

**RECOLLECTIONS OF AN
OLD MAN: SEVENTY
YEARS IN DIXIE 1827-1897**

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Recollections of an old man: seventy years in Dixie 1827-1897 by D. Sullins

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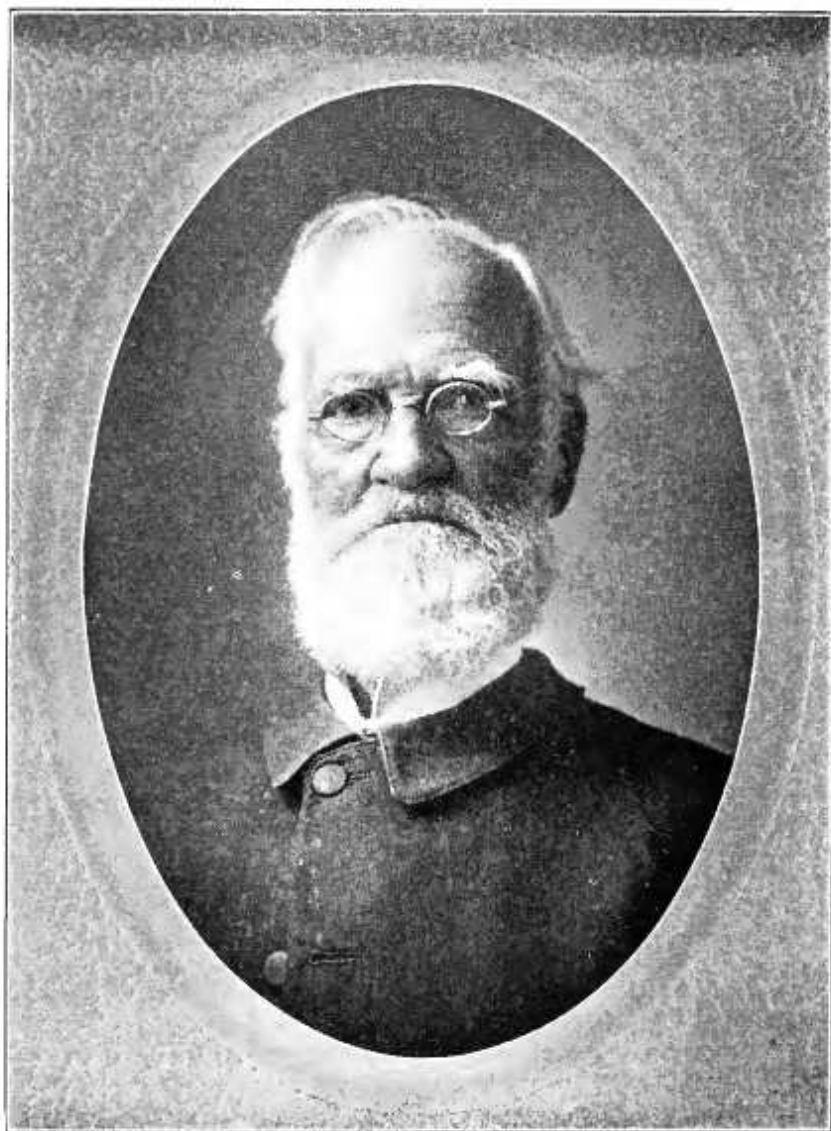
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D. SULLINS

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RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD MAN

Seventy Years in Dixie
1827-1897

BY

D. SULLINS
CLEVELAND
TENN.

SECOND EDITION

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INTRODUCTION



THOUGH not an old man, my memory goes back for somewhat more than half a century. The things that happened then are as clear in my mind as if they took place only yesterday.

In 1854-55, or thereabouts, Brother Sullins—they did not call any preacher Doctor, except Sam'l Patton, those days—was station preacher in my native town of Jonesboro. How distinctly he stands out before me as he then was: six feet and over tall, with a great shock of coal black hair on his head, blue-grey eyes that kindled when he talked to you, and a voice that could be as caressing as a mother's and as martial as a general's on the field of battle.

My mother was a Methodist of the old pattern, and Brother Sullins was often in the home. Two of my sisters went to school to him and loved him dearly. In social life he was a charmer, often breaking out into

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mirthful stories. Now and then he did not hesitate to play the boy. But for the scruples of his flock, I am sure he would have been glad on the frosty October mornings to follow the hounds after a fox; for the breath of the country was in his nostrils.

He was even then a wonderful preacher; at least there was one little boy in his congregation that thought so. But I loved best to hear him exhort and sing. Once in the midst of a great revival, he came down out of the pulpit, his arms outstretched, the tears streaming from his eyes, and walked up and down the aisles, beseeching his hearers to accept Christ. There was nothing studied in it, and the spontaneity of it thrilled me. I wonder if he dreamed how much he was stirring my childish heart. And how he could sing! There were no choirs in those days, and he did not need one, as he was entirely competent to "set and carry" any tune. Now and then he would sing a solo before the morning service, usually one of the great old Methodist hymns; but occasionally something new.

When he went away, everybody was sorry;

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the whole town was devoted to him. It was a long, long time ago! One whole generation has since passed into eternity, and a large part of another. But in the providence of God, Brother Sullins—now and for many years Doctor Sullins—still lingers with us; the old man eloquent of the Holston Conference, every man's friend and the friend of every man. More than four score years have passed over his head. He has been preacher, teacher, soldier.

A few years ago, at the urgent request of many friends, he began to write some reminiscences of his early life for publication in *The Midland Methodist*. He will not be offended when I say that even those who knew him best were surprised at the facility with which he used his pen. They had recognized him as an almost incomparable orator, but that very fact had perhaps blinded them to his other gifts. Anyhow the reminiscences were eagerly read, with a constant demand for more. Ever since the series ended there has been a succession of inquiries as to whether they would not be put into a book.

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And here they are! From New River to Lookout Mountain, they will be read again and again, often with tears and sometimes with laughter. I take great pleasure in introducing them to the general public. The man who wrote these papers ought to have written more.

E. E. Hoss,

NASHVILLE, TENN.,
February 14th, 1910.

PREFACE.



AFTER what Bishop Hoss has said in the introduction to these Recollections, and Dr. Burrow, who was editor of *The Midland Methodist* while they were passing through its columns, said, it is not necessary to explain further, the why, and the how, of this little book. It will be seen also that the first chapter is largely prefatory. Only this I will say, that but for the repeated requests of Dr. Burrow and other friends, for some reminiscences, they would never have been begun, and but for encouragement, after the first few chapters had appeared, they would never have been continued. Their appearance in this book form, is in compliance with a request of the Holston Conference in annual session. So I say Brethren, I am not so much publishing a book as that I am publishing my obedience to your wish.

Dr. Burrow and the Conference are responsible for the gathering up and preserving of this "basket of fragments."

D. Sullins.

CLEVELAND, TENN.,
February, 1910.