

whilst he is set for the defence of the Gospel, will defend the prerogatives of his office to the utmost. Come then, let us measure, weigh and examine him more thoroughly; he will repay the trouble, and we may feel at ease, for he has nothing of official personal sensitiveness. You seldom find his transcript; he is not a curiosity, although there are few, if any, of his image and likeness. Well, there he is on the platform; he has sat there many years; he is now Co-Delegate, sitting to the right of the President. In 1844, he filled the Presidential chair, when not quite 40 years of age; he still looks young. Time, that lays his hand so heavily on some of his brethren, affects him but slightly; his hair is as black and abundant as ever, few wrinkles in his brow, nor is his natural force abated. The external man is well rounded and proportioned—neither short and heavy, nor long and lank—but every feature and limb as cast in a mould of peculiar symmetry and strength. The very complexion—we call it dark—is of an enduring shade. Forehead pretty square, slight backward inclination; rather heavy brows, not highly intellectual, but sound and solid. The eye is without a similitude in that Conference—dark, full, rolling orb, very restless, and made to look with. Every man cannot stand its gaze. You are rather suspicious that it is inclined to look deeper than its province, or duties extend. Chin full, curved, projecting at the base. But we must not linger. Just take a glance at the mouth. Do you see those lips, what a natural capability of compression, what a mark of firmness and decision; what a good fit,—rather a pity, as they hide a remarkably fine set of white teeth. But there he is up,—be patient, he will not weary you; his speeches are uniformly short, language good, but plain,—old Methodistic idiom (he carries his Methodism everywhere), he is becoming loud and vehement in his utterances; he is combating some new theory. It is plain he was not educated at Athens; does not want to hear of any new thing. You have another glance at his character; that high tone of voice, that frequent pressure of the teeth, tell you plainly of the tenacity with which he holds his opinions; and yet we cannot mark the countenance as cynical or harsh, but in every line of it is written cool, strong determinedness and fixedness of purpose. Underlying we discover some scintillations of good nature, which occasionally shoot forth, and indications of a capability for strong, if not for warm friendship, or the opposite of antipathy and displeasure. There is a very striking contrast in the effects of the higher and lower tones of his voice, the latter being soft, full, measured and soothing, a gentleness you could hardly suppose his energy would permit,—whilst the higher intonations are shrill, rather harsh, and not agreeably impressive. It is the breath of defiance, the working of an inflexible will, and indomitable courage; not designed to melt your argument, but to crush and grind it to powder,—handles it as roughly as Moses did Aaron's calf.