

call a flat or dead season. The emotions are so strong as to exhaust both the body and mind ; and it is creditable to the New England clergy of all sects, that they have in general, of late years, almost entirely discontinued such meetings.

At the Franconia hotel I first heard of the recent fanatical movement of the Millerites, or followers of one Miller, who taught that the millennium, or final destruction of the world, would come to pass last year, or on the 23d day of October, 1844. A farmer from the village of Lisbon told me that, in the course of the preceding autumn, many of his neighbors would neither reap their harvest of Indian corn and potatoes, nor let others take in the crop, saying it was tempting Providence to store up grain for a season that could never arrive, the great catastrophe being so near at hand. These infatuated people, however, exerted themselves very diligently to save what remained of their property when the non-fulfillment of the prophecy dispelled their delusion. In several townships in this and the adjoining States, the parochial officers, or "select men," interfered, harvesting the crops at the public expense, and requiring the owners, after the 23d October, to repay them for the outlay.

I afterward heard many anecdotes respecting the Millerite movement, not a few of my informants speaking with marked indulgence of what they regarded simply as a miscalculation of a prophecy which must be accomplished at no distant date. In the township of Concord, New Hampshire, I was told of an old woman, who, on paying her annual rent for a house, said, "I guess this is the last rent you will get from me." Her landlord remarked, "If so, I hope you have got your robes ready;" alluding to the common practice of the faithful to prepare white ascension robes, "for going up into heaven." Hearing that there had been advertisements from shops in Boston and elsewhere to furnish any number of these robes on the shortest notice, I took for granted that they were meant as a hoax ; but an English bookseller, residing at New York, assured me that there was a brisk demand for such articles, even as far south as Philadelphia, and that he knew two individuals in New York, who sat up all night in their shrouds on the 22d of October.