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^^^ WHEN KNIGHTHOOD **WAS IN FLOWER**

Happening In the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

Rewritten and Rendered Into Modern English From Sir Edwin

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR] Copyright, 1898 and 1901, by the Bowen-Merrill Company

CHAPTER XIX.

PROSERPINA. the value received for Wolsey's friendship to Brandon was Mary's promise to marry Louis.

Mary wanted to send a message at once to Brandon, telling him his life would be spared and that she had made no delay this time—a fact of Of course it was refused. Mary pouted Tower gates would not open until morning, so she had to wait. She compensated herself as well as she could by writing a letter, which I should like to give you here, but it is too long. She told him of his pardon, but not one word upon the theme he so wished yet to wed any other man. Mary had not told him of her final surrender in the matter of the French marriage, for the reason that she dreaded to pain him and feared he might refuse the sacri-

"It will almost kill him, I know," she said to Jane that night, "and I fear it is a false kindness I do him. He would, probably, rather die than that I should marry another. I know that I should rather die or have anything else terrible to happen than for another woman to possess him. He promised me he never would, but suppose he should fail in his word, as I have today failed in mine? The thought of it absolutely burns me." And she threw herself into Jane's arms, and that little comforter tried to soothe her by making light of her fears. "Oh, but suppose he should?"

"Well, there is no need to borrow trouble. You said he promised you, and you know he is one who keeps his word."

"But I promised, too, and think of what I am about to do. Mary in heaven, help me! But he is made of different stuff from me. I can and do trust his word, and when I think of all my troubles and when it seems that I cannot bear them the one comforting thought comes that no other woman will ever possess him-no other woman, no other woman. I am glad that my only comfort comes from him."

"I hoped that I might have been some comfort to you. I have tried hard enough," said Jane, who was jeal-

"Oh, yes, my sweet Jane. You do comfort me. You are like a soothing balm to an aching pain." And she kissed the hands that held hers. This was all that modest little Jane required. She was content to be a humble balm and did not aspire to the dignity of an

The girls then said their prayers in concert, and Mary gently wept herself to sleep. She lay dreaming and tossing nervously until sunrise, when she got up and added more pages to her letter until I called to take it.

I was on hand soon after the Tower gates had opened and was permitted to see Brandon at once. He read Mary's letter and acted like every other lover since love letters first began. He was quick to note the absence of the longed for but not expected assurance, and when he did not see it went straight to the point.

"She has promised to marry the French king to purchase my life. Is that not true?

"I hope not," I answered evasively. "I have seen very little of her, and she has said nothing about it." "You are evading my question, I see

Do you know nothing of it?" "Nothing." I replied, telling an unnecessary lie.

"Caskoden, you are either a liar or a blockhead."

"Make it a liar, Brandon," said I, laughingly, for I was sure of my place in his heart and knew that he meant

no offense. I never doubt a friend. One would better be trustful of ninety-nine friends who are false than doubtful of one who

is true. Suspicion and supersensitiveness are at once the badge and the bane of a little soul. I did not leave the Tower until noon, and Brandon's pardon had been deliv-

ered to him before I left. He was glad that the first news of it had come from He naturally expected his liberty at

once, and when told that he was to be honorably detained for a short time turned to me and said: "I suppose they are afraid to let me out until she is off for France. King Henry flatters me.' I looked out of the window up Tower street and said nothing.

When I left, I took a letter to Mary, which plainly told her he had divined it all, and she wrote a tear stained answer, begging him to forgive her for having saved his life at a cost greater than her own.

For several days I was kept busy carrying letters from Greenwich to the Tower and back again, but soon letters ceased to satisfy Mary, and she made up her mind that she must see him. Nothing else would do. She must not. could not and, in short, would not go another day without seeing him-no, not another hour. Jane and ! opposed her all we could, but the best we could accomplish was to induce her for Brandisturbance in this little body than in large porringer, which was passed ed at Buffalo, Guilford county, N. C. don's sake-for she was beginning to see that he was the one who had to suffer for her indiscretions - to ask Henry's permission, and if he refused, then try some other way. To determine was to act with Mary, so off she went without delay to hunt the king, everything.

taking Jane and me along as escort. How full we were of important business as we scurried along the corridors. one on each side of Mary, all talking excitedly at once! When anything was to be done, it always required three of

us to do it. We found the king, and without any prelude Mary proffered her request. which she was very proud-but the and was getting ready for an outburst when Wolsey spoke up: "With your majesty's gracious permission, I would subscribe to the petition of the princess. She has been good enough to give her promise in the matter of so much importance to us, and in so small a thing as this I hope you may see feared to hear of-her promise never your way clear toward favoring her. The interview will be the last and may help to make her duty easier." Mary gave the cardinal a fleeting glance from her lustrous eyes full of surprise and gratitude and as speaking as a

> Henry looked from one to the other of us for a moment and broke into a boisterous laugh.

"Oh, I don't care, so that you keep it a secret. The old king will never know. We can hurry up the marriage. He is getting too much already-400,-000 crowns and a girl like you. He cannot complain if he have an heir. It would be a good joke on the miserly old dotard, but better on 'Ce Gros

Mary sprang from her chair with a cry of rage. "You brute! Do you think I am as vile as you because 1 have the misfortune to be your sister. or that Charles Brandon is like you simply because he is a man?" Henry laughed, his health at that time being too good for him to be ill natured. He had all he wanted out of his sister, so her outbursts amused him.

Mary hurriedly left the king and walked back to her room, filled with shame and rage, feelings actively stimulated by Jane, who was equally indig-

Henry had noticed Jane's frown, but had laughed at her and had tried to catch and kiss her as she left, but she struggled away from him and fled with a speed worthy of the cause.

This insulting suggestion put a stop to Mary's visit to the Tower more effectually than any refusal could have done, and she sat down to pour forth

her soul's indignation in a letter. it even to this day.

I took this letter to Brandon along with Mary's miniature-the one that had been painted for Charles of Germany, but had never been given-and a curl of her hair, and it looked as if but gave him the strongest assurance this was all he would ever possess of of my trustworthiness.

her.

Brandon, and, with a Frenchman's belief in woman's depravity, was exceedingly anxious to keep them apart. To of his own retinue be placed near Branand there was an end to even the letter writing. Opportunities increase in value doubly fast as they drift behind us, and now that the princess could not see Brandon or even write to him she regretted with her whole soul that she had not gone to the Tower when she had permission, regardless of what any

one would say or think. Mary was imperious and impatient by nature, but upon rare and urgent occasions could employ the very smoothest sort of finesse.

Henry's brutal selfishness in forcing upon her the French marriage, together with his cruel condemnation of Brandon and his vile insinuations against herself, had driven nearly every spark of affection for her brother from her heart. But she felt that she might feign an affection she did not feel, and that what she so wanted would be cheap at the price. Cheap? It would be cheap at the cost of her immortal soul. Cheap? What she wanted was life's condensed sweets-the man she loved-and what she wanted to escape was life's distilled bitterness-marriage with a man she loathed. None but a pure woman can know the torture of that. I saw this whole disastrous campaign from start to finish. Mary began with a wide flank movement conducted under masked batteries and skillfully executed. She sighed over her troubles and cried a great deal, but told the king he had been such a dear, kind brother to her that she would gladly do anything to please him and advance his interests. She said it would be torture to live with that old creature. King Louis, but she would do it willingly to help her handsome brother, no

matter how much she might suffer. The king laughed and said: "Poor old Louis! What about him? What about his suffering? He thinks he is making such a fine bargain, but the Lord pity him when he has my little sister in his side for a thorn. He had better employ some energetic soul to any other equal amount of space in all around to the guests in turn. The by the presbytery which met to install the universe. You will furnish him all the trouble he wants, won't you

sister? "I shall try," said the princess or murely, perfectly willing

"Devil a doubt of that, and you will succeed, too, or my crown's a stew pan." And he laughed at the huge joke he was about to perpetrate on his poor

old royal brother. It would seem that the tremendous

dose of flattery administered by Mary would have been so plainly self interested as to alarm the dullest perception, but Henry's vanity was so dense and his appetite for flattery so great that he accepted it all without suspicion, and it made him quite affable and gracious.

Mary kept up her show of affection and docile obedience for a week or two until she thought Henry's suspicions were allayed, and then, after having done enough petting and fondling. as she thought, to start the earth itself a-moving-as some men are foolish enough to say it really does-she began the attack direct by putting her arms, about the king's neck and piteously egging him not to sacrifice her whole ife by sending her to France.

Her pathetic, soul charged appeal might have softened the heart of Caligula himself, but Henry was not even cruel. He was simply an animal so absorbed in himself that he could not feel for others.

"Oh, it is out at fast!" he said with laugh. "I thought all this sweetness must have been for something. So the lady wants her Brandon and doesn' want her Louis, yet is willing to obey her dear, kind brother? Well, we'll take her at her word and let her obey. You may as well understand, once and for all, that you are to go to France You promised to go decently if I would not cut off that fellow's head, and now tell you that if I bear another whimper from you off it comes, and you will go to France too.

This brought Mary to terms quickly enough. It touched her one vulnerable snot-her love.

"I will go: I promise it again. You shall never hear another word that no harm shall come to him-to him." And she put her hands over her face to conceal her tears as she softly wept.

"The day you sail for France Branlon shall go free and shall again have his old post at court. I like the fellow as a good companion, and really believe you are more to blame than be."

"I am all to blame, and am ready this day to pay the penalty. I am at your disposal to go when and where you choose," answered Mary most pathetleally

Poor, fair Proserpiua, with no kind mother Demeter to help her. The ground will soon open, and Pluto will have his bride.

That evening Cavendish took me aside and said his master, Wolsey, convenient opportunity. So when the bishop left his card table an hour later I threw myself in his way. He spoke gayly to me, and we walked down the corridor arm in arm. I could not imagine what was wanted, but presently I been one for whom he could have had Brandon later, and to good purpose, as which I have to say is for the happi- his back, to which Roe consented. will never name me in connection with will use the thought only as your

I did not know what was coming.

"It is this: Louis of France is little De Longueville heard of Henry's better than a dead man. King Henry, brutal consent that Mary might see perhaps, is not fully aware of this, and if he is he has never considered the probability of his speedy death. The thought occurred to me that although this end he requested that a member the princess cannot dissuade her brother from this marriage, she may be able, don. To this Henry readily consented, in view of her ready and cheerful compilance, to extract some virtue out of her sore necessity and induce him to promise that in case of the death of Louis she herself shall choose her sec and husband."

"My lord," I replied, quickly grasping the point, "it is small wonder you rule this land. You have both brain and heart.

"I thank you, Sir Edwin, and hope that both may always be at the serv ice of you and your friends."

I gave the suggestion to Mary as my own, recommending that she proffer her request to the king in the presence of Wolsey, and, although she had little faith or hope, she determined to try.

Within a day or two an opportunity offered, and she said to Henry: "I am ready to go to France any time you wish, and shall do it decently and willingly, but if I do so much for you. brother, you might at least promise me that when King Louis is dead 1 may marry whomsoever I wish. He "Il probably live forever, but let me have at least that hope to give me what

cheer it may while I suffer." The ever present Wolsey, who was standing near and heard Mary's petition, interposed: "Let me add my prayer to that of her highness. We must give her her own way in something."

TO BE CONTINUED. Ancient Table Manners,

A description of a dinner given in 1350 shows that there has been a vast improvement in table manners since then. As a rule, one knife had to serve for two people, and often a bowl of soup was used by two persons. For Princeton, N. J., in the year 1760. this reason the party giving the dinner arranged his guests in couples, trying to place people together who would

common use of table appointments. Spoons were seldom supplied to the guests, and the soup was drunk directly from the bowl, the latter usually diners helped themselves to the pieces dish with their fingers.

Napkins were considered a luxury, and were only provided in very aristocratic and wealthy families.

BULLOCK'S CREEK

Where the Banner of Presbyterianism Was Planted By terianism were planted from which Pioneers

CRADLE OF RELIGIOUS LIBERT?

Dr. Joseph Alexander, the First Pastor and His Successors-Comprehensive Survey of a History That Reflects Credit Upon Its Makers, and Honor Upon Their Successors.

By Col. James L. Strain. About the year 1750 the tide of immigration brought from Pennsylvania lot of Scotch, Scotch-Irish, Irish and Welsh people, who settled in York Chester and Fairfield counties. Many of them settled in Western York in the Bullock's creek valley, and sections contiguous to and along Broad River, as well as other portions of the

By the year 1765 there were several strong settlements of Presbyterian families in the different sections, and it is natural to conclude that these people would seek ministers from the section whence they came and of the ame religious persuasion.

county.

First we find Rev. Azel Roe and Rev John Chase, who it seems were sent to upper South Carolina and the adjoining counties of North Carolina to spend a season and do what missionary work they could among those destitute peo-

These pioneer ministers organized on the waters of Bullock's creek two churches-one near its mouth where it empties into Broad river and the other near the head waters. These they called respectively Dan and Beersheba. Afterwards the congregation concluded to change the name of the former to "Bullock reek," which name it re-

The only elder of whom we can at this time find any account was Captain William Jamieson, who commanded a company it the Revolutionary war in General Sumter's command. He lived to be fully 100 years old. Rev. Azel Roe was born on Long Island, N. Y., and graduated at Princeton, N. J., in 1750, and was licensed to preach in 1759 or 1760. He was an enthusiastic, ardent patriot, and took sides with his country against Great Britain in wished to speak to me privately at a the war of the Revolution. When New Jersey was over-run by the British in 1776 he was captured and taken to New York city as a prisoner, and confined in the old "Sugar house." Tradition says of him, that while en route the prisoners and their guard had to cross It came out: "My dear Caskoden"-had a stream of water that was pretty deep The officer in charge of the prisoners any use I should have grown suspi- from some cause had formed quite an clous-"my dear Caskoden, I know I attachment for Rev. Mr. Roe and pro-She remained at home then, but saw can trust you; especially when that posed to carry him over the stream on

I believe, although I am not sure about ness of your friends. I am sure you When about half way across the Mr. Roe said to his captor the suggestion I am about to make, and "Well, sir, you can say now, if you couldn't before, that you were once priest-ridden." This very much amused the officer, who thought he would get the joke on him by dropping the preacher in the water and then saying to him, "Well, sir, you are the first Presbyterian minister I ever immersed." But he didn't do it.

Mr. Roe's history was national as well as local. The next morning after reaching his New York prison house Mr. Roe's breakfast was sent to him by the father of Washington Irving. Whether Mr. Roe and his friends ever realized the far-reaching results of his labors in South Carolina, we are unable to say. But we should never verlook the mustard seeds of history, for tradition is that Bullock's Creek, Beersheba, Bethesda and Bethel were all organized near the same timeabout the years 1765 to 1769. Of Rev Mr. Chase we can find nothing further

than hereinbefore stated. To be a Presbyterian in those days was to be a Whig and the four B's-Bullock's Creek. Beersheba, Bethesda and Rethel with their strong interlaced congregations stood like grim sentinels upon the four corners of the territory now comprising York county. These churches were the Mizpahs where the patriots rallied for the struggle of Hanging Rock, and the pursuit of the infamous Huck at Brattonsville, and to join the lion-hearted Williams at King's Mountain and brave Morgan at Cowpens or to follow the Swamp Fox

into the lagoons of the Pee Dee. In 1774 Rev. Joseph Alexander assumed the pastorate of Bullock's Creek church. His history, too, is closely allied with that of the American Revothe same so far as the purpose of this sketch is concerned. Enough is known fish. to justify the conclusion that Bullock's Creek was amongst the first places of public worship established in this part darkened the creek and river lowlands. of the country.

Its first regular pastor of whom we of Pennsylvania, and a graduate of He be congenial and not adverse to this sylvania to visit Virginia, the Carolinas supply the vacancies in that unoccupied territory. On the 11th of Oct. 1777 he met the presbytery of Hanover having side handles by which it was and produced his testimonials, and were no separate soup bowls, only one Creek, North Carolina, he was ordain-Rev. David Caldwell, March 4, 1768. In mense labor in bringing the scatterof meat they desired from the common May following, Rev. Caldwell installed ed materials upon which he had to ophim pastor of Sugar Creek, where he erate, within his ministerial influence, remained until he took charge of Bul-

Camden) in 1774.

fine education and commanding talent; but will at once admit that nothing an animated speaker and withal reverenced as a teacher of the youth, and could have directed and crowned his his influence extended far beyond the bounds of his own charge. He greatly aided the destitute sections around him-one of which was Salem, in Union county, where the seeds of Presby-

sprang Salem church. Mr. Alexander was an ardent, conscientious, fearless patriot. He felt the self and his thoughtless parishioners. vrongs imposed upon his country by Great Britain and did not scruple to ed willing ears to such suggestions as advocate its cause both in public and he chose to make on the subject of reprivate. He therefore became obnox- ligion, while he sat by their firesides ious to those who favored British authority, but he had the confidence and support of his followers, who carried was not long until he had the satistheir guns with them to defend him faction of looking out from his pulpit on and themselves during their religious a Sabbath morning and seeing first one, services. His preaching and teaching then another and then a third, and so especially prepared men for the duties on of the families upon whom he had devolving upon them. A number of thus bestowed his attentions and his cost! those he taught here as well as at pravers, entering the church and fear-Waxhaw entered Mount Zion college ful of attracting the attention of the at Winnsboro, and became ministers of congregation, seating themselves in the of heroes-heroes of the cross as we the gospel.

On March 26, 1784, Bullock's Creek ing of the word of God. church was incorporated under the name of the Presbyterian or Congre- apostolic measure, Mr. Alexander was of these facts and who told it will

Dr. Alexander was a lame man. He and was ever ready to defend the cause faith in their godly lives. of his Master as well as that of his

Rev. Dr. Alexander was a man of human heart to the offices of religion, short of Divine wisdom and power

efforts with success. To win this class to virtue and re ligion, he must first conciliate their attachment to himself, which he accomplished after a time by means of family visitation.

The familiar and friendly intercour established in this way between him soon won him their regard, and securencircled by a listening household.

With such treatment of his people i nearest vacancy to listen to the preach-

From witnessing the fruits of this gational church on Bullock's creek in encouraged to ply his energies with an tears in their eyes—an impressiveness Camden district. (See Statutes, Vol. industry so untiring that in due time crowded audience thronged the church and gave evidence of their ap-

was a small man-perhaps did not preciation of the gospel in his mouth, weigh over 115 or 120 pounds, if that by a profession of their faith in Christ, much. But he was as brave as a lion and an exhibition of the fruits of that

Thus, under the early ministry o country. From all we can gather, he Rev. Mr. Alexander was a church al-



BULLOCK'S CREEK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

was somewhat like the Apostle Paul, in that he believed he could do all gation, and a flame kindled upon it things through Christ-who strength- which has never ceased to give forth

His highly cultivated mind, profes- and a half centuries. sional zeal and patriotic ardor found ample scope for successful developwork, to stamp upon the American soon became a prominent factor—a further the interests of our national were indebted to him, not only for monstrant against the tyrannical measures, at that day sought to be enforchis work elsewhere, surrounded by evto make him comfortable, the cry came to his ears from vacant churches from all over the southern country. He could resist the "Macedonian cry" no flourishing fields to other hands he

came with his family to South Carolina and settled in Bullock's Creek congregation. He at once assumed pastoral charge and entered upon his duties. Practically, he found himself surrounded with a moral waste, stretching in every direction over an immense area, with here and there the cabin of the plous Pennsylvanian or the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian. From these Bethels in the wilderness the daily prayer had come up in remembrance before God and in answer the dawn of the gospel day was now breaking upon the darkness, which had so long enveloped the fruits of righteousness. the Broad river valley. Like Paul at Athens the newly arrived minister felt nis spirit stirred within him as he surveyed the wild and rugged field he hal

undertaken to cultivate. All his resources were taxed to meet the exigencies of his people, but faithfully and implicitly confiding in the pledges of his Master whom he served, and sustained and encouraged by the hearty co-operation of the few pious families, whose urgent appeals had brought him amongst them, his work, for a time, advanced with slow, but fants. steady progress in the tract of country lution. In fact they are largely one and he then occupied. The forest abounded with game and the streams with his style of preaching was bold and looked upon their labors and lives

Luxuriant grasses clothed the hills, and almost impenetrable cane-breaks Hence with the exception of the labor required to cultivate a few acres plantan get any definite information, was ed in corn and wheat, to supply bread Rev. Joseph Alexander, D. D., a native for the family, and a patch planted in tobacco and one in indigo to procure a few dollars to meet the family expenses, was licensed by the presbytery of the settlers along Broad river and its Newcastle in 1767 and was appointed tributaries, composing what was then by the synod of New York and Penn-called Bullock's Creek congregation, passed their time in "inglorious ease." and Georgia, and as far as possible to Meanwhile the cultivation of the mind vanished from the last gun fired in deand the importance of subjecting the fence of American independence, the moral and religious elements of their nature to the transforming power of heart burned with intenseness in his the gospel, seemed to be matters upon conversation, and with the force of held. In less refined company there having accepted a call from Sugar which but few had bestowed any practical thought.

This state of affairs made it necesand no one who properly appreciates habit, fortified by the hostility of the his person, and the regular exercise of

tar erected in Bullock's Creek congre its light through all the changes of one

It was while Dr. Alexander was a work here that he organized Nazareth ment under the mighty causes then at church in Spartanburg county, and Salem in Union county, (then Ninetymind its permanent character. Young Six). His ministry contributed greatly tension to that arm of the church in Alexander caught the inspiration and to advance the cause of Christ and York and the neighboring counties,

Independence. So long as he was able to serve the church in the ministry, he was careful ed by Great Britain upon the American to employ a portion of his time in foscolonies. While he was in the midst of tering the growth of family religion, by visiting from house to house throughery kind of circumstances calculated out his congregation; conversing with the heads of families, interesting the youth and children of the household and uniting with them in prayer for Divine blessing. He also conducted a longer and in obedience to the calls catechistical examination in the several of duty yielding the pleasant and quarters of the congregation at stated periods, in which both old and young were required to take a part and show their knowledge of Divine truth and their experience and progress in practical religion. These wisely directed The congregation advanced in Bible knowledge: the pastor and elders were cheered with frequent and large acces sions to the communion of the church from the youth, under their joint care and instruction; and the several churches in charge of this beloved ims of the Bible had been brought t minister became vigorous and flourishing branches of the "True Vine," cloth ed in beauteous foliage, and laden with

During the lapse of twenty-sever years, embracing the period of the Revolutionary war, Dr. Alexander continued to serve this (with other churches) a few years of his death when infirmiy and old age forced him to give up ministerial labors.

he baptized eleven adults and 753 in-

It was said by men who grew up unpungent, making the understanding captive to the demonstration of the before our eyes. truth, and the appeals with which he was wont to close his sermons were they bowed with reverence, like a storm scattering in fragments believed, and in the duties the strongholds in which sin and impenitence seek shelter and repose.

To the services of this good man w

might add that he was a carless pa- their heart of hearts. The Of such an ardent type was his patriotism that from the day the Stamp Act and Boston Port bills passed the British parliament until the smoke glowing fires of his truly American lightning from the pulpit, on suitable occasions. He drew the picture of his country's wrongs and in the name of sary for Mr. Alexander to undergo im- liberty, humanity and religion sum-

moned her sons to the rescue. His unfaltering and spirited hostility to British tyranny and Tory ascendancy procured for him a prominence lock's Creek, in York district, (then the unyielding power of inveterate that frequently imperilled his property,

his professional functions. With ma ture deliberation he had transferred his temporal all on board the ship of the Revolution and resolved to share his country's fortunes, and with her

sink or swim, live or die. In the dark days of Carolina's prospects, when British and Tory ascendancy hung like a pall over her sky from the seaboard to the mountains, so fierce was the storm that raged around the partisan preacher, and so deep was the hold he had on the affections of his peop'e, that the few men and boys of Bullock's Creek, not already in military service, repaired to the church on Sabbath mornings with their guns in their hands, and stationing themselves around the church guarded their minister and worshipping while he preached to them the everlasting gospel of the Son of God. Ah, what a priceless gem is our lib-erty when we consider what it has

stands has been sanctified by the bloc as of the battlefield. Often have heard it spoken of by the old people who were more or less well informe more forcible than words-the price it cost to place in our hands the Charter of Liberty, with the unchallenged right to worship the God of our fathers according to the sanction of the Bible and the dictates of our own consciences.

Emerging from the Revolutionary war South Carolina presented an aspect calculated to awaken the tenderest sympathy of the human heart. Her farms and plantations were detated. Her workshops, academies and school houses that had escaped the vandal's ouch were left to silence and decay. The sires and sons, mothers and aughters who had survived the awful arnage and privations incident upon he war were reduced to poverty. The plough-share of devastation had rup-'ure1 all the resources of her former prosperity. But thanks to Heaven, over this dreary disaster the voice of Liberty and Independence rung with a restorative power and wakened into life and activity the intellectual, the moral and the physical energies of all classes to the noble work of repair and improvement.

a classical school near his own rest dence, situated a short distance west, of Bullock's Creek church and in a few months the infant seminary was own and adjoining districts. For a number of years he continued to discharge the duties of precepte eminent ability, and he had the satilfaction in after days to see many of his pupils in stations of honor, and usefulness, as clergymen, physicians, jur-

In 1787 or 1788 Dr. Alexander opened

ists and statesmen Many Presbyterian ministers, who from the beginning of the last century until the time of their death contributed so largely to give strength and ex-

their academical tra

early attainments in theology____ The late Governor Johnson, furnishes a specimen of the solid stamp of true South Carolina character and ear, ly scholarship, with which he and many others of Dr. Alexander's pupils during the period of a long life, were permitted to adorn and benefit the south and society. Governor Johnson entertained the highest regard for his venerated preceptor and spoke with pride of his academy in the Bullock's Creek forest. From the descendants of some of the old men of Bullock's Creek congregation, who grew up under the ministry of Dr. Alexander. ad who were true and tried men we have had labors were productive of much good. the opportunity of forming a tolerably correct estimate of the mighty results which accrued both to the church and the state from the labors of an enlightened and faithful gospel ministry. The religion, the morality, the patriotism and the solid common sense mi bear with steady and formative inflaence upon the youthful minds in the congregations, with whose origin, progress and interests the greater part of Dr. Alexander's life had been identified, and the result was that a generation of men grew up and matured under his plastic economy whose which his labors had been blessed in worth to their country as soldiers and planting and building up, until within as citizens is beyond our power of comprehension. What a grand people! What they were upon the field of bathis pastoral charge, and rest from his tle we have but part'ally learned from the historian; of the scars which they During the twenty-seven years of Dr. carried on their persons, and the re-Alexander's ministry at Bullock's Creek cital from their own lips of the many scores of mortal strifes through which they passed, we know comparatively little. But what they were as men der the ministry of Dr. Alexander that and as citizens we know for we have which they passed with noble b

To the authority of God in His

formed. The family altar, the Sa the house of God were a lucid commentary on th purity and the strength of Presbyterianism.

Rev. Joseph Alexander, D. D., his eventful life on the 1809, in the seventy fourth year age. He was buried in the gra at Bullcck. Creek. A simple stone slab, taken from the mout quarry, was placed at his grave his name, age and date of his death scribed on it. During Rev. R. P. Smith. wh Bullock's Creek with his congre

grave, to ma [Cor

tiful monumer