

no small indignation. I had heard, in the course of my travels, several discourses equally at variance with the spirit of the Reformation, but none before in which the Reformation itself was so openly denounced, and I could not help reflecting on the worldly wisdom of those who, wishing in the middle of the nineteenth century, to unprotestantize the members of a reformed church, begin their work at an age when the mind is yet unformed and plastic—dealing with the interior of the skull as certain Indian mothers dealt with its exterior, when they bound it between flat boards, and caused it to grow, not as nature intended, but into a shape which suited the fashion of their tribe.

In the evening we were taken, at our request, to a black Methodist church, where our party were the only whites in a congregation of about 400. There was nothing offensive in the atmosphere of the place, and I learned, with pleasure, that this commodious building was erected and lighted with gas by the blacks themselves, aided by subscriptions from many whites of different sects. The preacher was a full black, spoke good English, and quoted Scripture well. Occasionally he laid down some mysterious and metaphysical points of doctrine with a dogmatic air, and with a vehement confidence, which seemed to increase in proportion as the subjects transcended the human understanding, at which moments he occasionally elicited from his sympathizing hearers, especially from some of the women, exclamations such as "That is true," and other signs of assent, but no loud cries and sobs, such as I had heard in a white Methodist church in Montgomery, Alabama. It appeared from his explanation of "Whose superscription is this?" that he supposed the piece of money to be a dollar note, to which Cæsar had put his signature. He spoke of our ancestors in the garden of Eden in a manner that left no doubt of his agreeing with Dr. Prichard, that we all came from one pair—a theory to which, for my own part, I could never see any ethnological or physiological objection, provided time enough be allowed for the slow growth of races; though I once heard Mr. A. W. Schlegel, at Bonn, pronounce it to be a heresy, especially in an Englishman who had read the "Paradise Lost." "I could have pardoned Prichard," said the