he wanted Brother Cuddy for Epworth, so I did not know what to think till, directly, a smiling English-looking gentleman came toward me, reached out his hand with a knowing look, and shook mine heartily.

I had never met him before but concluded he was from Epworth. He went away, I believe, without telling his name or saying a word, but I know he meant to welcome me, and afterward I learned that William Hawthorne, a well-known class leader of Epworth, was the man who had thus greeted me. Of course I was down for Epworth, Tacoma, with A.J. Joslyn as our new presiding elder.

After conference we returned to Snohomish at once to pack up, ready for our move. But while engaged in this work the stomach ailment that had troubled me at conference became acute, and I had to go to bed. However, after two or three days’ delay, we succeeded
in getting our household effects down on the wharf, and then our little family was off for Tacoma.

Before leaving the conference room in Seattle we had met Sister Littooy of Epworth Church, who invited us to come to her home when we arrived in Tacoma. That was nice of her, and we appreciated that on our arrival in the “City of Destiny.” We took the car line up the hill on 11th Street to reach the Littooy home. On the car we met Brother Thomas Robinson, the treasurer and choir leader of Epworth Church.

He greeted us kindly, but just what he thought I knew not. Possibly it was a wish that the bishop had sent them a younger man, for I was 54. But from that day to this we have reckoned Brother Robinson and his cultured wife as among our best friends. The latter has told me that her husband had said more than once that he had never enjoyed anyone’s preaching as much as he had Brother LeSourd’s.

From the car we went directly to the Littooy home and received a cordial welcome from all the family. Remaining there overnight, the next morning we went over to the parsonage and began to clean up a little, but neither my wife nor I being well, and our furniture not arriving until late, we did not get much done that day.

The large attendance at the prayer meetings and the brotherly spirit among the people of the public congregation attracted my attention at once. Go where you will, you will not find a finer class of families than we had in Epworth. I readily recall the names of many families which, if not now on the church records, are in the household of God on Earth or in heaven: Berry, Danel, Lynk, Rose, Hawthorne, Campion, Wilkenson, Robinson, Jones, Finch, Pollom, Gibbs, Landers, Richards, Hamilton, White, Brown, Fisher, Wight, and Burwell. Then there were many excellent people who joined a little later, such as the Blandys, Peases, Cornells, and Robinsons.
But while the spiritual condition of the church was good the economics and financial condition were very poor. The hard times of the three previous years were bearing fruit in the prostration of industries, in the wreck of fortunes, the loss of employment, and the financial breaking up of men who had courageously breasted the storm until they were finally stranded on the rocks of misfortune. Among them were two or more of our official members who had been very liberal givers but were now for the first time reduced to a point where they could contribute but little. Then, all classes of laboring men found it hard to get work at all. Hence people were scattering in every direction. One-third, at least, of the houses in Tacoma were unoccupied. In the West End, grass grew green in the middle of the streets.

My predecessor’s last report showed that Epworth Church had 190 full members and 33 practitioners, but, do my best, I could not find more than 160 all told, and some of them were moving away or were going as far as Los Angeles in search of work. But what made conditions much worse for us was the fact that our church was in debt more than its property at that time was worth. But after we had dug up one old obligation after another, we received notice that a certain man would apply for a tax title deed on a certain date to one of our church lots, it having been sold for taxes two or three years previously, yet no one knew anything about this tax sale. To redeem and save our property then was an imperative necessity. But how could we pay on the principal when not one cent of interest had been paid in six years for the amount borrowed from the Church Extension Society?

Moreover, three years’ interest was due on the $1,000 mortgage on the parsonage. At our first official board meeting this debt problem was pressed for solution. Brother Berry presented what he evidently thought was a good business proposition, namely that the
man who held the mortgage on the parsonage had said that if the church would pay the interest and half of the principal he would throw off the other half, and it was proposed to settle with him in this way without reference to its moral quality.

What answer I made to the proposition I do not recall exactly, but Berry gives this version of it: “Our new preacher objected, saying that as long as he was pastor of this church we would pay our honest debts, 100 cents on the dollar.”

I went home that night rather hot under the collar and told my wife I didn’t think our pastor was much of a financier and told her what a proposition he had turned down. Well, we went to bed, and in the morning, having cooled off, I prayed over the matter, after which I said, “Wife, I guess the preacher is about right.”

She answered, “I think so, too.”

Ere long we agreed, poor as we were, to bend every energy toward paying our debts and saving our property. The first money raised was contributed largely in nickels and pennies and applied on interest due the Church Extension Society. Though we could not pay much any one year, yet by keeping at it everlastingly we cleared it off, including interest, debts amounting to more than $1,600, leaving $1,000 against the parsonage till it could be paid by the sale of that property.

In the meantime, any special effort toward paying an adequate salary had to be kept in abeyance when times were so hard people could pay only about so much. While, therefore, I urged them to pay on the debt, I knew that I would get the less salary. But the church property must be saved if the preacher’s family had to go short.

As for our public services, they were well attended from the start, for nearly all our members uniformly attended divine services. Our Sunday school was very large, all things considered, and officers and
teachers were enthusiastic. Maggie and I saw a great opportunity for effective work and were anxious for the health and strength to reap in this inviting field, but, alas, that which I had feared would come began to cast its dark shadow.

From the time of our arrival in Tacoma, Maggie began to complain of great shortness of breath. Doctors were consulted, first one, then another, but neither of the two discovered the nature of the ailment. Thus matters went on for two or three months, when she had to take to her bed. We then called Dr. Allen, who discovered that the right plural cavity was full of fluid of some kind, preventing the use of the right lung.

He came back the next day with Dr. McCutchin and tapped the cavity, drawing off nearly two quarts of fluid. The doctors thought then that she would get well, but in a week or two her difficult breathing indicated the cavity was filling up again. I then began to feel sure that what I had dreaded was coming true and that the old cancerous trouble had broken out in the plural cavity, causing this discharge.

The winter came and passed, Maggie gradually growing worse. Our physician came again and again and tapped her side, in all five or six times, drawing off quarts of thin mucus. Finally the breathing became so labored that she had to be propped or held erect. Many long nights I sat supporting her to ease her breathing. Though we had a good young woman to do the housework, we were not able to afford a professional nurse; hence the nursing for months devolved on me.

At last I had to improvise a seat for my darling where she could sit erect and where her head could be supported by strips of soft cloth which, passing around the forehead, were fastened to the wall. By this time my endurance was nearly gone from loss of sleep and constant vigils. But in the hour of greatest need our Sister Hamilton
came to my assistance, and night after night relieved me so that I could get some rest. She was there—God bless her!—that last night, but I relieved her early in the morning, and as I looked in Maggie’s face I saw the end was very near. She roused from a semiconscious condition and said to me, “Oh, Lee, when will this end?”

I told her that very soon her sufferings would be over, and then, calling the children, we waited a few moments, when the death pallor flushed over the face of the dear wife and mother, and she was gone.

She died May 2, 1896, in her 51st year. Hard as the blow was, it would have been harder had it not been that we had been prepared in the months past for the ordeal, knowing it was coming. Then I rejoiced in my sorrow that she was released from suffering and was with our little Edwin and our dear Ella in the “land that is fairer than day.”

A more devoted wife, a more affectionate mother, could not be found. When her husband was away on his district on Sunday afternoons she would read Scripture lessons to the children, explain them, and then pray with them and have them pray. Hence to her I owe a world of gratitude, for our children have followed in her footsteps and, like her, have from childhood been active Christian workers. She greatly desired to live for them, but at last reached an hour when she could leave them in the care of her Lord.

She had been a most successful teacher of children in the primary department of the Sunday schools where we had been stationed, and her ambition at Epworth was to take charge of the Junior League, which was without a superintendent at the time of our arrival there. But I saw what she did not know—that she would not be able for the task. After her death, many kind parishioners came and took charge of all things, relieving me and arranging for the funeral, of which Brother Thomas Robinson had general oversight and which was held in the church on Sunday afternoon.
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Brothers Williston, Harrington, and Claypool, and all our personal friends spoke briefly but tenderly of the departed. Toward evening, with three parishioners, we went down to the wharf, having with us the casket enclosing the remains, and took a boat for Coupeville, near which place on a beautiful slope on the next day we laid the precious dust away by the side of the grave of our firstborn, Ella.

Stopping with my brother near there for a few days, I, with my children, returned as far as Vashon, where we remained over Sunday with old friends. Then we came on to our home in Tacoma, and how lonely it was God only knows.

One thing that consoled me was that Mary, only 16, became at once a woman and looked after Gilbert with the solicitude of a mother.

Our housekeeper soon left us, and most of the time for six years Mary was my only housekeeper, but of course I helped her all I could, usually having the dinner pretty well on the way when the children came home from school in the evening. I now took hold of my pastoral and pulpit duties to the best of my ability. After the long months of care and anxiety I was not in a good condition for hard work, but it kept me from brooding and brought me face-to-face with the needs of my people and turned my heart to the God who could supply their and my need, according to “His riches in glory.”

The latter part of the year, feeling the need for recreation, I, with Mary and Gilbert, joined a party of 28, of whom brothers White and Pollom were leaders, to go to Paradise Valley. It was a strenuous but exhilarating trip, as there were no cars, no autos. We had wagons so loaded with forage, provisions, and bedding that part of the crowd had to walk all of the way, and all of us had to walk the latter part of the journey. Toiling hard we reached Longmire’s late the third day, climbed to the valley the next, and camped there 10 days.
Though it rained nearly every day of the 10, we enjoyed the novel sights greatly, and the young people had a world of fun. Eight of the young men went to the top of the great mountain, and we all came home dirty and hungry but conscious that we had added rich treasures to the storehouse of memory. I was decidedly invigorated and resumed the work of the charge with pleasure.

I went to conference that fall feeling quite sure that I should be returned to Epworth, my people having asked for my continuance on the charge. The session began at Vancouver, Wash., Sept. 9, 1896, Bishop Cranston in the chair. Nothing of unusual interest occurred at this session, save the action of Bishop Cranston in removing Dr. Ford from his district and transferring him to a district in the Oregon conference, and at the same time discontinuing the Whatcom District and appointing Brother Massey, its presiding elder, to a charge. This we understood the bishop did to bring to an end the friction that had existed in our conference for several years. Whether the bishop pursued the wisest course others may judge, but from that time to this we have had one of the most harmonious conferences in Methodism.

Reappointed to Epworth, I returned to my children and began my work assured that I should not labor in vain. During this year the work on the charge was delightful, and the sympathetic touch between pastor and people became so real that the former began to preach as never before, because he was inspired by the manifest sympathy and earnest prayers that came up from the pews. Hence my parishioners frequently told me that my preaching grew better and better all the time.

And though the very hard times continued, there was a steady growth during the year of all that makes for the life and strength of the church. It was during the winter of this year that Brother Frame came over from Marysville and helped me in special meetings. I had
sent him out from Snohomish, a boy preacher, three years before, and we were the warmest of friends.

Though there were not many conversions, our meetings were feasts of good things, and his stay in our home was a pleasure to all of us. Before he left, our young women made up garments for his little ones so that over and over he expressed his gratitude saying, “How good the Lord is to me.”

The next annual conference met at Everett Sept. 2, 1897, with Bishop Foss in the chair. In addition to my usual conference duties, it developed on me to preside over several sessions in the absence of the bishop. Part of the time he was presiding over a select committee that was trying a brother charged with immorality, and he appointed me to preside in his place. Later he was sick, and again I was asked to preside. Though I was not an expert in parliamentary law I got through without making a decision the correctness of which was challenged.

During the conference, the memoirs of T.J. Massey were read, he having died early in the year, leaving his brothers at the conference feeling deeply the loss of one whom they had known and loved. It was from here, too, that our honored Brother A.J. Hanson, with his beloved and useful wife, was transferred to the California Conference.

As my people had asked for my return, I was reappointed to my charge for the third year. My return to Tacoma was most agreeable to me for several reasons but especially because there I had the advantage of our Puget Sound University, which both of my children had entered.

During the year on which we now entered there was no sudden change, but the work accomplished blended with that of previous years and of the years that were to come—so much so indeed that there seems to have been no break in the enthusiastic and harmonious working of all departments of the church.
The choir, under the direction of Brother Thomas Robinson, was all that could have been desired, and the Sunday school, under Brother Berry as superintendent and served by excellent teachers, was a beehive of activity and industry in storing the nectar of divine truth in the cells of youthful minds.

And best of all we paid nearly $400 on our church debts.

As our people expressed a desire for my return for the fourth year, I went to the opening session of the annual conference held at First Church, Tacoma, Sept. 7, 1898, and there we had a goodly heritage. Bishop McCabe presided and filled and thrilled us all with his songs, his optimistic addresses, and his great lecture on “The Bright Side of Libby Prison.”

The absorbing topic at this conference was the proposed consolidation of our school with a similar institution at Portland. As I had been a trustee of Puget Sound University from its beginning, I should refer here to a few things that led to the initiation of this scheme. Our original building, now the Logan public school, Tacoma, costing at least $75,000, with a campus, that, at the time the building was begun, was worth easily $50,000, was lost to us in the panic of 1892-93 when it was sold to the Tacoma School Board on condition that said board pay all claims against the building.

If it is asked why the school thus failed financially my answer is that it failed from the same cause that led to the failure of 90 percent of the best businessmen in Tacoma, namely the terrible financial panic that struck us like a tornado and swept away all values, especially real estate values. After this disaster, the trustees, not willing to give up the cause of Christian education, reopened the school in a small way in rented buildings.

Two years later, Crawford R. Thoburn was induced to become chancellor. Popular and optimistic, he carried the laity and preachers with him in his plans to at once fund and support a large school.
While the faculty, greatly enlarged, was doing good work, the problem of supporting these faithful teachers and defraying other expenses became more and more a source of embarrassment to the trustees. With plenty of money I believe the chancellor would have succeeded with his plans. But we did not have the money, and in time a majority of the trustees came to think retrenchment was absolutely necessary. Accordingly, the board appointed Chancellor Thoburn, Calvin Barlow, and myself as a committee on retrenchment, to report at the next meeting.

Barlow and I favored cutting down the faculty one third, assured that the teachers retained would do the teaching that had been done by those who should be retired in addition to their ordinary work if they could be paid in full. But when we, a majority of the committee, reported our plan, Thoburn brought forward a report of his own saying the way to build up a school was to expand and not retrench, and that he was opposed to any reduction of the faculty.

Strange as it may seem he carried a majority of the board with him, when they should have foreseen financial disaster. From that time on, matters grew worse, till the faculty threatened to sue for their pay. It was under these circumstances that the chancellor went to Portland and proposed a plan of consolidation to the trustees of Portland University. As they had suspended school and had little but a building they readily agreed to the plan to leave the location of the consolidated school to a commission consisting of Secretary Payne, Bishop McCabe, and a third person.

The place that secured the school was to pay the debts of the institution that had lost out in the consolidation, while such school was to turn over all its property to the consolidated institution. Thoburn was quite sure said school would come to Tacoma. But Dr. Payne came to the session of our conference practically committed to Portland as the place for the school. This, before the board of the
university agreed for the union of the two institutions, but Thoburn insisted that we should make the terms as easy as possible for Portland. When our board came to vote for or against consolidation, my vote was the only one cast against it. To my mind the plan was crude, immature, and if carried out would neither benefit the school nor any place. The outcome was the school was located in Portland and ours was, for the time, suspended.

The chancellor and most of his faculty went over to Portland and opened a school there that was dead inside of a year. The trustees of the so-called consolidated university sent over, demanding our school furniture. But we, in turn, demanded they first send us the money according to an agreement to pay our debts. Indeed we were threatened with an injunction if we undertook to move a single piece of furniture (and equipment) out of the state before the claims against our board were settled.

The Portland trustees had no money to pay our debts; hence the whole ill-conceived scheme proved abortive, and before the year was out we had reopened our school in Tacoma under the presidency of Wilmot Whitfield, and through sunshine and shadow, prosperity and adversity, the university has continued to do invaluable work to this day. It is now on the high road toward our ideal of a first-class Christian college. The name “university” has been changed to “college” to indicate strictly the work the institution has in hand.

Being reappointed to Epworth I entered on my fourth year’s work determined to have, God being our helper, more of a revival than we had been blessed with in previous years. To this end our Sunday services and prayer meetings were given an evangelical tone. Our people began to pray and to look for a revival. Indeed many of us agreed to pray specially for the conversion of particular families or individuals, and these prayers were answered in marvelous ways.

Finally I arranged with evangelist Bell, a lay preacher of
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California, to come and help us early in the winter. When he arrived the weather was so cold and the walking so very bad, on account of a badly crusted snow, few people could attend. For about 10 days, or nights rather, we would not have more than 30 to 50 persons at a service, yet every night without exception we had some movement of one or more seeking souls that gave us hope and encouragement.

As the weather grew better, the attendance increased and the interest deepened. Brother Bell would talk in a quiet, persuasive way for 15 or 20 minutes and then invite seekers to the altar. So many were converted and so great were the number of seekers that the space about the altar would be filled, and other groups for prayer would assemble in the middle and the rear of the auditorium. The most interesting sight was the joyful activity of a large circle of boys and girls well in their teens who had been converted. Sometimes a half-dozen girls might be seen clustering around an unconverted friend whom they were bringing to the altar. Two young men from different families under conviction set up from their beds and went out late in the night in search of friends to pray for them. Thus the interest became profound, and many were the remarkable answers to prayers.

Mrs. Wilkinson, Miss Barge, and Mrs. Robinson were especially blessed in bringing the young people to Christ. The entire church was thoroughly awake and enthusiastic. We intended to close at the end of the third week, but such was the interest that we ran on over the fourth and fifth with conversions up to the very last. As nearly as I can remember there were 75 or 80 who united with the church.

A splendid intermediate league was organized. Our prayer meetings during the spring and summer, attended by 60 to 100, were Pentecostally. A Presbyterian missionary, who, with her husband, joined us, said these meetings were the most spiritual she had ever attended. Thus the work of the year closed with the church in a
blaze of religious enthusiasm, and the people of Epworth, being satisfied with the situation, asked for my return for another year.

The conference in the fall of 1899 was held in Trinity Church, New Whatcom, Bishop Vincent presiding. Morning lectures by the bishop or a representative of the Boston School of Theology were the order of each day and were highly edifying. On the second day, Wilmot Whitfield and S.S. Sulliger were elected delegates to the General Conference, and W.S. Harrington and D.G. LeSourd were chosen as alternates.

At the close I was assigned to Epworth, Tacoma, for the fifth year. The revival spirit of the previous year continued in a considerable degree throughout this. Early in the winter conference evangelist W.B. McMillin came and assisted me in revival meetings. His preaching was greatly enjoyed by the people, and the spiritual atmosphere of all the services was refreshing. There were a goodly number of conversions, some of them very happy ones. The night after Brother McMillin left I held a meeting for the young people. A large number were present, and two came as seekers to the altar. We all felt that it was good to be there.

In the spring or late winter I had a serious attack of the “grippe,” and, failing to regain my normal condition, arranged with Brother Frank Laviolette to supply my pulpit while I went with brother Frank on a visit to Indiana. We journeyed via the Northern Pacific and arrived in Chicago early in May, shortly after the opening of the General Conference of that year. We attended several sessions and enjoyed meeting with brethren we had known long before. We also visited relatives in the city and, after remaining a few days, went down into Indiana over the Monon Route and stopped at Yeoman, where many of our relatives lived.

It was a great joy to meet and greet our beloved kindred, but to me there was a sad undertone in all our greetings, for so many dear
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ones were not there who were present when my family and I visited them 12 years before. My dear old mother had gone to join loved ones on the other shore, and sister Sarah Kennard and my brother-in-law Moses Creek had also joined the majority on the other side. But what struck deepest in my heart was the fact that my wife and Ella, our oldest daughter, who were with me there on our former visit, in the vigor and exuberance of life, had long since passed to the home of the soul.

No wonder, as we three brothers and our only remaining sister and some of their lovely children sat in a class meeting near together, enjoying in full degree the fellowship of the hour, I still felt keenly the absence of the loved ones of yore.

The most thrilling experience on this trip and in some respects the most enjoyable was at a reunion of my old Company D, 12th Indiana, at Monticello, Ind., gotten up especially for my benefit. No one who has not served in the army, side by side with others, toiling and suffering, drinking out of the same canteen and sleeping under the same blanket, can tell what it means for them to meet and greet each other and to recount again the battle incidents of 40 years before. Though our heads had grown grey, the 13 of us who met there were again for a little while boy brothers.

Later, brother Frank and I visited relatives and friends at Frankfort. Then he went to Lafayette while I went on and visited relatives at Crawfordsville and friends at Sugar Grove, Newtown, Attica, Greencastle, and Indianapolis. At the latter place I saw Herbert Creek, my nephew, who is now a professor in the University of Illinois. Returning to the home of my sister, Mrs. Creek, Frank and I remained over Sunday with our relatives and then started on our return home by way of Chicago and the Great Northern Railroad.

Though delayed in Montana I got home nearly on schedule to find my children well and happy, having gone to school during the
day and keeping house in the parsonage nights, while I was gone, with no thought of fear.

Though Brother Laviolette had filled my pulpit to the satisfaction of my people, yet they seemed very glad to see me in improved health, as I was glad to see and serve them again. Up to that time I had expected to move at the end of the conference year, as the church limited pastors to periods of five consecutive years at most. But the General Conference of 1900 had just removed the time limit, and that raised the question, Should I ask for a change, or leave the matter to my people and the appointing power? I decided on the latter course and gave my time wholly to the pulpit and pastoral duties. In due time my parishioners practically settled the question of my next pastorate by asking for my return. The year closed nicely with salary all paid and over $400 raised for other purposes.

The conference of that year was held at Hoquiam and was presided over by the genial and wise Bishop Andrews. My friend George Cuddy was elected secretary, and it did me good to see how he appreciated a deserved promotion. I recall nothing out of the ordinary happening at this conference. Bishop Andrews made himself popular by his wise counsel, his able sermons, and his unaffected brotherly manner.

My reappointment to Epworth for the sixth year was both flattering and agreeable to me, but I went to my charge hoping that the fruits of the next year might prove the wisdom of the removal of the time limit. I need not recount the events and labors of this year, as they blend so perfectly with the progressive growth of the charge so far as results were concerned. Suffice it to say that I reported at the end of the year a net increase in the membership of 37 and 320 Sunday school scholars. One hundred seventy-three dollars for benevolences, an increase of $72, and salary paid in full. I should not
fail to notice an important movement inaugurated in the summer of 1901, that of looking to the enlargement of our old church or the building of a new one. More room was needed, imperatively. A committee appointed for the purpose of investigating what was best to do reported that it would cost $1,200 to enlarge the old church so as to accommodate the Sunday school and our public congregations. Some of our board said the money could never be raised. But while we hesitated because of the supposed financial stringency, it became apparent to some that if the church we then had was enlarged it would be totally inadequate for our needs in the near future. This led part of us to advocate the building of a new church, near 6th Avenue, which had become the center of our parish.

Though there was strong opposition, the proposition grew in favor, and finally the board decided to secure a new site and as soon as possible build a new church thereon of medium size but large enough for our probable needs for a decade to come. We did not expect we would complete the church in one year but hoped by the next year to get in the basement and worship there till we could finish the superstructure. Luckily we secured lots very cheap on the corner of Anderson and South Seventh streets. These had a sunken area that saved us from much excavating for a basement.

About this time Dr. George C. Wilding, a former pastor of First Church, Tacoma, and who had the oversight of building Epworth Church, came on a visit from the East, and I engaged him to spend a Sabbath with us and help us raise as much as possible on subscriptions for the new church building. His efforts were entirely successful, the Ladies Aid taking $500 and the Sunday school classes generous sums, so that in the aggregate the subscriptions amounted to more than we had hoped for. As time had to be allowed on the payment of these subscriptions, not much could be done toward building before the next spring.
Late in the year, as conference time approached, Brother Joslyn, whose time on the district was about to expire, came to me and said that I was the first choice of the pastors now under him as his successor and assured me if I would consent to take this place that he would see that my charge was well taken care of. This proposition was certainly a flattering one and if accepted would give me six years more in Tacoma, where my children would have the privilege of attending our college. The district would also pay me a better salary than I had been receiving. But I liked the pastorate much better than I did district work and liked the people of Epworth Church in particular. And having started in with them to build a new church I felt it was my duty to stay with them and see it through. Moreover, B.F. Brooks was talked of for this presiding eldership, and I had cast my influence in his favor, so I declined to commit myself to a plan to make me Brother Joslyn’s successor.

Conference was held in Olympia, Bishop Mallalieu presiding. I was assigned to the home of Brother and Sister Mann, old friends of ours, for entertainment. But it turned out that they had to take the bishop, as the place where he was to have been entertained was closed against him at the last moment because the lady of the house could not secure help. She was willing, however, to take two ordinary preachers, and two of us vacated the Mann home and took the place the bishop was to have had and were entertained as nicely as any bishop need be.

The conference had hardly opened when the brethren of the Tacoma district were caucusing with reference to their next presiding elder. It was known by all that I had declined to be considered in connection with the appointment. When we expressed our preference, a majority voted for Brooks, but some brethren came to me later and insisted that I was wanted on the district by both preachers and laymen and said if I did not give my consent they
would carry the matter to the bishop. And they did and came away half believing I would be appointed. But, to my great satisfaction, Brooks was assigned to the district and made a success of his work.

The only other matter I recall of special interest occurring during this conference was the memorial service in honor of President McKinley, whose tragic death was mourned by all of us. At the last moment I was informed by the committee on arrangements that I was to make the opening prayer. Never in my life did I feel the cross heavier than when, in the solemn presence of a full but hushed house, we bowed on our knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus and I tried to offer up a petition to the Lord God of Nations in behalf of our conference and our people that the life, the lofty ideals, and the integrity of our martyred president might be ours. The bishop’s address was a noble tribute to the departed chief executive. As we came away from the service, a brother widely known throughout the conference came to me and expressed his great appreciation of the prayer I had offered at the beginning of the service. I was glad to have him say so, for I began that prayer in weakness and in fear and with much trembling.

My assignment to Epworth for the seventh year gave me the opportunity I wanted, namely to go forward and build our much-needed church. That was now kept before our people as, next to godliness, our supreme need. While neglecting no pastoral duty I gave the special attention to our plans for building. A building committee of progressive men was carefully selected. This committee relieved me of the burden of looking after details and only expected my general oversight.

Slowly, during the fall and winter, money was collected for the proposed edifice. A volunteer force of young people met occasionally of evenings to clear off the lots while they had fun around bonfires. Men who wanted earth to fill in their own lots were allowed to
excavate and haul away dirt from our site till it only needed leveling for the foundation walls, which were built early in the spring.

Every possible economy was practiced. The frame went up, the siding and roof went on, without debt. We had, up to this time, expected to finish the basement only for the present and wait until we would be able to finish the superstructure. But by this time we had become so enthusiastic over our success that all parties favored going right on until the church was completed. The Ladies Aid, which, in previous years found it difficult to raise $100, now easily raised $500 before the year was out and, not satisfied with that, raised $300 more for carpets and pulpit furniture.

Indeed, money came from unexpected sources. A good brother who had strenuously opposed building a church in a new site came forward and gave his $50. Thus by the end of the conference year we had collected and paid on our building $3,500, and, with more coming in from subscriptions and other sources, we were justified in assuming that we could raise all that would be needed at the time of dedication. (As the church could not be finished until early in the next conference year, I will refer to the dedication in its proper place.)

Here I must advert to a treasure that in the Providence of God came into our home during this year and which has added untold comfort and happiness to myself and my children. I refer to Miss Margaret R. Griffith of Clinton, Ohio, to whom I was married at the home of her aunt in Kansas City, June 5, 1902.

We had become acquainted through mutual friends and had corresponded for months. Learning that she expected to visit her aunt in the spring I arranged to meet her there. After we had been together off and on for some days she consented to be my companion and helpmeet as long as we both should live. We had a quiet wedding, and, after spending a few days together, I started on
my return to Tacoma while she retraced her steps to Ohio to settle up her affairs and say good-bye to her many friends, after which she came to the Pacific Coast.

She had as a traveling companion my niece, Miss Evelyn Wilson of Chicago. I met them in Seattle and brought them on to our home in Tacoma, arriving there on the 26th of August. If my children had had any misgivings as to the desirability of a stepmother in the home, they were banished at once. Indeed it was evident in a few days that Mary and Gilbert were at home with one whom they had learned to call mother. From that day to this there has been nothing but harmony, goodwill, and helpful cooperation in our home. Nor would any more gladly testify than my children to the fact that Margaret has been in thoughtful devotion and self-sacrifice for their welfare—all that a mother could be.

Two or three days after wife’s arrival, Mrs. Emma Brooks, wife of the presiding elder, gave a reception for us at her home. Nearly all the ladies of Epworth Church were present, and some from First Church, to greet us and welcome Mrs. LeSourd. It was manifest that they were favorably impressed by the new lady of the manse. What some of them thought was doubtless voiced by one of the brethren a few days later, for he must have expressed his wife’s sentiments when he told a friend of mine that, “If Brother LeSourd had had his pick of the women of the entire state of Washington he could not have found one who could more perfectly fill the place his wife is to occupy.” Now, after we have been married 15 years, I fully endorse this statement and cannot cease to thank God that in his Providence He directed me to one who was so well fitted to be my helpmeet and companion.

In a few days we had settled down to regular pastoral work. It was a pleasure to have my wife go with me from house to house, for she was a great help in reaching the hearts of the mothers and the
children. But confidence was near at hand, and we closed the work of the year with a fine showing:

- Church membership: 239
- Number in Sunday school: 394
- Gain in value of church property: $4,400
- Paid on building: $3,500
- For all benevolences: $465

Conference met in Trinity Church, Seattle, Sept. 17, 1902, with Bishop Cranston in the chair. My wife attended this session with me, and we were entertained at the elegant home of Rollo Denney and family, who have been my good friends for 30 or more years.

The bishop’s presidency of the conference seemed to give general satisfaction except in the fact that he took only one or two into his confidence and, in some important matters, insisted in formulating the action of the conference. It is possible that some bishops at times feel their oaths too much.

The matter of chief interest to most of us was the appointment of a commission that was empowered to investigate the financial status of Puget Sound University and to advise and direct as to the management of the institution. Bishop Cranston evidently intended to use this commission to take the university from Tacoma and locate it near Seattle. This he failed to do, but the commission finally recommended a reorganization and re-chartering of the institution on account of financial complications. This plan, the old board of trustees, of which I was president, with reluctance accepted. When the plan thus proposed was carried into effect, we had, legally, a new school, though the life, the faculty, and the student body of the old school so permeated the new that it was practically the same institution that had existed for 14 years.

As the Epworth board had asked for my return, I was not surprised when I was reappointed for the eighth year. In going back
there I realized that heavier responsibilities would rest upon me than before. The new church was to be dedicated, the university was sorely needing help, and the occupancy of the new building would make new demands on my pulpit ability.

We first arranged for the dedication of our church, which took place just before the holidays, Bishop Cranston officiating. When he met with the building committee on Saturday evening and heard our report, he said it was evident to him that the building of the church had been well managed.

If I remember correctly, about $2,300 was to be raised. We had faith to believe that it could be secured, though many thought they had given all they could. Sunday, the edifice, including the League room and extra chairs, was filled to capacity. After the inspiring sermon by the bishop he took up the matter of subscriptions to pay the debt.

The Ladies Aid took $200, making $1,000 in all as their noble gift to the new church. Many contributed up to the limit of their means and beyond their present means, conditions considered. The result was that in an hour the full amount asked and more was raised, and Bishop Cranston, calling the church trustees forward to present the church, formally dedicated the edifice to the worship of Almighty God. Then we all sang “Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow.”

The church was beautifully carpeted throughout and in every way was a credit to the noble men and women who had made it a reality. From that day on we occupied the building for both Sunday school and public services.

During the winter we had special meetings for only a few days, but the revival spirit continued with us nearly all the year, and there were conversions or accessions almost every Sunday. Not a few who had lived in our part of the city but who had belonged to other
churches united with us, so that, after the losses by death and from frequent removals, we still had a net gain in membership of nearly 40.

In the spring the University of Puget Sound, with Dr. E.M. Randall as president, began a campaign for funds to erect a $20,000 building on its newly acquired campus facing on South Sprague and 6th Avenue. Dr. Randall, with helpers, had secured about $5,000, when it seemed he could make no further progress. Randall, not willing to let the enterprise fail, consulted with certain brethren of the city churches, who agreed with him to call all the pastors and representative laymen to a meeting at First Church.

This was done, and, after some wholesome things were said, a good deal of enthusiasm was awakened, and it was resolved that the $15,000 yet to be raised should be apportioned among the several Methodist churches in the city. Each pastor, with one or two of his laymen, was to canvass his charge and if possible raise the full amount for which his church was responsible. I believe $2,000 was put down as Epworth’s share. Having so recently pulled on our people again and again for building our church, it looked like a Herculean task to undertake to raise $2,000 for the university. But, taking with me in tow of my brethren, we went from house to house determined not to let up until we had secured a subscription of from $10 to $100 from each family. Hard and persistent efforts won out in the end. If I failed with the men I appealed to the women till I succeeded. At last we were accredited at Randall’s headquarters with having raised $2,200. In fact nearly the whole amount apportioned to the churches was subscribed. Thus the Methodists of Tacoma furnished more than three-fourths of the money to erect the first building on the new university site.

Long before time for the annual conference, I told my official board that as they had been so good as to keep me as their pastor for eight years, I would now voluntarily retire from the charge and ask for
another field of labor, and that all things considered I thought it for the best that I should make a change. I thus gave them ample notice in order that they might look out for another pastor. Accordingly in spite of regrets that were expressed I made my plans to move at the end of the next conference. The closing up of my eight years of service at Epworth was all that could have been desired.

The congregations were almost as large as they are now, coming into the new church had not diminished the spiritual glow, and a large class of probationers had just been received into full connection.

When I first came to the charge, its debts exceeded the value of the church property; now we had $9,500 in unencumbered property. The membership had paid $1,637 in old debts. We had built and paid for a church that cost over $7,000 and had given for benevolences in cash that last year $1,631, and for salary $1,000. Nor must I fail to refer to the noble work done from year to year by the W.F.M.S. and the W.H.M.S. Both of these had been doing splendid educational work, in addition to the money they brought in for missions.

The annual conference of this fall was held at the First Methodist Church, Tacoma, Bishop Hamilton presiding.

All the addresses of the bishop were fine, but in other respects the conference followed the ordinary routine. I could but have some solicitude at this conference in regard to my appointment. Had I been free to go anywhere in the conference I doubtless could have been appointed to a charge that was somewhere near the grade of Epworth, but I did not want to leave Tacoma, for both of my children were in college there, and I wanted to keep them there and to have them at home with us when they were not in school. So I told my presiding elder to secure for me, if practicable, a place in Tacoma, even if it should be a small charge. As things adjusted themselves I was assigned to Asbury, South Tacoma.
Brother Cuddy had been there seven years and with many of the people was very popular. When my name was read out for the place, I saw two of the Asbury sisters weeping over Brother and Sister Cuddy. After a while I walked over to where those sisters were and extended my hand to one of them, who reluctantly extended hers but at the same time said, “You don’t suppose I’ll welcome you, do you?” While that was a cool reception on her part and chilling to me, I never allowed it to bother me after that hour, and she bitterly repented of it afterward.

To pack up and move was no little cross for me and my children, who had almost grown up there at Epworth, where all their associates were. What I felt I kept to myself, but I could not disguise the fact that as usual the worry of moving had aggravated my old chronic stomach trouble.

Before leaving for South Tacoma we were invited over to Epworth Church, where a goodly company had assembled to present me with a splendid Morris chair, which has been a comfort and a blessing to me for the last 14 years. They also gave each of the children something nice, the women of the church already having given Mrs. LeSourd a splendid gold thimble. I was almost too sick to stand but felt I must express to the good people of Epworth my sincere appreciation of their generous gifts. The first pastoral service I performed at South Tacoma was to assist Brother Cuddy in conducting the funeral service of the little babe of Brother and Sister Cowles, who were leading members of our church there.

Before moving our goods, a serious question had to be decided: namely, where would we live when we arrived at Asbury Church? Our people there had no parsonage, but Brother Cuddy had bought a house and moved it onto a lot by the side of the church and fitted it up in good shape for a dwelling, intending to turn it over to our people for a parsonage when they could pay for it. We decided to
move into this house and if possible raise the money during the year to purchase it, thus convert it into a parsonage.

Trucks took our household goods over, and with these and a new range we had purchased we were soon able to live in our new home. On Thursday evening, during my first prayer meeting, in came our old Epworth choir, with George Chapman at their head. They had come out to cheer us amid our new surroundings and to pay a friendly visit to a sister church.

After we had them sing for us a couple of hymns and appreciation of their visit was expressed by all present, especially the LeSourd family, we took them to the parsonage and let them stand amid boxes, trunks, bureaus, and tables while we chatted and sang. Never shall I forget that choir and their steadfast loyalty to the church and to the pastor during all the years I was at Epworth. By the time we were settled, Brother Cuddy made us a very generous offer of the house for a parsonage. He proposed that if we would give him $500 cash he would donate $300 himself, making the $800 needed to cover the amount he had put into the building. Then he would give the church a deed in simple fee for the property. I determined to undertake to raise the $500, though I heard more doubts expressed as to the success of the effort than words of encouragement.

After canvassing the field a little I sent for Paul Rader, now pastor of the Moody Church, Chicago, and who then was with his father at First Church, Tacoma. He proved to be just the man for South Tacoma. After a short sermon he made an appeal for subscriptions, and in about half an hour all the money asked except $50 or less was subscribed, and, feeling sure I knew where the rest was to come from, we closed the service amid the congratulations of the people, who were now waking to the fact that they were soon to have a nice new parsonage.

Securing what was still needed on subscriptions, we, in due
time, collected the money pledge, paid Brother Cuddy the amount he asked, and received a deed for the property. Before this time I had a good opportunity of making a thorough survey of my parish. I discovered that we had a few most excellent families, most of whom were more or less permanently located in South Tacoma. The mass of the people, so far as the men were concerned, were laborers in the foundries and machine shops of the N.P.R.R. As long as they held down their jobs or wages were satisfactory they would remain in our midst, and that was true of many members of the church. Not a few of these were excellent people, but they were not anchored to the community and had not the interest in the church of more permanent residents. If their wages were cut or there was a shutdown they became restless, and in many cases moved away. So it was a coming and going, gathering strength now to have it dissipated tomorrow.

I was hopeful that in time a permanent working church could be built up, but it took more than a decade to accomplish all I had hoped would come to pass in two or three years. Today South Tacoma has much more of a permanent population than then, and Asbury church is a steady, working force, and spiritual.

During my first winter there I held some special meetings which, with Brother Frame’s help, awakened considerable interest among our members, but there were few conversions and not many accessions to the church. Our people were very nice toward us, giving us surprises and donations that were greatly appreciated. But conference time came before I felt much had been achieved other than acquiring a good parsonage, which saved the church and the pastor $200 annually that otherwise would have been paid out for house rent.

The conference of this year, 1904, was held at Montesano, with Bishop Spellmeyer presiding. The reception entertainment of the
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conference was all that could be expected, and the bishop’s brotherly manner and able addresses endeared him to all present. No business, however, of more than ordinary importance was transacted. My reappointment to Asbury was no surprise, as our people had asked for my return.

During the early winter of the ensuing year we began to hold a series of cottage prayer meetings preparatory to special services that should be held later. In February, I think it was, Rev. D.D. Benedict came to assist me in these meetings. Services were held each afternoon and evening, and many church members were blessed. Soon, seekers began coming to the altar, and many professed to be converted. The house was crowded night after night, and I believe 60 or more united with the church. Brother Benedict left with the goodwill of everyone in South Tacoma.

Now, however, I must confess I was never more disappointed than in the final outcome of these revival services. Most of those we counted as converts belonged to that class who were sown in stony places, who heard the word and anon with joy received it but who had no root in themselves. I tried hard to interest these probationers socially and religiously, but, many of them, having come from homes where they had never received any religious training, lost their interest in the church as soon as the revival meetings closed. Only a small percentage of them were ever received into full connection. Their conversions were an emotional spasm rather than a death unto sin resulting in a spiritual birth.

But some seed fell on good ground and brought forth the fruit. Some that came to us from other states, untrained, have grown up there to be intelligent and useful workers in the church. And I want to bear record that Asbury had some most faithful league members who were ever ready to do the Lord’s work.

On the other hand, South Tacoma was cursed with religious
frauds. When we took up a collection for the San Francisco earthquake sufferers, my wife, sitting on a front seat, cast into the basket 50 cents, when a church member by her side put in a quarter and took the 50 cents for change. We had one fellow in that part of the city who was notorious for going on sprees. When sobering off he would again and again come to me or some other minister urging us to pray for him and manifest the deepest penitence, but when it seemed he was in dead earnest he would get up off his knees and ask for a nickel to pay his fare on the cars or a dime that he might buy something to eat.

A man whose family was in need and who told of his and his wife’s great services elsewhere was helped to the amount of $50 or more by our people. He then said he only needed $25 to buy the machinery for a confectionary outfit, by which he could support his family. I loaned him the $25 and took his note promising to pay in 60 days, which was twice the time he asked. He used the money but never bought the machinery and never paid me but $10, though he came to me as he was leaving saying he was engaged as a ranger for the government and was to get $100 per month. Out of the first money he would get as pay, he would send me all that was owing. But I never even heard of the man again.

Persons of this class were the exception, however, to the larger number who reflected honor on the church and the profession they made. As we closed the year’s work, the amount still due on salary was so great that it would not have been paid in full had not outsiders rallied and helped raise the deficiency. One thing encouraged us: Notwithstanding the changes constantly taking place, there was an increase of 52 in the membership of the church, or 50 percent.

An event of special interest to us as a family was the graduation of our daughter, Mary, in June, from the University of Puget Sound, she being one of a splendid class of four who received diplomas.
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She had been in the institution eight years, and, as she delivered her graduation address so well prepared and nicely declaimed, we were all proud of her.

Before leaving for the annual conference to be held in Everett I was directed by one of our parishioners to his married daughter, who lived in that young city and who, he said, would entertain us. I found the lady, and she and her husband made me most welcome. My wife was not with me for the good reason that she had gone on a visit to her old home and numerous friends in Ohio.

The conference season, Sept. 13-16, was presided over by Bishop McDowell and was most interesting. The bishop delivered able and heart-searching lectures every morning, which awakened in the preachers a holy ambition to make full proof of their ministry in winning men to Christ by old methods and new.

Dr. J.M. King, secretary of the Church Extension Society, was also present, and his address and the bishop’s great sermon on Sunday were both informing and inspiring.

After conference, having been reappointed to Asbury and not being very well, I went over to my brother’s on Whidbey Island to rest for a few days, after which I returned to my home in South Tacoma.

On entering my third year in this charge I hoped for larger results than were realized. At one time members from other parts of the country moved in and joined us so that we hoped soon to have a strong and effective working force, but dissatisfaction in the shops and other causes proved a disintegrating influence, and we barely held our own during the year.

My wife, having returned from Ohio, went with me from house to house making calls, but many who were induced to attend the church were soon gone, and our hopes were dissipated. It was, however, this year or the year before that we re-painted the church,
adding very much to its outward appearance, at an expense of less than $200.

As the end of the year drew near, I had misgivings as to whether my state of health would justify my continuing in the pastorate. For 36 years I had been in the active ministry and had an ambition to complete 40 years in the affective relation. But for 15 years I had been afflicted with spells of inflammation of the stomach, which became more frequent and more acute as the years went by. I felt it possible that I ought to retire, but, finding it hard to bring myself to that conclusion, I was more than willing to continue another year in Asbury charge, for I could not bear the idea of moving.

But when the last quarterly conference was held it developed that a minority of the board thought that the church needed a younger man for the benefit of the young people. Many of our people were much hurt that such a suggestion had been made. The presiding elder assured me I could return if I wanted to, but I decided that I could not return to Asbury unless there was practically a unanimous desire for my continuance. For even with such support it was not a charge to be greatly desired. And, feeling that the time was near when I should retire, I, after a struggle that no one but myself knew anything about, determined to superannuate at the next session of our conference. I so informed the presiding elder and, after telling my wife my decision, we engaged a carpenter to go over to our lots in the West End, corner of North Warner and North 8th, and put us up a shack 12 by 26 feet in which we could live until we had time and means to build a home.

All this occurred before the annual session of conference at Ballard, presided over by Bishop Warren, who had, 28 years before, appointed me to my first district. When, in the courage of proceedings the proper time came, Brother Brooks, my presiding elder, stated that I desired the superannuated relation, but before
the vote was taken to grant my request, Brother F.A. Laviolette arose and said, “I hope we may first hear from Brother LeSourd. I regard him as Nestor of our conference.”

His suggestion was taken by common consent and I was called forward, and, in the presence of the brethren with whom I had labored for 20-odd years, I talked more at length and with more feeling than was common for me. The conference seemed stirred with feeling, and by the time I closed there was an overflow of sympathy, which expressed itself in smiles, in tears, and in hallelujahs and exclamations of praise.

I realized then as never before how much those brethren were endearing to me and how fully they reciprocated my love. The enthusiasm of the occasion could not be suppressed, and several little speeches were made amid much clapping of hands.

Knowing I was no longer subject to appointment, instead of being sad I was happy and contented. A great burden of responsibility was rolled from my shoulders. I would henceforth not feel that I must work when I was sick, as I had often done.

After the appointments were read, the bishop asked me if I felt as if I were left out. I said, “No, I fought that battle and overcame that feeling in making up my mind to retire. From the time that was settled I have had peace.”

So I came home with the memory of the goodwill of my brethren in my heart and believing I was doing God’s will. On arriving at the Asbury parsonage I found my wife and Gilbert had packed up some of our household goods and had shipped them over to our shack. In two days more we took our leave of our many Asbury friends, thankful that if we had not accomplished great things there we would leave them with a 50 percent increase of membership, a parsonage secured, worth $1,500, and a record for having raised on the charge $100 for missions, which was a 25
percent increase over any amount previously raised. In a few days we were snug and cozy in our shack home and as happy as we ever were before or since. We were in the midst of a wide circle of friends and would have for our home church old Epworth, which we had known and loved so well.

With peculiar zest, I, with my boy, cleared, grubbed, and leveled our lots and the next year, aided by our carpenter, erected the building in which we now live and where we have enjoyed our quiet homelife. But in retiring from the pastorate I did not mean to be an idler in the marketplace, while the whitening fields were calling for reapers. If I could be only a gleaner while it was yet a day-gleaner I would be. I declined a class in the Sunday school, that I might be free to go out and help the student preachers on the little missions around Tacoma. The calls for my help came often, and to them I usually responded gladly. Not only so, but the pastors and district superintendent asked for my help at distant points, and I went as far as Buckley, Barneston, Oakville, and Bellingham to hold quarterly meetings or attend some anniversary or commencement.

The most continuous service I rendered was at the mission in the school section now known as the LeSourd Church. In 1908 I went out there at the request of certain official members of Epworth charge to aid in conducting Sunday school and public service. These brethren had purchased four lots and a shell of a house for the purpose of establishing a mission. After preaching once a day, following the Sunday school, for a few Sundays I organized a church of 12 or 15 members, and without intending it became their pastor for the rest of the year.

Before the next conference the Epworth brethren who had purchased this property for the mission came out one Sabbath, and, without my knowing what they had in mind, they proposed to the people there that they should call their new organization the
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LeSourd Church, and all present endorsed the proposition heartily, and ever since it has been the LeSourd Church.

At one time there was a great parade of Sunday schools in Tacoma, when along came a little band of Sunday school scholars in vehicles with a banner held aloft on which was the inscription: “LeSourd, where he leads me I will follow.”

I served this little mission with no thought of pay, but in the end the brethren there and our friends at Epworth gave me nearly $150. Now, after the lapse of eight years, the heroic people of LeSourd have built a neat new church in a desirable location, and my last pulpit effort was an opening address in the completed edifice.

At the same time I was serving this mission, I was also working hard to raise money to erect a monument on the site of the first Methodist church built in Western Washington, in fact the first Protestant church north of the Columbia River. This church was built by Rev. DeVore at Steilacoom in 1852.

At the annual conference held in the fall of 1907, Mr. Gilstrap, curator of the State Historical Society, was present on Friday and secured the action of the conference pledging its cooperation with the historical society in erecting the proposed monument at Steilacoom.

A committee of three was appointed by the conference to act in conjunction with the aforesaid society. The committee was named as follows: D.G. LeSourd, A. Atwood, and J.E. Williams. As I was chairman and lived in Tacoma, where most of the money had to be raised, it devolved on me to make a hard and persistent canvass to raise the conference proportion of the cost of said monument.

As the annual conference was held in Tacoma (Epworth Church, 1908) that fall, it was arranged that the dedication of the shaft should take place at Steilacoom on Saturday p.m. September 19.

The monument was not completed nor all the money needed raised, but the program was carried out. A large crowd gathered near
the monument including most of the members of this conference. Songs were sung, prayer was offered, and Messrs. McCormick, Williams, and Iliff made good and appropriate addresses, and Mrs. DeVore, widow of the man who built the church, rang the old bell that had called the people to worship in the early days.

After this, more money was to be raised, but in due time our beautiful granite shaft was completed and paid for, a reminder to all coming generations of the indomitable courage of our pioneer itinerants. As a church we are greatly indebted to our State Historical Society for the generous help and large financial aid it gave this enterprise. This was the last work to which I was assigned by the conference, and a strenuous work it was, but I am glad that I had some part in so praiseworthy an undertaking.

Since that time I have been free to choose my own course, but I have not been content to be idle or to lose touch with the strenuous age in which we live. I have, health permitting, uniformly attended the Tacoma M.E. Preachers Union and taken part in the discussions, sometimes reading papers that I had prepared with care. Some of these papers were so much appreciated by the brethren that they wanted me to send them to the *P.C. Advocate* for publication, but that paper had for many years published similar productions of mine and now a few poems till finally I declined to send any more lest I should weary this editor with articles of no great literary value.

The production of mine that had the widest circulation I did not write for publication at all. Bishop McCabe, when he was missionary secretary and I was presiding elder of the Seattle District, wrote asking me to send him information in regard to our work, saying the people needed more knowledge of frontier conditions. I wrote him at some length of our work as I had seen and experienced it, and suggested that he could select little paragraphs from the article for *World-wide Missions* if he saw fit, but instead he turned
my communication over to the editor of *The Gospel in All Lands*, and it was published in full in that widely circulated journal. I heard for years that article being read in missionary meetings and at summer resorts where “Missions” were the topic of the day. Thus seed was sown in wider fields than I had ever traversed.

The years since I retired from the active ministry have been among the happiest years of my life. True, I miss the unspeakable joy of preaching the Gospel, but I have none of that gloom and loneliness of which some retired ministers complain. Though my children are gone from their home they are both well and happily married. Their children are our children, and we love them as our own. My ever-busy companion, anticipating my needs, is only too ready to sacrifice in my behalf, and together we enjoy in fullest measure our home life.

We are pleased too in having our brother Frank and his wife and three noble sons, and Minnie, their charming daughter, and all their families so near us. They, together with our niece, Evelyn Wilson, and Rev. B.F. Brooks, my nephew, and his interesting family, have been a benediction for us these many years.

One of the most enjoyable occasions experienced since I became a retired minister was a reunion, Jan. 1, 1915, of our relations in the state of Washington, held at Haven Church, Seattle, B.F. Brooks, pastor. On that occasion we felt all that is implied in the line “The fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above.”

At the same time we could not forget some dear relatives in Indiana, especially our most beloved sister, Martha, and her praiseworthy children. And Jennie LeSourd, who made her home with us out here for a while, and other relatives. As in all the past I try to keep in closest fellowship with my brethren of the conference, the dearest brotherhood on Earth. If I cannot join them in going “over the top” I can shout them on to the conflict and rejoice in
their victories. Nor can I forget that my brethren, both ministers and laymen, have complimented and honored me more since I was retired than in all the years of my affective relation.

The board of trustees of the College of Puget Sound honored me, first in 1908 by graduating my son Gilbert who, with others, shared the honors of his class and which honors we trust were a prophesy of future success; second, this board bestowed on me an unexpected honor when, without giving me a hint of what was coming, voted to bestow on me the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. It meant little to me at my age but the goodwill of my brethren, which I prize more than the applause of the multitude.

It was only a few years later when the book *Who's Who in Methodism* came out, and for the place given me in it along with eight or more of the Puget Sound Conference, I am indebted to someone, I know not whom.

But the compliments I appreciate most are those that come warm from the heart, when people tell me how my preaching has helped them in the Christian life. For instance, the last time I preached at Epworth Church was just after I had passed the 75th milestone of life’s journey. I felt deeply in all probability it was the last time I should preach to a church of which I had been pastor for eight years and with which we have worshiped for the last decade and more. Hence I was prompted to preach on the subject “Christian Fellowship.”

After the service had closed, more expressions of appreciation were showered on me than ever followed the preaching of any one of my previous sermons. But that which gave me special pleasure was the almost uniform expression: “Your sermon did me so much good.”

I have sometimes said that the greatest compliment I ever received was from a refined, cultured woman who came to us from
another denomination during one of my pastorates. Long afterward I heard of her saying of my long eloquent successor, “He edifies and pleases me, but somehow it was different when Brother LeSourd preached, for I always went away after listening to one of his sermons feeling that I wanted to be a better woman.”

If I know my heart, she expressed the chief object I have had during all the years of my ministry—that is, to lead folds to the helping Christ and thus help them to be better men and better women.

But now my public work is done. I sit in the quiet evening of life, and, while keenly alive to the living present, I look forward and then backward. Forward I see the sunset glow on the mountains and beyond the city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God, and the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven.

Looking backward I see a group of 17 preachers, with a bishop in the chair, assembled to organize an annual conference and to plan for evangelizing the millions who were to find homes in the Pacific Northwest. Can they go up and possess the country? I look for an answer and behold the little one has become a thousand.

That band of preachers has grown to be a large conference of more than 200 members. I see instead of 1,300 communicants more than 23,000 members. The 27 churches, mostly shells or shacks, that housed our people in 1884, now much larger and better, number more than 200. Twenty-seven charges then, some of them unorganized, now 185. Sunday school scholars then numbered 1,969, now 33,969. Thus the seed sown has brought forth, some 60-, some a hundred-, and some a thousand-fold.

Best of all is the fact that where the poor homesteaders built their lonely shacks in the forest wild, and the itinerant plodded his weary way along the muddy trails to find and minister unto them, are now comfortable homes, good schools, prosperous communities,
and flourishing churches. The wilderness and the solitary place are glad for them, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose.

My supreme joy today is that I had some part in laying the foundations on which others are building so well. Thus it comes to pass that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

*Father LeSourd died Tuesday morning, Feb. 25, 1925, at home in Tacoma, 3401 North 8th Street.*
An Itinerant’s Career

Above: Portrait of LeSourd that hangs in the Epworth LeSourd Church

Right: Contemporary photo of the house LeSourd built in 1905 when he retired, in Tacoma at Warner and North 8th streets

Courtesy Epworth LeSourd UMC
Laying the cornerstone for Jones Hall on the University of Puget Sound campus, February 1924; LeSourd holding flag halyard at left (University of Puget Sound Archives)

LeSourd in 1924, the year before he died

Epworth LeSourd Church, today, Anderson Street and South 7th
An Itinerant’s Career

A letter from the Rev. LeSourd’s son, Gilbert Q. LeSourd, New York City:

Dr. Edward H. Todd
1604 North Alder St.
Tacoma, Washington

Dear Dr. Todd,

I have been out of the office a good deal of the time of late and since my return have been swamped with work, as my assistant, Mr. Nicholas, whom you will remember, died very suddenly two weeks ago. As I have been coming to the office early in the morning and staying late at night, I have not had a chance to look up all the information you request. One thing I seem to be lacking at present is the name of the college that my father attended. I am pretty sure I have a record of it somewhere at home and will try to locate it as soon as possible.

When Father returned from the Civil War, he had to pick up his education at what I imagine would be high school level. As he was a poor farmer’s boy, he had to earn his way while he studied. Eventually he went through college, but in his senior year he got so hard up that he had to quit school before the end of the year. Thus he never took his final examinations and did not receive a degree. Some time later the president of the college offered to give him a degree on the grounds that he had practically completed the course, but Father was so very conscientious that he refused to accept the degree when he had not completed all the formal requirements. It is my recollection that the college he attended no longer exists. In fact, I am quite sure about that, but I will try to find the name of it as soon as possible.

Like other colleges of that day, I suppose it would not rank very highly in comparison with modern institutions, but, also like other colleges of that time, it had its points. It gave its students a profound respect for education and did equip them to carry on serious reading and study in the years after they left the college halls.

One of the things my father got out of college was a great love for mathematics. When my sister and I were struggling with college algebra,
we used to go to Father for help when we got stuck, and he was able to
solve many tough problems that were bothering us. He loved to work on
a hard algebra problem, even if it took him many hours and sometimes
days to solve.

Father also felt tremendously the need for a thorough grounding in
English. I think his own work along that line was pretty much limited to
good instruction in English grammar. This, I believe, was shown in his
sermons and in his writing. He apparently had rather limited education in
the English classics, but he was a great believer in giving thorough English
instruction in college. I once heard him say that the thing he would most
like to do would be to endow the chair of English at the College of Puget
Sound.

I am most happy that you are to write the history of the college. You
know it better than anyone else. Also, you are one of the few people now
living who knows personally the part my father had in creating the college
and helping it through those days of desperate struggling. I can remember
more than one occasion when process servers called at our house and
served papers on Father as president of the board, when people were suing
the college for debts. You may be sure it was a great relief to him when you
took charge of the finances and pulled the college out of the red. He has
spoken in appreciation of your work many, many times.

The college was always a big part of our entire family life. I inherited
the same enthusiasm for it that dominated my father. When the campus
was purchased on Sixth Avenue, there was some clearing to be done,
which the students volunteered to do. I claim the distinction of cutting
down the first tree on that campus! I think I also assisted in planting the
first tree that was set out there, and I helped raise some of the money that
built the gymnasium.

Wishing you all success in this work and thanking you for your many
years of such helpful service, I am

Sincerely your friend,
Gilbert Q. LeSourd
Dear Dr. Todd:

I am very glad to answer your inquiry regarding the H.C.S., but first let me give some information regarding my father that you asked for a long time ago. Probably you have completed your work on that part of the history, but I will send it along anyway.

Father attended the Battleground Collegiate Institute at Battleground, Indiana. It was supposed to be of full college rank and granted the degrees of B.A. and B.S. I suppose its curriculum was not much more advanced than that of a modern high school and certainly in science it could not compare with the high school of today, but it was one of those institutes where real character was developed and out of its graduates there came an amazing number of men who achieved distinction in the ministry and in public service of many kinds.

My father was enrolled as a candidate for the Bachelor of Arts degree, which, according to the traditions that prevailed even when I was a student, demanded a large dose of Latin and Greek. Father was so desperately poor that he had to earn his own expenses as he went along, and to do that he taught school. It seems that there were many schools in those days that had short terms of three months. Father would drop out of college for one of those three-month periods and teach school. When he returned, he writes that he had no difficulty in making up his subjects such as history, English and philosophy, but he was never able to catch up with the Latin and Greek. Therefore, when graduation time came, he had not completed the required amount of Latin and Greek to qualify him for the B.A., so he left college without graduating. However, when the catalogue of the school was published the next fall he found his name listed among those who had been granted the B.S. degree. That was a surprise for him as he
never received a diploma. However, according to the published records of the school, he was granted a degree of Bachelor of Science. The college, of course, long ago went out of existence, as did many other of those very small colleges which nevertheless served a very useful function in their day.

Gilbert Q. LeSourd