

# Zion's Landmarks

DEVOTED TO THE DEFENSE OF THE PRIMITIVE BAPTISTS.

FOR THE LAW AND TO THE TESTIMONY.

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NO.

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P. D. GOLD, EDITOR.

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Wilson, North Carolina, September 15, 1874.

### NOTICE!

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P. D. Gold, Wilson, N. C.

Elder C. B. Hassell's Letter.

Continued.

We reached Columbus Ga., about midnight, a very unseasonable hour to make a call on friends. But we ventured it, and were taken to the house of our old friend and acquaintance Mr. Thomas B. Slade. He and wife were in their own house, but boarding with their son-in-law Mr. Prescott, a merchant in Columbus. Mr. P. disposed of us handsomely for the remainder of the night.

Monday 18th, Mr. Slade and lady gave us a cordial welcome, and during the day did all they could to make us feel comfortable and at home. They both liked to talk on the subject of religion—appeared to be well established in the doctrine of salvation by grace, and the longer we stayed with them the more they seemed interested in this blessed subject. They looked like persons of the olden time and much disconnected from the new things of the present day, although they are Missionary Baptists. They have been married about fifty years and had their golden wedding on the 1st of April last. Mr. S. is a minister, and has been for many years preaching and teaching.

His female school in Columbus has been one of high standing for many long years and his influence as a teacher has been felt far and near. He has now resigned his school into the hands of his son Mr. Jerry Slade; and he takes much delight in visiting his friends, both in city and country and in preaching in the country, as

preferable to doing so in the city. He was born and raised near Williamston N. C., and now feels nearer to us than formerly, by the marriage of his nephew Wm. Slade to our daughter.

In the afternoon Mrs. Slade took us and Mrs. James B. Slade in a carriage and showed us some things in the city, such as Cotton Factories Ice Factory, Four Mills, public buildings, Fair Grounds &c. &c. We had a pleasant ride and found Columbus a very handsome place. The site is level on which the city is built—streets wide and well shaded and is partly surrounded by the Chatahochee river which separates it from Alabama.

Mr. James B. Slade, brother to our son-in-law William, also resides in Columbus and has a very interesting family. He is merchandising there or rather assisting in the business of a large receiving, shipping and supplying house. We spent part of the day and all the night of the 18th, with his family, where every attention was shown us. Tuesday 19th, had to leave these interesting families.

It was a matter of course that we could not stay longer. We took the cars for Opelika Alabama and reached there in the afternoon. Elder Wm. Mitchell was in our car before we could get out of it, who with his son-in-law brother James E. Pucket, soon had us and our baggage in a hotel, where we were well cared for. After which we were taken out to Elder Mitchell's three miles from the city. We now rested in the house of him of whom we had heard so much and whose praise was in all the churches. We were agreeably disappointed in finding him and sister Mitchell so young in appearance and in such apparent good health. I and wife are old folks compared with them. But they gave us to understand that they were in worse health than their looks indicated. Brother Mitchell from injuries received, has been unfit for manual labor for many long years. His preaching and writings however have been of great advantage to the faithful in Christ Jesus, and are still very edifying to the church. There is something peculiar about his manner and delivery in the pulpit, which is truly captivating though difficult to describe. He is blessed with children yet under the paternal roof who are diligent in business and assist him greatly, besides those who are married and in his neighborhood—all willing to do what they can to render him and wife happy in their declining years.

Wednesday 20th. All repaired to

Mount Olive, where Elder M's membership is, and where he has long performed the duties of pastor. It is situated about one and a half miles from his house. I tried to preach to an attentive congregation there, and Elder J. E. T. Henderson also. Elder M concluded with some appropriate remarks and we then returned to his house.

Late in the afternoon, started for Opelika—called and took tea at brother Webb's and then passed into the city, where I filled an appointment made for me during the day. In the Missionary Baptist M. H. I spoke to a good sized and apparently interested congregation. Elder Mitchell concluded. The pastor who kindly tendered us the use of his house was present and also another minister of his order. We were then taken by brother Mitchell and his son-in-law, brother Pucket to the hotel, where we bid them a final farewell and took lodging in the hotel—the "Lee House."

Thursday 21st. I and wife left Opelika for Montgomery, Ala. Reached Memphis.

Reached Decatur about 9 and Tusculumbia about 3 that night.

Friday 22nd. Took a branch road to Florence, Ala., on the Tennessee river, where we expected to find a boat and pass down the river to Savannah, Hardin county, our next place of destination—eighty miles off. But here we met with a disappointment and learned there would be no boat till Monday following. The weather was very warm, we could not be comfortable any where, but endeavored to be patient as possible during four days stay in the National Hotel kept by Mr. Wm. Kendricks. Mr. K. could inform us much about our relations in Hardin Co., as he had lived there for many years till lately and sold out there to one of our nephews.

Saturday 23rd. Judge Wood, a leading citizen of Florence and a Methodist minister (local) called on me and requested me to preach in his meeting house the next day to which I assented.

Sunday 24th. I addressed the people at the place designated in the forenoon, and was requested to do so again at night, which I did. The judge seemed gratified and thanked me kindly for accepting his pulpit. The house was a good one and well arranged for the comfort of both speaker and hearers. The preaching was

likely strange to many of the audience. Some seemed interested as though they understood what was said, others not. I met with School Baptists here. Underneath there was a church some distance from town. Met with an old man named Portlock, who was from Raleigh city N. C., fifty years ago. He was a Missionary, but seemed to like the doctrine of the gospel, and old things better than new, generally. The day of deliverance came on Monday 25th. When at about 5 P. M. I and wife left in the steamer *Diak Johnson* for Savannah. Now we had a better view of the Tennessee river, and I was much surprised at its width and high banks and numerous islands as well as its length and its varied course. Its head streams appear to be in Virginia, it passes Southerly and Westerly through the State of Tennessee far down into Gauthersville in Alabama, then turns Westery and Northerly till passing through the upper part of Alabama, it again enters the State of Tennessee in the county of Hardin divides that county into two parts. The State again in the county of Hardin enters Kentucky. It passes through the western part of that State into the Ohio river. If its like can be shown on the American continent I should like to have it pointed out. Coursing through the State twice it divides the territory into three parts, called East, Middle and West Tennessee. Its first line is more distinctly marked by being coupled with the Cumberland Mountains. It is said to be over one thousand miles long, and the number of acres its waters cover must be immense. It sweeps down into the State of Alabama as though it would find its way into the Atlantic Ocean, but the land becoming more elevated it swerves Westerly and Northerly until it strikes the Ohio, where its waters are at last sent to the great Atlantic by the medium of the mighty Mississippi. The land at Opelika Alabama is said to be eight hundred and fifty feet above the sea level, and five hundred and fifty at Nashville Tennessee. It is a wonder that so much nearer the sea as the former is that it should be three hundred feet higher than the latter. And yet both are too high for the waters of the Tennessee river—they have to seek a lower bed still, in their circuitous route through the States and finally to the Ocean. These thoughts occupied my mind to some extent upon my first practical acquaintance with the noble Tennessee, the name of which river I had been, as a North