

# MONTEVIDEO—MAYBANK;

SOME MEMOIRS OF A SOUTHERN  
CHRISTIAN HOUSEHOLD  
IN THE OLDEN TIME;

OR,

THE FAMILY LIFE OF THE  
REV. CHARLES COLCOCK JONES, D. D.,  
OF LIBERTY COUNTY, GA.

BY

HIS SON-IN-LAW,  
R. Q. MALLARD, D. D.,

*Author of "Plantation Life Before Emancipation,"*  
*Editor of the "Southwestern Presbyterian."*

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"Teach us what we shall do unto the child."—JUDGES xiii. 8.

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C. C. Jones.

TO  
THE MEMORY  
OF HIS  
HONORED AND BELOVED PARENTS.  
THOMAS AND REBECCA BURNLEY MALLARD,  
WHO MIGHT THEMSELVES AND THEIRS HAVE  
SAT FOR A SIMILAR PICTURE,  
THIS LITTLE BOOK  
IS  
REVERENTLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY  
THE AUTHOR.

## PREFACE.

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CHARACTER is usually formed and fixed in early life. While there are other moulding influences, the most potent factors are parental example and discipline. If "history is philosophy teaching by examples," then it may be, that the best way to discuss the right formation of character, is to portray a family in which the Scriptures were the supreme and daily rule. One such known to the author invites and will now engage our study; and such instruction on the general subject as we have been able to gather from Scripture, observation, and experience, will be woven into the pattern of this true life story. All hesitation on the score of delicacy is removed by two or three considerations: First, the family was too dear to him to suffer at his hands; next, all of them have passed into the great beyond; and lastly, he is confident that they would not object to the telling the

story of their lives, if it shall chance to prove "footprints on the sands of time" to guide other households in the formation of characters of the young. Children it is hoped will find some things in the story element to entertain and possibly instruct them; while parents, for whom it is mostly intended, because of the concrete form in which the lessons are given, may be more ready to consider and profit by them.

May the book prove in the hands of the dear Master, the friend and lover of children, the means of guiding every family reading it into safe paths; that it shall escape the many perils, which in these days of laxity, frivolity, fashion, worldliness and business absorption, threaten the best interests of the young, through the ignorance, mistakes, indifference, inattention and discordancy of parents.

*New Orleans, La.*

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# MONTEVIDEO—MAYBANK.

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## CHAPTER I.

### *THE TWO HOMES.*

THE family of Rev. Dr. Charles Colcock Jones had two homes; one the winter and the other the summer residence; hence, the twin-title. Montevideo was located in a rich but malarial region, unsafe for whites, until winter's frosts had destroyed fever germs. Maybank was situated on one of the interior islands, not immediately upon the ocean, and separated from the mainland by the many interlacing streams, which form a perfect network of waters along the Atlantic seaboard; both were on the same tidewater river, the Newport.

Montevideo House had been built by its owner, as we have heard him more than once say, in a field bare of trees; when known to us, it was in a grove, and the wide lawn, with its pines and oaks, cedars, pecans and hickories,

was a paradise for birds and squirrels; for it was the law, that no gun should be fired nor arrow shot at the harmless little creatures, which disported themselves without fear before the very doors. This rule, long in advance of our modern S. P. C. A. societies, bands of mercy, etc., taught the children kindness to the dumb animals and love of animated nature.

The summer home, Maybank, was on a large partly wooded and partly cultivated island, connected with the main by a causeway. Its approach was rendered romantic by the artistic utilization of a freak of nature. A live-oak, shooting up straight as an arrow for ten or fifteen feet, turning at that point and arching the roadway, came down so near the ground, that all that was necessary to complete the entrance, was a uniting post on which was swung the wide opening gate. The winding creeks of the far stretching salt marshes, vivid green or russet brown, according to season, were full of fish, and the woods of game. The home, although not in sight of the sea, was in hearing of the surf, especially when a storm was brew-



THE MONTEVIDEO HOME.

ing, and was swept all day long and far into the night with the salubrious and refreshing sea-breeze.

In such a home, with the outdoor life to which it invited, the children of the family grew up robust and strong, enjoying that unspeakable blessing, vigorous health, and accumulating a reserved force of vitality, largely drawn upon, as we shall see, in after lives of uncommon work, laborious study and more than usual trial. Evidently, the health of the body, through the mysterious sympathy between matter and spirit united in man, has much to do with the orderly and systematic development of intellectual and even moral powers. Fortunate, indeed, the children whose hap it is to be born and reared to manhood and womanhood in the sweet air and larger liberty of a country home. As the poet Cowper says: "God made the country, man made the town."

## CHAPTER II.

### *THE FAMILY.*

**I**T was small, consisting of five persons only: father, mother, two sons, and one daughter; that is, the earthly family; there was one little ewe-lamb with the good Shepherd. But there was enough to furnish room for the interplay of all the family affections. There were parents to be affectionately revered and obeyed, children to be loved and cared for and watched over, brothers for a sister to lean proudly upon, a sister for the boys to learn by paternal example, chivalrous attention to the other sex; rough, boyish natures to be toned down and directed with a strong hand; and a maiden to be as tenderly handled as a delicate and sweet flower of the garden.

The father, Charles Colcock Jones, was a Christian philanthropist; and the object of his life-long, uncompensated toil, was the negro slave. He not only gave them years of exacting personal service by night and by day, cate-

chising, preaching, and visiting sick, bereaved, and aged; but as a reformer, bold, as all such must be; on the principle of just compensation insisting, upon better food, clothing, houses, for the subject race; and, although at first encountering opposition from good men, at last, by his resoluteness, tempered by singular prudence, carrying every point, not only in his own community, but largely throughout the South. He was a consecrated man of God, and, when he prayed at the family altar, took you, with head, as it were, uncovered into the very presence of the King.

The mother, Mary Jones, was, as a wife, not unworthy of him. Intellectual beyond most of her sex, she read with him in their honeymoon Edwards *On the Will*. She sympathized with him in his chosen and lowly mission. A devout Christian woman, she was a notable house-keeper, "looking well to the ways of her household."

The children, early in life, developed different tastes, which were wisely consulted, and in every reasonable way gratified. Charles Col-

cock, early manifested a decided literary turn. Joseph was a born naturalist. His gun and fishing-pole, like the net of the entomologist, were to him valuable chiefly as instruments, with which to procure specimens for dissection and investigation, in which work he had the zealous aid of every negro on the plantation. These literary and scientific leanings, which seem to have been inborn, were indulged to their full bent in maturer years. As we shall see, the one brother became a not unknown author, writing, besides many charming historical monographs, an elaborate history of his native State, and also of its aborigines; gathering in time a large and valuable collection of Indian antiquities. The other became not less distinguished in the realm of science and investigation of the laws of health and of disease; the little museum of his boyhood in after days expanding into one of the finest collections of armor and Indian workmanship. When he was scarcely beyond his majority, his investigations were published in the *Transactions of the Smithsonian Insti-*

*tute.* Mary Sharpe, the daughter, while the intellectual peer of her distinguished brothers, was loving and domestic, and grew up to be a gracious lady, a noble Christian woman, beloved, wherever she lived, by all who knew her.

Books abounded in the home, and were prized and treated as honored guests or cherished inmates. Only the choicest had admittance and hospitality. No second-class fiction was permitted to enfeeble the minds or pervert the morals of the household, but was kept out as one would keep out the germs of an infectious disease.

The influence of books upon character cannot be overestimated, and yet not a few parents exercise no censorship over their children's reading. It is said that *The Life of Jack Sheppard*, a criminal adroit both in committing burglaries and breaking prison, has been the confessed ruin of not a few boys in the old country. The real facts of his life were so remarkable, and had, by his biographer, been so tinged with an atmosphere of romance, that in

the minds of not a few he had become a hero and example. So noted was he that when at last hung at Tyburn, his execution was witnessed by two hundred thousand spectators.

Not long since, in Louisiana, a most atrocious robbery and murder of an inoffensive old shop-keeper in the country were committed by two French immigrants recently come to this country, scarcely beyond the confines of boyhood. Two suspects were in jail awaiting trial, when the boys themselves, who had some time after the murder left the country, and according to their own account had wandered restlessly on both sides of the sea, haunted by the face of their murdered victim, by a strange fatality returned to the scene of their crime, and being confronted by the sheriff, who meanwhile had obtained some clue sufficient to excite suspicion, and charged with it, confessed and minutely described all the particulars; even to their manufacture of a three-cornered file into a dagger, with which the sixty wounds had been inflicted upon the poor old man struggling for life in the dead of night! They themselves

ascribed their fall to the reading of exciting and vicious literature. Dumas had at home been their favorite author, and in this country their unhealthy appetite had been still further stimulated by *The Life of Jesse James*, the notorious railroad burglar, loaned by a neighbor, a justice of the peace! Who would allow his boy to associate with young thieves? And yet, parents permit their sons, through the medium of vicious books, to be constantly exposed to the insidious influence of just such characters!

Then there are other works which undermine the faith and morality and innocence of the young, which creep serpent-like into houses, hiding themselves from view and only read by stealth, and which are clothed with diabolical power for evil. Parents cannot be too watchful who wish their children to grow up pure and religious. This negligence is the less excusable in our day, since the press is pouring out a flood of juvenile literature, at once instructive, entertaining and wholesome, and much of it presenting religion in its most fascinating shape to a young reader, in the form of story.

Of course, the children of this happy home were allowed pets: canaries, which never having known liberty, found the wire cage large enough, and outside of it, when they chanced sometimes to escape, were utterly helpless. It was not consistent with the views of the parents, who were themselves lovers of birds and admirers of their sweet, free music, to imprison the wonderful songsters of the South, the red or cardinal bird and the mocking-bird. Nor was it needed, for they loved the security of the grove and lawn, and without captivity gave them both color and music. There was an abundance of cats about the home, of a peculiar breed, distinguished by a singular freak, their eyes being unmatched in color; there was a pet dog, we remember, of whom a word directly; the children were allowed to have chickens of their own and horses, if we recollect aright. The cats were never so frolicsome as at family prayers, frequently making ladders of our backs while we knelt, leading the priest of the household to facetiously remark, "The old fellow gets into them

at worship time." Meeting the pair out for an evening constitutional up the avenue, two young gentlemen visitors to the hospitable home, of which the writer was one, had an unlooked-for and unusual reception. Mrs. J—— quietly saying in a low tone to her dog, "Catch him, Jet," he obeyed instructions, to her surprise and mortification literally, and we suspect assailed the wrong one, and tore his coat from the two buttons behind the length of the skirt, keeping the remorseful mistress, who, with her other accomplishments, was a skilful needlewoman, up to a late hour repairing the damage done by her too faithful pet! One cat is recalled, who, unable to assist the young naturalist in his investigations with living prey, would frequently bring in a half rabbit and lay it beside his trundle bed.

Pets are no mean factors in the training of children of both sexes; dolls satisfy and train the inchoate maternity of one sex, cultivating traits and habits which will be of service in after years. Victor Hugo beautifully says: "A doll is one of the most imperious wants, and at the

same time one of the most delicious instincts, of feminine childhood. To clean, clothe, adorn, dress, undress, dress again, teach, scold a little, nurse, lull, send to sleep, and imagine that something is somebody—the whole future of a woman is contained in this. While dreaming and prattling, making little trousseaux and cradles, while sewing little frocks and aprons, the child becomes a girl, the girl becomes a maiden and the maiden a woman. The first child is a continuation of the last doll.”

When not allowed to neglect or tyrannize over living pets, their care develops qualities useful in both sexes in coming life.

It will thus be seen, that by nature, cultivation, wisdom and grace, these parents were eminently qualified to rear their three children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

## CHAPTER III.

### *ATMOSPHERIC INFLUENCES.*

THE formation of character on Bible principles means more than the new creation, whereby the young become not only Christian in name but in reality. Conversion, indeed, until the pleasing evidence of it is given in a changed life and expressed hope, should be the main aim of parental effort and prayer; but after this pleasing proof has been presented, training should be ceaselessly directed toward the growth and perfection in all those traits which fit for usefulness on earth and service in heaven. But inasmuch as, in a case in our story, and in the experience of Philip Henry, it is sometimes impossible to discover any dividing line between the two lives, parents, leaving the radical change where it belongs, to "the Lord and his Spirit," should deport themselves toward their young as if the change was within the scope of mere religious culture.

But since the child is "body, soul and spirit," a Christian training is seriously defective, which does not include care of the healthy development of mental and bodily powers.

The air we breathe is not all that is meant in the title of this chapter, although that is not of small importance in child-upbringing. There should be to the child awake, a plenty of sunshine and fresh air, and sleeping, sufficient ventilation, without exposure to direct drafts. The laws of health are better understood now than formerly, and more generally observed; but there is still room for education and place for improvement.

The term is now used in a figurative sense, for influences, which viewless and all-pervading as the atmosphere, wrap the entire household in its folds. Temperament of the rulers and subjects of the little empire constitute together that atmosphere. A cross and spoiled child will upset an entire household; querulous parents have the same effect. Solomon says: "A continual dropping in a very rainy day, and a contentious woman are alike"; as annoying as

the steady drip-drip-drip of a leak on the carpeted floor or the bed at night! But it is not the mother only (who, poor woman! has sometimes enough to make her cross) who is at fault, but the father. Some men bring their business perplexities and harassments home with them, and like the camel, with its burden, lie down under them at night, and their evil temper fills every part of the home, as a cold, damp, penetrating fog, taking all the warmth and sunshine out of the life of the young. On the contrary, some men and women are ever in their families like continuous clear and bracing weather. This is only possible when the soul is at peace with God and itself full of trust in Providence, and has learned self-control in keeping both dullness and distress to itself.

Our friends, it may be said, had largely mastered the difficult art; hence, the home was cheery within, however it stormed without. Then, further, there was about both an indescribable air of refinement, the result of blood and culture, ministered to by books, pictures

and flowers; and a genuine and bountiful hospitality, which left the parting guest under the impression that it was the host, not he, who was left in debt by the visit. Everything opposed to these qualities, gross or coarse, was, in the children, put down with a strong hand.

To this must be added, under the heading of atmospheric influences, the neatness and system and order observed by the entire household; punctuality required in hours of retirement and rising, meals, devotion, telling in after life. Many is the time we have heard the head of the house restraining our impatience to depart observe, "The Spaniards have a proverb, 'Prayer and provender never hindered a man's journey.'"

Unfortunately for the young, many of them begin life in sordid, or at least unattractive circumstances, especially the children of poverty. The tendency of population currents in most, if not all, Christian lands, has for some time been from the country to the city, and will so continue until a wholesome and necessary reaction sets in; the consequence is that

a vast multitude of human beings begin life away from woods and flowers, in contracted areas walled in by brick and mortar. Here is a field for philanthropic and parental inquiry and study; how to correct these unfortunate disadvantages.

Philanthropy has in part solved the problem for the children (or many of them) of the very poor by the "fresh-air missions," providing for the transportation of such and residence for a few weeks in the country. But the most generous effort in this direction must leave multitudes of the young in our great cities without even this transient alleviation of the hardness of their lot. Here parental invention and coöperation are indispensable. The wealthy, who never spend a summer in the sweltering dust and heat and smoke of the great cities, should not take their sons and daughters to the crowded and fashionable watering-places, where an artificial life prevails, furnishing neither for them nor their children change and rest; but, eschewing such scenes, should carry their families to moun-

tains and lakes, or quiet seaside places, where youth may make acquaintance with nature in all her moods, and feel her refining touch. Such fortunate ones should call the attention of the young to the beautiful in field and wood, water and sky; for to some children, without such instruction, what Wordsworth says of the country lout is applicable:

“ A primrose by the river’s brink,  
A yellow primrose was to him ;  
And it was nothing more.”

This is not true of all or the majority of children, for we see them go into raptures over beautiful animals or lovely flowers. Where the summer outing is impossible, other expedients are within reach. Most of our cities and towns have parks with water views and flower beds, or are surrounded by pleasing landscapes. What hinders parents, at least on holidays, taking the little ones for a day’s “outing” in the real country or to this bit, set as a gem in a wilderness of stone and brick and chimneys! Even in the many-storied tenement with only a patch of blue sky visible, the bird-



**THE SPRING UNDER THE OAK.**

cage hung by the one window, the potted flower blooming on its sill, will bring some music and color into the life of the child of the slums, and minister, if but scantily, to the poetry in most young natures.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *HOME DISCIPLINE.*

**I**N these days too often, and in all ages, indeed, children have their way and parents meekly submit. Others, not so ready to abdicate parental authority, attempt to rule by moral suasion and hold themselves bound to give a reason for each command, the very way to promote skepticism. "He giveth not account of any of his matters." (Job xxxiii. 13.) Nobody is on this subject wiser than Solomon, for the Spirit spoke through him when he wrote: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." (Prov. xiii. 24.) "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." (Prov. xxii. 15.) "Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell." (Prov. xxiii. 13, 14.)

These Scriptures need to be cited in our modern ears, for it is as true of child nature as of adult nature, "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." If necessary then, it is needed now. Governed according to biblical principles as old as the patriarchal period ("for I know him (Abraham) that he will *command* his children after him," Gen. xviii. 19), the father who was also a minister heeded this direction as applicable to every parent; a bishop must be "one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity; for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?" (1 Tim. iii. 4, 5.) Even in matters of religious duty, they did not hesitate to use discipline.

But let it not be supposed that the use of rod was of daily occurrence. Habits of obedience were so early and unconsciously formed, that resort to it was only made necessary by those outbursts of depravity occurring sometimes with the best ordered children. As a rule, it was employed, not so much when the parents were

inconvenienced, as where God was wronged, and ordinarily, only when lighter measures were ineffectual. There was, as in the Lord's rule, an admixture of authority and affection. Perhaps it would not be correct to say that in every instance punishment was judicious and proportionate or seasonable; for we are not describing a perfect household, and ours is "an o'er true tale."

The father had the uncommon grace to discover when the boys had become men, and took them into loving and trusted companionship; and was repaid by a beautiful, free and confiding fellowship, living, and by a worshipful reverence, dead. As for the daughter, after childhood had been passed, no correction was required, for she was dutiful beyond most of her sex.

This leads to the important reflection: that in the matter of home rule, including as it should law and penalty, there should be as in our family, at least to the eye of the child, absolute unity. That wonderful Scripture, which is fully realized in every congenial married

union, "no more twain, but one flesh," should find daily illustration in the management of children. It sometimes occurs that a foolish, indulgent mother, or as foolish and unreflecting a father, will, after deserved punishment, do away with all its good effects by taking the part of the culprit by ill-timed condolence, or even invidious comparison. "Cruel papa! Mamma would not hurt her darling!" It sometimes happens that a mother will snatch the culprit away, or one parent will be a partner in concealing a breach of family rule from the other, in order to screen a favorite son or daughter from deserved punishment. Even where, as will sometimes happen, chastisement is, in the judgment of one of the married pair, undeserved, and, therefore, unjust, or disproportionate to the offence, or too severe, or protracted beyond childhood, the dissent should be made in private and never before the child.

Family discipline should present a solid front, and whoever administers, it should be evidently the act of both. The family has

been termed "God's university," and the parents are the divinely-ordained faculty; it should in purpose and methods be a unit and mutually sustaining.

Such, to a remarkable extent, was the family we are studying, at once proving the possibility and setting the example of almost ideal home discipline.

## CHAPTER V.

### *TABLE, FIRESIDE, AND PIAZZA TALKS.*

ALL the year the household gathers three times a day around the family table. There are business men who dispatch their meals in silence, or with only sufficient interchange of words to secure the passing of food. It should always be a time for social interchange, for most households have no other period of reunion. Cheerfulness and talk, no doubt, help digestion. The fireside, too, in the long winter evenings, the piazza in the witchery of the balmy moonlit nights, are also favorable places and seasons for loving intercourse. All this, with some persons, is lost in drowsiness, if not slumber, or in club or social exactions. In the ideal family all will be improved. It was thus with our friends. More than, to any man ever known to the writer, the words of Solomon applied to him, the father and head of the household: "sweetness of lips"; "lips of knowledge"; and this: "The

lips of the righteous feed many" (Prov. x. 21); and "The lips of the wise disperse knowledge." (Prov. xv. 7.)

It was his habit to make the family at such times sharer with him in any new ideas he had gotten from his studies of books, or anecdote found in converse with his humble charge. Without preaching, he applied Bible truths to the daily experiences of human life. Thus education and training in piety were going on at all times, without intrusion of religion into matters to which it did not seem to belong. It was a literal observance of the injunction in Deuteronomy vi. 6, 7: "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." In other words, there was both the systematic and the informal impartation of Bible truth; the first by the use of the Scriptures and catechisms, one prepared by him for the instruction of the colored peo-

ple, and the Westminster Shorter Catechism; and the last in every-day familiar and conversational intercourse between parents and children.

It is related of Dr. Daniel Baker, the noted evangelist of a former generation, that on one occasion, when asked to take honey at table, he replied: "John the Baptist's 'meat was locusts and wild honey,' so I have Scripture for robbing the bees. Always have 'Bible warrant.'"

There are a thousand occasions occurring in daily family life, in which it may be thus saturated with a tincture, at least, of divine truth.

Keeping up an intelligent acquaintance with the affairs of the country through the daily press, its interests furnished abundant themes for broadly patriotic and entertaining conversation at table, on the piazza, and by the fireside, helping to fit the children for the duties of intelligent, Christian citizenship.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *THE SERVANTS.*

IN the shaping of character in child life, domestics, whether bond or free, have always exercised more influence than is imagined. In the rapid and frequent changes in family establishments, the result of the general restlessness of our times and country, little hold is obtained by such transient servants on the affections and lives of our children.

But there are many households in which, even now, are found domestics who have become rooted in and attached to the family, and the children to them. In such cases, owing to the fact of constant association, especially with the nurse, children are largely influenced by the character of the servants to whose care they are necessarily and largely entrusted.

All these reasons were intensified in the household of which we are writing. There were rarely changes, save such as were made

by death. It was only in later years when the youngest child had attained full womanhood, that the writer, through intimate relations formed through her with the family, came to know the domestic establishment; but he would bear his individual testimony to the love and truth expressed in the dedication of a book\* on negro literature by "young massa," as they once called him: "In Memory of Monte-Video Plantation and of the Family Servants, whose fidelity and affection contributed so materially to its comfort and happiness."

"Maum" Patience is recalled with pleasure, and Gilbert; the one the cook, and the other the carriage driver. As for the first, she was an adept in her art, reliable, and refined in manner and conduct. As for the other, the best description of his fidelity may be given in the words of his master: "Gilbert's religion is obedience to his mistress." Only the most genuine respect and love bound them together,

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\* *Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast, Told in the Vernacular*, by Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL. D.

and their influence with that of the remaining servants of the family was, in the main, wholesome upon the children.

In their childhood and youth the white children were not allowed in this family to play with the little negroes, but necessarily they were in constant contact with the house servants, of whom "Daddy" Jack was chief. He was the butler, ever clothed with a due sense of his authority and importance, and, in his way, ruled the children with a love, on their part not unmingled with fear. He lay a corpse, his wife sick unto death, his young mistress low with typhoid fever, when, at the midnight hour, the city home in Columbia, S. C., of the minister, now called to higher service as teacher of teachers by the voice of the church, was burned; the family, sick and well, escaping only with their lives, the body of the faithful old servant rescued from the flames. Sadly walking next day over the ashes of his home, his library and manuscripts of a lifetime, as he has told the writer often, the master's eye was arrested by an open book:

charred to a coal, but still legible; he found it to be *John Howe's Works*, lying open at his celebrated sermon on "The Vanity of Man as Mortal."

But neither he nor any member of the family, in recalling the thrilling events of that night, in which the sick maiden made but one request (alas! impossible to be granted), "Save my Bible," ever forgot to mention the dear old family servants, so intimately interwoven with them in the common calamity, sharing the fortunes living and dead, as they had the affections of the entire Christian household.

## CHAPTER VII.

### *THE SCHOOL.*

**T**HE children of our family were educated, in the earlier part of their lives, either by a tutor in the house, or by the same, teaching a neighborhood school, embracing only the children of a few congenial families with whom they were intimate. These instructors were licentiates or probationers for the gospel ministry, men with a classical education, and imparting it to both sexes, and opening the school with Bible reading and prayer. Their influence in the home as well as in the school-room was distinctly religious. Strong attachments sprang up, and continued for long years after, to bind together pupils and instructors.

State education and denominational education have their several advocates, some holding it to be the exclusive province of the state, and others advocating education by the church. Much is said in some quarters about our "godless public schools," and by those who have in

some places successfully maneuvered for the expulsion of Bible and prayer from them. Dr. Breckenridge advocated the Bible in common schools as necessary to the preservation of our republic, resting as it does on the intelligence and virtue of the people. Whether, with our heterogeneous population, this is possible, remains to be seen.

While many of our higher state institutions remain centres of Christian influence, a few are fountains of anti-scriptural teachings. The colleges established in colonial times for the rearing of an educated ministry, laid the foundation of our greatness as a nation. Possibly we are suffering from this secularizing of, and divorce from religion, in our higher education. When it is remembered that for a large portion of six days in every week our children are in the moulding fingers of teachers, it behooves parents who value their children's characters and souls to investigate the tone of the schools inviting their patronage, and the religious views of their teachers and professors. The very fact that a professor in a male college, or a teacher

in a female seminary, is known to entertain certain heretical views on the burning questions of the day, is bound to have its influence in shaping opinion and character.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *SOCIETY.*

THREE families, refined, cultured and hospitable, winter and summer constituted for years the only society in which the three children were reared. One was the household of one of the pastors of the white church, with its large colored membership; the other was the family of a planter, not religious at the time, but a sincere respecter of his wife's piety, and withal somewhat eccentric.

"Uncle Roz," as he was called, was immensely popular with the young folks. For one thing, he was a mortal coward where horses were in question. He would travel up and down the river in his canoe, rowed by his black singing oarsmen, between the plantation and summer homes, but nothing could induce him to get into his wife's carriage to go to church, or even for a neighborhood visit; if he went at all, he was an outrider, on the step behind, ready to get off the moment the horses

became restless. He deeply honored the piety of his wife, a lovely Christian woman, and helped her in his peculiar way. "Come, Julia, get the books," he would say (she had family worship). It was never neglected, nor hè absent. He aided her in other unique ways in bringing up their boys; as, for example, one of them had been driving refractory steers, and somewhat profane. The father, overhearing, says nothing at the time; but when the family is assembled for prayers he says, "Julia, I heard Roz talk strong at the oxen to-day!" The rebuke did not need repetition.

Another illustration of his eccentricity, in punishing, will bear telling, and may be recommended to the society for prevention of cruelty to animals. Dick was the calf-minder, with strict instructions to water them at certain hours of the day. Grossly neglecting his duty, the master calls him into the kitchen where a sumptuous repast of salt mackerel had been prepared, and he presses him to eat to repletion. Dick, rising to get a drink of water, is sternly forbidden to touch the gourd, and

strictly shut up a day, with the admonition, "Next time you will know what the calves feel when you do not drive them to water."

In the long summer evenings the three families, in turn, took tea with each other, promoting sociability by commingling of congenial spirits old and young. The importance of selecting the society of children and youth can scarcely be exaggerated, and yet, is it not a fact that parents give themselves little, if any, concern about it? Hence, the old tragedy comes to be repeated in these ends of the world, the corrupting associations of "the sons of God with the daughters of men." The children of the pious mingle indiscriminately with the children of homes dominated by fashion, worldliness and irreligion. Can one, whether young or old, touch pitch and not be defiled? Not only so, but the friendships of childhood are apt to ripen into more intimate relations of maturer years; and thus the children of the good, link themselves for life with the children of the bad, and Lot's daughters marry men of Sodom and share with them Sodom's doom.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *THE COLLEGE.*

THE writer has ever felt that, if a son expected to be only a "village blacksmith," he should, if possible, be given a collegiate education, not only because it trains systematically all the powers, and fits one for any occupation, but because it multiplies sources of enjoyment. New England produced one learned blacksmith; and learning is no encumbrance to any craft.

Having the means, the parents of our family gave their three children not only a school, but a collegiate, education; finishing, in the case of the sons, by professional courses. The daughter was sent to first-class female institutions; the sons, after a season spent in diligent study in a state institution, were graduated at the famous Princeton College, now a university; and the one, having chosen medicine, took his diploma at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia; the other, having selected the law, his diploma at Harvard.

Happy the family where the home influence is not severed from the scholar, as it often is, in a measure, by locality, in the higher education. The daughter was never sent to a boarding-school, but to institutions of high grade in the several cities which the changes of posts of wide-spread influence and trust, coming unsought to the father, made possible. Through the same fortunate circumstance, a part of the collegiate career of the boys was carried on with the constant restraining influence of family life; and only when mature, did they go beyond the home circle to receive their crowning training for professional life. During this last short separation, as in after-life, there is evidence that the home influence was kept up by constant interchange of full and loving letters. The head of the household was a model letter-writer, nor was his companion behind him. He was also a skillful, although untaught, draughtsman; and letters are still preserved in which the graphic text was still further increased in vividness by pen-and-ink sketches. The result of all this was that there was never a cessation

of home influence in the form of parental care while life lasted.

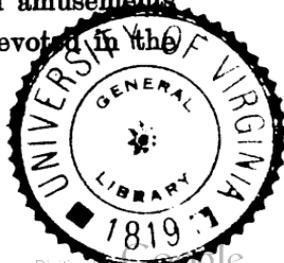
This ideal cannot in all cases be copied by parents, because less fortunately situated. Many can afford their children only a common school education; but they should not, unless unavoidable, allow their boys to quit study and go into business when in their early teens. Education as full as purse will admit should be considered a parental duty, and its reception an obligation on the children's part. All parents can keep the powerful influences of home life around the daughter at boarding-school, or the boy at college, by frequent loving letters, full of home news, and not necessarily sermons, yet tinctured with interest and concern for the physical and spiritual welfare of the absent child. Home-coming in vacation would thus become the one joyful anticipation of term-time, and its intercourse be made to cement still more tightly the coherence of family unity.

## CHAPTER X.

### *SABBATH AND CHURCH.*

**D**ESCENDED from a Huguenot ancestry, yet living in a Puritan settlement, sabbath and church were both prized and honored. In all human history, as in the Bible, they are closely associated. "Ye shall keep my sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary." (Lev. xix. 30.)

The home in which the Lord's day is desecrated is not one from which ordinarily come devout worshippers; on the other hand, children reared to keep the Sabbath holy will not forsake the "assembling of themselves together." The community (in their ancestors), bodily transplanted as a church and congregation to new seats in colonial times, had imbibed from their forefathers the strictest ideas of Sabbath observance. Not only was no work done of unnecessary character on the Lord's day, but all pleasure-seeking and amusements were forbidden. It was a day devoted to the



home to catechisms, and in the church to religious duties and enjoyments. One of the officers of the church was also a justice of the peace, and did not hesitate to halt any traveller passing on the highway running by the church, and, taking him home with him, would give him and his team hospitable entertainment for the night, bidding them Godspeed Monday morning. The day in our family began as all other days and closed with family prayer, but with special features appropriate to holy time.

In the summer residence, which was far removed from church, when the duties of the missionary did not take him too far away, the day was observed by neighborhood service, but always by catechetical exercises at home.

In the winter, the family worshipped regularly in the famous old Midway church, the nearest church to their home. The building still survives, though the changes of population, incident to emancipation, have caused its disuse save on the anniversary, when its sons and daughters gather from far and near to keep in mind their godly ancestry; the old cemetery is



OLD MIDWAY CHURCH, BUILT A. D., 1778.

still the resting-place of their dead. A description of both locality and building and communion service as having had an educating influence on our young folks may not be out of place. The first house, built as the old records state at "the cross paths," indicating the primitive condition of the country, when paths were instead of roads, was burned by the British under Col. Prevost, in the Revolutionary war. Succeeded by a rough structure of logs planted upright, this was, as times grew easier, and the needs of the congregation greater, replaced by a substantial frame structure of well-seasoned pine and cypress.

Erected in 1792, it is still in a remarkable state of preservation. The old cemetery, with its brick wall, just across the public road from the church, is, indeed, a venerable spot. No order has been observed in the burial of the dead, and the unwary visitor might find himself treading upon a coffin-shaped brick grave, even with the ground in the main path; there were a few brick vaults, many head-pieces of slate and marble, and some longitudinal boards

of cypress set into lightwood head and foot posts; some of the latter have lasted over a hundred years. The quiet sleeping-place of the dead was shaded by live oaks and other forest trees, among the former was one whose limbs are of the size of ordinary trees. This survivor of the primeval forests bore upon its roots the brick tomb of a suicide, a young Virginian, a physician of promise, who fell a victim to his own keen sense of honor, being unable to keep his troth, through his susceptibility to female charms unhappily pledged at the same time to two ladies.

More than one board bore some quaint epitaph, warning the thoughtless passer-by of his own mortality, and admonishing him to prepare for his end.

Obliterated by the decay of age and corrosion of weather, these, to our great regret, cannot be reproduced. One, however, graven on a marble slab covering a brick tomb, is still legible, and for its scripturalness and beauty, deserves a place in our description of this venerable "God's acre." It was apparently composed by the Rev.

Cyrus Gildersleeve, a pastor of the Midway Church, on the occasion of the death of his wife, sister of the writer's honored sire, for fifty years an officer in the same, Mrs. Amarantha Gildersleeve, who "departed this life November 15, 1807, aged thirty-seven years.

"She who sleeps beneath this tomb  
Had Rachel's face, and Leah's fruitful womb,  
Abigail's wisdom, Lydia's faithful heart,  
And Martha's care, with Mary's better part."

Around the graves grew such flowers as bloomed in winter and early spring—hyacinths and jonquils. Before and after service it was much resorted to by the women and children.

The interior of the church, before modern improvement had reached it, was peculiar; two wide aisles bisected it each way; in the middle of one of the longer sides rose the little pulpit half-way up to the ceiling, with a sounding-board suspended over it by an iron rod, and a broad gallery for the accommodation of the servants, ran around three sides. "Sacrament Sunday," as it was called, was by all, young and old, professor and non-professor alike, an-

anticipated and celebrated with zest and pleasure. Early the roads were full of white people in carriages and buggies or on horse-back, and the negroes walking or riding in jersey wagons crowded to the utmost capacity and drawn by little, but tough marsh ponies; masters and servants coming up to the house of the Lord to worship together in his courts. Two ministers occupied the pulpit and presided at the table; a wide semicircle of candidates, white and black, frequently stood before the pulpit, and some of them were usually baptized at the marble font. A warm evangelical sermon was preached and to the solemn sounds of the hymn, "Twas on that dark, that doleful night," the communicants leaving the children in the pews, came to the long table, covered with snowiest linen, reaching from the pulpit base to the front door. The solemnity was sometimes in its effect overwhelming upon the children (brought when only two years old to the sanctuary and made to behave), as they looked with awe upon the spectacle; in later years they were required to give some account

of the sermon. By such means impressions were produced lasting as eternity. Under such home and church influences the only daughter in early girlhood professed the Saviour. She never could recall a time in which she did not love her Redeemer, and in later years longed for the keen contrition then felt over sin. The boys, less impressible, did not yield to these influences in their youth, but doubtless they were felt in after years. It is not simply what we read in books or hear from the pulpit, but also what we see which educates and forms the character of the young.

Owing to the distance of both homes from the church, it is probable that, with the exception of that part of their lives spent in cities, the children did not enjoy the advantages of the Sabbath-school. We do not suppose if they had, this would have made any difference in the home instruction; for Dr. and Mrs. Jones were not the people to shift responsibility to others. Here, as shown by unhappy observation, we touch upon one of the most common and dangerous evils incident to the compara-

tively modern institution just named, the foresight of which possibly set some thinkers against it at its introduction.

Robert Raikes, the founder of the Sunday-school, it is well known intended it for the children of the poor and irreligious classes, and at first employed paid teachers. The church has universally adopted it, not only as a missionary agency, but as a school of training for her own young, and generally with most excellent results. But like all good things, it is liable to abuse; in its place, admirable; out of it, injurious. Many parents ease their consciences of all care of the religious instruction of their children, by turning that work over entirely to the Sunday-school teacher; and not a few give themselves no concern about their preparation of the lessons; and in too many congregations the singular and sad spectacle is witnessed at the hour of public service, of two streams flowing in opposite directions, the one of adults toward the house of prayer, the other, possibly the larger, of children, flowing away from it!

Professing Christians sit composedly in their pews and leave their children during service to the servants and their own devices. Both parents and children seem to think that the latter have done their whole duty, and in going to the Sabbath-school have "attended church," the former even holding that two services are too much for their tender years, unmindful of the fact, that no such objection is raised to their sitting at the school-desk over mental problems for consecutive hours five days of the week. Indeed, a formal report on Sabbath-schools once made to a General Assembly characterized without rebuke the Sabbath-school as "The Children's Church." It is not such in any true sense of the word, but simply what it is called, a school. Prayer, praise and religious instruction are elements of it; but the sacraments are absent, and the solemn message of God to all the people, young and old, delivered by his ambassador. If it pleases God by the "foolishness of preaching to save," how can parents allow the withdrawal of their children from God's appointed instrumentality?

We read in the Old Testament of Israel appearing before the Lord in families. The family is the unit of the visible church, and should sit as a unit in the house of prayer. In the Jones' household, the children never thought of debating the question of church-going; for from childhood they were trained to sit with their parents in the house of God. In fine, the Sabbath-school is rightly used and only then, when it is not a substitute for church, and its valuable instruction supplements, but does not supplant, parental home training. Let not parents comfort themselves with the thought, that their children are growing up under Sabbath-school instruction into excellent characters, for this does not change their responsibility one iota. Expressing our astonishment once to the mother of the household we have been describing, that with so much poor training, so many children turn out well, she made the startling reply: "I nevertheless pity such parents when they come to render an account to God of their trust." What a reflection for father or mother on that

day, "my children are at the right hand despite my cruel and criminal neglect!"

We have thus rapidly passed in review the various ordinary factors in the training of the family which we have taken as the basis of our treatment of the subject of the formation of Christian character permanently on biblical principles.

## CHAPTER XI.

### *THE WAR.*

LET not the reader, whoever he be, feel disturbed by the fear, that a single line in this or the following chapters will do the slightest violence to any cherished memories or honest convictions connecting themselves with the events of 1861-'65. The author, although, like all his countrymen, taking sides, and naturally with his own section, never felt any intense hatred of our antagonists at the time; and no "root of bitterness" now exists, finding nourishment in the memory of wrongs, hardships, or agony endured.

Beyond the anxiety of separation from a young wife and family under trying circumstances, and an imprisonment of a few weeks, succeeded by parole, confining him for several months to a southern city, ending in unconditional release, he has no personal sufferings to recall. Not one connected with him by blood or marriage, although all able to bear arms

were in the war met with loss of life or limb. In common with his fellow-citizens of the vanquished section, losing, by emancipation, what, up to that time, was property, and suffering depreciation of values of landed estate through changed conditions of labor, neither he nor his have since wanted a comfortable support.

He, with the great majority of his people, accepts with perfect content the arbitrament of war—to him the decree of God—and could not be induced to burden himself afresh with the temporal and spiritual responsibilities of a subject race. He confidently believes that the time is coming, of which there are now hopeful signs not a few, when there will be a mutual recognition of the honesty of both sides, trained in diverse schools of politics, represented by Webster and Calhoun; and as, in England, men of all parties are equally proud of the steadiness of Ironside and of the dash of Cavalier, so similar qualities in blue and gray will have the admiration and pride of both sections of our once warring, but now happily and indissolubly united country. The war is here

considered only as one of the essential, if extraordinary, factors in the final shaping and solidification of the characters of the three children, no longer such at the time, but themselves heads of families.

Short as are the annals of American history, they contain the record of four of the national crises\* of the kind which, until Macaulay and Green set another example, made up the staple of human history: the War of Independence, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Civil War. We pass by the Indian fights, which were not, however, without their shaping influence on the character of the hardy colonists, and were a training-school for the great captain and his rank and file, who won for us our free heritage.

We note that, owing to certain peculiarities, the second and third wars named had but little modifying influence upon national traits. The War of 1812 was mainly a naval war, fought on lakes and ocean, only one important action tak-

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\* Written before the Spanish-American War.

ing place on land—the battle of New Orleans, —fought after the treaty of peace had been signed. Neither war, nor battle, was without fruit. They threw a halo around our navy, and taught ourselves and the world the puissance of citizen soldiery in conflict on their own soil with disciplined regulars, and inspired our American people with confidence in their ability, without incurring the peril to liberty of a large standing army, to protect themselves from foreign invasion.

The other war, fought on distant and foreign soil, furnished new illustrations of American generalship and valor, and added another page to the narrative of her military exploits, and new names to the galaxy of her heroes: But neither reached our homes as did the War for Independence and the War between the States. In the first, the thirteen colonies fringing the Atlantic were swept from north to south with the besom of destruction; every household knew the hardships of war, and not a few were called to suffer the loss of loved ones slain “in the high places of the field.” In the last, while

one section was largely spared, but not entirely—for raids carried widespread dismay at times, and one tremendous, decisive battle—Gettysburg—was fought within its bounds, far more than we dreamed of, it carried sorrow to the households of the distant North. As for the other section, her entire arms-bearing population was, from first to last, in the field; conscription finally, as it was commonly said, “robbing the cradle and the grave”; and the South was mowed, through her entire territory, by the scythe of war; and few were the homes which were not called, like David, to weep their loved ones “fallen in the midst of the battle.”

Such an event could not but have its effect upon national character in both sections of our country. Of this in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XII.

### *THE WAR—ITS INFLUENCE ON NATIONAL CHARACTER.*

**A**S for the general influence of the Civil War upon the character of our people, it seems to us, that so far from decreasing, it has only intensified the feeling of patriotism; so, that what threatened permanent separation and future endless conflicts, has issued in the solidarity of a great nation.

Whatever may have been the boasts of superior valor in either quarter at the beginning, before the strife was over, each had acquired a thorough respect for the other's manhood and courage. Honestly accepting, as true knights, the decision of the gage of battle, the South loves with fervor our free institutions, which she had not apostatized from, but only attempted to carry out, as she supposed, under better conditions and safer guarantees of peace and prosperity. The one section has honored

herself by self-restraint in the hour of victory; no blood was shed by axe when the sword had been sheathed; and a million of men in blue, their task done, went back to their old occupations. As for the defeated section, an army of soldiers, their chief setting the exalted example, became an army of workers, and hands, which for four years grasped the sword and musket, laid hold of the unaccustomed plow handles.

One may note among the social changes either caused or occasioned by the war the disuse of the Duello. There is still too much violence in the South in the form of lynching, which has its explanation, not justification. This, we hope, will cease in time. But it is a subject for congratulation that duelling, once common in the North, and extinguishing the bright career of a Hamilton, and once flourishing in the South, has become, even there, "a lost art." It is a typical fact that "The Oaks," a famous duelling ground of a great Southern city, is now a part of one of its beautiful parks, and children disport themselves where men

formerly met at early morn in deadly conflict. The last duel attempted there, between two prominent citizens, came to an absurd and laughable close, the ground proving so miry that the swordsmen, unable to secure footing, gave it up in disgust and returned friends, and with hands soiled not with blood, but with mud!

Incidentally, the war cultivated in the Southerners habits of obedience to those in authority; not that they had been, as a class, lawless, but accustomed to ruling a subject race, it would not have been unnatural that they should be impatient under restraint. Another result was, in both sexes, greater independence. Much is written about the industrial revival of the South; but it should not be forgotten that its roots were nourished by the war. Her invention was put on the rack to find substitutes for commonest articles of necessity—arms, powder, salt, medicine, clothing, etc. The power-looms all over our section are the daughters of the hand-looms brought into use in the days of blockades, and the furnaces now

turning out iron by the tons had their predecessors in modest plants in the same regions during our war. The Southerner has not yet lost the chivalry of the old South, but he has taken on the energy of the new.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### *THE WAR—AS SHAPING INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER.*

THE late war did not come, as a Texas Norther, without warning, but like one of our Atlantic autumnal equinoctials, with its week of threatening weather, scudding white clouds, screaming sea birds flying landward, and ocean's solemn drum-beat.

An astute thinker had, thirty years before, in the columns of the *Princeton Review*, observed: "We are fast becoming two nations in sentiment, and when that point shall have been reached, we will then become two nations in fact."

The short clash of arms was preceded by the protracted clash of words, and every aspect of every question involved had been debated in every possible form, and convictions reached on both sides which were to stand the touch of fire. It was, therefore, no surprise, at least in one section of the Union, when South Caro-

lina led off in ordinance, severing the ties which bound her to the republic. Distinguished men, even in the North, advocated peaceable separation, and not a few elsewhere believed it possible and probable without armed conflict.

Such was, perhaps, the thought of the mistress of Montevideo, when, upon reception of the news, she proposed to illuminate the mansion. But it was discouraged firmly by the master. He had been educated in Northern institutions, labored in a New England seaport as missionary, lived for several years in one of the greatest of Northern cities, and knew the people to be of the same race and fighting stock as ourselves, and presaged terrible war as inevitable; and he felt that the occasion was of too great gravity to admit of anything approaching frivolity.

Both sons, then in young manhood, at the first call to arms, volunteered for sixty days, afterward changed to enlistment for the war; the younger in a company of cavalry dating back almost to colonial times and organized by

Revolutionary veterans; the elder, a lieutenant of a noted artillery company and a master of the art of gunnery, went to war as its beloved captain. Education and training soon told; for the private became surgeon, and later on was detailed by the Surgeon-general to make a special study of camp and prison diseases and indigenous remedies (for medicines had been declared contraband of war), and rendered in both capacities splendid and recognized services; his recorded observations constituting a valuable addition to the literature of his noble profession. The other rose through his confessed ability to the position of chief of artillery in one of the smaller armies of the Confederacy, and aided in manning the works of a Southern city of importance.

The father passed away in the din of the conflict; the mother lived some time after the war, and found it hard to adjust herself to changed conditions; not so the sons and the daughter. Disposing of one of their three plantations, Arcadia, on easy terms to their old servants, and retaining Montevideo and May-

bank, which, under contract labor, have yielded little over taxation and expense of keeping up, and which are to this day the homes of our people and their descendants, they resumed with zeal and energy their old professions, and became exceedingly useful citizens of the new South. The daughter, after thrilling war experiences in a home unprotected, and enveloped by Sherman's conquering legions, where her piety stood her in good stead, lived to do equally noble work in her sphere.

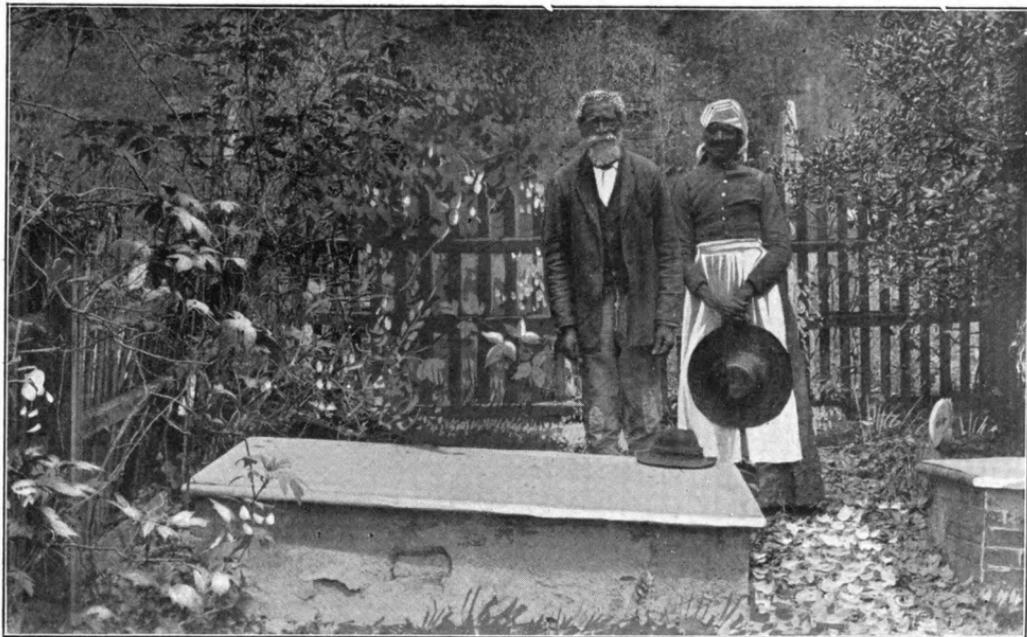
## CHAPTER XIV.

### *AFTER-LIVES.*

THE father died of a wasting disease which left intellect clear to the last moment, and under circumstances which reminded one rather of translation than death. Not long before he had taken his customary ride on old Jerry, his dumb friend, who, startled by the sudden flight almost under his feet of a covey of quail, had swerved aside and thrown his master; and, as he told the family, when he rose uninjured and attempted to mount, the faithful creature actually stooped down to aid him in his feebleness. We may here state, as another illustration of the love borne him by this sensible animal: after his death Jerry seemed to miss him, and one day, getting out of the plantation enclosure, he went the road often taken by his master to the venerable cemetery, in which he had been laid to rest, the objective of his frequent morning rides, and was observed by a burial party to enter and look around, and then sadly,

no doubt, return to his home. Was he looking for and mourning for his beloved master?

The day of his death, Dr. Jones was in his library with his sister, Mrs. Cumming, and his wife, when it was suggested that he should lie down for rest in an adjoining chamber. Accepting their proffered aid with a knightly recognition of the favor of being escorted by ladies, he stretched himself on his bed, and without a tremor, almost instantly fell asleep in Jesus. Even the servants were awed into silence by the majestic serenity of his noble face; and scrupulously neat, having that morning bathed himself and shaved, he was carried as he was into the presence of his beloved books, until, with appropriate services, he was laid to rest in the ancestral graveyard not far from the "African church," in which he had preached the gospel, which was his stay in the near and recognized approach of the messenger with letter from his King. His pious, noble wife survived him for a few years, comforted in the society of children and grandchildren, when, by short illness, she went, in faith and hope, to



**THE FAITHFUL GUARDIANS OF DR. JONES' TOMB.**

join the husband of her youth. Both of the parents, believers in the Abrahamic covenant, "I will be a God to thee, and thy seed after thee," trained their children in faith and hope of their conversion, yet the father, who was a strict Calvinist, was more than once heard to say, that the divine sovereignty, in the matter of the conversion of the offspring of the righteous, conditioned even that covenant: "In Isaac shall thy seed be called," and "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy"; yet in the wisdom and rectitude of that sovereignty, he had unlimited confidence.

Mary, having in early life, as we have seen, united with the church, grew up to be one of the noblest, loveliest and most consecrated of women, a faithful wife and wise mother; spending the most of her mature life in important cities and churches, she was not simply the pastor's most efficient aid, always on the side of right and obligation, and stimulating him to the faithful performance of ministerial duty, but was, by her sisters, always put to the front in all Christian and church work, for which she

was endowed with eminent executive abilities. An intelligent and entertaining conversationalist, she made the manse a copy, so far as her influence went, of her father's home. After long and known mortal sickness, she, without a shadow on her departing spirit, went home to her Lord and the loved society of her parents.

Often obituaries are flattering. The distinguished minister, her own and her father's friend, Dr. B. M. Palmer, wrote only words of truth and soberness in the following published tribute to her memory:

“Mrs. M. was a woman of most decided character. With the stamp of her father's features upon her face, she was the inheritor of some of his most distinguishing qualities; possessing the same vigorous intellect, equal to the mastery of any subject, there was in her, as in him, the same controlling massive common sense, which made them both the most judicious of counsellors. She derived from both parents a strength of will which always stands for character, and sometimes even for intellect. It

places one among the ready, who always sway the unready, the fundamental quality of a leader of men. She thus proved herself equal to all the emergencies of life, and was sustained under forms of trial peculiar and severe. She was always self-poised, holding even her nerves under control, unflinching in the performance of duty, and capable of any service to which she might be summoned. Yet, with the stronger attributes, there was commingled a feminine tenderness and grace which caused her to be loved as she was trusted. Unwavering in her attachments, she bound her friends to herself with a kindred strength. Her sympathy made her the comforter of the sick, the benefactor of the poor, and the supporter of all who were in sorrow. In her relation to the church she was the efficient helper of her husband, without herself seeking or desiring official position, and especially active in all the schemes of Christian benevolence and enterprise.

“In her domestic relations she filled the entire round of womanly duty with the most conscientious devotion. As a mother she was

affectionate without a foolish fondness, thoughtful of her children's interests and comfort, self-sacrificing, and training them in the fear of the Lord. To him who had walked with her in life's pilgrimage three and thirty years, she was all that is implied in the sacred word wife; always self-forgetting and watching for him, she yielded under no strain however severe; the safest and wisest counsellor in his official work, she was pronounced by him the joy and blessing of his life."

Joseph, when a college professor in his *alma mater*, who subsequently bestowed on him the degree of LL. D., made a profession of religion, and became an active worker in the Sabbath-school. Filling, subsequently, important chairs, successively in three medical institutions, he added to the faithful discharge of professorial duties and a large practice, the most laborious investigations into diseases, their causes and cures, and made president of the board of health of one of our metropolitan cities, he discovered a method of disinfection which, perfected by his successor, has for many

years protected the city from the periodical visitations of a pestilence, in past times ravaging it at intervals of a decade of years. As if this was not enough to exercise his intense mental activity and boundless industry, he added the somewhat lighter, self-imposed task of inquiry into Indian remains, collecting specimens of their ware and writing up Indian antiquities.

As for his religious life and death it may be best told in the language of his pastor (the writer) on the occasion of his funeral:

“Reared in a home in which gentleness, intellectuality, culture, refinement and piety dwelt in equal proportions, it was impossible that his boyhood and young manhood could have been other than unblemished. But it was not until he became professor in a college, yet still a young man, that he came out openly on his Lord’s side by uniting with the church, where, as he told me not long since, he at once became an active Sabbath-school teacher. Twice elected and installed a ruling elder over important city churches; in the last church with which he connected himself, he took, for a time, no active

part in church work; his inaction due, in part, to the engagements of a large practice, the engrossments of a difficult professorial chair, and the absorption of self-imposed labors in more than one department of investigation.

“About one year ago (it was in March, I remember), I had a most tender interview with him, in which he recalled his religious past, and sought, of his own motion, through me, a transfer of membership to my church. It seemed to me that he regarded it in the light of a solemn renewal of his Christian profession. Alas! his infirmities, of an augmenting and disabling character, to his regret, prevented his attendance upon its public services; but I have been told that, when left at home with some member of his devoted family, he would signalize the sacredness of the day by religious service of some kind. It will be to me, his pastor, always a pleasing recollection that one of the last of his literary labors was the preparation, from accumulated material, of a brilliant series of articles in confutation of evolution. They were prepared with a body racked

with pain, fading eyesight, and a hand that had so lost its cunning that the editor was puzzled, sometimes, to decipher the manuscript. It was the splendid testimony of an eminent scientist, known in both hemispheres, to what he conceived to be the truth. His life-long interrogation of nature convinced him that morphology was simply the plan of immediate creation in the mind of God, and not a law of gradual evolution; he was convinced, and hesitated not to teach the same by lip and pen, that the chasms between species are too wide and deep to be bridged over by any laws of natural selection, and environment, and survival of the fittest. A keen searcher after truth, an honest and patient student of the multitudinous pages of nature, he was a specialist as to the human body in health and sickness, saw and admired its wonderful mechanism, saw and admired the beauty with which it is clothed, and through it all perceived the wisdom and the excellency of its Maker, and bowed with equal reverence at the footstool of the God of nature and the God of grace."

Charles, when but a young man, had become so prominent and useful that he was elected mayor of an important city. Connected with a prominent law firm, located there, and, after the war, removed to a northern city, returning to another city of his native State, he added to the labor of a lawyer the more pleasing toil of a literary worker. Reared on an island containing marked traces of Indian occupation in bygone ages, he also became a collector of their handiwork, having in his museum a remarkable burial-vase which held the skeleton of an infant, possibly a chief's child, found at Maybank, as well as some fine stone tools of Indian manufacture, and arrow-heads of every kind. This led him to write up the history of the aborigines.

Many charming historical monographs, as well as an elaborate work on the history of his native State, came from his prolific and polished pen, securing for him the honorary degree of LL. D. from his law *alma mater*, Harvard. In the city in which he made his final home, no occasion in which oratory was called into re-

quisition was complete without him ; and any place within their gift would have been freely accorded him by his fellow-citizens. Had he chosen political life, he could have sat in the nation's councils. A splendid specimen of physical and intellectual manhood, he was the soul of honor and integrity ; in his uniform treatment of woman, a knight of the olden time ; in his home, a princely host ; and when, after a long and mortal sickness, slowly, but surely, sapping a magnificent physical manhood, the end of his useful life came, lamented by all, he was borne by relatives, friends, and fellow-soldiers, survivors of the war, to his grave, and laid away in a beautiful resting-place of the dead, where he sleeps on the high hills overlooking the winding river of his own Commonwealth, which waters the two cities he had made his home.

It may not be amiss here to quote from a letter, written on the death of his dear sister, not many years before his own ; for a fellowship of sorrow and suffering reveals the inward nature of the soul, and gives glimpses of what

is ordinarily kept under the veil of reserve. "So your precious wife and my dear sister has left us to join the saints in heaven. So far as she is concerned, what can we say or think, save in joy, that all pain, feebleness and distress are overpast, and that she has entered upon that rest which remaineth for the chosen of the Lord. Blessed reward of a nobly spent life! She was always, to me, the ideal of pure, brave, Christian womanhood. What a source of unutterable pleasure it is to realize the fact that, far above all earthly shadows and anxieties, she is now, and will forever remain absolutely and unalterably happy, in the immediate presence of the Saviour whom she adored, and in the companionship of the dear ones who have gone before. Most tenderly, my dear B., do I mingle my grief with that which overshadows your heart and brings deepest sorrow to you and to my dear nieces and nephew. You can only, however, mourn for yourselves, and I trust that the good Master will be near to sustain, comfort and support. When such great bereavements overtake us, we can only lament

for our own sakes the departure of the beloved, treasure the precious memories, and betake ourselves to the mission of life." He himself had, in early manhood drank deep of a similar cup in the lamented death of the beautiful and pious wife of his youth.

It only remains to be said, that the children of these three, some of them married, are, almost without exception, professing Christians, thus keeping up the blessed succession of piety. May it continue to a thousand generations!

## CHAPTER XV.

### *A LAST WORD.*

ONE, criticising a preacher's discourses said, "she liked the sermon, but not the application!" If our hearers would only appropriate, there would be no need of a formal "improvement." If our readers have not caught the lessons of the life-story of this somewhat remarkable family, it would serve no useful purpose to emphasize them in numbered particulars. Possibly, if they have been overlooked in a first reading, they would not be in a second perusal—may the author humbly ask as much? May this history of one of the households of faith, awaken the concern of any irreligious parents into whose hands it may chance to fall; may it stimulate careless fathers and mothers in the church to imitation; may it encourage all families, governed on biblical principles, to a more careful and hopeful rearing of their sons and daughters in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. "Then

in the

*A Last Word.*

our sons shall be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace." The Lord bless it to that end, and to his name shall be all the praise.