

Presbyterian Recorder.

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY A COMMITTEE OF THE SYNOD OF MISSOURI.

Vol. I.]

SAINT LOUIS, NOVEMBER, 1855.

[No. 6.

[For the Presbyterian Recorder.]

MEMOIR OF REV. JAMES GALLAHER.

THAT "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance," is among the great and precious promises contained in God's holy word. The redemption of this promise, if viewed in the light of its own history, inspired or uninspired, can never be regarded either as unimportant in its bearings, or as a matter of small moment in the estimation of its Author. Its influence, within the limits contemplated in its provision, has always been salutary, and its redemption invariably certain. There is, perhaps, nothing about which a good man may have so little solicitude—nothing which, with so much safety, he may banish from the entire range of his thoughts—as his reputation; his name while living, his memory when dead. Of character—what he is and what he ought to be—and how such character may be developed;—in reference to these, much care and much labor may be employed, for here he is an important agent; but over his memory Providence asserts a jurisdiction that is exclusive, and a jurisdiction so peculiar, that the more it is forgotten by its subject, the more certainty will attach to the fact that it will be perpetuated. Abraham may leave his "kindred" and his "father's house," and wander for seventy years over a land in which he is an entire stranger; Moses, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," may turn his back upon the court of Pharaoh, and seek for forty years to hide himself amid the valleys and mountains of Midia; Judson, animated with a burning desire to preach the gospel to perishing heathens, may break away from the endearments of home and native land, and, plunging into the deepest darkness of Burmah, may seek by every effort, as has been intimated by his biographer, to cover forever his footsteps from the gaze of earthly history; but the eye of the Omniscient watches the pathway of such men, and often, by a providence as singular as it is unexpected, throws a stream of light along their entire extent, illustrating steps which at their taking they may have supposed would never be known on earth, save by themselves and their God. The biography of such men is too valuable to be lost. It is the property of the Church, and should be so treasured up and appropriated, as to be productive of the greatest good; for "the memory of the just shall be blessed."

Walking in the light of this truth, and guided by such example, it is our purpose presenting, through the pages of the Recorder, a synopsis of the life and labors of the late Rev. James Gallaher. Before entering more directly, however, upon this work, it may be well to

manship. The cost of the house, lot, organ, and all other expenses is not far from \$105,000. All things in connection with the church and congregation now seem to be in a most flattering and prosperous condition.

DEATH OF REV. DR. BULLARD.

We are called upon to perform one of the most painful duties that has ever devolved upon us in all our life, which is to record the death of our associate editor, and most respected and honored friend, Rev. ARTEMAS BULLARD, D. D. He was one of the victims of the melancholy disaster on the 1st inst., which has thrown a gloom over all the city, and filled a very large number of families with the deepest grief and mourning. The following account of the accident is from the *St. Louis Evening News* :

“Thursday was a sad day for St. Louis—a day whose events have cast a shadow over many a heart, and made desolate many a bright hearth-stone. Thursday morning at the Seventh street depot of the Pacific Railroad, a large crowd of happy persons were gathered, prepared for the excursion to Jefferson City, to celebrate the completion of the road to that point. It was a happy hour. Gay greetings were spoken and congratulations were joyously exchanged between friends, who were glad each to find that the other was going. Many who did not go, came to wish a pleasant journey and God speed to those who did. Some who did not go then promised to join the excursion next day—Friday. Two military companies, with stirring music and gay uniforms, added to the pageant.

“At half-past eight the train started, freighted with six hundred happy hearts, and followed by the good wishes of those whose hearts beat responsively to those of the parting ones. All was bright and pleasant, and although the twelve cars constituting the train were crowded to such an extent that many had to stand in the aisle between the seats, and others on the platforms outside, yet there was a universal good feeling, and “all went merry as a marriage bell.” The people at the stations and villages along the road cheered us onward, and shouted, and waved hats and handkerchiefs in response to the merry music our brass band entertained them with. As we came into Hermann, a cannon pealed forth the glad greetings of the hearty citizens.

“But how soon was the scene destined to be changed! How soon were so many of those bounding hearts to be pulseless. No one dreamed that death was near, and yet it lurked for us only a few miles further on. At 1 o'clock we left Hermann, preceded by a locomotive and tender, which had been sent forward, to see that the way was clear, and no danger impending. Soon we came in sight of the bridge

across the Gasconade river, about nine miles from Hermann, and about thirty-five from Jefferson City. The bridge is approached by an embankment, thirty feet high, which terminates in a massive stone abutment. Forty yards from the abutment, and just at the edge of the river, stands another staunch stone pillar, three more of which reach to the other side of the stream, and support the bridge. The river is about two hundred and fifty yards wide, and the bridge thirty feet high, at least. The pioneer locomotive had crossed the structure safely, and was waiting on the other side to see the result of our attempt. There was no fear of danger, and no apprehension of peril. We slowly moved along the embankment, and came on to the bridge. The locomotive had passed the first span, and had its forewheels above the first pillar—beyond the abutment—there being then, resting on the first span, the locomotive, baggage car and two heavily loaded passenger cars. The weight was too much for the long, slender timbers which supported the rails, and the enormous load above. Suddenly we heard a horrid crash—it rings in our ears now—and saw a movement amongst those in the car in which we were seated; then there came crash—crash—crash—as each car came to the abutment and took the fatal plunge. The affair was but the work of an instant. We were running slowly at the time, and the successive crashes came on at intervals of nearly a second. We ourselves were seated in the seventh car—there being three behind us—and when we heard the horrid sound that came up, as each car slowly and deliberately took the leap, we hoped that our car might stop before it reached the precipice. But no; it seemed that the spirit of ruin was beneath. Six cars fell in one mass, each on the other, and were shivered into fragments. The seventh fell with its forward end to the ground; but the other end rested on the top of the abutment. Those in it were only bruised. The eighth and ninth cars tumbled down the embankment before they reached the abutment.

“Such a wreck we never saw, and hope never again to see. It was one undistinguishable mass of wooden beams, seats, iron wheels and rods, from beneath which came up groans of agony. Those who could, crawled out of the ruin immediately, and either sought to relieve their own wounds or the wounds of their friends. Some wept tears of joy to find their friends alive; and others shuddered to find their friends dead. The uninjured organized themselves under the lead of Mr. Pride, the conductor, and endeavored by chopping to extricate those who were yet alive from the wreck. Here a beam was cut into, to disengage a broken arm; there an iron axle was pried up to relieve a mutilated leg. There was no shrieking and screaming, though all begged, for the love of Heaven, to be extricated from some mass of iron or beam of wood, which pinned them to the earth. All begged for water, drank it when it was brought, and prayed for more. There was hardly an entirely uninjured man to be seen. Most of those who had escaped, had streams of blood flowing over their faces from splinter wounds. Others limped and hobbled about, looking for their friends. A board shantee was the only shelter to be had, and that was soon filled with the wounded, whose silent, speechless agony was enough to

make the stoutest heart shudder. Immediately after the accident the heavens grew dark and black, as though the night had come. The wind shrieked through the leafless trees, the heavens were rent in twain, and from the crevice gleamed the white lightning, and the hoarse thunder bellowed its cruel mocking at the woe beneath. It seemed as if the elements were holding high carnival over the scene of slaughter."

There were twenty-nine killed, and among these were Dr. Bullard, and Rev. Mr. Teasdale, a Baptist preacher of this city. Dr. Bullard was, in all probability, killed instantly. The gentleman who was the first to recognize him among the victims, related to us, that he was one of fourteen killed in the same car, all sitting nearly together. Dr. B. was the last one reached, and when he was first recognized he was on his knees, with one hand raised near his face, as if it had been reached out to push against something. His face at that time was not disfigured, and had on it a calm, placid expression, which our informant says, was the most touching sight he ever saw. "I would give," said he, "a small fortune for a daguerreotype of Dr. Bullard as I first saw him, with such an expression of repose on his countenance, and those white locks covering his head." That face will be daguerreotyped in the memory of thousands, never to be effaced, but not as associated with such a carnage.

This is not the time to give a sketch of his life, nor a eulogium on his character, but we hesitate not to say that, in our opinion, no man has ever lived in Missouri who has done more for her moral and religious welfare than he. How little did any one of the vast congregation who were present at the dedication of the church, dream that that beautiful house would so soon receive a second dedication far more solemn and impressive than the one of which a funeral of a pastor was a part! but such was the scene when, on Monday, 5th inst., Dr. Bullard's funeral took place. The most solemn scene by far that we ever witnessed was that funeral.

The overawing aspect of the scene was much enhanced by the draping the church in black. The pulpit was habited in mourning; the chandeliers were hung with crape, and from the turrets of the organ and the gas standards of the gallery, hung the same solemn drapery. In front of the pulpit, immediately by the spot where two weeks before the remains of Mr. Giddings had been deposited, on the communion table, stood the coffin in which was all that is mortal of Dr. Bullard; on the right of the pulpit, was the coffin of Mr. J. A. Ross, who was for many years a deacon of the First Church, and who held the same office in the Union Church at the time of his death; on

the left was the coffin of Mr. Wm. L. Chappell, one of the oldest members of the First Church, and for many years a deacon. They perished together, and were associated in their funeral ceremonies. In the pews directly before the pulpit were the officers of the church and their families, all dressed in the deepest mourning. The house was perfectly filled; not a vacant place on which any one could stand was left, and many hundreds tried in vain to gain admission into the house. The funeral services were the following:

An invocation by Rev. Dr. Post; reading the hymn commencing with the line, "Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims," by Rev. Dr. Anderson; reading the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Homes; prayer by Rev. Mr. Parks; reading hymn by Rev. Mr. Darrah; sermon from the text John xiii, 7, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," by Rev. T. Hill; prayer by Rev. Dr. Boyle; reading hymn by Rev. Mr. Reed, benediction by Rev. Dr. Rice. After these services, the procession, which consisted of one hundred carriages, wended slowly along to the Belle Fontaine Cemetery, where the dead rest till the morning of the great day. Dr. Bullard was buried in the family lot of the late Judge Carr, who had been an intimate and dear friend of his, and who, while he lived, had offered a resting place for the children of Dr. Bullard in his own lot. At the grave, Dr. Post pronounced a benediction, and at the grave of Mr. Chappell, Dr. Rice pronounced a benediction, while Rev. Mr. Homes performed the same service at the tomb into which Mr. Ross was placed.

All things connected with this funeral render it one to be remembered as long as life shall last. The church with solemn drapery — the chair left vacant behind the table, on which the remains of Dr. B. were placed — the immense audience, remaining in almost breathless silence during the long services — the large groups of mourners — the train leading to the Cemetery, through streets hung in drapery, and a city enshrouded in gloom — all form a scene entirely without a parallel in anything we ever formed a conception of. May God in his kind Providence spare us the seeing another like it. This calamity will long be remembered, and we cannot but think it will be viewed by christians here as the rebuke of God to the city for her guilt in the case of a Sabbath-desecrating road. That railroad knows no Sabbath. It is the first road Missouri ever attempted to build, and the question has come up directly before the community, whether God's law should govern it, and it has been as distinctly decided that it should not; that no Sabbath should be had there, and from the first, the whistle of the

cars has said practically to all who have heard it, "God's laws have no control over this road." But God has many ways of punishing men, and we think this is one of the ways in which he is now calling attention to one of the giant sins of this community. Oh! that they may heed it and be wise.

THE RECORDER AND ITS PROSPECTS.

THIS number completes the year, and it is proper for us to look over the situation of affairs, and see where we now are, and what are the prospects before us. In regard to the past, we remark, that the Recorder was begun to meet a manifest want, to do a work for us as a denomination that no other publication was doing, or could do. The committee who have edited it, were appointed by the Synod to publish a periodical that should be their medium of communication with the world; but no means were put into our hands, and no limits marked as to the form or general character of the work. Accordingly, in January last, the first number was published and sent out into the world entirely unheralded, and, to a larger part of those who received it, most unexpected. It met with a friendly reception from most to whom it came, and each number has gained for it new friends. Some of the numbers have called forth warm commendations from the press, and the September number has attracted marked attention. Our first plan respecting it was to publish but 24 pages in each number, and leave it a plain, unornamented thing; but all the numbers except the first, have had 32 pages, and there have been three fine portraits and one wood cut, which have together cost more than one-half the expense of the whole year's edition, as it was first contemplated. We believe no one who has read it thus far is willing to give it up, and many are anxious to increase its efficiency and circulation. *The editors have done all that has been done for it gratuitously*, and a great deal of hard work it has required. But we saw the need of such a work, and when the Synod imposed it as a duty on us, we were not the men to shrink from it. We are confident that in due time this labor will meet its reward, not indeed in money, but in the creation of a paper which shall do good service to our denomination at home, and exert a favorable influence on the cause of Christ at large. One of the editors, he who wrote most for it, and whose influence was worth far more than that of all others, is gone, and can never see on earth the success of his