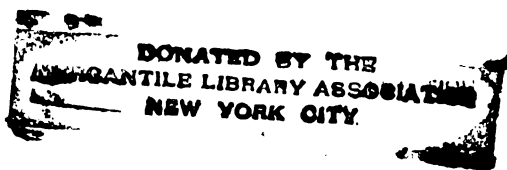


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the grand choir of heaven with its marvellous utterance, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

But the service is over. What a change! We are opposite the Bank of England, amidst the rush, the throng, the pressure, the voice of the multitudes, every one looking, for his gain from his quarter. Everything is earthly. The contrast is violent. We feel as if fallen, as if forcibly

driven out of paradise, to grub for the bread that perisheth among the mold and filth of a polluted world; yet, after a moment's reflection, we realise the value of those divine truths to which we have been listening, feel their sustaining power, and their animating influence, and are persuaded that an evangelical ministry is the *first* element of national greatness.

## AN HOUR WITH THOMAS P. HUNT.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

THE lives of some really great men are often as unruffled in their flow as a river. Their occupations, or the times in which they live, are barren of incident. Other men, inferior in station, and not distinguished by the attentions of the rich and great, pass lives which are as broken as the mountain torrent. By disposition, choice, and position, they are continually bearing part in some thrilling incidents, in which all the qualities of heart and mind, such as bravery, self-possession, wit, sarcasm, knowledge of human nature, come into exercise. A truly great man may govern a kingdom, and yet his life be so barren of incident, as to be as insipid to the general reader as a chapter in Whately's Logic, whilst the life of another man, in no wise his superior, will be read with avidity. It was the fine remark of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that could a convention of all the great men in the world be called, by acclamation Sir Isaac Newton would be elected its President. And yet the biography of Newton has not been devoured with half the relish with which *Borrow's* Bible in Spain, or his Gipsy, Priest, and Scholar were received. Between the men there can be no comparison, and yet the inferior commands the popular interest, because of his thrilling incidents.

Rev. Thomas P. Hunt has never pretended, nor has his admirers claimed it, that he is the greatest man, or even the greatest lecturer on Temperance, the world has yet produced. He has never been afflicted with an infirmity common to many of his fellow craftsmen, especially those of very moderate abilities, that no good ever was done in the cause of Temperance until he put his shoulder to the wheel, and nothing will be done

after he is gone. His friends are quite certain that he is a man of no ordinary mind. They have no reason to doubt his courage, nor his kindness, and those who fall under his lash, have as little reason to doubt his severity. But in private, with his friends, it is difficult to conceive how any one could be more entertaining, and that not merely as a fine declaimer of personal anecdotes, but a ripe, discriminating thinker, with the rare faculty of expressing his thoughts with the utmost simplicity, and yet so brilliantly, that they fasten themselves on the memory like the nail driven in a sure place.

Not long since, at the table of a friend, he repeated some anecdotes, the most of which belonged to a dependent series, all bearing on one point, which was the expediency and reward of keeping the Sabbath. Some years since he made a visit to the South. He had reached Wheeling on the Ohio river, and, with his usual directness, asked of the steamboat captain, if he would reach Cincinnati before the Sabbath; for, says Mr. Hunt, "I have made a resolution that for no reason not good for the judgment day will I travel on the Sabbath."

"We shall be in Cincinnati by Friday night," said the Captain, and with that assurance Mr. H. paid his passage money.

But the ice was running, and the boat was hindered, so that they were obliged to tie her to the shore for a day. The hands being idle, Mr. H. obtained permission to address them several times. His shrewd, amusing, and in general solemn appeals, so won upon those brawny boatmen that every one of them signed the pledge, and he even induced the barkeeper to shut up his

shop, with a promise never again to engage in such "a dirty business."

By this time Mr. H., had become a pet with the boatmen and officers, and as it began to be evident that Cincinnati could not be reached by the Sabbath, he reminded the Captain of his promise. This led to a discussion, in which Mr. H., the Captain, and a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian order engaged. The Captain entreated him to stay on board; for, said he, "I will stop every unnecessary work, and employ the fewest number of hands possible, and we will assemble as often as you please for preaching."

Mr. H. replied by asking, "How could I preach to you sinners, and yet be in open violation of one of God's plainest commands, and you all the time knowing it?"

The Cumberland Presbyterian said, "We have paid our passage money, and Providence having kept us back, it is plainly the will of Providence that we should go on."

"No sir," replied Mr. H. "my doctrine is different from that. If Providence holds us back, I think we should obey Providence by submitting, and not by actual disobedience. With you, Sir, it seems to be a matter of dollars, but I have been taught that *dollars* are not so safe a standard for the regulation of duty as *principle*."

No arguments could change Mr. H.'s determination. As a last effort the Captain came to him privately, and said, "If you will stay on board, we will tie up as long as we can and yet get the boat to Cincinnati in time to take her place in the line, and you shall have all the access you wish to the hands, officers, and passengers."

"No, Captain, I can't do it; besides, as you seem so anxious to have preaching on board, you will have one preacher with you at any rate. Employ *him* to-morrow."

"Employ him, the ——— (using a severe epithet) to preach, when he, a preacher, acts and talks as if he didn't know there is a Sunday! No, sir, *he* doesn't preach on my boat!"

The Captain now offered to refund Mr. H.'s passage money, but he refused it with the remark, "I will not take it of you, lest, after this discussion, you conclude that I am governed by dollars, and not by principle."

He was landed at Ripley, and a gentlemanly man, with whom he had formed no acquaintance, but who had closely watched the Sabbath keeping discussion, also landed at that town. He now addressed Mr. Hunt, "Shall I order your baggage to one of the best hotels in the place? As you are not acquainted here, with your permission I will do it."

The gentleman then conducted him to a distant

part of the town, to an elegant mansion, which he of course concluded must be a private boarding house, and was not undeceived until, after the first service, he accompanied Mr. Rankin, the Presbyterian minister, home, who asked him at what hotel he stopped. Mr. H. told him, "he did not know the name of it, but I believe the gentleman you saw me with keeps it!"

Mr. Rankin could not restrain his laughter at this, as he saw the whole thing. The gentleman was one of the wealthiest men in town, and had taken Mr. Hunt to his own residence.

The next Saturday night found Mr. Hunt landed on a miserable wharf-boat at Memphis, but the Captain unsolicited had refunded a part of his money. On Sabbath morning a gentleman inquired at the wharf-boat "if there was not a minister there?" He was told "there was a man there who kept himself close enough for a minister." This resulted in Mr. H.'s supplying the pulpit of the Presbyterian minister, who was sick, and a liberal payment for the services, which the good people delicately called "money to pay his passage." "So that," said Mr. Hunt, "I was paid double passage money for keeping the Sabbath."

Several days of that week were spent in Vicksburgh, which town was thrown into the greatest excitement, by the tremendous attacks made on "the liquor sellers," by the most fearless champion of Temperance in Christendom. They threatened to mob him; but Mr. H. went straight to their head-quarters, and, with a fearless front and a merry laugh, told them, "you had better think of mobbing me! You have become noted in Vicksburgh for hanging the gamblers, and if you don't toe the track pretty straight, I'll have you all swung up!" There was so much genuine wit in his words, and so much Virginia chivalry, that he disarmed the most of them. Some few retained their rage, but Mr. H. now had enough defenders from personal violence.

As soon as Mr. H. had left Vicksburgh, the drunken editor of one of their papers inserted an affidavit, signed and sworn to by two men, declaring that they had heard him say, on board the boat between Memphis and Vicksburgh, "that his principal business at the south was to stir up insurrections among the slaves."

On Saturday he reached Grand Gulph, by land, and, according to his resolution, tarried over the Sabbath, although several boats passed there that night and on Sunday. Somewhat to his chagrin, two or three days passed before a boat came along bound for New Orleans. It was during one of these days that he was down at the river, when a fine, athletic man passed by, and Mr. H. accosted him, "Is not your name A——?" "Yes;

sir, that is my name, why do you ask that question?" "Because you are the very image of my old classmate A—, and my dearest friend in the Old Dominion." "What," said the young man, striding up to him, "you are not Thomas P. Hunt, my father's friend, are you?" "Yes, I am the friend of A—, in Virginia."

"If you are," said A. with an energy that startled Mr. H., "I will kill him." "What do you mean?" "I mean if you are my father's friend, I'll kill the scoundrel." It was sometime before Mr. H.'s new acquaintance could calm himself sufficiently to tell him about the affidavit which the Vicksburgh editor had published, and which had led him not to inquire anything about the stranger, whose name he had learned to be Hunt. "Now that I find you are my father's friend Hunt," said A., "I know the scoundrel has published a base fabrication, and I'll kill him for it."

To every argument which Mr. H. could address to him, recommending a mild course, A.'s only answer was, "I'll kill the scoundrel for lying about my father's friend."

In his turn, A. now advised Mr. Hunt not to proceed to New Orleans, for said he, this scurrilous fabrication has gone before you, and for you to go now is at the risk of life." To this Mr. H. replied that he would risk it, and that he would go at any rate. And so they parted, and we shall presently hear of A. again.

On reaching New Orleans, Mr. H. sent an advertisement for a lecture on Temperance to the "Picayune," and Mr. Kendall, the editor, sent a messenger requesting Mr. Hunt would come to his office immediately. On reaching the office, Mr. Kendall called his attention to the Vicksburgh affidavit, and said, "Mr. Hunt, it will not do for you to lecture in New Orleans, for it will be attended with a riot."

"Well, let the riot come," was the reply. "I am willing to risk it."

"But we can't publish your advertisement, Mr. Hunt, when we know that with such a firebrand as this affidavit, the rumsellers in New Orleans can get up an excitement which must end in blood."

"Mr. Kendall, I am willing to risk even that affidavit, because it bears on its face its own falsehood."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Kendall.

"Only just think what it states," said Mr. Hunt, "that I said publicly on a Mississippi steamboat, that my principal business at the south was to stir up insurrections among the slaves! Who doesn't know, that if I had intimated such a thing, even by the darkest hint, that I would

have been thrown over-board, by the slave owners on that boat!"

"I confess," said Kendall, "I now see it must be a falsehood, and if we can make others think so —"

At this moment the junior editor, who had been looking over some papers just brought in, burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming, "You may publish Mr. Hunt's advertisement safely now, for here is a complete refutation of the affidavit." He then read from one of the Vicksburgh papers, an account, which stated that Mr. A. of Grand Gulph had written a most severe letter to the editor who published the affidavit, applying to him the most opprobrious epithets in the English language, and telling the editor if he did not challenge him to fight a duel, he would come up to Vicksburgh, and publicly kick the life out of him as he would a mad-dog.

The account proceeded to say that the editor wrote to A. that he could not come down to Grand Gulph, but if he (A.) would come up to Vicksburgh, he would challenge him. A. hurried up and the duel was arranged, but to the editor's horror, (he was an old duelist, and a prime shot with the pistol,) A. chose as the weapons, double-barrelled guns loaded with slugs and buckshot. The editor tried to back out, but A. told him, "No, sir, we meet with these weapons. I am not on equal terms with you with the pistol, but I can use a double barrelled gun so well, that at six paces I know I can kill you, no matter what happens to me."

The bully's knees trembled, and he began to beg; but A. insisted more sharply than ever, that he must fight or be kicked ignominiously, or else confess, in the presence of witnesses, that the affidavit was a sheer, malicious fabrication, and then publish the confession in his own paper. So completely had the bold A. obtained the mastery over him, that the man, who had killed several in single combat, accepted the hard condition, and actually complied with it.

It is needless to say that Mr. Kendall forthwith inserted Mr. Hunt's advertisement, as well as the account of A.'s meeting with the Vicksburgh libeller, and he lectured several times with great popularity, and without opposition.

Said Mr. Hunt, "Had I taken the boat on Saturday night or Sunday, nothing would have saved me from a riot, in which I might have lost my life. My staying in Grand Gulph over Sunday, and in consequence, being detained several days after that, was just the means which Providence used in refuting, in so strange a way, the falsehood which the liquor sellers had started against me."

There is another fine anecdote of this remarkable man, which I think has never been published. It occurred some years since, whilst Mr. Hunt was lecturing in Philadelphia. He spoke in all parts of the city, in churches, halls, and at every place of concourse where he could get an opportunity. Crowds listened to him, and, as in all cases of high excitement, two parties were formed. One party sympathized with the bold lecturer, on the real rights of women and children, as affected by rum; the other were of the kind, who, feeling that their craft was in danger, shouted long and loud, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" At last the excitement attained such a height, that a notice appeared in one of the daily papers, calling "for a meeting of the friends of equal rights, and the enemies of priestcraft, at F——'s Hotel."

Mr. Hunt went immediately to a man extensively engaged in the liquor business, who, whilst he was one of the warmest advocates of the equal rights and anti-priestcraft meeting, was personally unacquainted with the very man whose scorching words had raised the storm, and whom they intended to put down by the meeting.

"I have called on you this morning, sir," said Mr. H. to the rumseller, "to ask you if this call for a meeting of the friends of equal rights, and the enemies of priestcraft, is given in good faith?"

"Oh, yes, of course it is in good faith," was the answer.

"Then I will attend the meeting, for I do not wish to be outdone by any friend of equal rights, or any enemy of priestcraft. I am both, and I will thank you to say to the originators of the meeting that I will be there. My name is Thomas P. Hunt. Good morning, sir."

Without farther ceremony he walked off, leaving the poor man in a sad state of anger and trepidation. The unwelcome news was circulated through the circles most interested, and produced violent explosions of anger. Some of them said if "the old hunchback" came they would kill him, or they would tar and feather him, or they would have vengeance on him in some way. They managed to get these threats to Mr. H.'s ear, in order to intimidate him, but he only laughed at their threats, and said he would go to the meeting at all hazards.

At the hour of meeting he stood on the threshold of F.'s Hotel, and was met by Mrs. F., who entreated him not to go in, for he would be killed. Then the landlord himself came out, and begged him to desist from going in, "because," said he, "the men are in a rage, and some act of violence will be committed, which will not only

injure you, but me also, because done in my house."

"I shall go in, sir," was all the reply he could get, and go in he did. Mr. H. says the manifestations of rage which met him when he appeared exceeded anything he ever heard or saw. Without noticing it, he took his seat in the moderator's chair. To carry out the arrangement he hired one of the best stenographers in the city to be present, giving him some instructions how to demean himself. In a few minutes an old gray-headed-rumseller was called to the chair, and a resolution passed, "that all persons not friendly to the objects of the meeting leave the room."

On the strength of this several persons were turned out without ceremony, and they attempted the same thing with Mr. H.; but he said, "No, gentlemen, I will not leave the room. I have a right here. You have called a meeting of the friends of equal rights, and the enemies of priestcraft. There is no greater friend of equal rights, and no greater enemy of priestcraft in this city than I am. Besides, one of your principal men assured me this morning that this call was made in good faith. I am here by my own right, and will not leave the room unless you carry me out dead." There are but few more resolute men than the man who made that reply.

The whole assembly was in an uproar, and volleys of oaths and threats were fired at the diminutive man who had dared to brave the lion in his den. To all this Mr. H. said, "You talk of violence; if you should lay your finger on me, I will have your rum-holes torn down over your heads!"

"How would you do that, old man?" scornfully asked a man who figured prominently in the scene.

"How? If I could not get any other help the fish-women would do it at a sign from me. The people, especially the poor people of Philadelphia, are beginning to conclude that some gentlemen of your cloth are ripe for a taste of hemp, and if you do not carry yourselves erect, you will get it!"

The long and short of it is, that he braved them out, and completely cowed them, and then arose to make a motion to the effect, "That as this is a meeting of the friends of equal rights, and the enemies of priestcraft, we do challenge the friends of Temperance to meet us in the Chinese Buildings, publicly to discuss the relative bearings of Temperance and liquor-selling, on equal rights and true religion!"

"And for my part," said the mover, "I will pledge the Temperance community to meet you

when, and where you will, and to discuss this subject as long as you will. The Temperance community will pay half of all expenses; or, if this meeting will only pass this motion, I will engage that *you* need not pay a cent of the expenses!"

He then occupied the floor some three quarters of an hour, in a speech replete with wit, and sarcasm, and invective; and, in spite of occasional

interruptions, compelled his unwilling auditory to hear him through.

The stenographer, by some adroit move, saved himself from being turned out, and the next morning the meeting was reported at length in the papers, to the no small merriment of thousands, and the concealed chagrin of those who had been so completely beaten with their own weapons, and on their own ground.

## THE OLD SCOTCH COUPLE.

BY RUTH B.

It was for many years my duty and privilege to make one of a number of individuals who visited monthly through our little village, leaving at each house one of those little messages of truth, a *tract*. Amid the many discouragements and trials attending this humble labor, there were still some things cheering and encouraging to the heart. While to some our visits were matters of perfect indifference, and to others an unwelcome interruption, there were some few places where our entrance was hailed with delight. The dim eye brightened, and the feeble arm was stretched out to welcome us, and we went forth from those houses encouraged and strengthened for the work before us.

That part of the village which formed my "district" was a street of straggling houses, each with its little court-yard and flower garden; these were not the dwellings of the very poor, but of those just above that class, those who were too proud to subsist on charity, and just managed to live by the labor of their own hands. As I walked through this little by-street last summer, and noticed the pretty flowers, and the climbing vines by each cottage door, I thought to myself, how contagious and how elevating is the love of the cultivation of flowers. I remember when I was a child being sent of an errand through this very street; and as I picked my way along through the mud, I saw no beautiful flowers and pretty court-yards, with their fresh green grass; no vigorous shrubbery or luxuriant climbers. What had brought about the change?

Why, a few years ago one of the cottages was purchased by a stranger; he was a mason by trade, a poor man, no better off than his neighbors;

but he did not think that for that reason he need forever live in the midst of mud and filth, and have no bright beautiful things about him. No; John Wilkes believed in making the most of the good things which even he in his poverty might enjoy. And soon the old cottage appeared in a new white dress, and looked so pretty with its neat calico window curtains, that the people about thought the Wilkes's must be getting *proud*, and beginning to feel better than their neighbors. And in the spring, when they saw the grass springing up, and the pretty borders, in John Wilkes' garden, and the bright crocuses and daisies showing their heads, they were *sure* he was proud, and felt better than his neighbors. Not a bit of it; as they found out when walking by his garden, (they were not obliged to pick their way in front of John Wilkes's cottage, for he had laid boards along and made a dry clean walk,) they stopped to chat with Mary Wilkes, over the fence.

"Well, Miss Wilkes, what beautiful posies you have got, to be sure: for my part, I can't see how you've growed 'em so quick. Jest look at my mud-hole, I *know* I couldn't make such posies grow there, if I tried all my life."

"O yes, indeed, you could, Mrs. Moss, if you tried only one season. Why, don't you remember what kind of a place this was last spring, when we took it?"

"Yes, yes, I do, and how you've done it all; and you've five children, and you take in tailor-in'. Well, things will always grow for some folks!"

"And things will always grow for *other* folks, Mrs. Moss. Now, just ask your man to put an hour's work on your yard every morning, before