

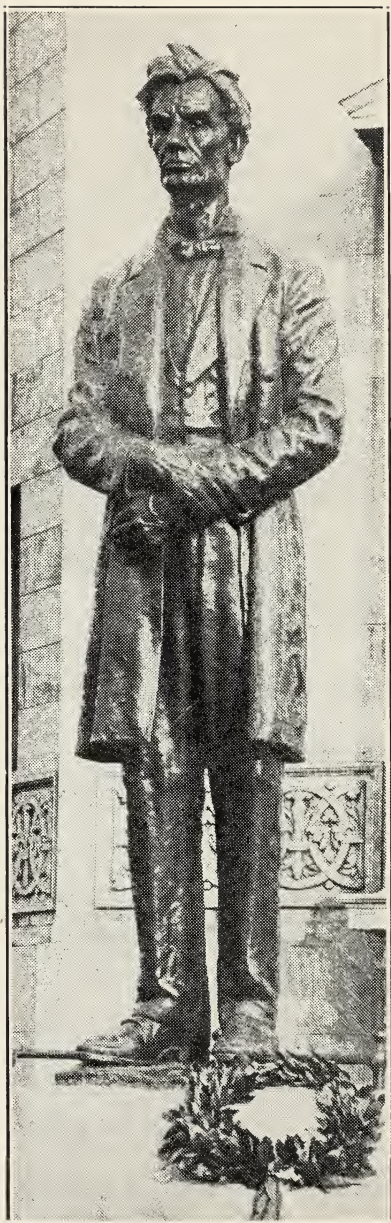
FORERUNNERS
OF
LINCOLN

LUCIEN V. RULE

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY.

First Presbyterian Church
April, 1944

Presented to Dr. Hedrick
by the author



GEORGE GREY BARNARD'S LOUISVILLE LINCOLN
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Forerunners of Lincoln

In The Ohio Valley

by

LUCIEN V. RULE

With Historic Summaries by

REV. CHAS. R. ERDMAN, D. D.

REV. THORNTON WHALING, D. D.

REV. HENRY VAN DYKE, D. D.

REV. WARREN H. WILSON, D. D.



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Ill. Hist. Survey

To my Friend
OTTO A. ROTHERT

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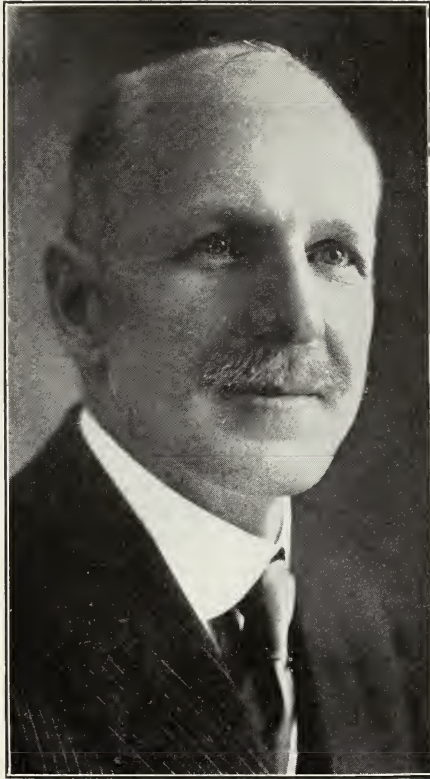
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REV. CHARLES R. ERDMAN, D. D., LL. D.

The Basis of Abiding Union

* * * *

TO CHARLES R. ERDMAN.

Once in the cycle of each hundred years
Cometh a crisis to the Church of God.
When truly "treading where the saints have trod,"
We must encounter hidden foes and fears.
In Truth's behalf our lot is toil and tears;
For Freedom's sake we feel the chastening rod.
And consecrate anew the ensanguined sod
With Jacob wrestlings till the Dawn appears.
Summoned of Christ, the Wondrous Counsellor,
His undershepherd thou to paths of peace!
After the winepress and the wrath of War
Thy voice and spirit bade dark passions cease;
And with Love's vision lifted and sublime,
We face the future of our race and time.

* * * *

If ever the words of Mordecai to Esther (in the period of ancient Jewish peril as the providential hope and dependence of her people) were applicable to a man of God in a momentous crisis of the Church and Nation, they apply to Charles R. Erdman as Moderator of our U. S. A. Assembly at one of the supreme moments of our history: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

That is why it is so eminently fitting for Dr. Erdman to have the "Foreword" of this centennial account of the spiritual and social Liberators of our faith who blazed the way for the Kingdom of God in the Ohio Valley when Abraham Lincoln was yet a youth. The issues and struggles of the Civil War were painfully and perilously present upon the floor of every General Assembly in that generation, one hundred years ago. And Charles Beecher most truly says of that body, in the Life of his eminent father, Dr. Lyman Beecher:

"The General Assembly was one of the most impressive as well as powerful bodies in the world. On its floor were some of the ablest, wisest, most enterprising, and influential men from almost every State in the Union. In its relation to educational, charitable, and missionary enterprises, in the appellate jurisdiction of hundreds of local churches, it swayed a power rivalling, if not really surpassing, that of Congress, and affecting not merely the religious, but the civil interests of the nation; opening an arena on which discussions of the most momentous questions were debated by practiced speakers, animated by the highest motives, temporal and spiritual, that can lend fire to oratory or enthusiasm to controversy.

"In the eyes of multitudes of Christians, its symmetrical structure from Session to Presbytery, Presbytery to Synod, Synod to General Assembly, was the

ideal of representative government, perfect in every detail, free from the defects of civil organizations, scriptural, spiritual, a kingdom of Christ, 'clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners'.

Robert Ellis Thompson relates with a touch of humor, in his "History of the Presbyterian Church in the United States," how Dr. Beman, Moderator of the New School Assembly in 1838, had on one occasion (after the adjournment of an Assembly stirring and historic in these heated discussions) visited President Jackson to condole with him over his political troubles. Old Hickory looked at the Doctor with a gleam of grim humor in his eye, and said: "Now, to tell you the truth, Dr. Beman, these fellows don't worry me half so much as do the dissensions in the Presbyterian Church."

Even the President of the United States, who was himself a Presbyterian, felt a deeper concern for the peace and unity of the Church of his faith and fathers than he did for the pacification of his political enemies. And while those heated issues had to be threshed out and fought over not only on the Assembly floor but also on the field of battle and blood, may we not derive vision and truth of untold value for our own times and tasks by a reverent and dispassionate contemplation of those great souls and struggles? The peace, unity, and progress of the Presbyterian Church of our entire country is no vain dream of the years ahead; and Dr. Erdman's "Foreword" touches the living theme of our Civil War with the same characteristic genius and gentleness that have enrolled him among the great Moderators of our history.

* * * *

THE BASIS OF ABIDING UNION

By THE REV. CHARLES R. ERDMAN, D. D., LL. D., Princeton, N. J.

One of the darkest tragedies of all history was the war which was waged between the sovereign States of the American Union. That such a conflict should have occurred is almost as incredible as it is tragic, because of the sacred ties of blood and brotherhood and inheritance and faith by which the contestants previously had been united.

What is hardly less surprising is the reunion which has come to pass, the forbearance and forgiveness which have been manifested, and the loyalty to the one government in its needs and its aims which has been shown by every section of the great Republic.

More recently those who once might have chosen the blue or the gray have fought in uniforms of the same color and followed the same flag. Half a century of common effort and of national enterprise and progress has done much to heal the wounds of war and to restore the consciousness of Christian brotherhood which alone can be the basis of abiding union.

Sometime ago the writer was seated in the room in which General Robert E. Lee died. My host might properly have been described as a distinguished son of the Confederacy. He embodied the convictions, the culture, the genial disposition and the best traditions of the South; while I was known to be in every sense a Northerner. My father had volunteered in the first days of the war; he had served under Custer and Sheridan and had been present at the fall of Richmond. However, in the very home of Lee, I was being entertained with open-hearted hospitality and with every mark of Christian courtesy. A little later I stood

near the famous recumbent statue of General Lee, and addressed an audience of American students on the subject of the characteristics which make for good citizenship and which qualify men for efficient service in the Church and in the State.

What made such an anomalous situation possible? Why should a representative of Princeton have been made welcome in Lexington? Why should such an occasion pass without remark and be regarded as a matter of course? Above all else, for this reason, that all of us concerned were meeting on a common platform with mutual confidence as followers of Christ. Whatever else, due to memory or conviction, might have divided us, a deep sense of loyalty to our Divine Master and Lord, a desire to do His will, a belief that His laws contain the ultimate solution for all the problems of social and political and industrial life, made us consciously one.

There are other influences which assure an abiding union of the South and the North, but none is more potent than the power of Christian faith. For instance, there exists an unquestioning allegiance to a Constitution which, whether interpreted as giving more or less power to the separate States or to the central government, is everywhere accepted as the fundamental law of the land.

There exists, too, a universal love for the free institutions which have come to us all as a rich heritage from the fathers of our country, under whose leadership all the Colonies were united in securing national independence.

There are the great industrial and economic advances, bringing with incredible rapidity changes in the social and political life of all sections of the land, which have tended to unite us as a people by bonds of common interest and endeavor. The development of the great West and of Florida and of the Pacific Coast has made us less conscious of the division between North and South.

The disappearance of slavery, an institution which was the occasion of bitter discussion and of strife, an institution which no one desires to restore, has left serious race problems, the solution of which is demanding the united interest and effort of thoughtful citizens throughout the whole land.

There are serious questions of international relationships in which all our people are equally concerned, which tend to make us realize our solidarity and to appreciate our united responsibilities toward the sister nations of the world.

However, above all other ties upon which we must rely as securing the unity of our national life is our trust in God and our loyalty to the leadership of His Son.

Lincoln, with sad face and burdened heart, with charity towards all and with malice towards none, longing to maintain the unity of the nation, is pictured seated alone in the pastor's study adjoining the room in the church where people had met for prayer; for he wished to hear their petitions, as his hopes for the future of the nation were fixed upon God.

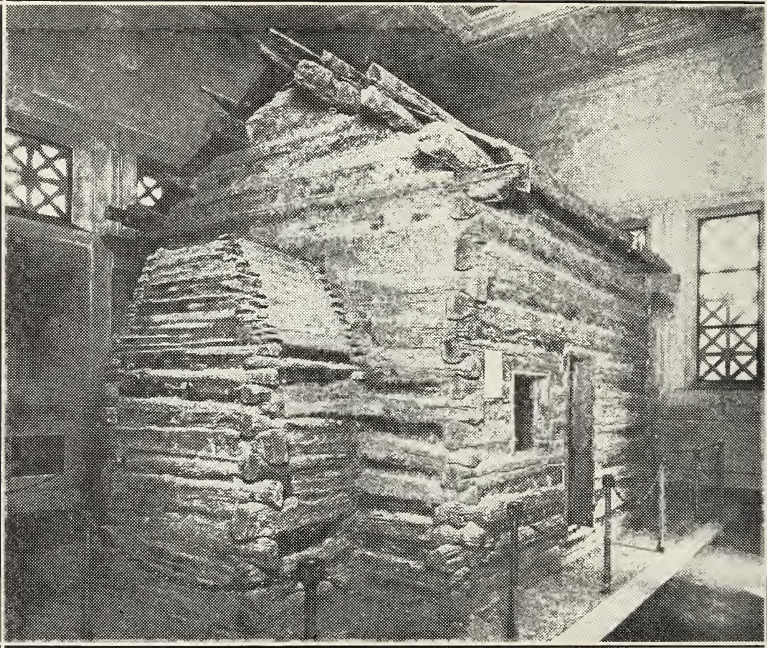
So, too, Washington firmly believed that national prosperity would be conditioned upon a morality which was founded upon religion, and in his Farewell Address he spoke words which are of deep significance to those of us who believe that the strongest tie which can unite a people is that of an abiding faith in God. "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere

politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion."

There are in our country sinister forces threatening to undermine our national institutions. Among these none are more deadly or more to be dreaded than the indifference to religion which exists in some circles, and the actual hostility to Christianity which is manifested in others.

As we look to the future, nothing will do more to heal the wounds of past conflict or to remove the bitterness of present misunderstanding and prejudice than an earnest and united effort to bring the youth of our nation, and indeed all the citizens of our several States, into conscious and determined loyalty to Christ. We who believe that the union is to be firm and abiding must strive to maintain for it the basis of a brotherhood which itself is founded upon deep religious convictions.

"America, America;
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea."



BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

At the Old Lincoln Farm, near Hodgenville. —(Copyright Photograph by Caufield and Shook, Louisville, and used by special permission.)

The Log Cabin and the Log College

In American History

WITH A TRIBUTE TO "HISTORIC OLD HANOVER"

BY ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

PROFESSOR FREDERICK J. TURNER, of Harvard University, in his notable book, "The Frontier in American History," pays eloquent tribute to 'Middle Western Pioneer Democracy' as a most vital factor in the formation of our free institutions. He says it was an impressive sight to witness the pioneers assembling in their community to raise the log cabin of a neighbor and sanctify it by the name of home, the dwelling place of pioneer ideals. He goes on to say that every worthy memorial of that historical time symbolizes the fact that the past and future of our people are knitted together eternally; that the sacred records of that heroic period "are not unmeaning and antiquarian, but even in their details are worthy of preservation for their revelation of the beginners of society in the midst of a nation caught by the vision of a better future for the world."

Though the Ohio Valley felt its close relation to the Old South, says Professor Turner, its people did not champion chattel slavery. The presence of indenture servitude in the south sections of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois in pioneer times accustomed the masses to look with toleration upon Negro bondage; and the spirit of compromise and adjustment between the two extremes of North and South over slavery prevailed deeply in the popular mind of this section of the country:

"Kentucky furnished Abraham Lincoln to Illinois, and Jefferson Davis to Mississippi, and was in reality the very center of the region of adjustment between these rival interests. . . . The Ohio Valley was a Middle Region, with strong rational allegiance striving to hold apart with either hand the sectional combatants in the struggle. In the cautious development of his policy of emancipation we may see the profound influence of the Ohio Valley upon Abraham Lincoln, Kentucky's greatest son. No one can understand his presidency without proper appreciation of the deep influence of the Ohio Valley, its ideals and its prejudices, upon America's original contribution to the great men of the world."

Professor Turner insists that the religious freedom of the Old West and of the frontier stamped itself upon the constitutions of Virginia and Pennsylvania; that a free church and a secular state were one of America's supreme gifts to modern civilization; and that we must own our lasting indebtedness to the Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist pioneers for this eternal vigilance and vision, despite their rigid sectarianism and emotional character:

"Whether Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, Baptist or Methodist, these people saturated their religion and politics with feeling. Both the stump and the pulpit were centers of energy, electric cells capable of starting wide-spreading fires. They felt both their religion and their democracy, and were ready to fight for it."

But Professor Turner is peculiarly impressive when he pays tribute to the determining influence of the Middle Western Pioneer Democracy in shaping our

educational ideals. He cites the Indiana Constitution of 1816, which contained a provision for "a general system of education, ascending in regular gradations from township schools to a State University, wherein tuition shall be gratis and equally open to all." He says this was a pioneer conception and was deeply saturated with the similar ideal of Thomas Jefferson, who put forth his famous outline of popular education when he founded the University of Virginia. However that may be, Prof. Turner addresses himself to the sublime fruition of this ideal today:

"Nothing in our educational history is more striking than the steady pressure of democracy upon the universities to adapt them to the requirements of all the people. From the State Universities of the Middle West, shaped under pioneer ideals, have come the fuller recognition of scientific studies, and especially those of applied science devoted to the conquest of nature; the breaking down of the traditional required curriculum; the union of vocational and college work in the same institution; the development of agricultural and engineering colleges and business courses; the training of lawyers, administrators, public men and journalists—all under the ideal of service to democracy rather than of individual advancement alone. Other universities do the same thing; but the head springs of the main current of this great stream of tendency came from the land of the pioneers, the democratic states of the Middle West."

Professor Turner makes soulful appeal to these great State Universities of our Middle Western country to send forth a trained and intelligent leadership in the social crisis that now confronts us—men with a Lincoln-like outlook and a spirit of fair play and patience that will avail us in the clash of classes and the mad rush for material gain:

"By sending out these open-minded experts, by furnishing well-fitted legislators, public leaders and teachers, by graduating successive armies of enlightened citizens accustomed to deal dispassionately with the problems of modern life, able to think for themselves, governed not by ignorance, by prejudice or by impulse, but by knowledge and reason and high-mindedness, the State Universities will safeguard democracy."

There can be no doubt in the world that this sadly missing type of leadership in social progress will be forthcoming in the crucial hour, and that much of it will come from the halls of our state universities, as Professor Turner pleads and anticipates. But the purpose of the present volume is to point out another historic and heroic source of leadership that has never failed us in the moment of destiny. We refer to the "Log Colleges" of long ago, the "Schools of the Prophets" in our Western country, like Hanover down on the Ohio, and Old Centre in Kentucky, which have made a special and imperishable contribution to the intellectual and spiritual leadership of American Democracy in her hours of travail and rebirth.

We are now in the midst of a centennial time of most holy memories. The hundred-year history of the Old Salem and Madison Presbyteries and of the Synod of Indiana is at hand; and we have asked a foremost man of science, a faithful and devoted son of Old Hanover, to pay tribute to her peculiar worth and work. In his summer sojourns at the lovely little hamlet of Vernon we talked over in a most intimate and illuminating way the material of the present volume; and Mr. Wiggam generously offered to write an introductory word on the Lincoln Forerunners. But we asked him for a more precious and personal

word—his own reaction to the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere of his old alma mater. He has given it in golden utterance:

HISTORIC OLD HANOVER

I suppose it is natural for a man to feel that his own college exerted a peculiar and unique influence upon its students; but it does seem to me, after all these years, that this was more true of Hanover than any of the Indiana colleges of that time. I think without doubt that we had the best course of Liberal Arts at that time in the State.

It is not the curriculum, however, but the teachers that make a college. And Hanover at that time had an able and devoted group of teachers. By common consent, Doctor Fisher, the President, stood head and shoulders over everyone else, I still believe he was the greatest teacher of men I have ever known, and that he was one of the truly great historic teachers of that day. He deserves a place with Mark Hopkins and Horace Mann.

A good teacher can be made, but a great teacher has to be born. A good teacher, like an ordinary man in any profession, is simply a man of good parts who has been well trained. He is a common man endowed with common capacities. But a great teacher is a common man endowed with genius. And Doctor Fisher was such a man.

The moral influence of the other professors was also very great. They were all men of the old, sturdy, uncompromising morals, and men who lived lofty personal lives. We regarded them in the light of saints. Indeed, we used seriously to debate whether Professor Garrett had ever committed a sin. I still have doubts if he ever did. He looked like one of the Twelve Apostles, and lived like one. And he was regarded at that time as among the half dozen ablest Greek scholars in America.

Professors Morse and Young and Baird were also men of high teaching ability and thorough scholarship. Professor Young's enthusiasm for science carried his students constantly with him. Professor Baird gave me my first inspiration towards literature. He was a great literary scholar and teacher. Later he married me and my wife and we revere his memory.

The College sent out many preachers in that day, as the whole tone of the institution was religious, although not denominational. A number of missionaries were sent to foreign lands, some of whom exerted great influence upon national destinies. Particularly I recall just now Sam Moffatt and Will Baird, who were the chief men in the whole political life of Korea for many years, and were powers with the whole country, and played a prominent part in the conflicts with Japan. Professor Garrett's son, Joseph Garrett, also became influential in China, and I understand is now regarded internationally as the greatest living authority on Chinese literature and history.

It is inspiring to think of a little college with scarcely 150 students, and with only seven or eight professors, and only a small endowment, hardly enough now to equip one university department, exerting such an influence upon the world. But it came from the lofty character and devotion of this small group of men who made the faculty.

For it always has been, and always will be, that it is not laboratories, nor big endowments, nor extensive libraries, nor athletic records, nor vast buildings, but the quality and character of the men who live with and teach the students, and who inspire them by their personal lives, which makes a college. And in this respect, the Hanover of my day was as good a place as existed in America for a boy to get the kind of education this country needs.

How the Ohio Valley was Settled

THE Ohio Valley was wrested from the Indians and settled by working people from the coast-line colonies and Europe. Thomas Jefferson once said that laborers, not lawyers, were the fundamental makers of America, for industry necessarily underlies the state. Or, as a witty Irishman expressed it, "Folks may do without gov'mint but nivver without grub!"

Even Washington was a working boy in Old Virginia before he became a surveyor-soldier and foresaw the future of the Ohio Valley. Of the stream itself Jefferson said: "The Ohio is the most beautiful river on earth; its current gentle, waters clear, and bosom smooth and unbroken and rapid." "A single instance" was the falls at Louisville, which was such a terror to the wives and little ones of the early emigrants on their way from the South to the Northwest Territory that they crossed at Utica, Indiana, a river village ten miles above. The ferry at this point was very important and profitable from 1800 to 1825 when so many thousands of people without property in the South swarmed upward into the newly opened prairie lands. From Old and New England, New York and Pennsylvania, came other thousands in the white covered wagons of pioneer times, braving death by Indians, disease and destitution, to cultivate and civilize our beautiful Western country. Multitudes came down the Ohio in flatboats, landing all the way between Cincinnati and Louisville.

Now, what were the causes that drew or drove our early ancestors to the New World and the West? Some say the search for religious liberty; others political emancipation. But Emerson, our greatest idealist, gave a third, fundamental reason, when he said in "English Traits" that every revolution in our history involves a yeoman's right to his dinner! The movements of humanity, like the migration of animals and birds, are a search for food and shelter, the struggle for existence, which is primary with most of us. Our fathers did love and die for religious and political liberty, and there was no mere spread-eagleism about their solemn belief that in coming to America they were, like the ancient Hebrews, escaping from "The House of Bondage" in the old world.

There was yet living at Henryville, Indiana, 1908-9, a grand old pioneer, Uncle Tom Freeman. He was born the day Indiana was admitted to the Union. He came of the sturdiest English stock, and his very name was significant of the original English yeoman. No braver, better men ever lived on the face of the earth, and the story of their exile and extinction is a sadder one than Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" or Longfellow's "Evangeline."

At the close of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century the common people of England were mainly free peasants who owned their little farms, or independent wage earners who owned cottage homes with several acres attached. These men worked for the landlords, but there was still the open common where the cow, horse and pigs might feed, and the free forest for firewood. The old feudal lord's reliance for work or warfare was these sturdy free-holders, who claimed the same right to the soil he did.

In the latter part of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century Feudalism came to an end in England, and the modern commercial age began. The old feudal barons had been rendered bankrupt by war, and a new generation of money makers found the manufacture of woolen goods immensely profitable. The old handicraft conditions of industry were done away at a stroke. The feudal lords dispossessed the free peasant proprietors and the independent wage earners of their little homesteads, and there was no choice left them but work in the mines, mills and factories or emigration to America. Hence the significance of Jefferson's remark that laborers and not lawyers were the real makers of America. "The small landholders are the most precious part of a state," said he, and he always defended their good name.

Sheep raising supplanted agriculture, and that was why the yeomanry were dispossessed by the landlords and manufacturers. The average yearly income of the peasant-farmer and independent cottager had formerly been from \$300 to \$400 even in that primitive time; and the wealth of cities and towns was distributed and shared amongst the masses as never before or since. But when industrial machinery supplanted individual handicraft a national tragedy was enacted. Up in Scotland alone there were 200,000 beggars, and a writer of the time declared that with the dispossession of the peasantry and the spoilation of the villagers, manufacture and commerce were the parents of the national poor. As Henry George said, there was poverty along with progress. In the forty-third year of Queen Elizabeth the national poor rate was established, and the authors of the measure seemed so ashamed of it that the bill contained no preamble whatever. The English yeomanry speedily disappeared.

Thus originated the indentured servants who formed so large a portion of the emigrants to America. They were really white slaves driven in chain-gangs through the colonies by "soul drivers" and sold to Northern farmers and Southern planters even before the arrival of the black man. Long afterward when the Duchess of Sutherland gave cordial welcome in London society to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe for showing the horrors of American Negro slavery in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a noted humanitarian abroad wrote an article for the New York Tribune stating facts about the dependent peasantry upon the estates of the Dutchess, in comparison to which black slavery was white. The article created an immense sensation.

The distressing conditions existing in all the coast states before and after the American Revolution drove numberless emigrants to the Ohio Valley. Edward Eggleston's novels are the social chronicle of these early days and deeds. Eggleston's father was a Virginia planter's son, a graduate of William and Mary College at seventeen, with the highest honors of his class and alma mater. He "was bred a planter's son, and, of course, a white-handed stranger to all manual labor," says Eggleston, "but he sent his sons to the country every year to farm." And Edward's social sympathies for the Negro slaves and indentured servants dated far back in his boyhood. He was an Abolitionist and a Humanitarian, and while he pictured primitive social types with such humor, he made Hannah Thompson, the bound girl at old man Means, his heroine in "The Hoosier School Master."

The Thompson family, no doubt real people, were left destitute by the death of the father, an English emigrant to the Ohio Valley. Thus situated, Hannah was bound out and the mother, nearly blind, was sent to the poor house.

a frightful institution in those days. Eggleston satirizes it with the power of Charles Dickens, who came to the Ohio Valley when Eggleston was a child, looking after the rights of English emigrants who had been robbed by bogus land companies.

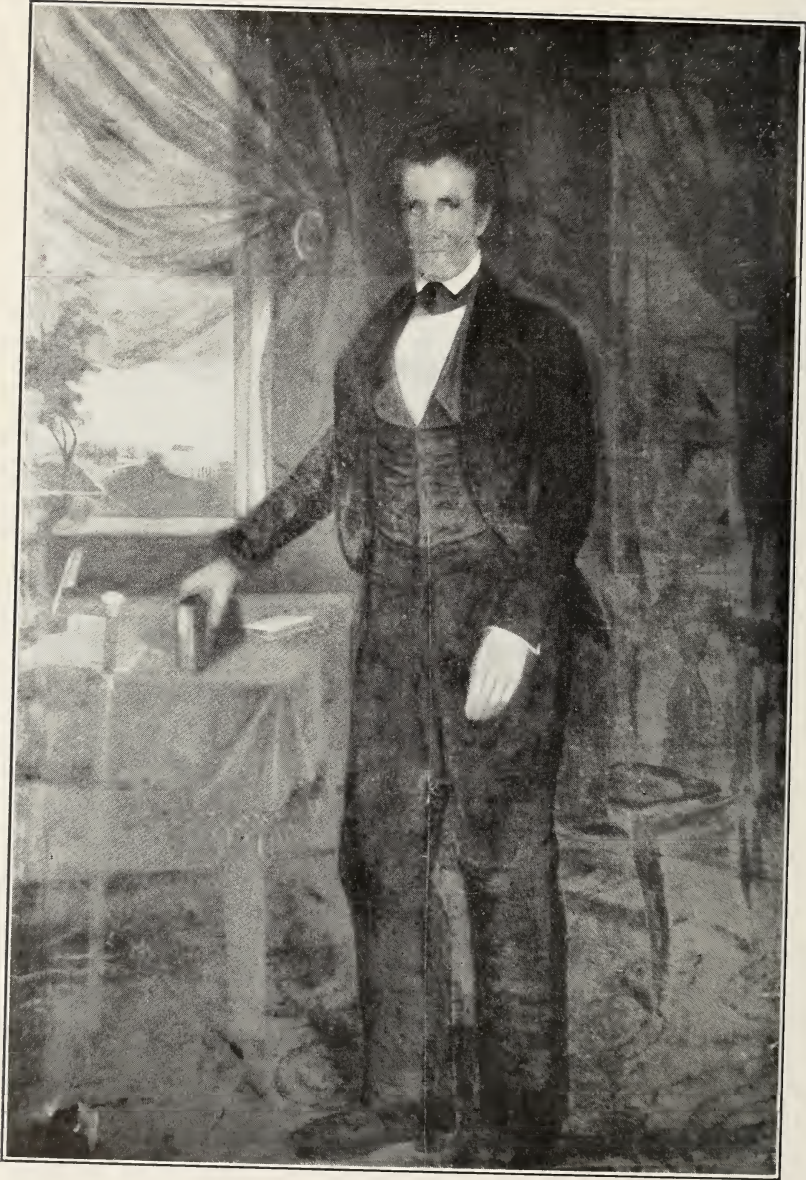
Hannah was "the quiet drudge" who "milked the cows in the open lot in the worst storms for three years." And nothing is finer than the discovery of her crushed womanhood by the young school master opposing her at the spelling match: "As he saw the fine, timid face of the girl so long oppressed, flush and shine with interest: as he looked at the rather low but broad and intelligent brow, and the fresh, white complexion, and saw the rich womanly nature coming to the surface under the influence of applause and sympathy, he did not want to beat."

Bill Jones was superintendent of the poor house, while Pete Jones was county commissioner for the "charitable institution" in which Hannah's mother was incarcerated. The school master discovers her: "And by the window in the same room, feeling the light that struggled through the dusty glass upon her face, sat a sorrowful, intelligent English woman. Ralph noticed at once that she was English, and in a few moments discovered that her sight was defective." He inquired her name, and then "could not but remark the contrast between the thorough refinement of her manner and her coarse, scant, misshapen pauper frock of blue drilling. He did not know, for he had not read the report of the boards of state charities, that nearly all almshouses are very much like this, and that the state of New York is not better in this regard than Indiana. And he did not know that it is true in almost all other counties, as it was in his own, that Christian people do not think enough of Christ to look for Him in these lazar-houses!"

The kindhearted Methodists take up a collection for the blind widow, and the old soldier of 1812; a Kentuckian, by the way, adopts little "Shocky," the poet-child who thought God had forgot! At the trial, when Ralph is cleared and Hannah set free, Squire Underwood says to her: "This court feels in duty bound to inform you that according to the laws of Indiana a woman is of age at eighteen, and as no indenture could be made binding after you had reached your majority, you are the victim of a deception. You are free, and if it can be proven that you have been defrauded by a wilful deception, a suit for damages will lie."

The poor girl walked ten miles by night to reach her mother, "knocked and was admitted, and fell down faint and weary at her blind mother's feet, and laid her tired head in her mother's lap and wept like a child, and said, 'O mother, I'm free! I'm free!' While the mother's tears baptized her face and the mother's trembling fingers combed out her tresses, and Shocky stood by and cried, 'I knowed God wouldn't fergit you, Hanner!'"

Uncle Tom Freeman at Henryville knew the Egglestons quite well when they lived in Vevay. He built the house where Edward was born, and a little cousin of his, Roxy by name, lived with the Egglestons and doubtless suggested the heroine of the noted novel with that title. Eggleston believed that his stories would always be valued as social history.



JOHN FINLEY CROWE

CHAPTER I

Forerunners of Lincoln

MY GOOD FRIEND, Mr. Young E. Allison, to whom I went in quest of a characterizing and binding title for these centennial chronicles of the great Emancipation movement, and the great human Liberators of the Old Louisville Presbytery, answered that any catchy, striking title to a book or a sermon has "a certain amount of charlatantry in it." He said that I should so arrange my material and tell my story that it would move naturally and convincingly from the old home church and community of my childhood and youth, where these great scenes and characters first dawned upon me in local tradition—across the river into Southern Indiana, where the history climaxes and where my own ministry of the past twenty years has enabled me to gather and chronicle from local tradition first hand the memorable atmosphere and personages that preceded and prepared the way for Abraham Lincoln himself in due time. I may remark in passing that the noted English musician, Francis Grierson, whose parents emigrated to Illinois in March, 1849, the year after his birth, witnessed and experienced this same mystic and powerful revolution in the souls of men and the society around them. The young man recorded his impressions fifty years afterward in one of the greatest of all Lincoln books, "The Valley of Shadows--Recollections of the Lincoln Country, 1858-1863."

I must next say that while I have long desired to publish the chronicles I have assembled, it was the centennial jubilee of the Old Goshen Church of my childhood near Louisville, and of my present pastorate at Old Vernon, Indiana, above Madison, that made the book timely—but above all, the serene and triumphant old age of my father, and Rev. J. R. Barnard (father of the Lincoln Sculptor) both spiritual veterans of the Lincoln period, one in the South and the other in the North. They were the yet living heroes of these pages whose careers nobly revive and revision the other great legendary figures of enlightenment and Liberty. The story of my father's ministry is to me the more impressive because the little Labor Chapel he built and pastored from 1895 to 1915 represented and expressed the latest and greatest of all the social and spiritual crises of American history. This little chapel and its pulpit were my own theological seminary, under my father, and from it I went forth to preach the gospel to those who labor and are heavy laden. From that little pulpit Lincoln himself would have gladly spoken had he been alive in our own time and community. All this history would be mouldy and dead to me without this memorable ministry of my father to the humble and lowly of our own day and generation. The story of my mother's vision and life of service was interwoven here also in the back ground of an Old Kentucky Home. Mr. Allison (without having seen the general story at all) agreed at once that the mental and temperamental as well as spiritual attitude of Lincoln as an Emancipationist rather than an Abolitionist had its origin deep down and far back in these Old Kentucky Home memories.

FORERUNNERS AND RESTORERS

Every great age has its Forerunners and Restorers. Hence, let us try to understand and appreciate the significance of these terms as applied to certain great Preachers of Righteousness of the Presbyterian Faith around us here during the Civil War when our nation was in travail with "The New Birth of Freedom."

The Forerunner was a precursor and herald of Salvation and Deliverance in ancient Israel. He was an evangel of comfort and consolation to the sinful and sorrowing. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." He was to tell Jerusalem that her warfare was accomplished, her iniquity pardoned, and that she should receive at the hands of the Lord double for all her sins, when her heart was contrite with true repentance. The Forerunner was the herald of equality and freedom also; but he was not a man or messenger of violence. "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom." At times stern and unrelenting as Truth itself, yet always forbearing and forgiving as Love Divine.

The Restorer in ancient Israel had almost a similar mission. Isaiah, the same great prophet, describes the conditions necessary to the Great Restoration: "To loose the bonds of wickedness: to undo the bands of the yoke; and to let the oppressed go free; and that ye break every yoke.

Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry; and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him? And that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning; and thy healing shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.

"Then shalt thou call and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here am I. If thou take away from the midst of thee, the yoke (of oppression), the putting forth of the finger (of scorn or contempt toward the humble and lowly), and speaking wickedly (with strife and contention); and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in darkness, and thine obscurity be as the noonday.

"And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in dry places, and make strong thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.

"And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called. The Repairer of the Breach, The Restorer of paths to dwell in."

It was this Old Testament type of ethics that so deeply impressed me in the faith and life of my father, from my youth up, and finally drew me with an irresistible passion and purpose to preach the same great gospel of Regeneration and Deliverance in Christ Jesus. As a child I took notice that my father was different from other men and ministers. He seemed aloof and alone, like an old Hebrew patriarch and prophet. His stern solemnity subdued and overawed me: and it was years and years before I realized how kind and tender and just he meant to be. At sixty years of age he came into the same great comprehension and experience of the Gospel applied anew to the social problems of our time that I myself had so fully and joyfully found. Human words cannot tell how sweet and reconciling and forever unifying this new birth was to both of us. We had come into it (or it had come into us) after suffering and struggle and

sorrow such as I never wish to witness again: but it was the same baptism of the Spirit of the Lord spoken of again by Isaiah when he said that he was anointed:

“To preach good tidings unto the meek (or poor): to bind up the broken hearted: to proclaim liberty to the captives: and the opening of the prison to them that are bound: to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God: to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn, to give unto them a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. And they shall build the old waste places: they shall raise up the formers desolations; and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolation of many generations.”

Just a little investigation convinced me that this faith and gospel which my father believed in and lived with such deep and undeviating devotion was the very same faith and gospel that moved and commanded the souls and lives of the great Forerunners and Restorers of the Calvinistic type before and after Abraham Lincoln in our national history. Lincoln himself, as his latest biographer, William E. Barton, so convincingly shows, was profoundly impressed by a personal friendship with the Rev. James Smith (formerly of the old Louisville Presbytery) who became Lincoln's pastor in Springfield, Ill., when Lincoln's little boy Eddie, died. He and Mrs. Lincoln found solace and comfort such as they had never found before, and Dr. Smith brought unto Lincoln a new experience of spiritual trust and dependence on God. Lincoln's faith, from that time was characterized by the elements of a noble self-renunciation. For Lincoln, great as he was in soul, (as Dr. Barton so powerfully shows) drew upon the same sources of Divine Assistance and Consolation in those supreme periods of national trial and testing when only prayer was left him. It was then that “angels came and ministered unto him.” And we are realizing today that our times and tasks demand an equally “full measure of devotion” to make them fruitful for those coming after us.

CHAPTER II

My Romancer and Social Hero

AND now let me record my undying debt to Edward Eggleston, who, next to my father, awakened me to the mission and purpose of the great Forerunners and Restorers.

In the pioneer times there was a Kentucky farmer by the name of George Craig, who gave his slaves their freedom, sold his farm, and moved across the Ohio River into Southern Indiana above Madison. He was a man of unusual intelligence and culture for those days and built his new house of stone while everybody around him used logs. He set out a fine young orchard of fruit trees and made every possible improvement upon his new land. He was a model farmer and became the most widely known man in that section of country.

But best of all, he was a believer in boys and girls. He had an old fashioned family of children and was their constant chum and leader. He took a deep interest in their education, and if there was a poor boy or girl of promise in the neighborhood, he adopted them into his house and gave them the same chance as his own children had. There was plenty to eat and wear in those good old Hoosier days, and the boys and girls repaid his kindness by doing their part on the farm and about the house.

Mr. Craig's home stood on the Ohio amid scenery of wonderful beauty, and his boys and girls were aglow with health. One night a young lawyer from the little town of Vevay, five or six mile above, came down to transact some business with Mr. Craig. While they were talking, one of Mr. Craig's daughters, a lovely young girl of eighteen years, entered the room to light a candle.

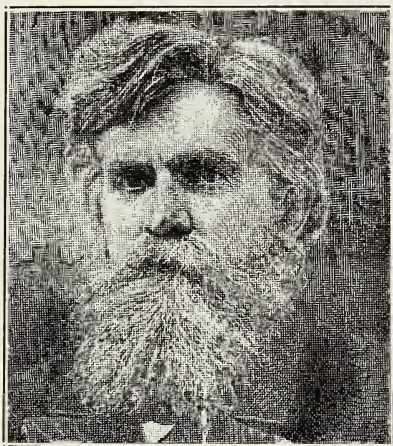
It chanced that the subject of conversation was particularly interesting, and she paused to hear what was said. So struck was she by the young lawyer's culture and charm of manner that she unconsciously lighted the wrong end of the candle. He was amused, but also surprised and delighted to notice her interest in their conversation, and addressed a few remarks to her directly.

She replied with such intelligence and appreciation that his heart was stirred within him, and he was not long returning to renew the association. A romance resulted, and in due season there was an old time wedding at the Craig mansion. The happy young couple settled down in Vevay and became the father and mother of Edward Eggleston, the First of the Hoosiers and the great novelist of Boyhood on the Ohio.

Young Edward's father was a Virginian by birth and education, and reared his children after the manner of farmer George Craig. Unfortunately, the father was afflicted with tuberculosis, and his son Edward inherited the same predisposition; so that his whole life was one long battle with ill-health. His younger brother George was robust and sound to the core and they too became chums and scouts in the great world of Nature around them.

Now the same year the "Hoosier Schoolmaster" was written, there was born on the Ohio River, about fifty miles below Madison, a Kentucky boy who so loved and admired Edward Eggleston's every ideal that from his earliest childhood he dreamed of becoming the successor of the great Hoosier romancer and historian. The Hoosier School Stories first awakened within this youth the vision and love of his own beautiful native Ohio Valley and its simple, democratic life. He made a steamboat trip to Cincinnati with his parents and brothers when he was ten years old and wrote a little book about it, his first venture into authorship.

Later on he learned to read and interpret the people of his own little village, and wrote a series of "Corn-Cracker School Stories." These were naturally in imitation of Mr. Eggleston's. They were crudely written on yellow wrapping paper, done into a book, and illustrated by his own hand. But, as Mr. Eggleston used to say about his own stories, "he had a good time writing them." So this Kentucky youth entertained the family circle many an evening by reading the chapters as they were written down after school hours, rollicking with the lively incidents of the day.



EDWARD EGGLESTON

Singularly, this youth's villains invariably became the chief figures in his tales, and the goody-goody boys and girls took the back seat, simply because the bad boys always created more excitement in his school world. The others never said or did anything worth while. In a word, he got interested in real people and actual situations and wrote with such truth and naturalness that his work in time attracted attention.

Now Edward Eggleston grew up amid the great anti-slavery struggle of the forties and fifties of the last century in the Middle West and might have written a story thrilling with the mighty drama of his own time and generation, because his own social awakening came through that same big struggle and drama.

The Hoosier Circuit Riders of early Methodism in Southern Indiana were all anti-slavery men. Peter Cartright, the most famous of all backwoods preachers, was their brave and devoted chieftain.

Likewise the Presbyterian pioneer pastors and teachers were fearless Abolitionists or uncompromising Emancipators. Father Dickey and his son; Father Martin. Lyman Beecher and Henry Ward Beecher all followed in the wake of Governor Jennings against slavery.

The Old Louisville Presbytery of a century ago embraced the entire region covered by the Great Liberators of those pregnant years: and that is why we retain the same spiritual basis and boundary in the story.

Imagine the influence this would have on a growing American boy. The tradition of the Presbyterian church in Kentucky from its earliest history under Father David Rice to 1860 was likewise anti-slavery in sentiment. Gideon Blackburn confirmed Old Center College, Kentucky, in this social faith and John Finley Crowe, founder of Hanover College, was a Kentuckian, ordained by the Presbytery of Louisville; and he left the State because of his abolition sentiments. How could a boy come into manhood under such traditions without imbibing the sentiments of freedom and humanity from his very birth?

Just imagine the influence of the Eggleston friendship alone upon his character and life, especially privileged as he was to become a minister and Social Crusader over the very territory and among the same type of people that Eggleston loved so well. It was natural therefore, that the young pastor's message should ring clear and true to the times in which he lived.

In the same way he went about among the boys and girls of the churches and schools of the towns, villages and country places, telling the stories and relating the incidents recorded in these pages. They were his own experiences and discoveries, largely. He learned to love the Hoosiers just as he did the Corn-crackers. He laughed and cried over the comedy and tragedy of their lives. So did he encourage and cheer them in their heroic struggles with poverty and hardship, unsympathy and social injustice.

The one ambition of his life seemed to be to love and serve the obscure, kind hearted folks. At all events, he and his associate Crusaders lifted the torch of truth and enlightenment amidst an environment of error and ignorance and superstition that would have tested the mettle of any man. That they won out, we think our story will abundantly testify. Ours is the Age of Gold, doubtless; but the Golden Age presses hard upon its heels.

No one but the young pastor himself knew the agony of mind and travail of soul he experienced trying to reconcile the old religious and the new social ideal. He did not compromise or emasculate his message. He simply re-experienced and expressed the dream of human freedom in prayer and song and story for the untutored rural mind and heart.

Edward Eggleston was a Methodist Circuit Rider in Southern Indiana; but he was the same age in years as my father: and I have joyfully recorded the story of Rev. J. R. Barnard, D. D., father of the great Lincoln Sculptor, because he, too, was educated in the same time and ministry and seminary as my father and still survives with vision and devotion unabated. It was the crowning honor of my own young life to be ordained to the ministry by the same Old Louisville Presbytery that made possible the work and spiritual rewards of the Forerunners and Restorers herein described. The Centennial Celebrations of the Old Goshen and Vernon Churches have been in the nature and spirit of

popular festivals in Ancient Israel. And these Centennial Chronicles of the holy men and women who preceded and came after Abraham Lincoln, were written as a testimony for all the coming years. Because the history is, after all, local, we have given it in fuller detail. Otherwise, it has been totally forgotten and left to oblivion.

CHAPTER III

The Old Louisville Presbytery

FEW and valuable historical facts have been brought to light in connection with the Goshen Centennial. We referred to the union of the Charlestown and Goshen Presbyterians under "Parson" Todd and other pastors long ago. The old Louisville Presbytery then embraced all this section and Southern Indiana, and the meetings of Presbytery brought together some famous pioneer preachers. Rev. John F. Crowe, founder of Hanover College, near Madison, Ind., and of the Vernon Presbyterian Church, twenty-three miles north of Madison, was ordained by this old Presbytery of Louisville. He was an outstanding anti-slavery leader. Gideon Blackburn, founder of the Goshen church, was another. And a third was old Father John M. Dickey, founder of the Presbyterian church in Indiana, as many called him. These men were all Southern born and were imbued with the sentiments of Washington and Jefferson and Franklin and all the Revolutionary fathers on slavery before the institution rooted itself in the cotton-raising South. Their sentiments were moral and not economic.

This old Presbytery of Louisville met at the old "Harrods Creek Union Meeting House," in the locust grove by the pike on the Wood Mount farm between Goshen and Prospect, in the spring of 1825. Rev. W. H. Hopper, D. D., stated clerk of Louisville Presbytery, U. S., has made careful examination of the faded, musty old records in his custody and has given us what facts he finds about the Goshen church and about the ordination of Rev. John F. Crowe. We write this here for permanent record in our church annals. Dr. Hopper says he finds no direct reference to the organization of the Goshen church in 1825; but Presbytery met at the "Union" or "Harrods Creek" church and adjourned to the Goshen church. We are sticking to the date given in the old Goshen church records, which is 1825, and let the matter rest there until further researches and disclosures by Dr. Hopper change it.

And since we were celebrating the Vernon Church Centennial, May 11, 1925, the facts about Rev. John F. Crowe's ordination were no less valuable. Hanover College was joining with us in this celebration.

THE OLD GOSHEN CHURCH

"Louisville, Ky., April 3, 1925.

"Rev. Lucien V. Rule, Goshen, Ky.

"My Dear Brother Rule:

"I am enclosing to you extracts from the minutes of the Presbytery of Louisville in regard to the ordination of Rev. John F. Crowe, as requested.

"In regard to the organization of the Goshen church, may I state that I was unable to find any record of it in the minutes of 1825, or near that date.

If there is a likelihood of any mention of it at some other date, I will be glad to look further. The minutes of those years are indistinct and the reading is difficult. If you can give me any assistance before I make another search it will help. The only reference I could see to Goshen was that the Presbytery met at the Goshen church for the spring meeting of 1825. The adjournment preceding that was to the Harrod's Creek church, but the meeting is recorded held at Goshen church. Just what identity existed may be known to you. I shall be glad to continue this investigation at your suggestion.

“Very sincerely,

“W. H. HOPPER, Stated Clerk.”

DR. CROWE IS ORDAINED

John Finley Crowe lived at this time in Shelby County, Kentucky and was a young man of rare genius and culture. We have gotten from President Millis of Hanover College some very interesting facts about his history, which we will give in another chapter. The old churches mentioned below were in the country outside of Louisville.



Grove where the old "Harrod's Creek Union Meeting House" stood, on Wood Mount farm, between Goshen and Prospect, on River Road 11 miles above Louisville. Here the Old Louisville Presbytery met in April, 1825. This old church and the Goshen Church were organized by Gideon Blackburn.

FOX RUN MEETINGHOUSE, JUNE 7, 1816

“The Presbytery met according to adjournment and was opened by a sermon from Revs. 2:10, by the Moderator, Rev. Samuel Shannock. Mr. John F. Crowe being dismissed from the Presbytery of West Lexington and recommended to the care of the Louisville Presbytery as a licentiate in good standing, he was therefore received in that character under the care of this Presbytery.”

THURSDAY, SECOND DAY, OCTOBER, 1817

"The Presbytery of Louisville met at Pennsylvania Run Meeting House agreeable to the call of the Moderator and was opened by a sermon by the Rev. John M. Dickey, from Ps. 2:12. Rev. Daniel C. Banks was chosen Moderator, Rev. James Vance was chosen Clerk. Presbytery adjourned to meet at Mr. Vance's tomorrow night at 7 o'clock."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1817

"Presbytery met agreeable to adjournment. Mr. John F. Crowe, a probationer under the care of our Presbytery, having been appointed to ride in the character of a missionary three months in a country not supplied with ordained ministers, and it being proper that he should be qualified for the full work of the ministry in such a case, the Presbytery considered it expedient to attend to Mr. Crowe's examination with a view to his ordination. Mr. Crowe being examined in Experimental Religion and appointed to preach a sermon, Presbytery adjourned to meet at Pennsylvania Run Meetinghouse at 12 o'clock.

"12 o'clock—Presbytery met agreeable to adjournment. Mr. Crowe delivered a sermon from Rom. 3:21-22. Presbytery resumed the examination of Mr. Crowe on Philosophy, Theology, Ecclesiastical History, Languages, etc. Presbytery adjourned to meet this evening at Mr. Vance's at 7 o'clock. After due consideration Mr. Crowe's examination and trial for ordination was unanimously sustained. On motion, resolution that it be expedient and proper to proceed to ordain Mr. Crowe tomorrow at 12 o'clock. Mr. Cameron was appointed to preach the ordination sermon, Mr. Banks to preside and make the consecration prayer and give the charge to Mr. Crowe and Mr. Scott to make the concluding prayer. Presbytery adjourned and met Saturday morning.

"At 12 o'clock the Presbytery proceeded to the duties preparatory to the ordination of Mr. Crowe. Rev. Cameron preached the ordination sermon from I Tim. 4:16 and Mr. Crowe was then solemnly ordained and set apart to the Gospel ministry by prayer and laying on of hands of the Presbytery. The consecration prayer was made and the charge given by the Rev. Daniel C. Banks, and the concluding prayer by the Rev. Samuel Scott."

CHAPTER IV

Gideon Blackburn and the Log Colleges of Long Ago

HISTORY then has given a very high place to Dr. John Finley Crowe, the founder of Hanover College, forty miles up the river from us. History has also given to Dr. Gideon Blackburn, who went from the pastorate of the Presbyterian churches at Louisville and Goshen to Centre College, an equally high renown. Dr. Blackburn put his choicest work in the Presbyterian Academy, conducted by his son at Goshen. We are now sure that Dr. Blackburn himself took part, when he had time to instruct the pupils. He stands out in history with great significance. He was of the Lincoln type, as the following rare outline of his character will show:

"The early history of the late Dr. Blackburn is a remarkable instance of perseverance in the face of difficulties. Left an orphan and penniless, when about eleven years of age, (being defrauded out of the handsome patrimony of twenty thousand dollars) a kind schoolmaster gave him instruction gratuitously; and he obtained a situation in a saw-mill, where he tended the saw from dark till daylight, studying by a fire of pine-knots. In this way he earned a dollar every night, and made rapid proficiency in his studies. Thus he struggled on till ready to enter college. To defray his new expense, he labored as a surveyor for four months, frequently sleeping in a cane-brake to avoid the Indians and having no other shelter from the rain but a blanket. He received for his pay fourteen horses, valued at forty dollars apiece. These he took to Maryland and sold for fifteen hundred dollars, with which he discharged all his debts and went through Dickinson College.

"Thus early inured to hardships, he was admirably fitted for the arduous duties of a missionary to the Cherokee Indians, to which he was appointed by the General Assembly in 1803, when thirty-one years of age. In this field he labored with great success for seven years, when want of health and other reasons, induced him to relinquish his post.

"Dr. Blackburn was admired as one of the most impressive and popular orators of the West. In theology he sided warmly with the New School party. The last years of his life were employed in a scheme for building up a college in Illinois by means of an extensive land agency, a certain portion of all the land purchased being appropriated to the college."

Francis Snowden and his wife were the pioneer people who were more closely associated with Gideon Blackburn when he founded the Old Goshen church. Elder Snowden came of a Catholic family in Maryland and his wife, who was a Winchester, came of a Catholic family in Louisiana. Their daughter, Mary, was a pupil at the Blackburn Academy near Goshen and her most intimate friend was Adaline Caldwell, of Charlestown. During the War of 1812 and dur-

ing the Indian Wars of the same period. Gideon Blackburn figured heroically in all these events and when he came to Louisville as pastor in 1823 he exerted a far-reaching influence over the Upper River Road Country above Louisville. The Goshen congregation embraced the leading families of this entire section.

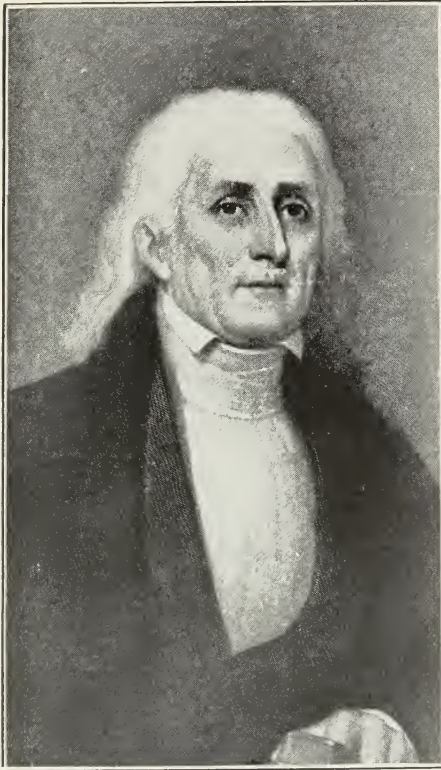
Our mother remarked one day that she inherited her mother's friends. Adaline Caldwell, her mother, married Thomas J. Woolfolk, her father, and they were from the first very intimate with the family of Francis Snowden. Mary and Adaline were not only school chums together under Gideon Blackburn and his son, John, at the Old Academy but their friendship continued unabated through life. Mary went South and was married to a Catholic and her brother, Richard, also married a Catholic; so there was always religious tolerance in the Snowden family. Mary was very reserved and some people declared that she became so after she married a Catholic; but Adaline said she was always reserved and people just did not understand her. She was true as gold to her friends. There is no record or tradition that Gideon Blackburn ever abused or spoke in a hostile manner of Catholic believers; for the record is all to the contrary that Catholic people were often fascinated with his presentation of the gospel and became Protestants of their own free will and accord. It was so with the Snowdens and Francis Snowden never allowed the Catholic faith abused at his family table.

GIDEON BLACKBURN AND GRANDMOTHER SNOWDEN

Richard Snowden built a beautiful home in Louisville and lived there some time with his family, Robert, Mary and Lavinia. His parents remained at the old homestead near Goshen. They were very simple, quiet folks but exceedingly hospitable and generous. In fact, the old home maintained its tradition and custom until the very last Snowden crossed its threshold. Richard Snowden met with financial reverses and in due season the old home in the country was sold. Grandmother Snowden, as everybody called her, lived close to the century mark and removed to the city of Louisville with her grandson, Robert and his family. Before she went away death had visited her almost as grievously as it did Naomi of old. Mrs. Fannie Ayres, her granddaughter and Mary Ayres, her great granddaughter were stricken and died within a few hours of each other. Our mother went down to spend the day and night with her and to comfort her, and while she was there word came that Grandmother Snowden's sister, Mrs. Hall, of Shelbyville, had died. It was necessary to tell her this also and she bore it with a beautiful faith, saying, "We will not be separated very long."

To Grandmother Snowden we are indebted for the local accounts of Gideon Blackburn's coming to the community church and of his matchless eloquence. She also left after her an original steel engraving of Dr. Blackburn, which has been the means of preserving his saintly features to posterity. Without this original no adequate portrait of him would have survived. We are enabled now to trace out clearly the sources of that inimitable and inspired eloquence which caused one of his old pupils to say that he was always followed by "weeping, wondering and admiring audiences." As we question today how this border, backwoods boy became one of the greatest masters of American eloquence, we can but believe there was great gift and grace in his ancestral line. His native county, Augusta, in Virginia, was a frontier region, at the time of his birth.

August 27, 1772, but the boy's people were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, in very humble circumstances, indeed, but devout and noble-minded; and the boy Gideon was named for a maternal uncle, Gideon Richie, "a pious young man without family, who, observing that he was a youth of much more than ordinary promise, so far adopted him as to undertake to educate him at his own expense. He became hopefully the subject of renewing grace at the age of about fifteen."



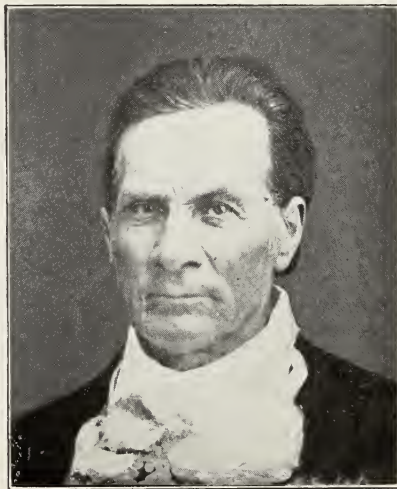
GIDEON BLACKBURN

THE FIRST LOG COLLEGE AND ITS FOUNDER

Young Gideon lived most of the time until his twelfth year with his grandfather, General Blackburn, of Old Revolutionary days, and we may well imagine that he exerted a decided influence upon the lad's future. In fact, he was surrounded by most excellent people on both sides of the house, and he is enrolled with the group of great pulpit orators and public speakers produced by a type of pioneer school which first bore this name set up in Pennsylvania about the year 1728 by Rev. William Tennent, an Irish minister of the Episcopal church, who was born in 1673. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and after ordination acted as chaplain to an Irish nobleman, but conscientious convictions and an increasing family, decided him to migrate to

America, where he landed in Philadelphia, in September, 1718. He was cordially received by a maternal cousin, James Logan, who was a prominent public official and who ten years later gave him the fifty acres of land upon which the original "Log College" was built.

Mr. Tennent came to America so well recommended that within two weeks of his arrival it was made possible for him to enter the Presbyterian church and ministry. Upon his location at Nashaminy, in Bucks county, Pa., in 1726, "being deeply impressed with the importance of a well-educated as well as pious ministry, he resolved on establishing a school at which young men might acquire the requisite qualifications for the sacred office. He was admirably fitted to conduct such a school, being a fine general scholar, as well as a thoroughly read theologian; and with the Latin language he was so familiar, that he could write and speak it, not only with perfect ease but with remarkable elegance. He is said to have delivered a Latin oration before the Synod, not long after he was admitted a member, which was greatly praised for its correct and splendid diction and which showed the most finished education which at that time was obtained in the mother country."



FRANCIS SNOWDEN
Sturdy old Pioneer Elder of Goshen Church.

His noble ideal of making education democratic in America is next witnessed when we are told that he erected an humble building on the land given to him by his cousin, James Logan. The building stood within a few steps of his own house; and it was but a short time until students flocked to his quarters. "His expectations in this enterprise were more than realized," says the historian, "for here before many years had passed, had been educated a considerable number of the most distinguished Presbyterian Ministers of their time. Among them were Tennent's own sons, Samuel and John Blair, William Robinson and others. It may safely be said that the establishment of this institution, known as the "Log College," marked an epoch in the history of clerical education, at least in the Presbyterian church, in this country."

EDUCATION AND REGENERATION

The Presbyterian historian says the Log College was located about twenty miles north of Philadelphia and hands down to us a vivid account of the great purpose inspiring the founder, Rev. William Tennent: "The spirit in which the institution was established augured well for its future. In Ireland and Scotland the signs of prevalent worldliness, foreshadowing a sad apostasy, were already apparent. In this country the primitive zeal of Makemie's compeers was already on the decline. Revivals of religion were nowhere heard of, and an orthodox creed and a decent external conduct were the only points on which inquiry was made when persons were admitted to the communion of the church. Vital piety had almost deserted the church. The substance of preaching was 'a dead orthodoxy,' in which little emphasis was laid upon regeneration, a change of heart, or the terrors of the law against sin. With such a state of things Mr. Tennent had no sympathy. His warm evangelical spirit led him to strive with all his energies, to effect a change. The young men who came under his influence in their course of education were inspirited to become his efficient allies."



Home of Elder Francis Snowden, Goshen, Ky., when Gideon Blackburn was such a welcome guest.

The establishment of this famous Log College, called so in contempt, the historians tell us, was in providential preparation for the great revival of which the Wesleys and Whitefield were the exponents, nearly two centuries ago. Of this place of prayer and light and liberty Whitefield himself wrote: "The place wherein the young men study is, in contempt, called THE COLLEGE. It is a log house about twenty feet long, and near as many broad; and to me it seemed to resemble the school of the old prophets, for their habitations were mean; and that they sought not great things for themselves is plain from those passages of scripture wherein we are told that each of them took them a beam to build them a house; and that at the feast of

the sons of the prophets, one of them put on the pot whilst the others went to fetch some herbs out of the field. All that we can say of most of our universities is, they are glorious without. From this despised place seven or eight worthy ministers of Jesus have lately been sent forth."

Thus on the frontier of Pennsylvania stood the New World School of the Prophets that raised up men and ministers who turned the spiritual tide for after generations; and in the good green woods near Goshen Gideon Blackburn and his son John established an Academy and church which were intended to lay similar foundations for the future. In subsequent chapters we shall see how the pupils of these institutions passed out with a vision and devotion that revolutionized the age and society in which they lived and labored.

GIDEON BLACKBURN'S LOG COLLEGE AND TEACHER

Samuel Doak was the man who educated Gideon Blackburn. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, born in Virginia in 1749, of devout Presbyterian parents; labored on the frontier farm till he was sixteen years old; experienced saving grace; and began his own education in a border school which was the Log College out of which Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va., afterward grew. We thus see this line of Log Colleges belting the entire territory of early times. Young Doak begged his father to put all his inheritance into an education for him; he boarded himself in a hut near the school house or college, tutored other pupils, and mastered the classics sufficiently to enter Princeton College, New Jersey.

This young man, Samuel Doak, was licensed to preach by the Hanover Presbytery, Virginia, in 1777; and later on he removed to the border territory of North Carolina and East Tennessee. Here he had some trying experiences with the Indians, such as his future pupil, Gideon Blackburn, endured in his early ministry. He was a member of an early territorial convention to form a constitution and endeavored to incorporate a clause pledging the new commonwealth to establish a university by the year 1787 and to endow it liberally. But in this he was disappointed, and so he removed to a community on what was then Little Limestone, Washington county, North Carolina. Here he purchased a frontier farm, built a Log College and Church, and established himself as a pastor and teacher of youth. This was the first infant college planted in all the great Mississippi Valley. The North Carolina legislature first incorporated it as Martin Academy, in 1785 and in 1795 it became Washington College. Mr. Doak was the head of it from 1785 to 1818. His church elders were his board of trustees, with some outside additions. He once attended the General Assembly in Philadelphia and brought back upon a pack horse the nucleus of a college library tied up in a big sack.

WISDOM IN THE BACKWOODS

Imagine a man somewhat above the middle stature, with a large muscular frame, well formed, and in later life rather inclined to corpulency, full chest, wide shoulders and short neck indicating apoplexy, of which he afterward died—and you have the physical outline of Rev. Samuel Doak, this great backwoods teacher and scholar who trained Gideon Blackburn for the gospel

ministry. He was a solemn and commanding man. His voice was powerful, even stentorian, but not musical; but he knew how to train up great preachers. His eyes were deep blue and at times seemed lustreless, for he was not a man to give way to feeling and emotion; nor was he a brilliant and inspiring instructor. He was solid and sensible, thorough and dignified, and controlled his pupils with a masterly will and unflinching helpfulness.

Dr. Doak was a man of peculiar habits at home and in the school room. He read less and spent hours in secluded thought as he became more and more familiar with the subjects he taught. He was kindhearted but gave no attention to conversation or conviviality. His sermons and college subjects absorbed all his leisure and meditation. He was hospitable but turned all visitors over to the family to entertain when he was busy. When he left the class room he went to his study, reclining in a big arm chair, bent his head back, closed his eyes, and in pure abstract reflection prepared his sermons and lessons for the congregation and the student body.

In the class room Dr. Doak pursued the same plan. He lay at ease in his big chair and could hear two or three classes in the languages recite without confusion at the same time. He did not divide his pupils into Fresh, Soph, Junior and Senior, but allowed each one to make progress and advance according to his individual capacity and inclination. Furthermore, he encouraged and required his boys to do their own thinking; he sternly rebuked stupid subservience, and enthused his classes to stand upon their own opinions and to respect others for so doing. He went back to the subjects of chemistry and Hebrew when he was sixty-five years of age and mastered them himself as they were not in the college course when he attended Princeton as a youth.

THE SCHOOL OF HARDSHIP

The section of country where Dr. Doak's Log College was located was at the union of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. Meal was so scarce when he went there that he was compelled to return thirty miles to get it and other supplies. The Cherokee Indians were round about that section of country and hostile to the settlers. They came to the cabin where young Doak and his wife lived at that time. He was away. Mrs. Doak heard the dogs barking and slipped out with her infant child to hide in the woods. She saw the red men enter the cabin, remove some of the furniture and set fire to the house. Her little babe did not awaken, nor did she make any outcry. She escaped by a blind path ten miles to the nearest station, where she found her husband the next day.

These adventures were common experiences. One Sunday at service the cry of "Indians, Indians—the Ragsdale family is murdered," rang out on the air. Pastor Doak stopped, led in a word of prayer, dismissed the congregation, seized his rifle and led the men against the savages. Another time his classes were interrupted by the same alarm. He dismissed his school and went with his pupils to join the nearest military command to repel the attack. It was this schooling in courage and initiative, in faith and fearlessness, that made Gideon Blackburn so great a leader, a veritable Gideon from his youth up.

CHAPTER V

John Finley Crowe, Hanover College, and Old Vernon Church

THE Vernon, Indiana, Presbyterian church celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its origin Sunday night, May 10, 1925, in a magnificent service of music, song and public address. On that memorable evening honor and reverence were bestowed upon one great and intrepid spiritual pioneer, Rev. John Finley Crowe, the founder of the Vernon church and the father of Hanover College, down on the river twenty-three miles away. As a similar meeting will be held before long at the Goshen Presbyterian church in honor of Dr. Gideon Blackburn, founder of the church and early President of Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, when Dr. Crowe was laying foundations of a like character at Hanover and Vernon, we will tell the story of this celebration and of Dr. Crowe in a worthy manner.

President Millis of Hanover College could not come to Vernon for the address on Dr. Crowe, but sent in his place one of the most gifted, humorous and eloquent ministers in all the Synod of Indiana—Rev. Dr. Frank O. Ballard, Professor of English Bible at Hanover College. Dr. Ballard, with Mrs. Ballard, Prof. Chas. R. Glazer, musical director at Hanover, singers of rare excellence, arrived in Vernon at 6 p. m. and were met by Elder Nauer of the Men's Brotherhood, Elders Jordan, Carney, Wagner and Benson. Deacons Jordan, Welker, Eitel and a large committee group escorted the visitors to an elegant supper at the hotel, after which Dr. Ballard addressed the company on the subject of a community house in Vernon—the need of it; how Mr. Graham Brown, of Louisville, had assisted Madison in building such a hall to keep its boys and girls off the streets at night, and out of evil associations.

AN OLD-TIME HOME-COMING

Dr. Ballard then recalled his boyhood town, Athens, Ohio, a university center, where one of the most delightful home-comings imaginable was given; and where a little runt of a street Arab about town, since risen to fortune and public notice, starred as the benefactor of his native place. Thus, said Dr. Ballard, an old home community like Athens or Vernon may call and count upon its loyal sons and daughters from all over the land to do their bit for a worthy community enterprise when they come back to the old roof tree. It so happened that a Vernon young man, Roy Hinchman, chairman of the North Vernon Board of Deacons, was in the audience that evening; and his meeting with Dr. Ballard was delightful because he had spent quite a number of years in Athens, Ohio, with his family before returning to North Vernon

to live. Mr. Hinchman is a most cultured and companionable Freemason; and we look to him to do many things for the young people of the community. Prof. L. A. Jackson, of the Vernon High School, was another leader of youth present whose work counts in the future of the town. The Indianapolis Sunday Star announced an article on the proposed Vernon Community House, to appear May 17.

The old Vernon church was built in 1837, was enlarged ten years ago, and had been beautifully repaired and repainted for this centennial year. It was crowded on the night of the celebration with people from all the region round, the North Vernon and Vernon people predominating. The songs of the Hanover singers were exquisite; and then the musical talent of the Vernon church, led by Prof. Jackson and Mrs. Nauer, pianist, gave a series of songs and anthems that delighted the audience.



HANOVER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Hanover Presbyterian Church, founded February 11, 1820, by Rev. Thomas C. Searl, who was pastor of Madison and Hanover Churches, being installed by Louisville Presbytery August 13, 1820. He died October 15, 1821. January 16, 1823, Hanover Church called Rev. John Finley Crowe, of Shelbyville, Ky., as pastor. He accepted, moved over in May, 1823 and was installed August 13 by Louisville Presbytery. He had been teacher of an Academy at Shelbyville, Ky., and pastor of all the region around. He conducted Sunday Schools among the slaves with great success and preached to them, but buildings were denied to him. He then began publishing a carefully edited Anti-Slavery paper. Protests, warnings and threats followed. He suffered great mental distress, the loss of his paper and the support of his people; but he determined to go ahead with his crusade. The call to Hanover came and he wrote, "By the good hand of God upon me, have I been preserved through dangers and led, as I trust, by a wise and holy Providence to Hanover, Indiana, the land of civil and religious liberty." President Millis, of Hanover College, insists that Dr. Crowe's dream of abolishing human slavery was deeply identical with his vision of Evangelism and Missionary Service. In a word, it was a spiritual conception and purpose from which he never wavered.

SHYING OFF "THE AMEN CORNER"

Dr. Ballard kept the crowd in rare good humor between his inspiring descriptions of the life and work of Dr. Crowe. He said he had always wondered why church people of Scotch-Irish descent shy of sitting up front

in service. But when he saw a pastoral subscription list of the old Hanover church during Dr. Crowe's stay there, he understood. John Smith subscribed two bags of corn. Peter Brown gave three bags of potatoes. Isaac Jones put down some other food article for man or beast; and the front of the church was used by the deacons to pile the pastor's salary up in front



THE OLD VERNON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Erected in 1837.

of him, as scarcely any money was to be had in those hard times. Dr. Ballard said that the head of the family always brought his rifle into the church with him and ushered the wife and children in the pew first, setting his firearm against the seat, in case of sudden Indian attack. Since we are creatures of hereditary habits we sit back in church today and the man always hands the lady and little ones into the pew as long ago.

JOHN FINLEY CROWE DESCRIBED

Dr. Ballard's word picture of John Finley Crowe was that of a spiritual artist—being in substance somewhat as follows: "One hundred years ago this May 11, there came into these woods and wilds upon horseback a tall spare, wiry young man of thirty-eight years. There was a light in his eye and his tread was firm, for he came as another apostle of the cross to plant this church in the western wilderness, as he planted many more. Before he had finished his career he had traveled as far as Saint Paul from Arabia to Rome. This is the Presbyterian centenary period in Southern Indiana. The town of Hanover celebrated five years ago; the Carmel Presbyterian church shortly before, and now yours. One hundred years seems very long to most of us. When I was a wee lad five years seemed like an age; but now it seems but a span of time.

"There is no contemporary of Dr. Crowe's coming here in the town tonight. There is a painting of him in Hanover College chapel, with other fascinating portraits to me. His is a full length likeness, with idealized college buildings in the background of the Greek type of architecture. He was a strong, vigorous, pioneer soul who braved Indians and fevers and wild beasts, riding through swamps and thickets, swimming creeks and rivers, to organize churches in Indiana and Illinois. John M. Dickey, James H. Johnson, Telle H. Brown, George Logan, a layman, called Squire Logan, a giant in strength, called up before the church now and then for the errors of the flesh, but a brave, good brother nevertheless; Judge Dunn, called Captain Dunn for his service against the Indians—these were a few of the men of God around John Finley Crowe. Dunn and Crowe together gave the land for Hanover College. Dunn was from Danville, Kentucky. He came over here as an Abolitionist and took up land in the forest. His was the first name on the charter roll of twenty-three members of Hanover church that called young Crowe over here from Shelbyville, Kentucky, in 1823. They both sleep now in the beautiful old cemetery at Hanover overlooking the Ohio—God's Acre; and their works do follow them. Judge Dunn pushed on to Crawfordsville, Ind., in those early times and was a charter member of the Presbyterian church there and gave the campus for Wabash College. Not long ago I had a little boy call the roll of the charter members of Old Hanover church—one after another, and there was no response, for they have all long since responded to the roll on high.

COMES TO HANOVER

"There was a young pastor at Hanover before Dr. Crowe came. His name was Searl, and the name Hanover was first given to the town in honor of the old home town of the pastor's wife in Hanover, New Hampshire. It was first called New Hanover and South Hanover down here, having no pioneer name but the "Dunn and Logan Settlement" until the church and town took on the name mentioned. Pastor Searl was a great scholar and was on the educational board that framed the laws of the early school. His death was a calamity; but there were numbers of those fine young men who came from the East and South who came out here and perished one after another in the wilderness. Hanover College was founded to help raise up a native Presbyterian ministry that could endure the climate and its hardships and serve the pioneer people.

"Now John Finley Crowe's ancestors were English people. His paternal grandfather came from England. His paternal grandmother was a Grigg, a Scotch Presbyterian. There were six sons and four daughters. The father of



New Albany Presbytery at the Centennial of Old Vernon Church, September 17, 1925. Rev. Charles W. Welch, D. D., of Louisville, made the Commemoration Address.

John Finley Crowe was Benjamin Crowe, a Revolutionary soldier who married Anne Grigg and removed to North Carolina. His military skill in fighting Indians was such that a pioneer station was named for him in the Tar Heel State.

“By the shifting of territorial boundary lines John Finley Crowe was born in Tennessee June 17, 1787, two years before the adoption of our constitution as a united nation. He died at Hanover January 17, 1860, aged 73 years. It is of interest to mention that just before his death, being very far gone, a messenger came over that Sunday morning to tell him that prayers had been offered in his behalf at the church services. Dr. Crowe remarked, ‘I did not think they prayed for the dead.’



NORTH VERNON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

EARLY RELIGIOUS AWAKENING

“In 1802 John Finley Crowe and his foreparents removed to Louisiana, and he tells us in one of the several memoir manuscripts left by him that the Sabbath Day had not then crossed the Mississippi River. We next find the family in Missouri. There were no church privileges. The people did not appreciate the gospel and yet this lad had determined to become a minister before he was converted. At thirteen years of age he had a serious illness and reflected long and deeply on his spiritual condition. Yet thus far there was no spiritual experience. A Methodist evangelist who penetrated those wilds found the people so rude, the Indians so bad, and the prospects so poor to preach that he returned to a more settled country. But this backwoods boy

was not without witness. There was a manhood and Christian modesty about him always, but he heard the whisper of a great destiny. The gentle breeding and quality of the youth were evident; his bones were ivory and the gospel made a hero of him. Somehow the Word of Life found him in the backwoods country and called him to become a man of God.

EDUCATED ON WHISKEY MONEY

"He was poor. He cleared six acres of land for \$60 with which to pay for an education. Just think of the prodigious amount of labor that involved! He got a horse, saddle and bridle and rode 400 miles through the woods from Missouri to Danville, Kentucky, where he heard that a Dr. Priestly had a classical school. But it was before the days of Centre College by some years, and Dr. Priestly had removed to Nashville. But the lad had an uncle, William Crowe, near Danville. Two cousins lived there; and they were a jolly, pleasure-loving family; but John Finley Crowe's mind was on spiritual light and the passion for an education. An older man helped him. He went on into his quest for a school or academy where he might pursue his studies. He sold his horse for \$100, got employment in a distillery and got pay for his labor in good whiskey. He had no evil conscience about it at the time for it was the universal custom. He shipped it to St. Louis; and after a classical training at Transylvania University at Lexington for two years he set out for Princeton Seminary, New Jersey, where he attended in 1814 and 1815. We may remark in passing that John Finley Crowe left his comment on record about the liquor business.

"I trouble to think I got the money for my education with a poison more deadly than the Plagues of Egypt."

"WHOM, HAVING NOT SEEN, WE LOVE"

"He likewise was an Abolitionist. The Blythe family were Kentucky landlords and slaveholders; but they freed their slaves and got John Finley Crowe to teach them the rudiments of an education to fit them for liberty. He came over here from Shelbyville, Kentucky, where he published an Anti-Slavery paper. One hundred years ago this May 11, he came up here to Vernon and organized your church. He must have been very happy here. Somehow the spirit of a first founder nearly always inheres in the rocks and trees and soil of a place, the spirit of the locality we call it. But I have studied the life and portrait and work of John Finley Crowe down there at Hanover until I have come to love him with a very intense and personal feeling. Is it not strange and beautiful how we can have a sentiment for the soul of some one we never saw or knew in the flesh?"

Dr. Ballard made reference to manuscripts of college history left by Dr. Crowe. The Board of Trustees in 1857 requested him to prepare such a history from personal knowledge and memory. We saw a copy of it at Hanover a few months ago, visiting Dr. Millis for information about Dr. Crowe. We gathered many interesting points which Dr. Ballard touched on in his address.

PAYING FOR AN EDUCATION LONG AGO

The Manual Labor System was introduced into the college at the beginning to provide the students a means of self-support and to keep them in good health by exercise; but it failed because the cost of equipment was too heavy. This was the same system in operation at Oneida Institute New York, years ago and was contemplated at the Masonic Academy at La Grange, Kentucky, back in the forties. It was abandoned for the same reason. We understand that Blackburn College is on this basis of self-help through manual labor, but is assisted by state aid.

The boarding of the pupils was a problem at Old Hanover. The first Academy was an old log weaving room cleared by Dr. Crowe, into which he gathered six boys. Three became ministers and three of them doctors. As the number of pupils grew the families in the village agreed to take them in to board at 75 cents a week, which hardly paid the wear and tear on the furniture, so they complained later on. Judge Dunn then came to the rescue by promising to lay out the village lots and induce good families to move to Hanover with a view of boarding the pupils. This was done and has ever since been customary until the modern dormitory and fraternity house proposition superseded it in great measure.

OLD-TIME COMMUNION MEETINGS

With reference to Dr. Crowe's pastoral labors, he it said that a century ago a group of churches like Hanover, Vernon and other points would unite in turn for the sacramental service of several days, which was celebrated every fall and spring, and was regarded as a great season of grace. The pioneer people went back home greatly strengthened and built up to endure the hardship and privation of their lives until the next season came round. Two or three ministers were generally on the ground and frequently a revival would result.

In those days Indiana, Illinois and Missouri united in one synod and in October 1829 that body met in Shoal Creek, forty miles from St. Louis. The members of the Madison and Salem Presbyteries, which had by that time been formed out of the Old Louisville Presbytery, met at the Vincennes church the Sabbath preceding and delighted themselves in a season of grace. Then in a cavalcade of fifteen ministers and elders horseback they moved westward through the prairie and woodland. The boundless prairie seemed like an ocean before them, with clumps of trees here and there like islands. They would often stop at one cabin and pile into one room about the fireplace, using their saddles for pillows and their blankets for covering. The family usually stayed in an outhouse.

RAISING MONEY FOR OLD HANOVER

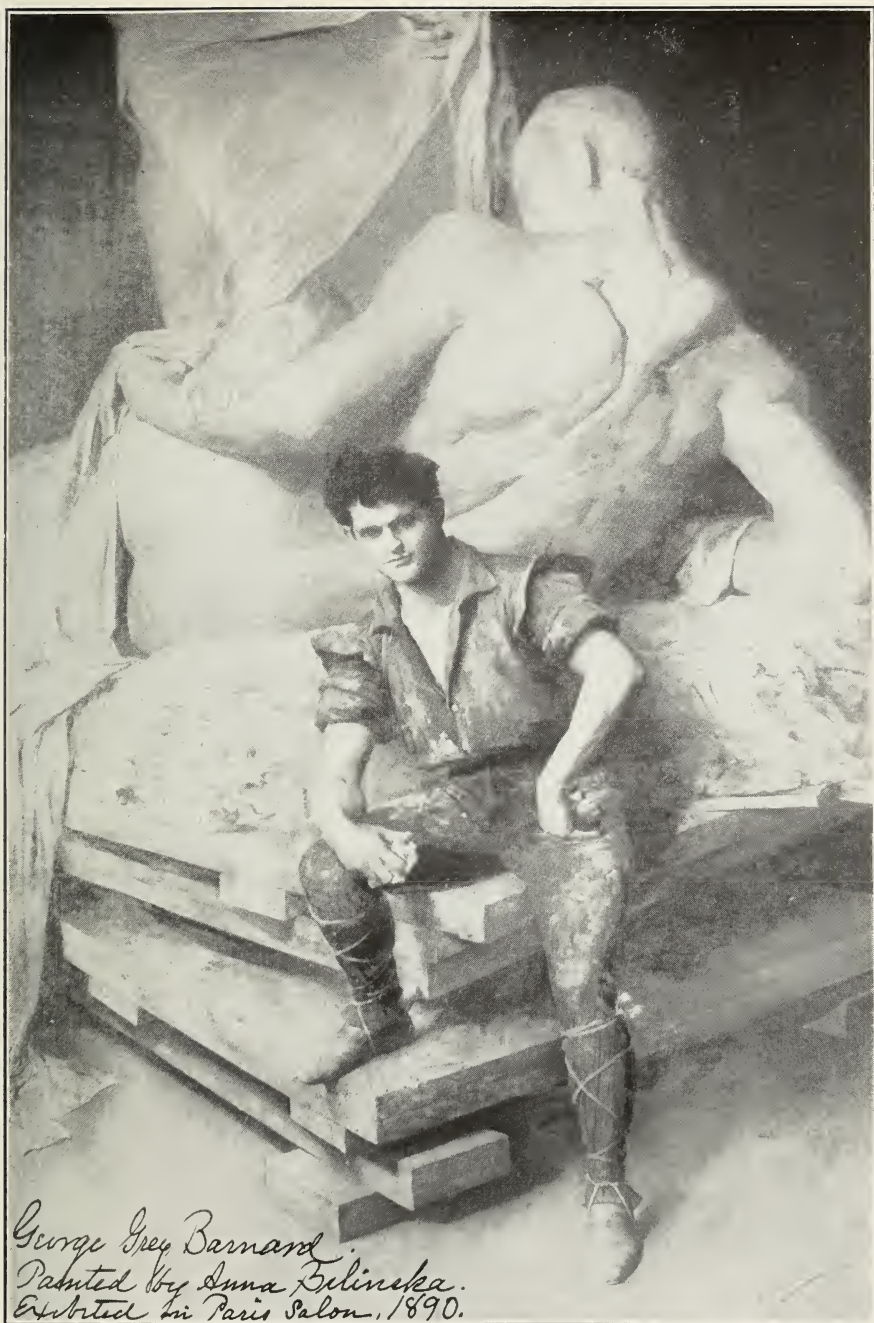
On December 6, 1830, Dr. Crowe set out for the East to get funds to rebuild a brick house built by community labor for the college, but which caught fire, unfinished, one day when some children went in while the workmen were away at dinner. Setting fire to some shavings, the children unconsciously brought desolation. The description of this journey and mission of Dr. Crowe was one of the most impressive given by Dr. Ballard. He met with

no success in Philadelphia because of business depression. He went to Princeton and New York City and was handed politely from place to place to get rid of his importunities. From Albany to Troy, New York, he traveled, with many a heart-breaking experience and finally returned home with what he had picked up, \$3,000 and 100 volumes. The students were rail-splitters and cut cord wood and were called the school of the prophets at the outset; but they became proficient in burning brick and gradually, despite fire and tornado, the college buildings appeared.

The Oldham county, Kentucky students at Hanover were as follows in Dr. Crowe's time: Milo Adams, 1833; Henry G. Duerson, 1834; James A. Curry, 1835; Robert T. Edmondson, George Givens, James D. Adams, Robert Foster, Richard Wilhoyte. Benjamin H. Benjamin, of Springfield, Ohio, a popular student was drowned in the river near Hanover July 2, 1839.

MURDER OF PROF. BUTLER

William G. Butler, born in Jefferson county, Indiana, in 1823, was in Hanover Preparatory in 1841-42. He taught the Academy in Vernon, and Dr. Ditzler of Oldham county told us that he taught school in the old log school house near Goshen, Kentucky, on the farm of John C. Pierce. This Butler graduated at Hanover in 1846 and afterwards became superintendent of the Louisville High School. He was murdered in 1853 by Matt Ward, of Louisville for whipping Ward's younger brother. It was a brutal murder, but Ward's family and money and influence got him a vigorous defense and he was cleared. Such are the local memories and traditions brought to light by the old centennial at Vernon and Goshen churches. People at Vernon said that Dr. Ballard's address on John Finley Crowe was like they imagine it will be to meet these heroes of the cross in the heavenly land.



*George Grey Barnard.
Painted by Anna Bilinska.
Exhibited in Paris Salon, 1890.*

George Grey Barnard and his first great masterpiece,
"Two Natures Struggling Within Me."

CHAPTER VI

The Greatest of All Kentuckians

IT is generally conceded that Abraham Lincoln was the greatest of all Kentuckians, and the most typical of all Americans. He looms tall and sombre and sublime on the human landscape, yet illuminated and glorified with a melancholy humor like the subdued sunlight of Indian summer days. Ida M. Tarbell in her latest book on Lincoln intimates that Mary Todd, his wife, occasionally twitted him on his scrub stock ancestry in comparison with her own blue blood lineage; and, really, most Southern people think of Lincoln as a sort of Corncracker scrub and a Southern Indiana barbarian or backwoodsman. His proverbial love for the common people and the poor sets him down as a product of the so-called lower classes in spite of all that Miss Tarbell and other biographers have said and done to make his parentage middle class and respectable in the eyes of our "natural and social superiors," the highborn rulers of this "land of the free and home of the slave." In fact it would do us all a world of good to get down to the mudsills of human society once more with Lincoln and to rub shoulders with the real dirt farmers and common laborers who constitute the subsoil of social America today.

On the other hand it is very amusing to note how the best Southern Indiana people regard the present-time Kentucky type of emigrant, the tobacco growing tenant who moves over there to find cheaper land and less severe competition in the battle for daily bread. A humorist druggist in a Southern Indiana town said to a traveling salesman not long ago that these new-comers from Kentucky were ruining the Methodist church and the Democratic party of that section by purchasing their land and enabling the middle class Methodist farmer Democrats to move elsewhere! And even today the amazing human sympathies of Lincoln identify him traditionally with these "Nogood Nazarenes" of the Old Home State. Be that as it may, Abe's shoulders are broad and he can stand it!

But on Tuesday night, December 9, in the year of 1924, we journeyed to Madison, Ind., to spend the evening and have a heart to heart talk with Rev. Dr. J. R. Barnard, father of the greatest American sculptor, George Grey Barnard, creator of the massive and elemental Lincoln who stands near the Louisville Free Public Library. We wanted to trace back the stream of Presbyterian parentage that fathered the one sculptor on our continent who conceived Abraham Lincoln aright. We wanted to look in the face and into the soul of the mighty man of God from whose loins sprang one of the noblest artists of all time, one of the elect few not born to die who dug back to the root original of the elemental man Lincoln and recreated him for the gaze and wonder of all generations.

In an old-fashioned vine-covered brick home, two or three avenues above the Ohio, lives Doctor Barnard, the vital and deep-visioned pastor and chaplain of the Madison Hospital for the Insane, still pondering human problems and preaching the gospel of the Son of God at eighty-six years of age. He is a live and virile little man with a most impressive head and countenance crowned and adorned with curly white hair and beard. He greets you with a hearty handclasp and seats you facing him in his cozy library, the walls of which are crowded with books and with photographs of his famous son's sculpture creations, amid which Lincoln towers dominant and dynamic.

In Barnard's Lincoln the elemental man, not the cave man, but the basic human being, "made in the image of God," was bodied forth—with the muscle and sinew of might and mastery but also with the soul and spirit of a great, compassionate humanity. In all his artistic conceptions as a sculptor Barnard sought after the original thought and idea back of life and its mysterious forces. The group of Labor and Love set forth the ultimate goal of human existence with a joyful outcome. The group of Labor and Sorrow showed the Prodigal wasting his effort and labor for that which satisfieth not—seeking in sinful pleasure and dissipation the happiness and thrill that he never really found, and coming back at last bare and abased, pitiful and repentant, to the feet of Forgiving Fatherhood.

Now it must be evident that the parental lineage of such tremendous human themes is worthy of our closest attention; and with breathless interest we questioned Doctor Barnard to tell us something of his own remarkable life and ministry.

He was born up in the mountains and valleys of Tuscarora, Pennsylvania, of Scotch Presbyterian people, who were like the Tennent family of Colonial times, founders of the early Log College system of education and evangelism in our popular life. Doctor Barnard's father was a miller, a keen-minded Scotchman who thought and spoke the truth and controlled his emotions and sensibilities. He was not a professional religionist nor a doctrinal disputant. As a matter of fact, he resembled Lincoln somewhat in holding aloof from the controversy of creeds, suspending judgment so to speak, till all the evidence was justly weighed. Of course that attitude was intolerable to the man of action in such matters; but Doctor Barnard remarked that it was the deep religious consciousness of Abraham Lincoln beneath all the requirements and conformities to creed and ceremony, the recognition and acknowledgement of God in his own soul and the world of Nature and Man around him, that really counted. The man Lincoln truly lived and moved, labored and loved his fellows in the light of that abiding, almost fateful consciousness of and confidence in the Unseen God of his being and destiny.

Close akin to that realization, in Doctor Barnard's opinion, lies the belief in the overruling providence of God in our lives and the lives of others—controlling and directing the conditions and circumstances of our lives toward some ultimate good or goal. "Even though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him"—choosing our own way but confident that He directs our steps: laying our lives and our all upon the altar of sacrifice and service, or even of martyrdom, as Lincoln did. How wonderfully in the life of Lincoln was this idea demonstrated and exemplified, even in his cruel and sudden assassination!

Even "the deep damnation of his taking off" worked out "a far exceeding weight of glory" that has long since "justified the ways of God to men." It was the fellowship of such struggle and suffering and tragedy that lifted Lincoln from the humble level of a seeming backwoods buffoon and barbarian to the sublimest heights of human martyrdom and love and adoration.

But, as in the life of Lincoln, the mother was the dominant influence and personality, so in the life of the great sculptor's father the mother was the supreme factor in the family life. She suffered a great deal from sickness in her life and used to lie upon her bed or couch and read the Bible aloud as they did in those days. The Senior Boy Barnard played about as a child and when his mother read the story of Jacob and Esau, of Joseph and his brethren, of Moses and Samuel and David and Jonathan, it arrested his attention and gripped his imagination. This mother of long-ago gave her boy to God in his infancy; and her prayers were always like Hannah's for her son Samuel—to be a prophet of the Lord. He went to school as a child from five to twelve at the little mountain school house. Then one day an old Elder by the name of Patterson—who was one of a group of godly men in those mountains with an ideal of education for promising youth—asked the boy Barnard how he would like to go to the academy as a beneficiary of this man Patterson's scholarship? The boy answered with beaming countenance that he would like it the best in the world. And thus he entered on the course of education and training that did for him and his generation precisely what the Old Log College of the Tennent family did for the promising ministerial timber of Colonial times in Old Pennsylvania.

But there was a revival meeting under way at the Academy that was sweeping everything before it. An evangelist who had been a reporter and newspaper man of those times was wonderfully converted and became a power in the pulpit with young men. His name was McClain or McLane and he had been a home missionary in the state of Iowa. He was an orator of the earlier generation of natural-born public speakers—"a flame of fire," as was said of James Otis. He had brought the whole student body under conviction of sin and earnest seeking after regeneration.

The academy was a brick building with a large frame addition, much like the Tennent "Log College," and when visited by fire later on, the basement of the church was used for class room work. In this revival meeting nearly every student had come into the glad new life of salvation but young Barnard and his room mate—a tall, slender fellow by the name of Webster. Barnard was not exactly dodging the gospel; but he usually went home after school and had not been present to fall under the influence of the evangelist and the message of saving grace. Besides, at that time his mind was intent on studying medicine and his ideal was the positive old Scotch physician who was by no means a religious man; and of course Barnard was not interested. But one of his teachers kept insisting that he stay over at least one night and hear McLane; and out of deference to his teacher friend, Barnard, near the close of the revival services, put it up to Webster to attend just that time. Webster answered, "Well, we will go to the meeting tonight."

When they got there they saw 300 or 400 students and other people from the surrounding country packed into the assembly room of the Academy

church. The evangelist took as his text, "He is able to save unto the uttermost all them who come unto God by Him." Gradually, almost unconsciously, the gospel message penetrated the mind and gripped the will-power of young Barnard and Webster. The evangelist was an absolutely sincere, consecrated man, and he swept his hand over the heart-strings of his hearers with a touch that caused "chords that were broken to vibrate once more." It was the amazing grace of God that seized upon the spirits of these two young men and brought them under deep and genuine conviction of sin and yearning after salvation.

When the invitation was given one after another of their companions who yet lingered arose and went forward to the altar or inquiry corner. Barnard turned to take his hat to go outside and cast an inquiring glance at Webster. There he sat, electrified, the tears streaming down his cheeks. Webster picked up his hat also, and Barnard intended following him outdoors; but instead Webster turned up the aisle toward the altar with the workers and inquirers. Barnard involuntarily followed Webster and a great load rested heavily upon his soul. He felt the unbearableness of his sinful condition and sought release for the space of perhaps forty-eight hours, when like the wind that bloweth where it listeth (thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth) the Spirit of God lifted the intolerable burden and saved Barnard and Webster unto the uttermost.

So complete was Barnard's experience of the joy of salvation that he decided then and there to give his life to the gospel ministry and forthwith went to tell the old Scotch doctor that he must now give up the study of medicine. He got a good round cursing for this announcement and for breaking his purpose and promise to be a physician. But Barnard bore this with patience and the old doctor afterward sat under the preaching of young Barnard while he was preparing for the ministry; and in due season Barnard saw him also happily converted and elected a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church. Thus, as in the case of many others whom we have witnessed wonderfully regenerated and consecrated to a life of service utterly contrary, perhaps, to first intentions, young Barnard was turned into the course and career that the Providence of God prepared him for. We shall follow his story into the future.

CHAPTER VII

The Father of America's Greatest Sculptor

THE Kentucky philanthropist, Bernheim, who gave the replica of George Grey Barnard's Lincoln to the city of Louisville, lost his wife not long ago and commissioned the great sculptor to prepare a suitable memorial of her. About Thanksgiving of the year 1924, he was on his way to Louisville to see Mr. Bernheim, and also to Madison, Indiana, to see his father. When he reached Pittsburg he was taken suddenly ill and was advised by his physician to return to New York, which he did. The Bernheim Memorial was expected to be one of the most beautiful and impressive ever set up in Kentucky. The sculptor has not yet permitted any one to see it, or any description of it to be given to the press; but some of his noblest conceptions have been on the theme of Death.

Some time ago (it is said) there was an old friend of the Barnards at Muscatine, Iowa, where they lived, who had lost her husband, and she wanted a memorial expressive of her love. The sculptor worked on it some time. To him the old mediaeval conception of Death as a shrouded skeleton with a scythe, a vision of terror and horror, was a false conception. Barnard again conceived Death as the Greeks did and made the figure of a lovely maiden with rose petals falling at her feet—leading onward and upward from one form and stage of life to another. She represents Eternal Youth, Immortality, which is the true conception.

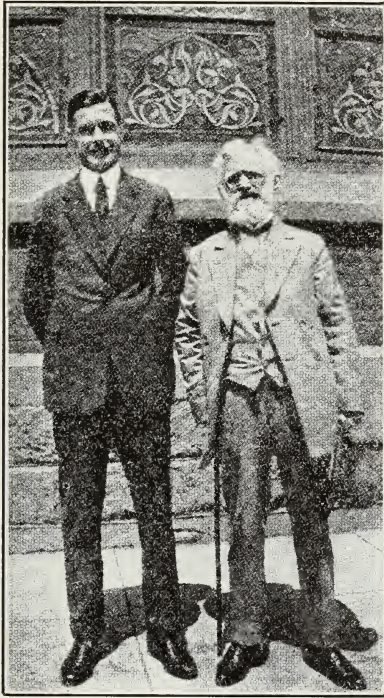
THE SCULPTOR'S VISION OF LOVE AND DEATH

To the soul of Barnard Beauty was always akin to Holiness. When he looks on the human form divine there is nothing lustful or unclean, but the pure sensitiveness to perfect loveliness; and likewise, in his conception of Death, the old horrors and revulsions of fear were forgotten in the dream of Eternal Youth. When his mother died a few years ago there came to him an even greater vision of the New Testament teaching; and he said to his father one day in a letter that he had a vision of eternal things and of the Life Beyond; and was satisfied, and even comforted, in the mother's decease.

The son of the man who died in Muscatine, Iowa, was an editor and came to Chicago and became a manufacturer of printing press material and grew very wealthy. He played an immense part in Barnard's future; and doubtless it was the memorial to this man's father that gave Barnard his noble vision of victory over death.

But in June of the year 1924 on our visit to the sculptor's father in Madison, Ind., he showed us a picture of the mother in her younger girlhood when he first loved and married her. It was the face of girlhood sensitive to

beauty and sweet sound. She was something of an artist and musician herself, and she gave to the son his dreams of beauty and loveliness, while the father stamped upon him his powers of thought, his noble conception of truth.



REV. J. R. BARNARD, D. D.

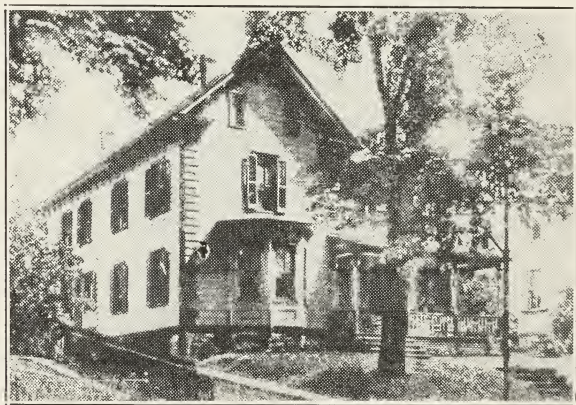
Rev. J. R. Barnard, D. D., of Madison, Ind., on a visit to his first pastorate of Tyrone, Pa., in the summer of 1924. He is standing with the Rev. Francis Shunk Downs, then pastor. Dr. Barnard was a strong man of God in the pulpit in Civil War days. He was always a patriot but never a partisan. His was supremely the ministry of consolation and faith in the dark hours of battle and bereavement, of invasion and suspense. Being drafted into the Union service, he called upon Governor Curtin, by special agreement, for a chaplaincy. But the Governor ordered Dr. Barnard to remain in his pulpit and among his people at home to sustain the spiritual morale through such crises as the Battle of Gettysburg. He was called to the front on one notable occasion of triumph to participate in the patriotic exercises. Dr. Barnard was one of the most remarkable men in the American ministry. He was the close friend of Edward Eggleston and performed the ceremony of his second marriage at Madison.

THE MOTHER MEMORIES OF A GREAT FATHER

In this connection, it is timely to relate what Dr. Barnard, the father told us of his own mother memories, since they disclose an ideal of love and devotion that most truly descended to the great sculptor. Dr. Barnard's father and mother lived on a little ancestral farm of sixty acres back in Pennsylvania during his boyhood. The farm was mortgaged and the mother went to Elder Patterson, who educated her son, and asked him to trust her with the place for her lifetime, which he did. Thus as long as she lived she held her little family together; but at her death the farm passed out of the family possession for-

ever. She was one of the great mothers of the world, and left to each of her children the legacy of an immortal love memory.

Dr. Barnard said that in his earliest ministry the physical horror of death and the grave appalled him. He dreaded the face of Death, the Great Destroyer, though he felt the confidence and fortitude of faith to meet it. But when word came that his own dear mother was passing away, he met Death at close range. It was on a cold, dreary, March day; and his mother was dead when he reached home after the fatal summons. It chanced that the pastor on the charge, a man by the name of Hamilton, who was expected to preach the funeral discourse, was delayed from arriving at two o'clock, the hour set for the service. The roads were very muddy and hard to cover; and the time passed painfully until three o'clock, when young Barnard saw that night would fall before the funeral and burial would be over. The little cemetery was distant some two and a half miles from the home.



Birthplace of George Grey Barnard, Presbyterian Manse, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

PREACHING HIS OWN MOTHER'S FUNERAL

The conviction that he ought to rise up and conduct the service himself in memory of such a mother, who had meant so much to him, seized him with overpowering persuasion, and he at last summoned courage and self-control to do what he had never dreamed of attempting until that hour and emergency. Thus he preached his own mother's funeral and said those things which a loving son could say about her. Strange to relate, the former fear and horror deserted him and he was enabled to master a state of mind that had hitherto deeply depressed him.

After that trying experience he faced Death again in the tragical passing of two lovely children of his own. One, a little babe of four months, who was taken with the wife and mother one day in a buggy to a distant point and lifted out of the mother's arms by the father as they got out. The wind, cold and raw, blew the covering aside and struck the little fellow full in the face and chest. He flinched as though he had been struck a blow and in forty-eight hours

he was dead. Dr. Barnard was terribly grief-stricken, blaming himself, but God gave to the mother and father a measure of peculiar consolation.

Sometime later a still more grievous blow befell them. Another child of about two and a half years died of an epidemic that carried away thirty-six children in the town. The mother could not bear to see the child die and the father and nurse watched its little life ebb away. Its great blue eyes looked up as if in the face of God and they buried it away with the eyes unclosed. Dr. Barnard said that somehow he was enabled to find the Heart of an Infinite Compassionate Father even in these terrible losses. The wife and mother was, of course, well-nigh inconsolable, but she bore her grief with equal heroism and Dr. Barnard said that his own contact with Death, in the case of his children and mother, solaced and supported him even down to the death of his own beloved companion a few years ago.

THE LOVE SIDE OF CALVINISM

In this connection also we were very anxious to inquire into the origin of the great human compassion that characterizes the son's sublime work in stone and marble and bronze. We asked Dr. Barnard to tell us something of his own vision of love to God and love to mankind as a spiritual realization and experience. He answered that he went to Princeton Seminary, New Jersey, just prior to the outbreak of the Civil War and studied theology at the feet of that great Presbyterian teacher, Dr. Charles Hodge, who was also the instructor of our father a few years after Dr. Barnard graduated. Dr. Barnard combined in himself the most perfect mastery of theology and the most gracious spirit of the gospel drawn directly from this noble instructor. Dr. Hodge lived and taught a love to God and love to mankind that embodied the very essence of religion. He took his turn in the chapel talks Sunday afternoons and as he expounded the mysteries of grace to his students the tears flowed down his cheeks in a manner that moved every auditor with the power of his sincerity and undoubted devotion. Dr. Barnard insisted that even out of the heart of Calvinistic theology, as taught by Dr. Hodge, there flowed a stream of love and mercy and human kindness.

CHAPTER VIII

Barnard's Own Story of His Louisville Lincoln

IN MAY 19, 1920, it was stated in the morning Courier-Journal that Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bernheim, of Louisville, would donate to the city a bronze reproduction of George Grey Barnard's Lincoln and that the sculptor would visit Louisville to select the site. The proposal of the philanthropist and his wife was made at a dinner given to the Board of Education at the Pendennis Club. Mr. Frank N. Hartwell represented the Bernheims.

Mr. Bernheim presented the statue with the hope that future generations might be inspired by the memory of Lincoln. He said that the career of the great, loyal rail-splitter had stood out before him as an incentive and encouragement ever since he came to America as a poor emigrant boy seeking the boon of human freedom. He hoped the same inspiration might be passed on to every other emigrant boy whose longing eyes were turned toward our shores. The gift was graciously and gratefully accepted by the Board.

The statue, as it stands in place near the Free Public Library is fourteen feet high, without beard, as when Lincoln debated with Douglas in 1858. It was first thought wise to set up the statue in front of the Louisville Male High School but the decision was postponed until the arrival of Mr. Barnard. This great work of art and humanity has been reproduced and erected in London, Paris, Cincinnati and even in China. The sculptor said that Lincoln was a hero in every civilized land. Even the Orientals look and long for a Great Emancipator like him, and the school children of China carry banners with his name upon them. Russia asked for a statue of Lincoln like that in Louisville.

Yet this tremendously realistic work of art called down upon the sculptor's head a storm of protest on both sides of the Atlantic. The original was unveiled and dedicated several years ago in Manchester, England. The critics said that Mr. Barnard stressed crudity and roughness as outstanding characteristics of Lincoln, while entirely failing to portray the idealism of the great Kentuckian and Liberator. Especially did the critics cavil because the sculptor selected an uncouth mountaineer as his model in executing the work.

The Louisville Herald came to the front with a vigorous defense of the statue as a Lincoln portrayal and interpretation: "Superbly and defiantly this is Lincoln, the Kentuckian, gaunt and of giant stature, the man of a career stormy and troubled, holding the destinies of a nation in his grasp, steadfast and unafraid."

When Mr. Barnard arrived in Louisville he said that the controversy over the statue started about the clothes of Lincoln. He put the soul of Lincoln

in his wearing apparel. He studied Lincoln's face for two years as no other human had ever done; and he put some wrinkles of that sad and homely countenance into the trousers and coat of the man. Then the academicians, as Mr. Barnard called his critics, hurled their scorn at his mighty Emancipator. They thought the sculptor himself was done for; that he had ruined his reputation with the present generation and with posterity. But Barnard only laughed at his critics. He told how President Roosevelt came to his studio one day and demanded to see the Lincoln statue. Left alone in the room with it, Lincoln became almost alive to Roosevelt and Barnard heard Roosevelt say, "At last we have the real Lincoln of the Lincoln and Douglas debates."

In an interview while in Louisville Mr. Barnard told how he came to create his famous Lincoln. He said his mother was born in Springfield, Ill., next door to Lincoln's home and from his childhood up it had been his ambition and dream to model the mighty Liberator. He said he believed his Lincoln was closer to nature than others because he was himself a naturalist before he became a sculptor. At the age of six years Barnard studied shells with an old sea captain. He next stuffed birds and sketched and modeled them. So when he came to create his Lincoln he wanted to visualize Lincoln the man, not Lincoln the President. That is another reason why the work is so misunderstood.

The time of Mr. Barnard's visit to Louisville was in June, 1920. He talked in a free and fascinating way about his love for nature and humanity, and he bubbled over with good humor. He said that Kentucky was to him the land of Daniel Boone, Abraham Lincoln and the Kentucky Cardinal. He was the guest of the Bernheims at their Anchorage home; and he brought along with him his little daughter, Barbara, "to take care of him, keep his tie straight, see that he did not miss trains and that he did not misbehave." He lunched at the Seelbach and went on a tour of the city to select a site.

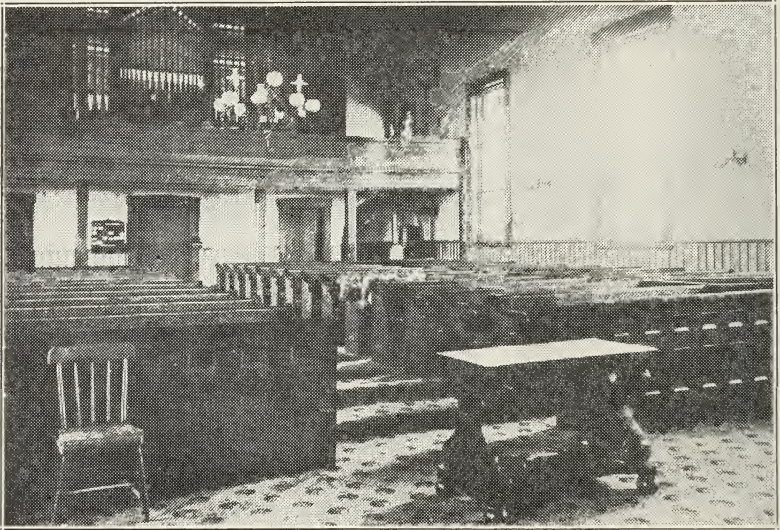
Newspaper men remarked about Barnard that the big thing was his interest in human life and the life of all nature around him. This interest showed in every stroke of his art. He knew the soil and farming. He was alive to Russia and her big place in the perspective of the World War. He understood history from an economic and social point of view. He had abiding faith in the outcome of world events, provided men had vision and lived up to it:

"Oh, yes, I have faith in all men. There is good even in the murderer and we may acquire much from the cobbler and the blacksmith. Kentucky here is full of material for the artist still untouched. She is waiting for the sculptor and painter more than any state in our country, I believe. Twenty years ago my friend James Lane Allen wanted me to make a monument illustrating the great history of Kentucky; and some day I may do so, but not now. In future we must go to life and not back to Greece and Rome for our models. The technique of the ancient masters must not be forgotten; but we must go out into life with the people and events of our own time."

The newspaper men said that the religion of humanity and service fairly effervesced in Mr. Barnard's conversation. As he stood before a beautiful Kentucky tree he cried out, "Nature is so marvelous that it maddens me. As a boy I wanted to own a tree, but it seemed far out of my reach, like the stars and the milky way. But after making some money I bought a bit of land and early one morning went out to see my tree. I told the tree it was my own, root

and branch. The tree answered that it was not my own at all, just because I had the power to cut it down and destroy it; for then it would be dead and would belong to nobody. The tree said that only he who loved it and revered it and protected it from the vandal truly possessed it."

The newspaper men were no less astonished at a remark the sculptor made about the races: "No, I don't care for the races. Years ago I made up my mind never to gamble but to make what I could with my own hands. I have had many opportunities for speculation but I let them all go." Perhaps the newspaper men missed altogether the fundamental loyalty and truth in the great sculptor's reverence for human toil and his hatred of anything that savored of unscrupulous advantage and unfair dealing. His love for Lincoln the great Emancipator of human toil would have been essentially pretense and hypocrisy



Interior view of the Old First Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Illinois, where Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln worshipped. The Lincoln Pew is draped and observed half way down the aisle.

if he had thought or said otherwise. Not that he was in any sense a narrow-minded Puritan, crying out against sport and beautiful animals and the excitement and thrill of contest. No, it was the sordid, dishonest, lecherous, exploitation of it all that he abhorred.

It is said that Barnard's Lincoln in Cincinnati, which was the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft to the city, was a very notable triumph of the sculptor's conception of Lincoln and the common life. Mr. Robert C. Clowry, at one time President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, made a statement that he lived in Springfield, Ill., before the Civil War and knew Lincoln well enough to testify sixty years after that Barnard's statue was a masterpiece in likeness to the original and in workmanship." This statement prefaced the little book gotten out after the dedication of the statue. Barnard received his commission

in December, 1910, and completed the work early in 1917. It was first put on exhibition in the grounds of Union Theological Seminary, New York City, and afterward removed to its present location in one of the parks of Cincinnati, where it was dedicated with memorable ceremonies, March 31, 1917.

We have read with profound interest the sculptor's own interpretation of his work, published after the Cincinnati statue was unveiled: "My earliest recollections are of my grandfather's talks of Douglas and Lincoln. A friend to both, he often told stories of Douglas, princely, stately, elegant and Lincoln rising from poverty to President. This left but one image in my childhood mind, the mighty man who grew from out the soil and the hardships of the earth. He who had within him that indomitable spirit, that great call and followed it straight to his destiny."

Mr. Barnard deeply realized also the tragic youth of Lincoln in Southern Indiana, for he makes this moving reference to it: "We are all tools to the Creator, bad or good. Lincoln was chilled in all the streams of life, to make ready the tool of the nation and mankind. Many have stood at the bedside of their dead mothers, but few at seven years of age have helped to make the coffin and dig the grave of a mother. And such a mother as Lincoln's must have been made greater his agony, left a memory so vital that through life this giant, physically and mentally, 'mothered' his neighbors, his State and his country.

"This 'man of all men' held motherhood within him as great in its strength and gentle spirit, its forgiveness and yearning, as the wisdom and will of the manhood within him."

Barnard dug down to fundamental truth and reality in his immortal portraiture and here he hurled infinite scorn at the untruth and insincerity of his shallow critics: "With the order for a Lincoln, my work began. An imaginary Lincoln is an insult to the American people, a thwarting of democracy. No imitation tool of any artist's conception, but the tool God and Lincoln made—Lincoln's self—must be shown. I found the many photographs retouched so that all form had been obliterated. This fact I have never seen in print. The eyes and mouth carry a message, but the rest was stippled over, to prettify this work of God, by the photographers of the time. Nearing election, they feared his ugly lines might lose him the Presidency. So the lines were softened down, softened in cloudy shades of nothingness—this man, made like the oak trees and granite rocks. To most the life mask is a dead thing; to the artist life's architecture. We and future ages have this life mask to fathom, to interpret, to translate."

CHAPTER IX

Doctor Barnard as the Author Saw Him

LEAVING FOR an ocean voyage for his health in 1925, George Grey Barnard mailed a letter to his father telling what an influence that father's life had exercised over him: "If the Christ needs proof in men of the Life, you are the living testimony to the perfect life of those who follow Christ; and all love you."

Among the supreme spiritual privileges of life have been our successive interviews with Dr. Barnard, because they revealed the soul of his son, the great Lincoln sculptor. From our notes of these interviews we are enabled to put on record many personal but precious and imperishable facts that illumine the story of truth and tragedy in chiseled stone. Intimate communion with the great man of God who fathered such a son discovers inevitably the spiritual sources and origin of this master artist's triumph. We shall use our most careful discretion in assembling and recording the facts above alluded to.

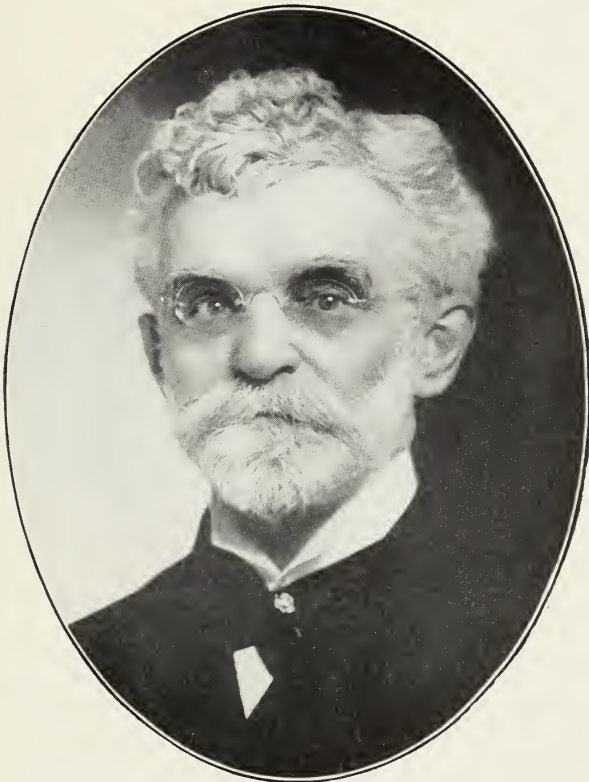
Dr. Barnard once made an address before a Business Men's Club in a Pennsylvania town, where he said he tried always to never let the man be lost in the minister. The human was never obscured by the ecclesiastic. So many men of the sacred cloth give the hard gloved hand and become coldly ministerial just as soon as a man of the world comes within the radius of their presence. On this occasion a man who made no profession of religious faith told Dr. Barnard he had left after him one of the greatest thoughts ever communicated in the town. Dr. Barnard simply lived out the principle implied in "the Word made flesh."

"Nothing is farther from the spirit of Christ," said he, "than a cold, professional aloofness from our fellowmen. I was born and cradled in the bosom of democracy. I was never a fire-eater nor an agitator. I always believed in a lawful and constitutional approach to all social and political problems. I instinctively resolved not to be offensive in the speeches I made for the Union during our Civil War. After the war was over I was called upon to address ten thousand people at a Fourth-of-July celebration, when all the radicals were rejected by the committee and the public. They chose me unanimously simply because, as a minister, my message and spirit did not wound and offend."

Dr. Barnard was always a keen student of great oratory. He had a classmate by the name of Kellogg, who had a wonderful power of impersonation. A noted impersonator of the old days before the Civil War came to the institution and gave exhibitions of his power to reproduce the impression, voice, eloquence and magnetism of Clay, Webster, Calhoun and other stars of the National Senate. This was a gift almost identical with the dramatic art; and one day the young man Kellogg astonished everybody by the same imitation and impersonation. He was a ready speaker on occasion; but this unusual faculty was revealed to him by contact with a master of the art. Yet the climax of human eloquence, such

as Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, is purely spiritual and inspirational and could never be imitated or counterfeited by the dramatist and impersonator.

"One of the saddest oversights of conventional religious people," said Dr. Barnard, "is their failure to recognize the approaches of God's providence in the conversion of unusual men. Ordinary evangelists will often prescribe certain set limitations to the operations of the Holy Spirit, who worketh when, where and how He pleases. Many years ago I read a book, and I have it somewhere in my library, describing a group of these exceptional spiritual experiences. It was a long-gone forerunner of Prof. James' 'Varieties of Religious Experience.' We sorely need today a deeper understanding and interpretation of such cases. Merely conventional evangelists often fall short of the great outside mass of men altogether.



REV. J. R. BARNARD, D. D.
The favorite likeness of Mrs. Barnard.

"The religious experience of Abraham Lincoln is perhaps the most typical that could be cited, where those two great-souled Presbyterian pastors of Civil War time, Dr. Smith in Springfield, and Dr. Gurley later in Washington, became his close spiritual companions and brought him to a marvelous realization of grace and comfort. The awakening of the human soul to divine realities is

sometimes so sudden and astounding that it is foolish and presumptuous to set down narrow and dogmatic conditions and ignore these unusual cases. But perhaps this is the old line of demarkation between the priest and the prophet.

"That reminds me of the first exhibition of my son's great masterpiece, 'Two Natures Struggling Within Me,' together with other works of his hand, 14 New York years ago. I was standing by when a group of men entered the gallery. One of them said, 'Ha, what sort of a pugilistic encounter have we here?' You see he was utterly devoid of spiritual insight and understanding. He could catch sight only of the rough, outer symbol of the great elemental struggle and conflict between the material and the moral, the physical and the spiritual, the selfish and the social, the animal and the human, the noble and redeeming outcome and consummation of which was stamped upon his creation by the hand of the artist, but to which the superficial spectator was utterly blind. This same theme includes the struggle for existence and all the warfare and conflict throughout nature and the kingdom of man."

In a most impressive manner Dr. Barnard then proceeded to show how the Gospel principles of sacrifice and reconciliation come in to modify and mitigate, and even to humanize, this universal struggle and warfare and conflict. It was the discovery of these principles underlying the death-grapple of the North and the South in the 'irrepressible conflict' set forth by Lincoln himself that finally brought about his deep consciousness of God in it all. Dr. Barnard related an experience he had going out as a young preacher to be the undershepherd of a flock in Pennsylvania where a rugged old pastor had ministered for fifty years. He was a great shaggy, overshadowing figure, Lincoln-like in the size of his body, feet and hands, and possessing a voice and manner almost forbidding in his lack of the graces and attractions of the Gospel.

"This man wrote out and read his sermons, and you would have supposed he had no hold on his audience whatever. But the utter integrity, honesty, and childlike simplicity and directness of his great soul drew all classes and conditions of people to him. By and through his devotion to his people, little children loved him and came to him instinctively. Strangers opened their hearts to him as to a Father in Israel. This great Lincoln-like man of God disarmed all my fears and misgivings completely; and I sought from that time onward to get away from the dry-bone type of theology and to make my own preaching human and sympathetic and helpful.

"My own conversion, already described elsewhere, convinced me how God comes into our lives sometimes at the most startling and unexpected crisis; and the salvation of the individual soul is often preceded by the patient, persistent appeals and persuasions of some devoted friend who will not let him rest until the crisis arrives and the crucial point has been passed. In my own case, you know, it was such a friend whose gentle importunities finally prevailed on me to stay just one night at a revival meeting in the Old Academy of my student days; and the dramatic awakening of my skeptical companion, who himself led the way to the altar as I followed, changed the whole tenor and course and purpose of my life in one hour of time. What else could such an experience be but providential?

"When you come to tell the story of Lincoln's great religious awakening you will doubtless recount details just as ordinary and human as mine were; but what a mighty outcome there was in his case. Now for this very reason, namely,

the providence of God in small things, I do not want to be unjust in any degree even to the seemingly narrow religionist. There is a type which, on first acquaintance, seems gracious and companionable, but on closer contact shows up peculiarly stubborn and dogmatic and even contentious. It is the Puritan bordering on the Pietist. I had a Princeton classmate who went out into the ministry and after a few years had a conflict with his Presbytery by preaching an insistent doctrine of perfection. He was always a gentle and loveable character, and it seemed very strange to me that he should have any conflict at all. Some years afterward I was in his home city and called upon him and found him in the midst of a most worthy work as a Methodist minister. I told him I was sorry to hear of his leaving our communion and wondered why he could not live and serve the Master just as well under our standards. He said no, it was not possible to him. He was absolutely sincere and honest in those points at variance with our Confession and made the change as a matter of conviction. I saw that it was so; and after his death his son took the trouble to write me in detail how dearly beloved his father was among the people he had pastored, and what a worthy work he had accomplished. He knew that I appreciated and respected his father; and that is why he took the pains he did to convince me of his sincerity and devotion to conviction and duty. The idea is to do every sincere follower of Christ full justice and not judge any narrowly or unkindly.

"But I want to insist that the old Calvinistic Theology did produce very gentle and noble Christian character. This was demonstrated by Dr. Charles Hodge himself, who was perhaps the greatest theologian of the Presbyterian Church; for he was the very incarnation of loving kindness."

Dr. Barnard here produced a group picture of the faculty of Princeton Seminary, with Dr. Hodge in the midst, with a most benignant and spiritual expression of countenance. It was at the feet of such a teacher of religion that Dr. Barnard imbibed the just and noble conceptions of truth that made him such a power in the ministry at the crisis of Civil War.

"The gospel man should be the broadest-minded and most unprejudiced spiritual leader in all the world," he said. "I passed from LaFayette College to Princeton Seminary when the storm-cloud of the great conflict was hanging low on the horizon. I heard the Abolition denunciations and feared that their effect in the coming struggle would be hardening and cruel. The ultimate solution was bound to be remedial, merciful and humane, as Lincoln profoundly realized. It seems to me that in the very heart of the Christian experience there must of necessity be the element of social justice and the vision of right human relationship. We cannot for one moment admit that only men of radical and violent views, atheists and anarchists, are the defenders of human liberty and the rights of the down-trodden and oppressed. To admit such a thing would be a terrible indictment of our faith. Yet it may have been the very absence of this essential element in current religious teaching that made Lincoln so hesitant about connecting himself with the church. At all events his spiritual experience included something of devotion to humankind that he sighed for and sorely missed in the religion of his time, and which the religion of our own time can never omit or lose without utter disaster."

CHAPTER X

“A Sculptor’s Dream”

ONE DAY in January, 1926, while talking to Dr. Barnard on the subject of his son’s recent sculptural creations, he took from his desk a clipping from a paper in Tyrone, Pennsylvania, describing in a most vivid manner the vision and dream his son had of a worthy World War Memorial for America:

“Around a home dinner table in New York sat recently ten men who collectively have done much within the last fifteen or twenty years to help America. They had come together to talk over a matter of large possible meaning to the people of this and perhaps other lands.

“The Great War was the first cause of this conference. America’s part in the struggle moved New York, like other communities, to thoughts of a memorial. Various things had been suggested; but near the close of the session a stocky man of nearly sixty years, in whose eyes the fire of youth still burns, arose and said:

“I have heard much about things that are big and tall; but something vaster than the Pennsylvania Station, and higher than the Woolworth Building has not been mentioned. The greatest height a man’s mind can conceive is that covered by a child’s hand, reaching up to its mother’s heart.’

“Of course, the meeting sat up. ‘Who is he?’ whispered one man to another. ‘George Grey Barnard’ came the whispered reply.

“It was the famous sculptor, born out in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, the son of the very first pastor of our church, Rev. J. H. Barnard, D. D., who was ordained and installed June 12, 1860, in our church. Rev. Mr. Barnard is still preaching in Madison, Indiana.

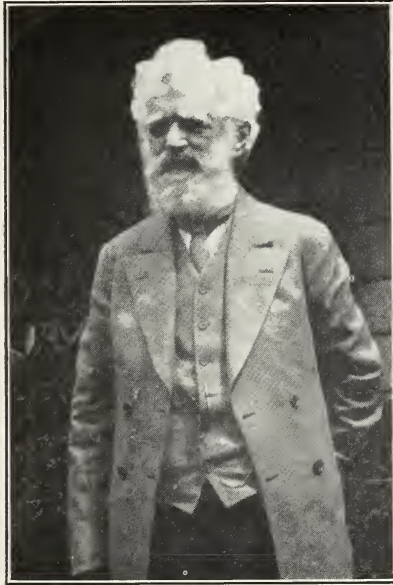
“Mr. George Grey Barnard continued: ‘The trembling, seeking hand of a hurt and tired world-child today is reaching up to the heart of the Mother of Peaceful Progress. Let us catch this yearning, and hold it for the inspiration of ourselves, and those who come after us, in a form as impressive and imperishable as our hands can lift.

“‘Our American metropolis possesses one of the most wonderful sites in the whole world. Fort Washington Point, that beautiful cliff at the northwest corner of Manhattan, was predestined by history as well as nature to become the site upon which the temple of this nation’s greatness should rise. For on the plateau at the north end of Fort Washington Avenue are still the rocks and trees that witnessed the struggle of Washington’s soldiers with the Hessians.’

“Mr. Barnard pointed out minutely how the memorial should be made; but there is, of course, no thought of one, or even ten sculptors, accomplishing this project. The work would require years of effort on the part of perhaps half a hundred men and women, gifted with the power to put life-meaning into bronze and stone. It was to point a way, if possible, to a real start, that the

ten men met in quiet conference. They knew that the owner of this marvelous site, John D. Rockefeller, stands ready to give it to the people, if assured of its use for this purpose."

We asked Dr. Barnard how it was that against the background of the American mountains and frontier, in a new country, only one generation removed from the most primitive conditions of culture, he could become the father of one of the greatest sculptors of all time?



Doctor Barnard as he appeared at the time of his death
in April, 1926

He answered: "That is a question of biology." His father was a violinist and architect. Mrs. Barnard, the sculptor's mother, was an artist and musician who could have cultivated her talents to the point of real accomplishment. In the Grubbs family, which was the name of Mrs. Barnard's people, there was a sister of Mrs. Barnard's living in London, who traced the Grubbs back to the Danes and Swedes of the Eighth Century; and one picture in those ancestral generations was so much like Mrs. Barnard that any one who knew her would have remarked upon the resemblance. The hair was dark and the eyes were blue; and Dr. Barnard showed us a wonderfully sweet and impressive picture of his wife, taken from an old daguerreotype of 1858 or 1859.

Mrs. Barnard, mother of the great sculptor, was born across the street from the Lincoln home in Springfield, Illinois. Lincoln took her in his arms when she was a little girl. Dr. Barnard said he never knew her to be moody or despondent in all the fifty-nine years of their married life. He met her at a little town out of Philadelphia during his student days at Princeton Seminary before the outbreak of the Civil War. He had gone down there from Princeton

as a pulpit supply for that Sunday; and she was in the audience. The impression seems to have been mutual, immediate and permanent.

Mrs. Barnard was the daughter of George G. Grubbs. He was a Virginian by descent with some of the striking characteristics of a Southern gentleman of the old school—speculative and venturesome at times in his investments; open-hearted and free-handed in hospitality and family life; perhaps not sufficiently worldly-wise in money matters. Yet, since money meant so little to him, this characteristic was strong in his distinguished grandson and namesake—George Grey Barnard, who, like a true artist and idealist, has nothing of calculation, cunning or selfish accumulation in his makeup.

George G. Grubbs was an Eastern man who went to Springfield, Illinois, back in the forties and made lots of money in real estate. He knew Lincoln and Douglas personally and heard them debate. His stories of these mighty men afterward influenced the sculptor profoundly. Mr. Grubbs returned East in subsequent years and lived in the vicinity of Philadelphia. The home was a lovely cottage and his income was sufficient for comfort. But his wife developed tuberculosis and he took her to Minnesota, where she passed away. Mr. Grubbs himself died about seventy years of age. He brought his wife back to Philadelphia for burial. He was not a man to complain of misfortune, but made the best of life even in adversity. He was very resourceful and when the Civil War was raging he repaired his financial losses by opening a manufacturing establishment to produce some essential article about the Federal officer's uniform.

Dr. Barnard visited the old church and graves of his parents up in the Pennsylvania mountains during one of his trips back East. He made a careful survey of his early childhood environment and influences. The older generation were all gone and only one old man was left in the church who remembered the former times. Dr. Barnard's birthplace was at Pleasant View, in Juniata County. As he stood at the graves of his father and mother up there in the Tyrone Valley the sad memory of his mother's funeral came back to him with surprising force. A big Scotch Presbyterian minister was to have conducted it, but his vehicle broke down in the woods on the way, and he was unable to obtain another. So dark was coming on; and Dr. Barnard himself told his father that he would conduct the service as best he could. He resolved from that experience never to say anything at a funeral that would leave an unhappy impression. Dr. Barnard closed his wife's piano after her death and has never opened it since; but he does not sorrow in these losses as those who have no hope. His son was awakened to a profound conviction and vision of immortality after the mother's death; and in the memorial to Mrs. Bernheim, of Louisville, he has created a masterpiece that will be reproduced in marble at the grave of his mother in Madison, Indiana. This memorial is the figure of a woman with something of the same hope and promise as in "The Rose Maiden," but more mature and motherly. It is called, "Let there be Light."

In the Pennsylvania mountains, where Dr. Barnard was born, the snow often lay six feet on the level and you could not get out except on horseback. But Dr. Barnard always thanked God he was not a hot-house plant, but had faced the difficulties and struggles of life. He always faced these with courage and hope, and with the idea of bettering even the worst conditions. He possesses a profound faith in what he calls the providences of human life. He instanced the story of Joseph and his Brethren to illustrate this faith that God's hand

is in all the events of our lives and that He overrules them for some good end. There is nothing else to do under some circumstances but to submit and trust God for the final outcome. That was all Joseph could do amid the hate and cruelty of his Brethren; but in the end his old father and all the family were assembled in the Land of Goshen, reconciled and happy. He said in this connection that we should always have our eyes open to recognize good wherever we find it; be tolerant of other people's religious viewpoint; and to recognize that God's providences operate in a thousand ways and means that we scarcely dream of. He dwelt very tenderly upon the beautiful friendship of Dr. Gurley, Lincoln's pastor in Washington during the Civil War. He said that he was in the East and knew quite well the great influence Dr. Gurley had over Lincoln spiritually; that he was much closer to the President's real soul than the politicians could possibly be, and understood him a great deal better. He instanced this experience again to prove the presence and purpose of God in our national history; even down to the last dark tragedy of the assassination, which was overruled to the majesty of God's justice and the infinitude of his merciful love as the years passed on and the figure of Lincoln arose sublime and immortal as we now behold it.

We have dwelt upon the spiritual unfoldment of Dr. Barnard somewhat in detail because it was always the impression of George Grey Barnard that he got his philosophy of life from his father, and his artistic instinct from his mother. There were two of Dr. Barnard's family who were violinists and architects. Dr. Barnard himself was in no sense a mechanic but an idealist. He laughingly said he could not even drive a nail. However, he told George one day that he could shut his eyes and faces would come up and pass before him in endless procession that he had not seen before. George said he had often watched his father draw human faces and animals involuntarily. Dr. Barnard is certain that his son's creative and constructive gift is an inheritance from his Barnard forebears. His love of nature and the open is also a pronounced paternal inheritance.

Dr. Barnard had two uncles who left the old home in the Pennsylvania mountains in early days. One went to West Virginia, built a log cabin and lived and died there. The other brother enlisted among the volunteers in the war with Mexico. He wrote letters home on a drumhead. He was a world-rover and would be gone from home six or seven years at a time. He would tie a few belongings in a bandanna handkerchief and walk over the mountains to the West. He was full of stories and life and fun. He carried a violin with him and was a droll companion. He would slip away without saying goodbye.

Dr. Barnard said that the differences of inheritance in brothers was a deep problem of biology and psychology. His other son, Evan, loved the open and went to the Southwest. He did not like school or restraint. He settled on a ranch in Oklahoma with several other cattle men and fixed the dwelling comfortably. He made a promise to his father before he left home that he would never drink or gamble, and when he returned to see his father and mother, the first thing Dr. Barnard said to him was, "Evan, have you kept your promise?" "I have, father," he answered, looking the minister squarely in his eyes; and the father and mother greatly rejoiced.

The story has often been told how George rebelled against making a speech at school and ran away with a schoolmate to Chicago, where they found a way of making expenses and heard Joe Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." This contact

was calculated to make a lasting impression upon George. He later became a jewel engraver and made a bust of his sister while they lived in Muscatine, Iowa. That discovered his genius for sculpture. He had stuffed and mounted birds and other nature specimens until he had quite a collection. Then one day he got hold of some blue clay and took his sister up in the garret and made the model of her. She had exquisite eyes.

So another memorable day George came to his father and said, "Father, I am going to Paris to study." He had gotten two or three hundred dollars for the head of lovely girlhood he had modeled, and that determined him to go to the Mecca of all creative art. The father was astonished, but saw at a glance that it was no use to oppose him. He merely said, "George, I doubt the wisdom of it; but maybe you are right."

Young Barnard went to Paris when he did not even know enough French to order a meal. A young man sitting close by said to him, "Maybe I can help you." They were both Americans. The young man's name was Charles Black, of Indianapolis, a singer. They became fast friends. There was another American, a Mr. Clark of New York, who was a third in this trio of friends, and he took such a deep interest in the work George dreamed of doing that he assisted in setting up his first studio. He had only executed his juvenile efforts back home and he spent three or four years in hard study in Paris. But he foresaw what his work would be. He got a great block of marble, too heavy to transport through the streets of Paris and it had to be cut down to the proper dimensions. He wrote home, but never gave much account of what he was doing. There was the reserve and tireless patience of the real man and artist in him. He toiled away for about six years and the result was "Two Natures Struggling Within Me."

No one knew until this masterpiece was uncovered on exhibition just what he had wrought. The eternal struggle of man with nature and with man was in his mind. "The Hewer" was another great creation depicting man's attack on the forest and leveling the way for civilization and progress. This youth of twenty odd years was already an incipient Michael Angelo. He passed from these elemental subjects to the loftiest soul themes. "The Friends," executed out of a block of marble, and representing the outstretched hands of comradeship and brotherly love feeling for each other through the block of marble, which symbolized any intervening obstacle or hindrance of human life, was a triumph of indescribable beauty and nobility. It most probably expressed the bosom comradeship with Charles Black and Mr. Clark. It was made for a friend of Mr. Clark, his first patron. Dr. Barnard one day asked George what this masterpiece meant. George answered that each one should seek to discover in it a meaning for himself, which is true poetry.

His last great dream grew out of the World War. He is restless till he can get to work upon it. A woman and a child are the chief figures because they are the greatest sufferers from war. He intends to stigmatize War and to exalt Peace; and this is the climax of his life's work to the present hour.

CHAPTER XI

Lincoln's Pastor in Springfield

IN RESPONSE to our communication with the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Illinois, with reference to Rev. James Smith, D. D., the pastor and personal friend of Abraham Lincoln and his wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, during their great sorrow in the loss of their little boy, Edward Baker Lincoln, February 1, 1850, we received from Mr. Isaac R. Diller, Clerk of Session, a Seventy-fifth Anniversary Story of the Church and the following letter about Dr. Smith:

Springfield, Illinois, November 28, 1925

Rev. Lucien V. Rule,
Goshen, Ky.

Dear Brother Rule:

Dr. Thomas gave me your letter of the 6th inst. to answer, and I enclose a copy of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary Souvenir of the First Presbyterian Church, which contains a cut of Dr. Smith, and also those of the exterior and interior of the Old Church which Mr. Lincoln attended—showing the family pew as draped by a flag on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of his birth, at which time Dr. Logan preached the sermon in the Old Church, although at that time it was the property of the St. John's Lutheran Church.

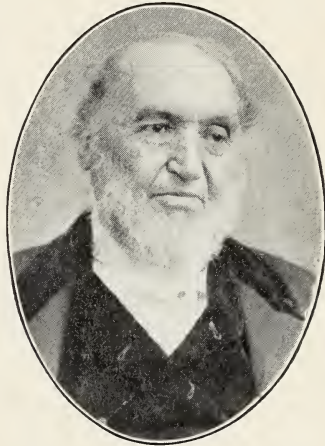
Since that time the old building has been torn down and replaced by business houses, but the Lincoln pew is now preserved in our present building. In a frame kept with the pew is a picture of the interior, with a plot of the old church, showing more clearly the location of the Lincoln pew, and the copy of a letter written by Mrs. Lincoln in April, 1861, to the wife of the Chairman of the Pew Committee, saying she had intended to request that upon their return at the end of his term, they might have the promise that they could have the pew again, which they had occupied for ten years, and to which they were greatly attached.

I am sorry that I cannot get an original photograph to send you, but feel sure they can get cuts from these prints.

Last October I was in Lexington (Kentucky) and visited the interesting Library of Transylvania College, and asked the accommodating librarian to show us some of their most treasured volumes, which she did, and then came with a calf-bound book in her hand saying this was one they valued most highly, on account of the fact that its contents had greatly influenced the religious life of Abraham Lincoln.

I recognized it, as I had seen the copy Miss Nettie Smith has, but had never read it. I told the lady the writer of this book was the second pastor of the church to which I belonged in Springfield. After my return, I was talking to an old friend who as a boy had heard Dr. Smith preach very often; and he told me he had a copy of Dr. Smith's "The Christian Defense," and would let me have it to read, which I did with great interest.

I have not read Dr. Barton's last book, so do not know how much or little he says about Dr. Smith. You may know that as a young man he was an infidel and came over to this country to lecture on Infidelity. While in Kentucky or Tennessee he came under the influence of the Cumberland Revival and was converted; and, like Paul of old, began to preach the faith he once tried to destroy. The two volumes bound together in this book were the substance of a series of nineteen debates he had with a noted infidel in Mississippi. You may also know how Lincoln became interested in the book, so I will not go into that.



REV. JAMES SMITH, D. D.
Pastor of Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, 1850—'56

Lincoln's biographer, Dr. Barton, says that Lincoln's habit of church attendance showed no marked change until 1850, when his second son, Edward Baker Lincoln, died. The date was February 1. Mrs. Lincoln had been a Presbyterian from her youth, but attended the Episcopal Church in Springfield after her marriage and became a member of it. In this sore bereavement the Episcopal pastor was out of town and Dr. Smith, of the First Presbyterian Church, was called in to conduct the funeral service. His acquaintance with Lincoln had been but casual; now it became close and cordial. He found Lincoln deeply depressed in spirit, and this led to a number of very intimate conversations between them. Mrs. Lincoln removed her membership to Dr. Smith's Church; and Lincoln took a pew there and attended regularly with her. He afterward saw a book by Dr. Smith, "The Christian's Defence," which was the substance of the debates Dr. Smith had with a noted skeptic in the South. Lincoln saw the book while on a visit to Mrs. Lincoln's relatives in Kentucky the spring after little Edward's death. He sought a closer friendship with Dr. Smith upon his return to Springfield, and bore witness to the influence the book had over him. Elder Thomas Lewis of Dr. Smith's Church says the Lincolns put their children in Sunday School; and that Mrs. Lincoln came into the church on profession of faith during a revival meeting which she and her husband attended constantly—including the inquiry meetings. Mrs. Lincoln was converted in this revival, and all of his friends expected him to make a public profession and unite the same time his wife did. But he was absent in Detroit on an important case when the new converts were received into the church. However, he said to Dr. Smith that he was deeply convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, and the session of the church invited Lincoln to make an address on the Bible. It was delivered to a crowded house and was a most impressive utterance. From this time on Lincoln was a profoundly changed man in spirit. Dr. Smith was a Southern man in his sympathies but not a secessionist. He always said Lincoln was a converted man.

Dr. Smith is the only one of the eight pastors of our church whom I never remember having seen, as his ministry ended in 1856, and I was born in 1854. His son continued to live here, so his grand-daughters and great grand-sons are still members of our church and faithful workers in it.

What deeply impressed me in reading his book was that the very teachings Dr. Smith fought against as rank infidelity are now preached in many of our and other church pulpits as modernism. Dr. Olmstead has many successors advocating in the pulpits and seminaries of evangelical churches the doubts and denials of the truth of the Bible, with which he filled the minds of the youth he misled.

Again trusting you can secure some data for your historical article from this Souvenir, which you can keep if you so desire, I remain

Yours very truly,

ISAAC R. DILLER, Clerk of Session,
First Presbyterian Church.

From Miss Jeanette E. Smith, 1028 East Monroe Street, Springfield, Illinois, we received the following letter in reply to our request for data concerning her grandfather, Rev. James H. Smith, D. D.:

Springfield, Illinois, December 21, 1925

Rev. Lucien V. Rule;

My dear Sir:

You will please pardon my seeming neglect in answering your very interesting letter. In the first place your letter went to another Miss Jeanette Smith in our city; but finally reached me. That fact and my sister ill in bed for more than a week after that, and other duties, have delayed me.

I am enclosing my grandfather's picture, trusting you for its safe return, as I prize it very much. It is the same I loaned Dr. Barton and Wm. J. Johnson, the latter writing, "Abraham Lincoln, The Christian." He has my grandfather's picture in his book; also one of the church where he preached and which Lincoln attended in Springfield. You may have seen it.

The articles or manuscript are just what I loaned Dr. Barton and Mr. Johnson. Will send them if you would like to see them for yourself; but I could give you a little more of his personal life if you would like to have it. I will be very glad to do this immediately after Christmas.

I have a picture of his boyhood home, a beautiful place in Scotland; a picture of his monument in Glasgow, where he is buried; and a copy of his funeral cortege. I know he spent the biggest part of his life in the South; but do not think he advocated slavery.

My brother, sister and self had a most interesting auto trip through a part of Kentucky in October—going to Mammoth Cave, Lincoln's Birthplace and Louisville. Going through Shelbyville to Lexington, we saw the spot where we were told our grandfather used to preach.

Wishing you great success with your book, "The Forerunners of Lincoln," also the best wishes of the season, I am

Cordially yours,

JEANETTE E. SMITH.

A few weeks later we received a second letter from Miss Smith:

Springfield, Illinois, January 26, 1926

Rev. Lucien V. Rule.

My Dear Mr. Rule:

I received your letters acknowledging the receipt of my grandfather's photograph, also the pictures and papers sent later. I am truly glad to be of that Household of Faith in God both by personal knowledge and inheritance; and I thank you for your kind expression of appreciation of the latter. I have that godly ancestry on both sides of the house (all Presbyterians).



REV. PHINEAS D. GURLEY, D. D.

Dr. Barton tells us that Lincoln's pastor in Washington was Rev. Phineas D. Gurley, D. D., of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. Dr. Gurley's grandson, Captain Gurley, says that Dr. Gurley sat with Lincoln on the rear porch of the White House during the trying suspense of the Second Battle of Bull Run. The President's anxiety became so great that he knelt in earnest prayer with his pastor. Lincoln attended the weekly prayer meetings of the church, and, to avoid unpleasant publicity, sat in the pastor's study with the door open. He said the prayers gave him more comfort than the public addresses. He once said to Dr. Gurley that while he might not be able to conscientiously subscribe to all points in the Confession of Faith, yet if the chief requirements of a follower of Christ were to vow his love to God with all his heart, soul, mind and strength, and his neighbor as himself, he could and intended doing that. Dr. Gurley was very close to Lincoln in his personal bereavement in Washington and preached the funeral sermon at the time of his tragic death.

Dr. Gurley was a native of New York State (November 12, 1816) and was descended from Scotch Covenanters. His mother was a devout Methodist. He was a graduate of Princeton Seminary, and was called, ordained and installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis, December 15, 1840. He was a scholarly, powerful preacher of the gospel. He later became a pastor in Washington City and Chaplain of the U. S. Senate. In 1859 he became pastor of a united body of Presbyterians in the New York Avenue Church, where the Lincolns afterward worshipped. He was supremely comforting in times of trouble and sorrow, and hence his deep influence over Lincoln. Dr. Gurley was a foremost man in the councils of the General Assembly in Civil War times. He always upheld Lincoln and defended his memory from the imputation of skepticism. Dr. Gurley died September 30, 1868.

I am sending you in a few days a sketch of my grandfather's life, such as I have heard from older relatives, and which you may use or not as you see fit.

It may interest you a little to know that my sister a few years ago married Mr. Ninian W. Edwards, a grandson of the Mr. Ninian W. Edwards mentioned by Dr. Barton and Dr. Johnson in their books, as the brother-in-law of Mr. Lincoln. He is also the grandnephew of Mrs. Lincoln.

My grandfather has one great grandson, William Gordon, of Kentucky, who is a minister. He was in Greenville, Kentucky, two years ago, but I don't think he is there now. My grandfather has three great grandsons bearing his name (Smith), the sons of a brother, who died when they were small. They are now 20, 22 and 24 years of age. My sister and I had the raising of two of them. One of them is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work here in Springfield.

I have always been much interested in my grandfather Smith since I have been of an age to appreciate what he has done. I did not send you his book, as I thought you might have access to one of them at Lexington, Cincinnati or Centre College. I do not like to let it out of my hands, for fear of fire or accident; but am always glad to let anyone see it here at home. I made Dr. Barton that offer, as he was in Springfield on several occasions. I also told him of one in Chicago. I shall be interested to know when your book is out.

Sincerely and cordially yours,

JEANETTE E. SMITH.

On February 2, 1926, Miss Smith sent us the sketch of her grandfather's life, published herewith, which brings to light some facts not mentioned by Dr. Barton in his "Soul of Abraham Lincoln."

LIFE OF REV. JAMES SMITH, D. D.

Rev. James Smith, D. D., was born in Glasgow, Scotland, May 11, 1798, the son of Peter and Margaret (Bruce) Smith, his mother being a descendant of the royal Bruce family of Scotland. While he was yet young, his father died in the year 1806. His mother, considered a beautiful woman, died later.

His father's brother, Hugh, raised both him and a brother George, at his home Newton Airds, near Dumfries. James received a liberal college education. His Uncle expected him to go into foreign trade, but when he was twenty-one years of age he married Elizabeth Black, and both came to the United States. (His brother George when a young man was lost at sea.)

Before coming to the United States he received some inheritance money, which he lost soon after coming here through his generosity in going on a note for a friend, which note he had later to pay. He was then compelled to earn his livelihood by his pen, contributing articles for papers and magazines.

In his young manhood, through his readings of Paine and others, he became one of their followers, and when living in Southern Indiana went with some other young men of kindred spirit to break up a Methodist Revival in the neighborhood, but instead was converted. No Presbyterian Church of our denomination being there, he united with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church (the family in Scotland were Presbyterians.)

After a course in Theology, in which he was thoroughly Calvinistic, he went to preaching, and remained an ordained Minister of the Gospel as long as he lived. The pastorates he held, that I knew of, were at Russellville, Bowling Green and Shelbyville, Kentucky. From Russellville he went to Nashville, Tennessee, where he lived for about ten years, and where he owned the first steam printing press west of the Alleghany Mountains. He had no pastorate here but did the publishing for the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He did a great deal of evangelistic work in the Southern States.

During the camp meetings of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which were held every summer, he was one of their most convincing preachers. He was a fine orator and had an unusually strong and clear voice, which could be heard at a long distance.

I think it was while at Bowling Green that he had the debate with Mr. Olmstead at Columbus, Miss., which he later compiled in book form and published, called "The Christian's Defence." His second eldest daughter, Katherine, was his constant helper, taking all his dictation in writing for the book.

From Bowling Green he went to Shelbyville, Kentucky. Part of his work there was to build a new brick church. He left Shelbyville on account of his health. The doctor advised change of scene, so he and his wife spent some time traveling in his carriage, their family remaining in Shelbyville.



Boyhood Home of Doctor Smith, Newton Airs, near Dumfries, Scotland. Here he lived with an uncle, after his father's death, and was given a thorough collegiate education.

He regained his health and did some evangelizing just previous to his call to Springfield, Illinois. He became pastor April 11, 1849, which he held until December 17, 1856. (From the material you have you know of his work in Springfield and his connection with Mr. Lincoln.) On March 26, 1856, while holding the pastorate at Springfield, he was appointed Director for life of the American Bible Society, dated and signed by officers at New York.

After leaving Springfield, for two or three year he acted as agent for Peoria Illinois University. He must have lived in Belleville, Illinois, for a while, for his library was sent from there to a married daughter's in Chicago. When she died in about 1881 and the house was sold, it was scattered and I do not know what became of it.

My grandfather and grandmother had eight children, six daughters and two sons; the sons, Hugh and James Bruce (the latter my father) being the youngest. My two brothers, (one deceased) my sister and myself were the only grandchildren bearing the name of Smith. My Uncle, Hugh Smith, had no children. There are now living six grandchildren, three in Springfield, two in Kentucky

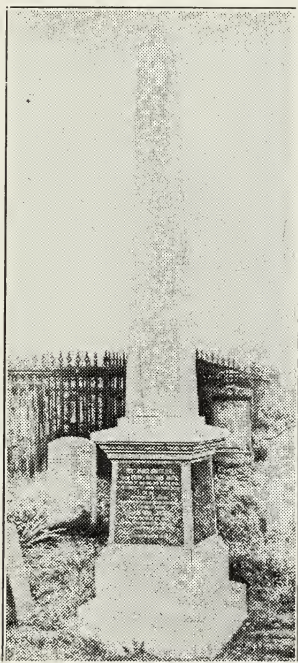
and one in Wisconsin; a large number of great grandchildren and some great, great grandchildren.

Mr. Lincoln appointed Mr. Hugh Smith, my uncle, as consul to Scotland, with the understanding that the place was in reality given to his father. Hugh Smith soon returned to this country, and his father, Rev. James Smith, was appointed Consul to Dundee, Scotland, which place he held at the time of his death. His remains were taken to Glasgow, where he is buried in the same grave with his father and mother in the family burying ground. My grandmother went to be with my grandfather shortly after his appointment, but was here in the United States on a visit to her children when he died. She is buried at Oak Ridge with four of her daughters here in Springfield. While at a cousin's recently, I read a letter from his secretary in Scotland, telling of his illness and death, and he remarks about his big heart and big brain of unusual intellect.

By his grand-daughter,

January, 1926.

JEANETTE E. SMITH.



Burial Place and Monument of Rev. James Smith, D. D., Glasgow, Scotland. The Inscription reads:

"Rev. James Smith, D. D. Son of Peter and Margaret Smith, was born at Glasgow, May 11, A. D., 1798. A minister of the gospel for forty years in the United State of America. In his declining years he was appointed U. S. Consul at Dundee by Abraham Lincoln, whose pastor he had been; and he departed this life July 3, A. D., 1871. A Sinner Saved by Grace."

At the funeral of Dr. Smith the order of the procession was as follows: U. S. Consul; Dr. Smith's funeral Cortege; detachment of police; town officers; hearse with military on either side; chief mourners; magistrates and town consul, with naval officers on either side; Chamber of Commerce; public bodies and other civilians, four deep; detachment of police.

Thus was he highly honored at his decease. The facts and pictures are furnished by Dr. Smith's grand-daughters, Miss Jeanette E. Smith; Mrs. N. W. Edwards, and grandson, Mr. B. H. Smith.



"BEAUTIFUL JANE TODD"
AS MRS. WILLIAM MITCHELL

CHAPTER XII

The First Great Forerunners

SCENE—A cabin in the woods nearby or in the little log village of Danville, Ky., in the month of February, 1785. A bunch of youngsters in coon skin caps and untanned leather trousers gathered shy and giggling, about the door, shrugging their shoulders and stamping their feet to keep warm. They nudged and pushed each other with juvenile energy and mischief and if any girls were there they were jostled with the rest. They all looked toward the door with some dread. Directly it opened and a tall, dignified Presbyterian minister called pleasantly:

"Come in, children."

They entered obediently, mechanically, and without a word, standing confused in the middle of the small room before the open fire place. Some of the minister's own children eyed the newcomers timidly.

"Lay your caps here," said a sweet-faced, motherly woman, evidently the wife of the minister, relieving the awkward urchins of their primitive headgear.

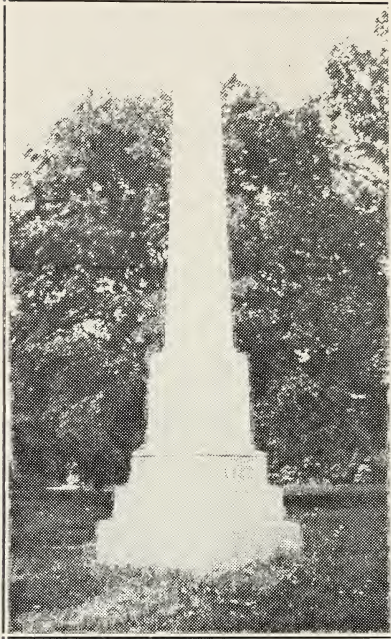
"Have seats here," said the minister, motioning to some improvised slab benches arranged about the room.

There were no text books except those in his possession, and the eager youngsters with ruffled hair and ruddy cheeks never took their eyes off the tall, awesome preacher who was to teach them the rudiments of knowledge. They did glance about anxiously to see if he had a bunch of beech rods to rule the roost; but seeing nothing of the sort they returned to their first, instinctive feeling that it would be a bold boy or girl indeed who dared disobey such a solemn, dignified master of ceremonies as that.

Anyhow, in half an hour they were listening in open mouthed wonder as he taught them the three R's, and other subjects familiar to the juvenile mind of long ago. The good minister's wife was ever ready to assist with word or smile, and the urchins took no note of the lapse of time. The teacher was Father David Rice and the school "Transylvania Seminary," so called to soften and refine the first backwoods school in the State of Kentucky.

Memories of his own solemn boyhood came back as the good man guided the feet of tender youth along the path of knowledge. He felt a great and noble sympathy for every child growing up in ignorance around him. He recalled how his grandfather, Thomas Rice, had come to Virginia as a colonial adventurer, and established himself on a small farm in Hanover County. Returning to England to claim an estate which had been left to him, he was murdered on ship-board. The sailors said he had died at sea; but his family and friends always believed he met with foul play.

"My father was left in poverty with his widowed mother and a large family of children," said the teacher in the afternoon when the lessons were over. "But the Lord never allows his own to perish. They were provided for, some-



Monument to Father David Rice, Danville, Kentucky, first Great Emancipator, buried near Dr. Ephraim McDowell, famous "Father of Ovariotomy," the first great surgeon of abdominal diseases. In the classic old cemetery of the First Presbyterian Church. The bones of Father Rice were removed from an obscure cabin home family burial ground down in Green County by Rev. E. M. Green, D. D., of Danville, 45 years ago, by order of the two Synods of Kentucky. The bones of Mrs. Rice were partly recovered and reburied at Danville.

A full and thrilling account of this historic removal and reburial is given in the Companion volume, "The Light Bearers," in the chapter called "The Mantle of Elijah."

A notable group of Pioneer Baptist Emancipators were contemporaneous with Father Rice in Kentucky. Dr. J. H. Spencer, the Baptist historian, enumerates them: Cornelius Duese, John Murphy, John H. Owen, Elijah Davidson and Carter Tarrant, in Green River Association, where Father David Rice lived and died. Joshua Carman, Josiah Dodge and Thomas Whitman preached with power against slavery in the Salem Association. William Hickman, John Sutton, William Buckley, Donald Holmes, George Smith, George Stokes Smith and David Barrow bore witness against slavery in the Elkhorn and Bracken Associations. Carter Tarrant wrote a history of the Baptist Emancipators. He was a native of Virginia and died as an army chaplain in New Orleans during the War of 1812. David Barrow was the most distinguished preacher among the Baptist Emancipators. He was a Hero of the Cross on the border. Born in Virginia in 1753, on the farm, he was largely self-educated. He was converted at sixteen and licensed and ordained in 1771. He served in the Revolution for one enlistment and then returned to preaching. In 1778 a mob of young Episcopal high-blood rough-necks attacked and ducked Mr. Barrow in Virginia till he was nearly drowned. Obscene songs were sung when he had given out a hymn and the crowd assembled to hear him was terrorized. But a solemn fate soon befell some of the ruffians. Mr. Barrow had a vision of universal liberty while fighting for American Independence. He liberated his slaves; and came to Kentucky in 1798. He was wise and reasonable in his emancipation preaching; but in the excitement and persecution he was excluded from church fellowship and gathered "the friends of humanity" into a small but impressive Association of Churches. He wrote a pamphlet of 64 pages against slavery and deserved rank beside Father Rice. His efforts were regarded as fruitless but he bore witness to Freedom. He died in 1819.

how, and my father became a humble farmer with food and raiment for his family and was therewith content. He never owned a slave. My father and mother were opposed to slavery. She taught me that it was wrong to buy and sell human flesh. She hated the injustice done to our fellow creatures."

The children listened with bated breath and the minister's eyes burned with a peculiar fire at this reference to human slavery. Then his voice softened and he went on:

"My father and mother were godly people. They taught me the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments almost before I can remember. When I was only six or seven years old I prayed earnestly to be saved. Many times I would weep in secret; and after two years I thought I had found the Lord. I was very happy for a while.

"When I was a boy back in Old Virginia people did not keep the Sabbath holy as they should. They would take a bath and change their clothes, and after reading the Bible a little would go off to hunt and fish and have their pleasure in sin. I knew this was wrong, and one day I went to see a boy friend of mine. I told him how we ought to pray and meditate and read God's holy word and asked him to go with me into the woods apart where we could meet God alone.

"He laughed and made a bargain with me that if I would play ball with him he would then do as I wished. I consented with a heavy heart, but he broke his word and went on his way. I begged him with tears to repent, but he would not, for Satan had hardened his heart.

"When I was about thirteen years of age I felt a deeper conviction of sin than ever and the need of being born again. I prayed seven times a day, but became more miserable than before. I saw my love of self. I realized my lost condition and cried to God again for mercy. I was on the brink of despair. I groped in darkness until the grace of God opened my blinded eyes and enabled me to see my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Today, if ye will hear His voice, barden not your hearts. My little children, He calls you now; obey His warning and His word before it is too late!"

The minister stood tall and solemn in the winter twilight. A ray of reddish golden light illumined his saintly countenance as he closed the school with prayer and dismissed the children with his blessing. His manner was tragic in its melancholy solemnity. The little folks left the room awed and subdued into a silence painful and depressing beyond words to tell by this mournful story of boyhood in the long ago.

For three memorable years Father Rice and his good wife taught the little school at Danville. Whenever he was away on his preaching tours Mother Rice with signal ability and success instructed the children. She was a minister's daughter and a woman of unusual character. Father Rice had met her in his student days up in the beautiful Pennsylvania mountains. His heart went out to her and they pledged their mutual love. He was not able to wed her until he was ready to become a settled pastor in Virginia. She then became unto him a staff of life and hope. She went with him into the Kentucky wilderness and braved all the terrors of Indian attack, privation and poverty, and sustained her husband's spirit through years of darkest melancholy and despair.

In the little school room of their humble cabin home she told the Bible stories over and over to the charmed ears of the little ones. She reared and trained eleven children of her own and saw every one of them, without a single exception.

become godly men and women. She sought out the young people of the community and impressed upon them noble ideals of life. Even in that backwoods time and place she wrote letters of love and counsel to all her husband's flock who were in trouble of mind or distress of body. Men and women in every walk of life came gratefully to that little cabin door as to "The House By the Side of the Road." No man knoweth the spot of its location today; but those three immortal years, from 1785 to 1788, laid the foundation of education, culture and character in the State of Kentucky for generations to come.

The type of log cabin school taught by Father Rice is still found today on the farm of Mr. John Pierce, near Goshen. This cabin held a school of this sort for many years, and Presbyterian preachers and teachers who afterward be-



Typical Pioneer Log School House of 100 years ago, still standing as a dwelling on the farm of John C. Pierce near Goshen, Kentucky. Tradition says that Prof. Wm. H. G. Butler, of Hanover College, taught here some years before he was so foully murdered in Louisville by Matt Ward. Other notable men taught in this little Log Cabin Academy.

came widely known sat behind the wooden desk of that little school room one hundred years ago. This school near Goshen was contemporaneous with the famous Log Cabin Academy conducted in the old Marrs house now owned by Mr. Giltner Snowden.

But another impressive thing we wish to mention here is the fact that back of the very first public school in the State of Kentucky, taught by Father Rice, was the powerful and uplifting force of Freemasonry. Samuel Daviess, of Virginia, Grand Master of Kentucky in 1826, was the man and Mason who brought Father Rice, his pastor, from Virginia to Kentucky to shepherd the uncared-for pioneers and to teach their children the elements of English and moral character.

There is something sublime in contemplating the unity of the Masonic Lodge and the Presbyterian Church of Old Virginia in planting the public school

in the wilds of Kentucky long ago. This unity runs back to Old Scotland where light and enlightenment went hand in hand with religion. We can never understand the noble dream that the Grand Lodge of this State had in establishing the Masonic Home and School at LaGrange until we are familiar with these early chapters in the history of education when our State was young. So we will close this account with a brief sketch of that master man and Master Mason, Samuel Daviess, who brought Father David Rice to Kentucky:

"Samuel Daviess was a brother of Joseph Hamilton Daviess, Grand Master (1811) who fell at Tippecanoe. The Daviess family went from Scotland to the north of Ireland where they took refuge from persecutions. Samuel's father, Joseph Daviess, married Jean Hamilton and came to America, making their home in Bedford county, Virginia. Thence they came to Kentucky, and settled near Danville.

"Samuel Daviess was a man of strong character, a Presbyterian, and evidently devoted to his church, for he went back over the mountains to Virginia after his pastor, Rev. David Rice, whom he brought to Kentucky on horseback to become a pioneer of Presbyterianism here.

"Samuel was educated in Harrodsburg, and became a practicing lawyer, moved to that place and, at the death of his father, took charge of the younger children, whom he educated. He represented his district in the Lower House, afterwards in the Senate of Kentucky, and died September 30, 1856, aged 83 years. The Grand Lodge in noticing his death declared: 'He was a good man, and bore himself honorably and creditably, and was an excellent example to all around him.'"

THE COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY

President Millis of Hanover, discussing recently with us the contemporary history of Hanover and the Masonic College at La Grange, Kentucky (1845-1865), said that "the manual labor principle" connected with these colleges for the self-support of students, suggested itself from that idea in the social education system then made famous in Europe by certain great educational reformers; and he said that this "manual labor principle" was only abandoned at Hanover College, at the Masonic University, and elsewhere at the time because the cost of equipment and upkeep was very expensive. Hence these colleges became purely classic institutions. Yet the idea of a technical and vocational training for youth has persisted in all state institutions of learning; and today there is a strong necessity of clarifying the minds of most people on this vital subject. A bit of Hanover history will give us the whole thing in a nutshell:

"In response to a request made by the Presbytery of Salem, which then embraced a large part of Indiana and Illinois, Rev. John Finley Crowe opened the Hanover Academy, January 1, 1827, in a log cabin, near where the Presbyterian church of Hanover now stands. On the 30th of December, 1828, the Legislature of Indiana passed an act incorporating Hanover Academy. In 1829 this academy was adopted by the Synod of Indiana as a Synodical School.

"The field of higher education is occupied by two types of institution, the College, and the University with its technical schools. These types differ with reference to objects and methods. The University seeks to make an expert, a specialist, an authority. It proposes to take the individual into some depart-

ment of thought, invention, discovery or practice and make him a master in that province. The keyword in University education is the training of special ability; specialization. The College, on the other hand, seeks above all else to make a man of the individual. It proposes to give him such general training as will send him out into life with developed and well-balanced powers, with right ideals and wholesome enthusiasms. The University is chiefly concerned with what he can do; the College with what he is. The College recognizes the demand for efficiency, but believes that ultimately real efficiency can be secured only upon the basis of the broad general training which the college gives."

JOHN FINLEY CROWE

We have mentioned certain great Anti-Slavery men because the Anti-Slavery movement in Kentucky history has been so neglected until recent years. The Filson Club in 1918 published a history of this movement by Prof. Asa Earl Martin of the Pennsylvania State College. Prof. Martin gathered together a wonderful stock of material and covered this entire movement down to 1850. He regarded it as one of the greatest undertakings of his life; and the book is of profound interest. We feel that it is not going too far afield to mention these early day Abolition forces and leaders that surrounded our own home county. Hence we give these sketches of Dr. Crowe, who was a very distinguished Abolitionist. Prof. Martin says of him and his periodical:

"The small number of papers which would allow the opponents of slavery to set before the people the arguments against the system was one of the greatest difficulties that the anti-slavery workers had to contend with; since the columns of the newspapers, especially in the States south of the Mason and Dixon Line, were as a rule closed to all anti-slavery discussions. The Kentucky Abolition Society, therefore, determined to establish at Shelbyville a semi-monthly anti-slavery paper under the editorship of Rev. John Finley Crowe. By way of prospectus, proposals enumerating the principles of the society, with extracts from its constitution, were sent to various periodicals for publication. The first number of the paper, which was called the Abolition Intelligencer and Missionary Magazine appeared in May, 1822, as a monthly instead of a semi-monthly, as stated in the proposals.

"Each number of the Abolition Intelligencer and Missionary Magazine contained sixteen pages, the first eight of which were devoted wholly to a discussion of slavery and the last eight to missions. The historical value of such a paper can hardly be overestimated. It was a repository for all plans for the abolition of slavery, for all laws, opinions, arguments, essays, speeches, reviews, statistics, congressional proceedings, notices of books and pamphlets, colonization efforts, political movements—in short, for every thing that related to slavery.

"There were just two anti-slavery papers published in the United States at that time, one, the Abolition Intelligencer and Missionary Magazine, the other, Lundy's Genius of Universal Emancipation. It is worthy of notice that both of these papers were published west of the Appalachian Mountains. This is true of every anti-slavery paper published before 1826."

DR. CROWE AND DR. BLACKBURN

The following sketch of Dr. Crowe is taken from the Presbyterian Encyclopedia. Dr. Gideon Blackburn of the Goshen church was equally strong against slavery but was an Emancipationist. He became President of Centre College at Danville when Dr. Crowe began his great work at Hanover.

"Crowe, John Finley, D. D., the second son of Benj. Crowe, a soldier and officer in the Revolutionary War from Virginia, was born June 16th, 1787, in Green county, Tennessee, then a frontier settlement of North Carolina. In 1802 his father removed to Bellevue, Mo. He attended Transylvania University, Ky., 1811-12; was a student at Princeton Seminary 1814-15; licensed 1816, and ordained to the ministry in 1817 by the Presbytery of Louisville. He labored as pastor, editor and teacher in Kentucky till 1823, when he removed to Hanover, Indiana, and became the pastor of that church. Was pastor there from 1823 to 1834, and stated supply from 1838 to 1847.

"In 1827 he founded Hanover Academy, under the auspices of the Madison Presbytery, which in 1833 became Hanover College. He continued in connection with this institution as teacher, professor and vice president till his death, January 17, 1860. He was the editor and manager of the "Abolition Intelligencer and Missionary Magazine," published at Shelbyville, Kentucky, one of the earliest magazines of the kind published in this country, in 1822-23; and left a MS. History of Hanover College.

"Dr. Crowe was a faithful, humble and successful preacher and pastor, was devoted to his work, and his labors were frequently blessed with revivals. He was a worthy companion of Johnson, Dickey, Martin and others in the pioneer mission work in Southern Indiana. His great work was the founding and fostering of Hanover College, to which institution he gave all his energies and wisdom for a third of a century. During his last sickness he frequently repeated the words of II Timothy 1-2, 'I know whom I have believed,' etc., and by the faith of the gospel gained a triumph over death. Two of his sons became ministers, and four of his daughters became ministers' wives, one of whom was a missionary to China."

CHAPTER XIII

Parson John Todd and the Charlestown and Goshen Churches

UNDER the date of August 21, 1909, we received the following letter from Mr. John A. H. Owens, of the Charlestown, Ind., Presbyterian church, inquiring for facts about the early history of Parson John Todd, the famous old pioneer preacher in those parts whose identity and story so long baffled us. Mr. Owens said:

"Our county (Clark) was the second organized in the State (Indiana): and most of the land included in the present bounds of the county was given to the soldiers of George Rogers Clark.

"We had in early days many citizens who loved God and their fellow-men, and who never faltered in the work of establishing churches and schools and turning the wilderness into a home for the distressed of all nations.

"We of the younger generation have taken great pleasure in delving in the time-worn records of the past and getting all the light we could on the lives and works of the heroic men and women of the pioneer days.

"Among the foremost of our men was Parson Todd, a man who was loved and honored by all. The men and women who knew him are now sleeping in our cemetery and have carried with them the unwritten story of the good parson.

"He was an educated man who gave his talents toward establishing Christianity and Education on a firm basis in Clark's Grant. We know of him while he was with us, but we would like to have some information as to his birth, ancestry, youth, and life after he left Charlestown. Also of his death and final resting place.

"We wish to place this information in our records where we can read it, and where our children and children's children may have the brief story of one who did much to make the world brighter and better.

"The Rev. Excel Fry, promising young minister of the Presbyterian church in this town, has given us information that leads us to hope that we may receive through you much that will be of interest to us."

It was the occasion of the centennial of the Charlestown church, and Rev. Mr. Fry had talked to us about tracing the Parson Todd story. We had it from our mother that the old Woolfolk homestead at Goshen, where we were born, was the pioneer home of a family of Kentucky Todds and that they were close relatives of Parson Todd. There was a grave of a certain J. T. in the old burying ground; and our mother remembered long ago in her childhood how some member of the family was brought back and interred there.

THE JANE TODD ROMANCE

Then, too, there was the romance of "Beautiful Jane Todd" and Samuel Snowden; and we might have spoken to Samuel Snowden himself while he was alive about this hidden tragedy of the heart. But who would have dared? We stood in such awe of him; and he perhaps would have told us not to meddle with what did not concern us. So we were not able to gratify young Pastor Fry of the Charlestown church with any definite facts about Parson Todd or his people.

The years passed on and our county history was written. We finally got the courage to delve into the Jane Todd Samuel Snowden romance through a niece of Mr. Snowden's, our own dear cousin, Mrs. Lavinia Gross, of St. Louis, Mo., whose mother gave her the facts first hand. And our own mother verified the facts from what her elders told her in early childhood about this locally famous and fascinating love story. We even got the loan of a young girl's photograph, or rather daguerreotype, once possessed by Samuel Snowden, which was supposed to be that of "Beautiful Jane Todd." This picture was accidentally destroyed in the photograph gallery of the Indiana Reformatory at Jeffersonville, when we were chaplain there, and led us to make a tireless search for any surviving relatives of Jane Todd. We thus discovered that grand old lady, Mrs. Mary Louise Gibson, of Newport, Ky., niece of Jane Todd; and thus we got on the trail of Parson Todd's people at last.

THE OLDHAM TODDS

In brief, to quote our chapter on "The Lincoln Todds in Oldham County," published September 7, 1923: "We know that Col. John Todd (who was one of the bravest campaigners with George Rogers Clark) was a nephew and namesake of Rev. John Todd, Sr., of Pennsylvania and Virginia. Our Parson John Todd, Jr., who did so much for education in Clark and Oldham counties more than one hundred years ago, was a son and namesake of this Rev. John Todd, Sr. He was therefore a first cousin of Col. John Todd, General Robert Todd, and General Levi Todd, grandfather of Mary Todd Lincoln, who was granted a tract of land across the river in Clark county for services rendered with his brothers in Clark's campaigns.

"Now it seems that besides Owen Todd, another brother, who was also a first cousin of our Parson John Todd, there was yet another brother, Samuel Todd, Jr. This Samuel Todd was sheriff of Boutetourt county, Virginia, in 1791 and 1792. He was born in Lancaster county, Pa., about the year 1738 and died in Boutetourt county, Va., in the year 1812. He was the father of Judge Samuel Todd of Frankfort, Ky.

"This Judge Samuel Todd was born in Rockbridge county, Va., in 1777. This Samuel Todd, Sr., and Jr., were the great-grandfather and grandfather of Mrs. Mary Louise Gibson, of Newport, Ky., who has given us all we know of the Todds in Oldham county. Mrs. Gibson is certain that these Todds were all cousins of Mary Todd Lincoln, which is abundantly proved through the fact that Dr. Samuel S. Todd (a cousin of her grandfather and author of a Todd family history) was a grandson of Owen Todd, a great uncle of Mrs. Lincoln.

"These facts give to the old Todd-Woolfolk homestead near Goshen a new historic interest that will increase as the years go by. Beautiful Jane Todd's father, Major John Todd, bought the old Todd-Woolfolk home place near Goshen of Ambrose Camp, July 1, 1813. It consisted of 341 acres on Huckleberry Run. Major John Todd was at this time a trustee of the city of Louisville. Being a son of Samuel Todd, Jr., of Boutetourt county, Va., he was a near cousin of Mrs. Lincoln."

This man Ambrose Camp, from whom Major John Todd bought the farm, was an early pioneer, who married a sister of Lilberne Magruder, of Goshen, Ky., and then moved down to the Pond Settlement below Louisville.



CHARLESTOWN, INDIANA, PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

PARSON TODD'S PASTORATE

From our earliest boyhood we remember a tombstone in the old Todd burying ground on the hill of this farm that bore the letters "J. T.," roughly chiseled in outline. It was before any marble stones were in use. It now seems most probable that this J. T. was Major John Todd, owner of the farm, as the burial place was established while he lived there. The farm was sold by him in after years to Francis Snowden, uncle of Samuel Snowden and was

purchased of Francis Snowden by Jefferson Woolfolk in 1835. Our mother is quite sure that Parson John Todd spent a lot of his time at this old home-stead while pastor at Chralestown and Goshen. Her mother, who was a Charlestown girl, spoke constantly of Parson Todd; and the records of the Charlestown church show that before the Goshen church was formally organized by Gideon Blackburn, there were a number of Presbyterians on this side of the river whose names were on the Charlestown roll and were evidently parishioners in Parson Todd's flock.

The references to Mr. Todd in the Charlestown church history are as follows:

"The first minister who had charge of the church was Rev. John Todd, familiarly known as 'Parson Todd.' Where he came from or whither he went is unknown. He came out of the mists of obscurity, labored for a few years in Charlestown, and then disappears into the shadows again and vanished from sight. Judging from work in Charlestown, however, he did good work wherever he went, for he was a man greatly beloved, not only in the church but in the community, and under his ministry the church grew and developed steadily. He probably began his ministry here in 1815 or 1816 and closed it in September, 1824. Tradition says he was a relative of the celebrated John Todd of Virginia."

PARSON TODD THE EDUCATOR

Again we read: "The Rev. John Todd, or 'Parson Todd,' as he was called, lived in what was afterwards known as the Mr. Solon Young home, half a mile south of town, on the Ohio River road. Here for a number of years, he kept a select private school, the pupils meeting in the parlor for recitations. He was said to have been a successful and inspiring teacher. This school was the germ of Barnett Academy.

"Mr. Todd's study was in the attic of the house, whence the elevation above the earth and proximity to heaven gave that unworldliness and spirituality to the Parson's sermons for which they were noted. This old historic house was destroyed by fire a few years ago."

TRAGEDY OF PARSON TODD'S MINISTRY

On page 276 of Davidson's History of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky, we read that Rev. John Todd came to Kentucky from the Hanover Presbytery of Virginia in 1809, when he became a member of the Transylvania Presbytery. He sided with the Rev. Thomas B. Craighead, who was under censure for doctrinal views at variance with strict Presbyterian standards. Dr. Davidson says that Mr. Todd was persistent in defending and disseminating the teachings of Mr. Craighead, and as a consequence "was tried by the Presbytery of Transylvania August 14, 1812, convicted and solemnly admonished. As he continued to hold and teach his errors notwithstanding, the Presbytery, agreeably to advice of Synod, obtained in the interim, suspended him April 15, 1813. Mr. Todd appealed to the Synod but in vain. In 1817 (October 11) he took a sober second thought recanted and was restored."

The Rev. Edward L. Warren, D. D., of Louisville, in his Centennial Address of the Presbytery of Louisville, in 1916, makes a very concise and interesting reference to Rev. John Todd:

"Another interesting character who took part with these missionaries (into the Territory and State of Indiana) was Rev. John Todd, who came to Louisville from Old Hanover Presbytery and had been associated in his youth with Rev. James Waddell, David Rice and Archibald Alexander. Falling into the error of Graighead, Mr. Todd was deposed from the ministry by the Presbytery of Transylvania, but upon his restoration entered actively upon missionary work under the Presbytery of Louisville in the region of Charlestown, Indiana."

It would thus seem certain that Mr. Todd came to Louisville Presbytery after his restoration in October, 1817, and probably began his missionary and pastoral labors around Charlestown, and possibly around Goshen, in the winter of 1817-18; or else, if he was not received into the Presbytery of Louisville until the spring meeting of 1818, he may have been that long entering on his authorized home mission ministry in and around Charlestown. Rev. Dr. Warren says that John Todd was "the ablest Greek scholar in our midst," thus commending very highly his work as a teacher.

Dr. Davidson says that the Rev. Thomas B. Craighead was a man of eloquence and fervor but that his preaching of the New Light doctrines involved him in a very unhappy controversy with the Presbytery and Synod. Like Mr. Todd, he was restored to his ministerial standing in his seventieth year when old and poor.

CHAPTER XIV

New Traditions of the Old Charlestown Church

IT is fitting to make some record, in these centennial annals of old Presbyterian churches in Southern Indiana and Kentucky, regarding the gifted and distinguished first Governor of the Hoosier State; the man who fulfilled the sacred compact of Thomas Jefferson to make the Northwest Territory forever free from African slavery; the man who unified and crystalized the Freesoil sentiment of the great Anti-Slavery preachers in the Louisville Presbytery, and who, indeed, anticipated and set the pace for Old Louisville Presbytery in getting rid of the institution across the river. This noted man and Freemason, Jonathan Jennings, lived at Charlestown throughout the pastorate of "Parson Todd" and is believed by the present generation of Presbyterians there to have had a strong hand in the organization of the church at that time. Clerk of Session W. S. Hikes wrote us under date of January 28, 1925, as follows:

"Dear Brother Rule:

"I am sending you today the History of the Charlestown Presbyterian Church. I felt that it ought to be made record of by the Presbytery or Synod in order to preserve it more completely and surely than it could be done by our own church, as we have had the misfortune to be burned out once completely; and again our records were charred so we had to rewrite them entirely.

"I want to call your attention to Rev. F. M. Hurst's suggestion in regard to our first Governor, Jonathan Jennings, that his father, being a Presbyterian minister back in Pennsylvania and having educated his son in a Presbyterian school, would more than likely have influenced him (the son) to be among the promoters and organizers of the Charlestown Presbyterian Church. And while we have no records to show that he did, the fact that his residence here in Charlestown in 1807, and that he married Miss Anna Hay, together with the fact that the Hays were members of our church up to the latter part of the last century, gives us a reasonable right to believe that it was organized earlier than the records actually show, or rather earlier than the minutes of Presbytery show.

"The church must have been in existence, and with enough members then for the Presbytery to take notice and accept them, and give them in charge of a minister. You will please return our history when you have copied what you think is important enough to go on record; and if it is not too much trouble, I would like for you to send me a copy of what you have considered worthy of permanent record. Thanking you for your kind interest in this work, I am yours truly,

W. S. HIKES."

INVESTIGATION BY PASTOR HURST

Now the Rev. F. M. Hurst was pastor of Charlestown some years ago when they celebrated their centennial or organization. He prepared a very interesting and able historic paper on the subject in hand, from which we make a substantial quotation:

"There is no known record of the Charlestown Presbyterian Church that goes back of 1820; and this fixed 1812 as the year in which the congregation was organized, but the day and month are not given.

"The Minutes of the Transylvania Presbytery have the following entry made April 11, 1812: 'Mr. Vance informed Presbytery that a small congregation exists in Charlestown and its vicinity in the Indiana Territory, which congregation having requested him to make them known to Presbytery and solicit their care and attention, Mr. Todd was appointed to supply said congregation as much of his time as he may find convenient, and also that he, with Mr. Lapsley, administer the sacrament at Charlestown as soon as they find it convenient.'

"Just who Mr. Vance was is problematical, but perhaps he was a Presbyterian minister, as he does not seem to be representing the congregation as an elder. But anyway he knew of the existence of the congregation before April 11, 1812. Just how long before is a question that we can not answer."

JAMES VANCE

Now in regard to this Mr. Vance (who accompanied "Parson" John Todd into Indiana Territory as a home missionary while Transylvania Presbytery included practically all the region of the Ohio river valley, as this same section was embraced by Louisville Presbytery, organized in 1816), we have his identity from Rev. Edward L. Warren, D. D., historian of the Presbytery of Louisville, U. S. A.

"James Vance," says Dr. Warren, "was of the Virginia type and settled on Beargrass Creek, at Middletown, where he opened a school, in which many men afterward prominent in the Church were trained, among whom were Rev. Joshua L. Wilson, D. D., pastor of First Church in Cincinnati, and Rev. J. J. Bullock, D. D., afterwards Superintendent of Public Schools in Kentucky and Chaplain of the United States Senate.

"In 1799 Mr. Vance was ordained pastor of Middletown and Pennsylvania Run churches, the latter being the oldest church in Louisville Presbytery, being mentioned in the records of Presbytery as early as 1789. The Minutes of the Presbytery of Transylvania make mention of his being appointed to preach to the congregation at Louisville. Mr. Vance was for many years Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Louisville. He visited the churches in Indiana, especially in the region of Charlestown, where he organized a church called 'Palmyra,' a name in keeping with the classical tastes for antiquity which seemed to have prevailed in this region and as seen in the names of Memphis, Utica and others."

In the sketches of Joshua L. Wilson, D. D., the distinguished pupil of Rev. James Vance at Middletown, we find these facts: That young Wilson, went to Middletown to study for the ministry; that he boarded in the family of

Mr. Vance, assisting in the school as an instructor while pursuing his own theological studies under Mr. Vance. And with reference to Mr. Vance himself we read:

"James Vance resided about 18 miles east of Louisville, in Jefferson county, Ky., and had charge of two congregations. In the latter years of his life he was rendered nearly helpless by means of rheumatism. He had a younger brother, William, a young man of much more than ordinary promise, who was licensed to preach in the year 1803, and was to have been settled over the church at Danville, and another in the same neighborhood; but after preaching a single sermon to each, was suddenly called from his earthly labors."

We have thus established the fact that these two ministers, John Todd and James Vance, who planted Presbyterianism at Charlestown, were educators. The Mr. Lapsley mentioned as companion to Mr. Todd in administering the sacrament at Charlestown appears to have been a Joseph B. Lapsley, who, with Samuel T. Scott, James McGready, William Wylie, Samuel Brown and Thomas Cleland, were to labor for longer or shorter periods in the Territory of Indiana. "This field," says a church historian, "fell properly within the bounds of the Synod of Kentucky, as to the one to which it was most accessible; and by far the largest number of its missionaries were selected from that body. Aready congregations had been gathered at several places, but none of them were able to sustain a pastor."

MORE ABOUT JONATHAN JENNINGS

And now with reference to Jonathan Jennings and the Charlestown church, Rev. F. M. Hurst says: "In 1806 Jonathan Jennings, then only 25 years old, came from Pennsylvania to Jeffersonville, where he remained but a short time and then moved to Vincennes, and from there to Charlestown in 1807, where he afterwards married Miss Anna Hay, and here he made his home, and within the borders of the town his ashes rest today.

"Young Jennings was born in New Jersey, and his father was a Presbyterian preacher who almost in the beginning of the boy's life moved with his family to Fayette County, Pennsylvania, and the boy was educated in the Presbyterian school at Cannonsburg, Washington County—a school that afterwards merged into what is today Washington and Jefferson College.

"The son of a Presbyterian minister, educated in a Presbyterian school, coming out from the most active part of the Presbyterian church, in the fervor and freshness of life, what would have been more natural than that he should be interested in organizing the Church of his father in his new home? And yet there is no record, no tradition, so far as this historian knows connecting him with this church.

"His father, Rev. Jacob Jennings, practiced medicine until he was about 40 years old and entered the ministry about 1784 or 1785; and in 1792 he was called to the pastorate of Dunlaps Creek Presbyterian Church, that still stands as one of the landmarks of early Presbyterianism in Fayette county, Pennsylvania, as the Charlestown church stands as a landmark in Clark County, Indiana.

"With such a training, and with such influences back of him, is it unreasonable to suppose that among the first things that interested this young man

in his new home was the church of his father; and would he not be inclined to join his neighbors in an effort to build a church at the very outset, and even though he may not have been a member of the congregation, may we not suppose that he was interested in the organization?"

THOMAS CLELAND AND ZACHARY TAYLOR

Now this Presbytery of Transylvania, Kentucky, which sent John Todd and James Vance out as home missionaries the first time they came to Charlestown and vicinity, was organized on the 17th day of October, 1786, at Danville, being a branch of Abingdon Presbytery, Virginia and consisted of five ministers. It grew, of course, and in 1804 ordained Thomas Cleland to the ministry. He was the youth who had landed at Goose Creek, on the River Road above Louisville, with his father's family when Zachary Taylor was a lad. His father went over into Washington county to locate a home for his family, and while he was gone the Taylor family took the Clelands in and treated them with marked kindness. Because of sickness they had stayed in their houseboat at the landing; and then they temporarily occupied a log cabin on the Taylor farm. Young Cleland says he played with "Little Zack," and that Mother Taylor treated his mother like a sister. This boy was the Presbyterian minister sent over into Indiana Territory sixteen years later (the time between 1789 and 1805) to preach at Vincennes before the Governor, who was General Harrison, a slavery man and a strong opponent of Jonathan Jennings in making Indiana Territory a Free State. Young Cleland preached in the council house and was so favorably received that the people implored him to remain, promising to send back to Kentucky for his family. But he promised to come again to see them one year later, which he did, and with even greater difficulty declined the call extended to him. He says that ever since his marriage he had in mind to remove and reside in a Free State and here was his opportunity. But his personal and religious interests back in Kentucky decided him not to stay in Vincennes. His two daughters and a number of grandchildren were life-long members of the Harrods Creek Presbyterian Church on the River road above Louisville.

CHAPTER XV

The Romance of Samuel Snowden and Beautiful Jane Todd

THE old Samuel Snowden Mill stood in the lovely little woodland west of Goshen where the new John Bottorff residence is now located. People came for miles on mill-days to get their corn ground in our boyhood. The miller was Mr. Samuel Snowden, then an old man with a twinkle in his eye and a lively step as he watched the white meal pour down into the bin. With a comical twinkle and a kindly beckon he would call the boys up to the bin and hold out a hand full of meal for them to smell and then suddenly rub it good and proper all over their nose and eyes. This practical joke was the keynote to the irrepressive fun of the jolly miller.

You would scarcely imagine that this man was in youth one of the most gifted poets and romantic lovers in Oldham county history. In another chapter we gave in brief the tragical story of his love for "Beautiful Jane Todd." Miss Todd married William D. Mitchell, for many years county clerk of Oldham county. We understand that he was a very small man but very smart, as the old people of LaGrange express it today. He was as homely as Miss Todd was beautiful.

There were a number of boys in the family of William D. Mitchell, or Billy Mitchell, as he was called by everybody. One old resident of LaGrange, Mr. Ballard, was with one of the Mitchell boys when they were very small. They were at an old treadmill and the Mitchell boy walked off backward and got caught in the machinery and was mashed to death. Another son, Armsted Mitchell, went to Texas and came to LaGrange many years afterward to pay a debt incurred in his boyhood, with the interest on same. He was a very honest man.

Mr. John Ballard, of Shelbyville, was a schoolmate of these Mitchell boys as far back as 1846 or earlier. It was the impression in LaGrange that Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell died there and were buried in an old cemetery north of town now used by the colored church. We were told, in our quest for information, that no stones marked their graves. The memory of this once widely known couple seemed to have vanished in oblivion. Our good friend, Mr. D. H. French, went with us in the spring of 1920 to every old inhabitant in LaGrange trying to get a trace of some living relative of "Beautiful Jane Todd," to trace out the facts of this present chapter.

We learned that she was related to the Barbours who built the old home at Clifton on the Ohio near Westport. We were told that Mrs. Lou Gibson, of Newport, Ky., was a relative that might give us some information. A picture of Miss Todd, with some poems of love by Samuel Snowden, who adored her, had come into our hands; but by a grievous misfortune the picture was ruined. Mr. French used every means in his power to put us in touch with Mrs. Gibson in hopes that another picture might be found. We are happy to say that Mrs.



MRS. ELINOR SNOWDEN LOUGHRIE

Mrs. Elinor Snowden Loughrie, sister of Samuel Snowden, lover of "Beautiful Jane Todd." Mrs. Loughrie's husband, Lemuel Loughrie, was a Southern merchant and strong anti-slavery man. He lies buried near Governor Jennings in the Charlestown, Indiana, Cemetery. He ranked high among the emancipationists.

Samuel and Elinor Snowden were children of Joseph Snowden, a leading Baltimore merchant, who married lovely Mary Busey in 1812. This Joseph Snowden was a most gifted poet and humorist. The unpublished manuscript is a treasure yet in the family archives. Francis Snowden, pioneer Elder in Old Goshen Church, was a brother of Joseph Snowden. Francis had trouble with his father for interfering in the whipping of a slave, and had to leave home. His brother Joseph, in Baltimore, fitted him up and sent him West. He married and lived in Charlestown, then Goshen, in pioneer days. When his brother Joseph died, Francis took Joseph's children, Samuel and Elinor, into his own home. They had been highly educated before coming to Kentucky. Elinor came on her first visit when 18 years old and met the chivalrous Lemuel Loughrie. He was a native Virginian, a merchant and Knight Templar. Two of his love letters to Elinor are preserved. Travelling on the Mississippi River he wrote back thus about Slavery, in 1837:

"The Master will soon depart for the Middle States to spend the summer in security and purchase an additional number of slaves to supply the places of those that the epidemic diseases of the country carry off. One-third of these he expects to lose the succeeding year. What a human, enlightened and Christian people we are! After driving the poor naked Indian from the inheritance of his fathers, and seizing upon his patrimony, we have dragged the ignorant African from beyond the Atlantic, separating him from wife, children and friends; and annually doom thousands of their descendants to destruction, soul and body, by forcing them into this poisonous atmosphere, in order that the white man may wallow in wealth and luxury and indulge in every species of dissipation and excess. I would like to be rich but I cannot accept it from such means."

Our good friend, Deacon Virgil Snowden, of Goshen Church, grandson of Samuel Snowden, says that "My Old Kentucky Home" came to Stephen Collins Foster after witnessing from an Ohio River steambot the sad exodus of these black children of bondage from the Old Kentucky Home.

Gibson proved to be a niece of Jane Todd and verified the facts of the romance with Samuel Snowden. Our answer to her on receiving the picture of Miss Todd is given below because it describes this romance so fully. She died and is buried in Texas beside her husband on their plantation:

My Dear Mrs. Gibson:

I cannot tell you how glad and thankful I felt when I received the lovely picture of your revered aunt and your most kind and interesting letter.

For the first time we are now in touch with the Todds who built the old Jefferson Woolfolk home. They lived in a double-story cabin on the hill above the spring where my father's present home stands. Then they built the brick house (about 1810 so tradition has said, but old deeds prove that it was not till 1813 or 1814) where in 1835 Jefferson Woolfolk came with his family from the old farm on Harrods Creek where he was born.

Mother, who was Mary Woolfolk, has so often spoken of "Beautiful Jane Todd," whom she saw in her (mother's) girlhood.

The picture has a touching interest to me. Mr. Samuel Snowden, who came to his Uncle Francis Snowden's home when a youth from Maryland with his sister, met Jane Todd at Goshen and fell deeply in love with her. He was the son of a gifted poet and he himself in youth wrote beautiful poems on his sad and tragic love for Miss Todd. She did not fully reciprocate his love, for she evidently had already met Mr. Billy Mitchell.

Samuel Snowden was born in 1816 and this love affair was in 1836 or '37 when he was 20, or not yet 21. His sister taunted him with not being a man grown, as he claimed, and possibly his youth made against his success in his suit for Jane Todd's affection. Anyhow, he wrote the sad and beautiful poems to her and put them away with her picture his whole life long. The family never fully admitted this romance until sometime ago when Mr. Snowden's daughter gave me copies of the poems, and then a few weeks ago loaned me the picture of Jane Todd, not being sure it was she. But it was undoubtedly, and a lovely one.

Our institution photographers, (of the Indiana Reformatory) in making a copy, ruined it, and I was distressed beyond measure and have sought diligently for trace of Jane Todd's relations to find another picture to copy and replace the precious one ruined. Yours will do this, and will be copied by the best and safest photographer in Louisville, and no accident whatever will happen to it. It will be returned to you soon. And how happy I am that this beautiful love story is now safe for all the years to come! She was called "Beautiful Jane Todd."

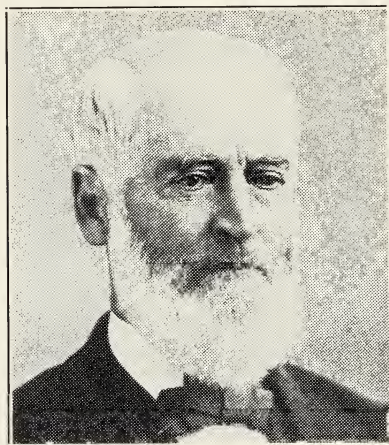
I will write you again and send the poems as soon as they can be copied. May God bless you for this great kindness to me. Mother is waiting eagerly for me to take the picture out to her at Goshen.

You can read this all over and give me any light you have on Jane Todd's story. I have the facts of her happy marriage and home life at LaGrange with Mr. Mitchell, which will be sent you with the poems.

Gratefully yours, Lucien V. Rule.

William D. Mitchell was one of the leading Freemasons in the Lodges of Oldham county. He was one of the best county clerks in our county history. Mrs. Gibson says he was highly educated, but so was Mr. Snowden. Furthermore, Mr. Mitchell was a widower with children and the world today wonders why so beautiful a girl as Jane Todd would turn down an ardent young lover and

poet like Samuel Snowden for a widower. But we are informed that the graces of manner and the elegances of culture that characterized Mr. Mitchell made him a very formidable rival of the yong poet. We understand that Mr. Snowden pressed his suit so ardently and with such presistance that Miss Todd decided in favor of the most composed and masterful lover, whom she married. Nevertheless, the love poems of Samuel Snowden celebrate her beauty and his devotion in a way eminently worthy to pass on to future years.



REV. P. S. CLELAND, D. D.

Pastor of the Kentucky pioneers to Greenwood, Indiana, from his father's old congregations.

Philip Sidney Cleland, so long pastor of the Greenwood, Indiana, Presbyterian Church, which celebrated its centennial in December, 1925, was the fifth child and eldest son of Pioneer Preacher Thomas Cleland. Philip was born November 27, 1811, and passed away just before reaching his 74th birthday.

"He had witnessed the great revolution in our modes of travel, in the postal system of the country, in methods of domestic labor, from the sewing machine to the reaper. He had taken part in the early temperance movements in this country, and at the time of his death stood with the friends of prohibition.

"Though born and reared in a Slave State, he became convinced, early in his life, that the system of human slavery was antagonistic to our civil and social institutions. He was not fanatical, but did not hesitate to express his convictions when occasion seemed to demand it.

"Having graduated at Centre College in 1830 under Dr. Gideon Blackburn, at the age of nineteen, his father sent him to Amherst College for one year. There he met E. P. Humphrey, Henry Ward Beecher and other promising young men; and at Andover Seminary he was taught by Leonard Woods, Moses Stewart, Dr. Thos. Skinner, Ralph Emerson and Edward Robinson."

Mr. Cleland accepted a call to the Greenwood, Indiana, Church in 1839. The people were from the section of country and the former congregations of his father at New Providence and Harrodsburg, Ky. He was married to Miss Maniah Tibcomb, of Newberryport, Mass. She became his companion and helper in those early days in Indiana. This strong-minded woman confirmed her husband in his anti-slavery views; and for 27 years he was pastor at Greenwood and clear in his devotion to the cause of freedom and progress. We visited the Greenwood Church in October, 1925, and were much impressed with the memory and hold Dr. Cleland had on the church and community in Civil War days. He published a notable memorial address on the church history; and two of his Elders were still living.

LINES TO A LADY

When from thy cheek is faded
 The rose that blossoms now,
 When thy bright eye is shaded,
 And shadows cloud thy brow;
 When fortune shall bereave thee,
 Of all thou call'st thine own,
 When all the world shall leave thee,
 Sad, cheerless, and alone,
 When those who now adore thee,
 And worship at thy shrine,
 Shall vanish from before thee,
 And name thee not divine;
 When love no longer borrows,
 Her brightest charms from thee,
 Oh, turn away from sorrows,
 And come away to me.
 Not for thy form I love thee,
 Though as an angel fair,
 Not sinless would I prove thee,
 For hope would perish there,
 Not for the damask roses,
 That bloom upon thy cheek,
 Not for as brief day closes,
 The charms that there do speak.
 But for thine eyes' deep splendor
 That look the sunbeams down,
 That speak in accents tender,
 That freeze but with a frown.
 That speak in accents strongest
 The noble mind within,
 Whose love survives the longest,
 For that thy heart I win.

* * * *

SELECTED FOR MISS TODD

Whilst free from fashion's artful charms,
 Benevolence, the bosom warms,
 Persuasive virtue charms the soul,
 And reason's laws alone control.

Mild as the beams of radiance shine,
 May piety thy powers refine.
 Pure as the mimic pearls that spread
 Their liquid beauty o'er the mead,
 And like the rising orb of day,
 May wisdom guide thy dubious way.

THE PARTING HOUR

The hour has come that we must part,
 A long, a fond, farewell,
 But still within this lonely heart,
 Thy memory shall dwell.

I'll think of thee on winter's night,
 When spring is on the green,
 I'll think of thee when summer bright
 Or autumn tints the scene.

I'll think of thee when measures flow,
 And woo the noontide air,
 I'll think of thee when kneeling low,
 Before my God in prayer.

Till all my life has fled,
 I'll think, I'll think of thee,
 And when this weary soul is dead,
 Oh! then remember——me.

—S. S.

ACROSTIC FOR MISS I. J. T.

In life's young morn may hope be thine,
 Sweet slumbers soothe thy pillow,
 Around thee peace and bliss entwine,
 Beyond life's troubled billow.
 Each hour to thee her tribute bring,
 Ladened with virtue's gem;
 Like stars, that pure from heaven spring,
 Adorn night's azure diadem.

Joyous thy early dreams should be,
 And thy glad heart grow lighter;
 Ne'er dimmed by care thy bright blue eye,
 Each moment should grow brighter.

Till Fate, whose silent, ruthless, fight,
 O'er all earth's fairest driven;
 Dear J . . . shall find thee without blight,
 Death waft thee home in Heaven.

—S. S.

The letters of Mrs. M. L. Gibson of Newport about the Todds supply us with information concerning the builder of the Old Todd Homestead at Goshen. She wrote us on April 17th, 1920, as follows:

"I must say I was greatly surprised to find anyone inquiring for my dear aunt (Jane Todd) who passed away about sixty years ago. I am the nearest living relative. She was the only sister of my mother, Eliza Todd Taliaferro. It is a little puzzling to know who this is writing of one so long gone. I am

eighty-six and not a soul to talk with that knows of the past. I have only a daughter left of my family. By an accident three years ago she broke her hip and is still lame, using a crutch.

"I remember the Henshaws, and of having visited the old brick house (the Todd Homestead) when Mr. Jefferson Woolfolk lived there. I knew my grandfather had lived there before Mr. Woolfolk. Did my grandfather build the house? Some of my mother's children were born there. If there is any information I can give you, I will be pleased to do so. Write any questions and I will answer. I am sending a daguerreotype of my aunt, Jane Todd, and her little son, who lived to go into the Confederate Army, but died soon after. She died in Texas



GRAVE OF PARSON JOHN TODD

Elder Whitenack of the Greenwood, Indiana, Presbyterian Church, at the grave of Parson John Todd, Greenwood Cemetery, October, 1925. After the meeting of the Indiana Synod at Kokomo, we came down to Greenwood to locate the long-sought grave of the beloved John Todd. Elder Carson, a cultured veteran of the Cross, sent us to Elder Whitenack, who saw the bodies of the pioneers removed from the old burying ground along the Pennsylvania Railroad nearly 40 year ago. Elder Whitenack is a remarkable man of 89 years, erect and active—a hero of Andersonville Prison in Civil War days. He went with us to the present city cemetery, where we soon stood above the dust of the hallowed dead. A long, encircling stone memorial, with the names and dates of each death, marks the spot where these heroes rest. We had Elder Whitenack stand in the picture. Parson John Todd died in Greenwood in 1839.

As we walked along Elder Whitenack gave us a most graphic account of his Civil War adventures, especially in Andersonville Prison. These experiences he has told in printed form in the Indiana Magazine of History. He related his visits back to Mercer County, Kentucky, to the old home and scenes of Thomas Cleland, the pioneer preacher. We made many notes and came away wonderfully impressed with the abiding tradition and ideal of the early settlers and the church they established. We lost our notes, unfortunately; but the above facts and the precious scene where John Todd rests suffice to consecrate this present memorial record.

on their plantation. My name was Mary Louisa Taliaferro, married in 1855 to J. C. Gibson, of Oldham county, formerly of Virginia. Keep the picture and return it at your pleasure."

A second letter from Mrs. Gibson gives us fuller information about the Todd family and her beautiful aunt: "You are thanking me while I feel all

obligation on my part. I think you know more of the Todd family than I do. I know more of all my other family history than I do of the Todds. My mother died when she was thirty-seven and we were very young to know. My aunt Jane visited Frankfort and Newport. Her uncle, Samuel Todd, was on the Court of Appeals in Frankfort for thirty years in succession. She spent her winters there. Her brothers, Andrew and Robert Todd, lived in Newport and she visited them a great deal. The other two brothers, Augustus and James, lived in Illinois or Missouri and died there.

"Old-time people were very neglectful about records. My grandfather's first wife was Sara Sterrett: I think from about Bowling Green, Va., though I am not sure. In going back to Virginia to settle his estate he met the widow Taliaferro, a sister of General James Taylor. Her brother had induced her to move to Newport, Ky., which she did from Caroline county, Virginia; and Major Todd met her here in Newport and addressed her and they were married and went to Oldham county. I suppose they went to the old brick house.

"Her youngest son had been sent from Newport to Clark county to bring some money owing to Mrs. Taliaferro. He went on horseback and when he came very near the house (in Oldham county) out in the woods he met a young lady. He asked for Major Todd. She told him she was a daughter and would show him the way. After this there was a marriage between Eliza Todd and Robert Taliaferro; and these were my parents. Whether Major Todd and the widow Taliaferro had ever met in Virginia, I do not know; but I suppose not.

"Judge Samuel Todd settled in Carrollton, Ky., then moved to Frankfort. They believed in marrying for he had his second wife, a Catholic. He had a grand house for those times, a brick dwelling and the loveliest flower garden that I ever saw. His grandchildren still live there on the Kentucky River at the Locks. This is about all I know about my mother's family. They were Irish. I have been told by Methodist ministers that my mother was an angel on earth.

"My aunt Jane Todd lived with my mother at an old brick house above Goshen known at that time as the Lowlace Place. Whether Jordan Groves, Congressman from Louisville, owned it when my father lived there, I will not say; but I could just see the house two years ago when I was going from Skylight to Mr. Ed Mason's. I suppose you know the place. Well, there is where Mr. Samuel Snowden courted my aunt Jane Todd. My father moved from that place to LaGrange and at that time William D. Mitchell's first wife was yet living.

"Mr. Mitchell was a learned man, I think he received his education from William and Mary College, Va. My old uncle, James Todd, I think was educated there, as he was left in Virginia to complete his education and that was the oldest college there."

We had always been under the impression that Mr. Samuel Snowden had his romance with Miss Todd while she was living at the Old Todd Homestead; but Mrs. Gibson corrects us on this. The Todd Homestead passed into the possession of Mr. Francis Snowden shortly previous to 1835 when Jefferson Woolfolk purchased it. So we still think that young Samuel Snowden must have seen Jane Todd and must have fallen in love with her before the old Todd place passed from the hands of her father. We know of a certainty he saw her in Old Goshen church and that his sister taunted him with becoming a Presbyterian in order to win the heart of Jane Todd. It was not a very gracious thing for a sister to do, as she was still a Catholic.

Tradition does not exaggerate the beauty of Jane Todd. Elinor Snowden naturally resented her brother Samuel's relinquishing the faith of his boyhood in the Catholic church because of what she considered a love affair of green and gawky youth. But the pure and exalted poetry which this young lover wrote proves the depth and power of his affection for Jane Todd. There is yet another poem which we have not published that is based on the English Classics of the eighteenth century and is astonishing in its conception and expression. But Mr. Giltner Snowden has in his possession the manuscript poems of Samuel Snowden's father, and they are the most finished examples imaginable of wit, sentiment and elevated emotion.

Mrs. Jane Todd Crawford, the brave and heroic woman upon whom Dr. Ephraim McDowell of Danville, Ky., performed the first famous operation in abdominal surgery, was a sister of Major John Todd who built the old Todd Woolfolk home: and she was of course an aunt of "Beautiful Jane Todd" and seems to have visited the Todds at Goshen in early days. Dr. Schachner of Louisville in his brilliant biography of Dr. McDowell, sought diligently to place this Mrs. Crawford in her relationship to the Lincoln Todds: and it was our satisfaction to verify that relationship fully.

CHAPTER XVI

Parson Todd Passes Into History

IN OUR story of the Old Goshen Church, published in 1913, we made mention of Parson John Todd among the "Pastors of the Past" as the first home missionary to the Old Union Meeting House about the year 1808. This approximation was based on a very tenacious local tradition as remembered by our mother, and has since received very probable confirmation in that choice and scholarly book of church history, "Early Indiana Presbyterians," by the Rev. Hanford A. Edson, published in 1898. Copies of the book are exceedingly rare. We only saw the Hanover College Library copy recently for the first time, and secured it from President Millis to compare and supplement the closing chapters of this present history, especially with reference to the missing dates and episodes in the life of Parson Todd. Dr. Edson has supplied them with a keenness of historic insight and research that is truly wonderful.

STORY OF JOHN TODD, SENIOR

Rev. John Todd, Senior, father of our Parson Todd, came from Ulster in Ireland, where his Scotch Presbyterian ancestors had lived since their exile under Charles the First. This Senior John Todd was said to be a weaver by trade. He graduated from Princeton College in the class of 1749, and was taken under trial by the New Brunswick Presbytery in 1750. When Samuel Davies appealed to the Synod of New York to send a home missionary to the unpastored Presbyterian Dissenters in the remote regions of Virginia, the Synod recommended John Todd to be licensed as the very man of God for that work.

John Todd agreed to go and the New Brunswick Presbytery licensed and ordained him in 1750 and '51. He procured civil license also in Virginia and rode the circuit first established by Samuel Davies himself in the Hanover Presbytery. Samuel Davies preached the installation sermon and thereafter regarded John Todd as Paul did Timothy, his very son in the gospel. This was in 1752, and in 1755 the great evangelist Whitefield visited John Todd's congregation and preached with apostolic power and success. Dr. Edson quotes a remarkable letter from Rev. John Todd to Whitefield describing the profound influence of the revival upon that community; and we note from the Life of Whitefield that he was in full sympathy with the Presbyterian Dissenters in their struggle for religious liberty. Samuel Davies carried their case to the British Attorney General on his visit to England in 1754, and obtained a decision that the Toleration Act did extend to the Colonies, Virginia included. Whitefield said he could not understand why American Dissenters should be denied rights granted to their English brethren. Thus was John Todd schooled under Samuel Davies and George Whitefield to stand up for human rights when the Great Revolution came on.

When Samuel Davies finally became President of Princeton College, all his religious and educational work down in Virginia fell to John Todd. They had started a movement of religious instruction and betterment among the Negro slaves, John Todd having at one time as many as one hundred in his classes, thus anticipating the very policy proclaimed and lived up to by the Presbyterian Emancipationists in Virginia and Kentucky for the coming century. John Todd was the pastor of Father David Rice, who had been converted under the preaching of Samuel Davies. Having acquired a most valuable library from Old England for the use of his Academy in Virginia, John Todd foresaw its immense value to the Transylvania Seminary over in Kentucky, where his pupil and disciple, David Rice, was laying the foundation of schools and colleges. Thus John Todd, Senior, and his Virginia Nephew, Colonel John Todd, became the earliest patrons of education in the Kentucky wilderness. John Todd, Senior, wore himself out as a home missionary and teacher in the pioneer period and deserves a rank in history beside the fathers of the famous "Log College" of long ago. Some of the younger generation of preachers in his Presbytery criticised Mr. Todd for not attending its sessions as regularly as others, though he was in feeble health, and they even circulated a report that he had been lax in admitting communicants to the Lord's Table. So Mr. Todd mounted his horse and appeared in Presbytery, where he so successfully vindicated himself that these foolish criticisms were heard no more. But on his way home, Saturday, July 27, 1793, he fell from his horse and was found dead in the road. Some imagined that his spirited steed threw him; but the evidence was strong that it was a stroke of apoplexy, for his son John afterward died of the same cause.

JOHN TODD, JUNIOR

And now as regards John Todd, Junior, our Parson Todd, Dr. Edson makes most illuminating comments: "It was of such a father that John Todd, the younger, was born, in Louisa County, Virginia, October, 1772. The region itself was in its variety and beauty of scenery well-fitted to quicken the faculties of a boy; and the manse of Providence parish, which was at the same time the seminary, by its daily routine fostering a high intellectual life also gave frequent welcome to guests who would have shone in the most brilliant assembly.

"Here the pastor's son obtained his first knowledge of books, and here he was molded by the stately manners of the society around him. The preparatory course having been finished at the parsonage and at Washington Academy, he was sent to Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, where he graduated. His theological studies at Princeton were in the days of Dr. John Witherspoon, and when they were completed he returned to Virginia to begin his ministerial career in his native county.

"Licensed by Hanover Presbytery, September 13, 1800, he 'preached his first sermon where his father preached his last.' For some time he served the churches left vacant by his father. Having previously, in 1795, married, he removed to the West in 1806 (not 1809, the date which Davidson, followed by Foote, gives) and settled in Louisville, Kentucky, where he kept alive the family traditions in establishing a school. He first connected himself, October 10, 1809, with the Presbytery of West Lexington, but was received October 3, 1810, by Transylvania Presbytery. Though occupied with his school, he was accustomed

to preach at various points in Kentucky, and sometimes spent a Sabbath on the northern side of the Ohio in the territory of Indiana."

Pursuing this same subject of Mr. Todd's time and itinerary in the regions around Louisville, Dr. Edson says: "During Mr. Todd's residence at Louisville he had occasionally preached, as early as 1808, apparently, at Charlestown, Indiana, whither he sometimes took his family in the summer to avoid the heat of a southern city. These excursions were continued until the autumn of 1817, when, in October, the disagreement with Presbytery having been adjusted, he removed to Indiana and took the pastoral charge of Charlestown church. Here he remained, a part of the time also maintaining a school, until September, 1824, when he returned to Kentucky and settled at Paris, there establishing a classical academy.

"Though his health was now somewhat impaired, he also continued to preach as opportunity was presented, but in 1831 crossed the Ohio again, and took up his residence in the southern part of Marion County, Indiana, whither two daughters, Mrs. Judge James Morrison and Mrs. Thomas J. Todd, had preceded him. The church of South Marion having been organized, he supplied it and the church of Eagle Creek, both now extinct, until his death, which occurred unexpectedly from apoplexy, December 13, 1839. His remains rest in the cemetery at Greenwood, Indiana."

DR. EDSON SPEAKS FOR JOHN TODD

Dr. Edson, historian of our church in Indiana, handles the incident of Rev. John Todd's difficulty with the Transylvania Presbytery in a far more just and illuminating manner than any other writer has ever done. He gives facts that are absolutely essential to a fair estimate of the case. He describes the excitement produced by Craighead's "erratic theology" a century ago in Kentucky; how he disregarded the admonition of the Synod and preached and printed a famous sermon on Regeneration containing points at positive variance with Presbyterian standards. Quite a number of strong-minded individuals were drawn to Craighead by "the fascinations of his oratory," says Dr. Edson, among them John Todd, whose judgment was prejudiced by personal partiality. Yet John Todd had a confidential correspondence with the Rev. Archibald Alexander, his father's close neighbor and friend in Old Virginia, upon the points of theology in this controversy; and since Mr. Todd was sincerely seeking light, Dr. Edson says, "Such good-tempered discussion, with his own solitary reflection, would probably have led a candid man like Todd gradually back to the accepted theology. But these were times of war. Kentucky Presbyterians had suffered too much annoyance from heretics to be in a patient mood. They drew the scimitar at once. Todd, having been accused of teaching Craigheadism, was arraigned by Transylvania Presbytery August 14, 1812, and after trial was admonished. This Presbyterian onset not being calculated to calm one's judgment, it is perhaps not surprising that the accused continued to preach the views which admonition had failed to enlighten. Upon the advice of Synod he was therefore suspended, April 15, 1813, but October 13, 1817, the controversy was amicably adjusted."

Dr. Edson thinks the account of this incident in Davidson's History of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky is needlessly offensive. He commends the research and discrimination of Davidson, and his very attractive style of narrative; but such painful episodes as this, says Dr. Edson, are too warmly written for

true history. The author puts himself too near the fray: "At the distance of forty years his expletives seem quite too fierce. The treatment of Todd is only a single instance illustrating the justice of Dr. Alexander's criticism (Princeton Review, Vol. XIX, p. 308): 'We think that in some cases there is too much minuteness of detail, as in describing certain irregularities; and in others there is what may be called too rigid a fidelity in recording facts which might have been better left in perpetual oblivion.'"

THE CASE OF REV. JAMES MOORE

Dr. Edson then cites the case of the Rev. James Moore, who was the husband of John Todd's sister, who "had experienced what he and his friends considered needless rigor when seeking licensure from Presbytery. Perhaps it will now be generally thought that a larger measure of kindness might have retained that valuable man in the Presbyterian Church. At any rate this household tradition must have affected the mind of Todd and rendered a judicial process the more offensive.

"That indeed does not seem to be the successful means of curing, though doubtless it is sometimes the necessary instrument for cutting off heretics. But in this same region, where the ability and taste for theological debate yet survive, Todd had afterward the satisfaction of illustrating the advantage of milder methods. A young Kentucky preacher, John A. McClung, who was creating a considerable sensation by his powers of argument and oratory, early in his career was distressed by serious doubts. His biographer says:

"He promptly stated his condition to Presbytery and asked to be relieved. In the discussion which ensued a motion was made to go to the extent of expulsion. The Rev. John Todd, a noble and venerable soldier of the cross, rose and said: Brethren, I hope no such action will be taken. Brother McClung is honest; he is a seeker after truth, but under a cloud. Give him time. Relieve him as he asks. Do nothing more. The light will again dawn upon him and he will surely return.'

"The counsel of Todd was followed, and the light did dawn. A valuable reputation was spared and the usefulness of a minister's life defended."

JOHN TODD, THE SCHOLAR

Dr. Edson says that John Todd enjoyed much better opportunities for literary culture than any of his pioneer contemporaries in the ministry, and that the tradition of rare scholarship attaches to his name. He was a master Greek and Hebrew reader in the original tongues, using the classic versions of the scripture at family worship, which he translated easily into English. The flavor of such religious writers of old time as Richard Baxter adhered to his thought and utterance. As a preacher Dr. Edson says he was decidedly the scholar in argument and scriptural reference. He prepared his sermons carefully and often made notes; but his style of discourse was extemporaneous and the grace and charm of his speech must have been marked and impressive in that generation and time of great pulpit orators.

A LOST SPIRITUAL PORTRAIT

We are so deeply indebted to Dr. Edson for restoring the lost spiritual portrait of this eminent man of God that we cannot forbear completing the

outlines. He was a man of rather stout build, perhaps five feet eight inches in stature, weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds. His head was bald. Being brought up in the stately simplicity of the Old Virginia manners, he was charming in his courtesy. The Rev. Ninian Dickey says he once saw Mr. Todd at his father's house when he was a boy. He removed his hat outside the door and greeted Father and Mother Dickey with a formal politeness that was yet cordial and winning. This grace and dignity struck the young lad as very unusual, though his mother commended Mr. Todd's manners as a model for her son to follow.

"But mother," insisted the boy, "they say he takes off his hat to the 'niggers'."

"Perhaps so," replied Mrs. Dickey, "but the Negroes uncover their heads out of respect for Mr. Todd and he will not allow them to outdo him in politeness. I wish my boys were as polite and good as Mr. Todd."

Dr. Edson gives the finishing touch to his portraiture by describing Mr. Todd's home at Charlestown and his attitude on Negro slavery: "Mr. Todd seems to have been as hospitable as he was urbane. The manse at Charlestown was a well known 'missionary stopping place.' The old logs listened to many an hour's noble conversation, while around the big fire the guests and the host recounted God's past mercies and laid plans for the highway in the wilderness. At that chimney corner Martin, Crowe, Dickey, Reed, Bush, Fowler, Day, Goodale, and indeed all the pioneers of that early day found a welcome.

"By inheritance from both branches of his family Mr. Todd held a number of slaves, which he brought with him to Kentucky; but as he did not recognize the right of slavery he received these servants as a trust for which he was to be held responsible to God. He taught them to read the scriptures and gave them careful religious instruction. As they arrived at the age of twenty-one they received their freedom, a condition which at that time was not prohibited by the state law."

And now as regards the two gifted church historians, Davidson, whose fame rests on his *Story of our Church in Kentucky*, and Edson, whose fame will endure with his *Story of our Church in Indiana*, there was a striking parallel. Dr. Davidson was a most scholarly product of the Eastern States who came to Kentucky as a pastor in 1832 in the city of Lexington. He became President of Transylvania University for two years and gathered the rich and neglected treasures of our church history as perhaps no other man could have done. His history had long been a book that every student of the past revered and perused with relish and confidence. Dr. Edson, likewise the product of Eastern culture, came to Indianapolis as a pastor in 1864 and during the succeeding years sought out and assembled some of the rarest chapters in our church history. He had access to documents no one else had ever examined; and his account is enriched by conversations and correspondence with some eminent men of God who were in close touch with the first generation of Forerunners. Moreover, Dr. Edson was a noble and judicious mind, belonging to a later period than Dr. Davidson; and we cannot too highly value such intensely human and convincing sketches as that of John Todd.

Archibald Cameron and John Finley Crowe

WE HAVE already mentioned the historic grove where the old "Harrod's Creek Union Meeting House" stood in 1825, when the Goshen Church was organized by the Presbytery of Louisville, under the pastorate of Dr. Gideon Blackburn. This famous Presbytery was formed by the Synod of Kentucky out of the Transylvania Presbytery and held its first meeting at Middletown, April 10, 1816. One of the strong characters of the Presbytery was a Scotch pioneer preacher, Rev. Archibald Cameron. He was about the same age of Gideon Blackburn, born in 1771 or '72, and was brought to America by his parents, who were of the "Clan Cameron" and the "Clan McDonald." A sojourn of some years on the Monongahela River followed. An elder brother, Angus, went with General George Rogers Clark to Kentucky and returned with glowing accounts of the new country. So the Cameron family moved thither in April, 1781, and settled near Bardstown, in Nelson County. Here young Archibald grew up amid Indian perils and frontier hardships. This brave brother Angus was a fairly good Latin and Greek scholar and, though at times slightly deranged from a contusion or injury to his head, he taught all the younger members of the family.

Archibald attended "Transylvania Seminary" and completed his education under a Dr. Priestly at Bardstown with other boys who became famous Kentuckians. Archibald then went to Danville and studied theology under Father David Rice; and was licensed to preach by Transylvania Presbytery in 1795. He immediately became the pioneer Home Missionary of his Church in the counties of Nelson, Shelby and Jefferson. The flock in the wilderness of Shelby and Nelson called for his pastoral services and he was ordained over them in June, 1796. He was the hero of our faith on the frontier for many years and organized a number of churches afterward embraced in Louisville Presbytery. But his chief claim to historic note is that he was the pastor and spiritual preceptor of John Finley Crowe, the knightly young Abolition school teacher and student for the ministry in Shelby County about the year 1816. Father Cameron was evidently very partial to him; yet we can get no trace at all as to what he thought of young Crowe's anti-slavery convictions. But as Cameron and Crowe were both disciples of David Rice, the first and noblest of all Emancipators in the West, John Finley Crowe takes front rank among "The Forerunners" when he is exiled from Shelby County for his views in 1823. Methodist history tells us that young Crowe was teaching school in an old log cabin out in the woods in 1823 when a tall, skeleton-like young preacher of the Wesleyan faith came into the room and talked and prayed with marvelous power over the pupils. This visitor was Benjamin Crouch, who died in 1859 as Superintendent of Goshen Academy. Anyhow, young Crowe went to Hoosier Freesoil; and Father Cameron remained the beloved pastor of the Shelbyville Church, which he had gathered. He was a blunt and fiery debater with the Methodists and Baptists. From 1846 to 1849 his successor in the Shelbyville pulpit was Rev. James Smith, D. D., who went from Shelbyville to Springfield, Illinois, to become the pastor of Abraham Lincoln. Father Cameron was silent on Slavery.

CHAPTER XVIII

David Nelson, A Forerunner of First Rank

DAVID NELSON'S father was of English and his mother of Scotch descent. He was born in East Tennessee, September 24, 1793. He was cradled amid mountain scenery and loved the open wild and wood all his days. He was educated at Washington College, Tennessee, under Dr. Samuel Doak, the preceptor of Gideon Blackburn. He graduated at sixteen and went to Danville, Kentucky, to study medicine under the afterward famous surgeon, Ephraim McDowell. He completed his course in Philadelphia and returned to Kentucky in time to enlist in the War of 1812. His regiment was ordered to the Canadian frontier. The privation and suffering were so terrible that Dr. Nelson barely escaped alive. He made his bed in the snow and subsisted on frozen fat pork and water without bread. On the return march through a wild Indian country he lay down in the snow to die of cold, hunger and fatigue. But his friend and relative, Colonel Allen of Kentucky, missed him and went back to find him. Lifting him upon his own powerful horse, he carried Nelson to safety. This rescue he always regarded as providential.

In due season he was called into service again under Generals Jackson and Coffee, this time amid the swamps and fevers of the far South. Again his life was dispaired of and again God raised him up from the very jaws of death to hope and health. Young Nelson had experienced religious sentiment in his boyhood, but while studying medicine in Danville he fell in with a skeptical and unspiritual group where he cast up his early religious impressions as self-deception. His life in the army confirmed his hostility to religion and the Bible. He was a disciple of Voltaire, Volney and Paine. He came home from the army a lover of cards and liquor and a fast life of fun and dissipation. Jonesboro was a frontier town of Tennessee.

But Nelson was a most efficient and popular young physician; and he shortly eloped with a beautiful young girl of a leading family. Her parents were heartbroken. She was a wee mite of a maiden and Nelson was a great burly six footer. But love and reconciliation prevailed. His young wife believed in him and he had a bosom friend, Frederick Ross, who says that Nelson one day read a book by Doddridge, the hymn-writer, and went out alone to weep. He became convinced of the insincerity and inconsistency of many skeptical objections to religious faith and his conversion led to the story of his once famous book, "Nelson on Infidelity." He was a wonderful companion; and when he decided to preach the gospel he and his friend Ross studied and were licensed together. Nelson gave up a splendid medical practice for the ministry. He became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Danville, Kentucky, when Dr. Blackburn was President of Centre College. They both formed the idea of Manual Labor Colleges in Missouri and Illinois and left Danville to carry out their dreams. Dr. Nelson founded Marion College in Missouri and became the most remarkable

evangelist of the State. He conducted great camp-meeting revivals and was pastor and physician and teacher to thousands of the pioneers.

Before removing West, Dr. Nelson had liberated his slaves. He was convinced that slavery was wrong and so reasoned among his friends. He was intensely hostile to pride and selfish luxury and to the cold formality of city churches. He was needlessly careless and indifferent to his own personal apparel and appearance, but it was the simple pioneer in him. He gave away every dollar in hand to human need. He was silent and unsocial when pursuing his religious meditations; and then he would open up conversation or discourse in a voice of irresistible power and persuasion. Robert J. Breckinridge, who felt repulsed by Dr. Nelson's rough, uncouth dress, said that he was nevertheless the most masterly pulpit orator in Europe or America in his time; and Dr. Breckinridge had heard them all. He was compact and pointed as a rifle shot; and as his convictions against the sin of slavery increased upon him he began to speak more openly and fearlessly even among the slave holders of his Missouri Circuit of Churches. He became somewhat fanatical on the subject and refused to sit at the same Communion Table with men who owned human beings. He foresaw that he would have to leave Missouri on this account: and in the spring of 1836 while preaching his farewell sermon at the Greenfield Church an abolition member asked him to read a paper proposing to raise money to redeem slaves at the price desired by their owners, with a view to colonization. A riot ensued, and the abolitionist stabbed a leading citizen in the assault upon himself and Dr. Nelson. The Doctor was rushed from the scene by his personal friends just in time to save his neck from the mob law of enraged slave holders. He was obliged to hide in the underbrush near his own house for several days while his enemies scoured the country looking for him. While lying thus concealed from the mob he conceived the idea of his noted book on Infidelity and wrote it after his escape into Illinois. In spite of the malady of epilepsy which affected his later years, he established a Collegiate Institute near Quincy, Illinois, and continued his work to the end. He was such a noted and unique man of God that Abraham Lincoln must surely have met or heard him on his rounds. He was a close friend of Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson and other public men. He died at Oakland, near Quincy, Illinois, October 17, 1844, at the early age of fifty-one years. A marble monument, erected by friends in New York City, marks his grave above the Mississippi River on a beautiful bluff in Woodland Cemetery.

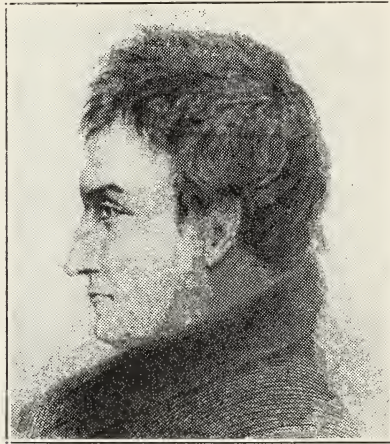
Dr. Nelson's elder brother, Samuel K. Nelson (1787—1827) was converted and changed from the law to the ministry as dramatically as his brother David from medicine to the ministry. David was the greater orator and evangelist, but Samuel Nelson was reckoned the chief founder of Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, in 1819, and of the Kentucky Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb also at Danville. His sudden and tragic death came while on a trip to Florida in behalf of the latter institution. He was pastor of the Danville Presbyterian Church at the time (1827), and his brother David succeeded him from 1828 to 1830.

THE CONFLICT WITH FRENCH INFIDELITY

It would be impossible to realize and understand the great conflict of one hundred years ago between religious faith and French skepticism if we did not

attempt to get the viewpoint of the religious people of that time. A great deal has been said about the narrowness and intolerance of religious people toward the liberal ideas of the French Revolution; but what we have in view just now is the account of an honest and sincere gospel minister and historian of the Baptist faith, who pictures the origin and progress of the conflict with a graphic pen. He talked to the surviving pioneers of Dr. Nelson's time, and gives us glimpses that are most intimate and illuminating. This historian is Rev. J. H. Spencer, who gave his life for his history and suffered untold privations and hardships in gathering the data he used.

"France's jealousy of England induced the French people to aid the American Colonists in breaking off the British yoke, and establishing their independence," says Dr. Spencer. "This established a warm friendship between the United States and France. The friendship of so powerful an ally as the latter was of incalculable advantage to the former while the war for independence continued.



REV. DAVID NELSON

Rev. David Nelson, M. D., author of a more famous book against Infidelity long ago than Dr. James Smith's noted "Christian Defence." Dr. Nelson was a hero and martyr of the Abolition Crusade in Missouri and Illinois when Lincoln was yet a young man.

But when the war was over, France was the very worst of companions for grateful and impressible young America. The Americans were chiefly of English extraction. They spoke the English language, read English books, adopted English morals and religion, and were as much like the English as parent and child.

"England, whose morals were far from perfect, was nevertheless, the most moral State in Europe. Her men possessed a higher sense of honor and integrity, and her women a purer virtue than those of any other country in the Old World. Her religion, too, defective as it was, conserved a better code of morals than any other State religion in Europe. The American colonists were of the very best of the English people, as to morals and religion . . . But when a quarrel separated them, and engendered an almost universal feeling of hatred between the Americans

and the British oppressors, France espoused the cause of the oppressed in the hour of their greatest need. The affections of the Americans were transferred from England to France, and the latter became the intimate and trusted friend of America, and henceforth, for many years, exercised a powerful influence over her people.

“‘Tom Paine’ was personally popular with the American people. He was born and raised in England. His parents were pious Quakers. He came to America just before the beginning of the Revolutionary War, espoused the cause of the Colonies with much zeal, and, early in the year of 1776, published a pamphlet under the title of ‘Common Sense,’ in which he advocated the propriety of the Colonies declaring themselves independent of the mother country.

“When the Revolution began in France, Mr. Paine hastened thither to aid in the cause of universal liberty. He found the French people in every way different from what he had found the Colonists. He found the Americans, in 1775, resisting the encroachments on their rights, and determined to have ‘liberty or death.’ He hastened to publish a pamphlet, exhorting them to do what he saw they had already determined to do. This pleased them and they honored him as a patriot.

“When he reached France, near the beginning of her Revolution, he found the strongest passion of the French people to be hatred of revealed religion. He hastened to write a book against the Bible. It was titled, ‘The Age of Reason.’ and was published in 1794. The book was of no consequence in France, since the French people had the works of their own eminent men on the same subject.

“But ‘The Age of Reason’ was just the book for the backwoods of America, and was just from the source to make it most popular. It was written in the darling French Republic, and by the honored patriot, Paine. It was printed in cheap pamphlet form, and circulated in the Mississippi Valley in immense numbers. It could be seen in the cabin of the farmer, on the bench of the tailor, in the shops of the smith and the carpenter, on the table of the lawyer, and at the desk of the physician. It was not put by the side of the Bible, but it was used instead of the Bible.

“Bibles and all other religious books were extremely scarce in the West at that period. . . . At this period ‘infidel principles prevailed to an alarming extent in the Eastern States.’ They were fashionable in the gay and literary circles of society; they were prevalent in Yale College and other similar institutions; and a very general impression existed that Christianity was supported by human authority, and not by argument.

“But infidelity prevailed in a cruder form and to a much greater extent in the West. Mr. Peck says, ‘Infidelity became prevalent in high places, and was identified with liberal principles in government. It was the general opinion among intelligent Christians, that towards the close of the century, a majority of the population were either avowedly infidels, or skeptically inclined. There were few men of the professions of law or physic, who would avow their belief in the truth of Christianity.’

“It is scarcely necessary to add what is a universal concomitant, that immorality abounded among the people in proportion to the prevalence of infidelity. Drunkenness, licentiousness, and gambling, prevailed to an alarming extent, and were often made subjects of merriment and shameless boasting, rather than occasions for shame and sorrow.”

Unquestionably, it was this form of skepticism that Abraham Lincoln encountered continually in his earlier years, and that must have made a very deep impression upon him at that period of his life. Hence, it was necessary that he pass through the deeper waters of sorrow and suffering, such as overwhelmed him in the death of Ann Rutledge, in 1835, and of his little son, Eddie, in February, 1850 ere he could lay hold on God with a faith and confidence destined to carry him even through the darkest hours of Civil War. In this experience Lincoln was at one with David Nelson, James Smith and other men who at first found satisfaction in the promising philosophy of revolt devoid of the spiritual vision and impulse. No doubt the hard and fanatical religionists of the time were exceedingly repulsive to men like these, and we here encounter a type of mature intellectual, moral, spiritual and social awakening that is astounding to the average and formal religionist. It is a phenomenon with which he is entirely unacquainted; and of which he is perhaps even suspicious. Hence it takes the tremendous impress of times like our Civil War, and of the soul agony of the great martyr President himself, laying down his life for Freedom and Union, to convince the conventional and to satisfy the skeptical.

There be some, perhaps, who will cavil at the apparently out-of-date arguments used by David Nelson and James Smith in their books of long ago in defense of the Christian religion. Men will say that Lincoln was a superficial fellow to accept such arguments as conclusive when the age of science and reason was dawning over his head. But it was the experience of the Most High in the soul of man at the crucial moment of destiny, and the hour of direst need and struggle and agony, that convinced Lincoln, and Nelson, and Smith. "The Glory in His Bosom that transfigures you and me" was a fact that no doubter could deny and no skeptic successfully question. It is, therefore, of supreme importance that we get the significance of Dr. James Smith and Dr. Phineas Gurley, Lincoln's pastors in Springfield and Washington City, talking and praying with him until the cloud of despair and suspense lifted into a calm and peace of resignation and hope. It was this precious experience and trust that humble and good men of long ago defended against the paralyzing spell and pall of French atheism.

CHAPTER XIX

Slavery and the Old and New School Struggle

DR. GIDEON BLACKBURN came to Louisville under peculiarly tragic circumstances. An epidemic of malignant fever swept over the city in the summer and fall of 1822. The First Presbyterian Church lost some of its leading members, and the pastor, Rev. Daniel Smith, by the disease; and the church doors were closed for a time. Dr. Blackburn was earnestly invited to visit the congregation, which he did; and after a revival meeting of two weeks with crowds in attendance, was called to the pastorate. He accepted and remained till he became President of Centre College in 1827.

The Cumberland Presbyterian Church had arisen out of the Great Revival of 1800 when Father David Rice suggested the training of promising young men right on the ground to supply the crying need for preachers and pastors. A controversy was precipitated over the educational fitness and the free interpretation of doctrine by these young men; and the Cumberland Church asserted its independence and founded a Manual Labor College at Princeton, Kentucky, in 1826. Underneath this doctrinal revolt was a democratic tendency which the deep reader of social history cannot ignore. Hanover College, Indiana, was founded a few years later by John Finley Crowe on the same Manual Labor basis. Lane Seminary was projected with a similar ideal in view by those students for the ministry who were opposed to African slavery. "A School of the Prophets" in the forest was their conception. And when Dr. Blackburn left Centre College to found a Manual Labor College at Carlinville, Illinois, he was consciously moved by the same deep instinct of democracy.

Dr. Blackburn and the Beechers were too sound in the Calvinistic faith to make any theological contention: but the tide toward human liberty, which manifested itself in the New School movement of one hundred years ago, rocked the Presbyterian Church to its very foundations and finally led to the division between the Old School and the New. Rev. Albert Barnes was the storm center of this great struggle in the Eastern States. He was a man of marvelous spiritual perception and patient courage: and he stood out boldly against slavery. Dr. Blackburn, Dr. Crowe, the Beechers and others, led the Anti-Slavery Movement in the West.

It is a peculiarly significant fact of history that conservative Emancipationists like Robert J. Breckinridge and John C. Young in Kentucky declined all doctrinal controversy with Alexander Campbell, while the brilliant and aggressive Nathan L. Rice, who met Campbell like a David before Goliath, was the readiest and most resourceful defender of slavery in all the Presbyterian Church. Collins' History of Kentucky traces his masterly efforts to throttle and thwart the Abolition teaching and tendency in all the colleges and seminaries of the church: but

in spite of his best efforts, Lane and McCormick Seminaries became imbued with the sentiment of human freedom: and after the issue of Slavery was settled forever the Old and New School controversy was a dead issue also.

Nathan L. Rice as pastor in Cincinnati was challenged to a debate on Slavery by Salmon P. Chase and nine other leading citizens, who selected the Rev. Dr. Blanchard to represent them. The debate was held in September, 1846, on the question, "Is Slavery in Itself Sinful; and the Relation between the Master and the Slave a Sinful Relation?" Dr. Blanchard affirmed and Dr. Rice denied. In 1845, when the Old School General Assembly was in session at Cincinnati, Dr. Rice was Chairman of the Committee to which many anti-slavery petitions were referred; and he made a report that terminated the agitation of the question in the Old School Assembly and stamped it as conservative. In 1855, at Nashville, Tennessee, he was elected moderator of the Old School Assembly; and when the subject of Slavery was again introduced by some Congregational delegates from New England, Dr. Rice addressed "Ten Letters" to them in pamphlet form, defending Slavery. Whereupon the Assembly elected him visiting delegate to the Consociation of Rhode Island in 1856 where he defended the position of the Old School Assembly on the subject of Slavery. The Abolition side was represented by other able men. Dr. Rice believed that the Theological Seminary at Hanover and New Albany, Indiana, had fallen under Abolition influence; and he favored and promoted a Seminary at Cincinnati to counteract the work of the Beechers. He afterward fought the Abolition influence in the founding of McCormick Seminary in Chicago. Thus he passed into history as the most brilliant doctrinal debater and defender of Slavery in the Presbyterian Church. He was a pupil of Dr. Blackburn at Centre College. He was in many ways a self-made man, and he held the foremost pastorates in the gift of the church. There can be no doubt but that his theory of eliminating all social and political questions from discussion in religious bodies would preserve the peace of the church; but it would be the peace of death and the stifling of all such conviction and vision as Father David Rice and his heroic followers shared on the subject of human slavery. These men were not priestly time-servers. They were prophets of God and Forerunners of Freedom whose vision of right human relationship squared well with their mystic and devoted faith.

The Clergy of Old Virginia and New England

HERE CAN be no question that Dr. N. L. Rice had eminent legal authority on his side of this historic controversy. It was the positive conviction of Thomas Jefferson that the pastoral office was purely spiritual and that no discussion or preaching on political issues was possible without a breach of contract. The minister was employed by his people to teach them religion, said Jefferson, and in that capacity he was a specialist and exceeded his function and calling when he presumed to lecture the congregation on astronomy, economics, or political science. This was the theory of the Church of England, and yet Jefferson's biographer, Randall, says the clergy of the Establishment in Virginia were without exception on the side of freedom in the Revolutionary struggle. It was Jefferson's conviction that ministers of the gospel outside of the pastoral office were free citizens like every other profession and had the same right and liberty to hold and publish their political opinions; but that in the church no majority had a moral or legal right to impose or proclaim their political or social views over the heads of a minority. This conviction with Jefferson arose out of his fundamental ideas on the separation of church and state and the absolute impossibility of the one encroaching upon the domain of the other without serious danger to personal and social liberty. Evidently Father David Rice was well aware of these principles enunciated by Jefferson, who was a strong emancipationist like himself in Old Virginia: for Father Rice published his address against Slavery anonymously; and it was as a member of the first Constitutional Convention of Kentucky that he made his memorable stand against the institution publicly.

The instinct of the Protestant Church to avoid entangling alliances with social and political issues arrises out of her age-long struggle for spiritual liberty and separation from the state: and the bitter personal and political attack made on Jefferson by the Rev. Dr. John Mitchell Mason, the leading and most eloquent Presbyterian pastor in New York City, in 1800, confirmed the truth of Jefferson's original principle; because Dr. Mason was a warm partisan and eulogist of Alexander Hamilton, and his denunciations of Jefferson were entirely out of place and reflect on his otherwise eminent reputation as a minister of Christ. Jefferson's biographer, Randall, says the prejudice of Dr. Mason, and nearly all the New England clergy of that day against Jefferson was because he had accomplished the separation of Church and State in Virginia, and it did not come to pass in New England until about 1818.

But the biographer Randall is entirely just in his discussion of so great a subject as the rightful province of the ministry in social and political issues. He

says that Jefferson was never understood in New England and never himself understood the New England character. "He was a man of essentially another mental race or type. He was bred where every peculiarity of social and political life was as different as if oceans rolled between the two lands.

"Least of all, did Mr. Jefferson understand the New England Clergy. He had been bred among the Scotch and English divines of the Anglican Establishment of Virginia, before the Revolution. A large proportion of them were born in Great Britain; or were educated by clergymen born there. They were accordingly accustomed to the forms of English Society. They lived among a class of wealthy proprietors, to whom the members of all the learned professions looked up rather than looked down. It had never been the custom in the Anglican Church for its clergy to interfere actively in the political and other secular concerns of their neighborhood. They were, as a general thing, cultivated gentlemen, who preached on the Sabbath, and contented themselves the rest of the time in keeping classical schools or in enjoying the quiet of domestic life. They educated the superior young men of their parishes—they united them in marriage—they baptized their children—they read the burial service over their graves. Their lives glided along without a ripple of contention or excitement. They were welcome guests at the board and never chilled its geniality. They looked smilingly on public amusements, if they did not personally join in them. They took no greater freedoms than other gentlemen in inquiring into or commenting on the private concerns and conduct of their parishoners. Mr. Jefferson avers they were indolent compared with the dissenting clergy. This was partly owing to the different customs of churches, and partly to the fact that possessors are never so active as those who are striving for possession. If they did not meddle habitually in politics, there is nothing to show that they believed or practiced the doctrine of political submission. We have yet to see the first historical proof that the Anglican clergy of Virginia did not keep full pace with the sentiment of the country, and with that of their dissenting brethren in the patriotic cause" (of the American Revolution).

With clear discernment the biographer Randall characterizes the altogether different type of Puritan ministers of the gospel: "The early New England Clergy were the descendants in blood, or by the traditions of their order, of those zealous sectaries who had been hunted to caverns like beasts, tortured, exiled, and executed in Scotland—and who had prayed, counselled, exhorted to battle, if not literally fought, in the armies of Cromwell in England. They led their religious flocks to the wild New England shore, not as gentle shepherds piping on reeds in Arcadian valleys, but like the armed ones of the Pyrenees, prepared to grapple with the wolf and the robber in defense of their charge. Like all persecuted men, they were intolerant. Like all men who are compelled to give up country and kindred and face danger and suffering for their religious faith, they were fanatical. Like all leaders of new sects springing up in corrupt and licentious eras, they were rigid and austere in manners, not only denouncing the vices of the times, but those customs and manners with which vice had been particularly associated—as statute books impose penalties on healthful and innocent games because they are connected by custom with forbidden practices.

"The prominent emigrations to New England were purely religious Exoduses. The exiles left their native land, or that where they temporarily sojourned, and made their settlements in New England, as Churches. They

formed civil organizations, because they were necessary for the exercise of governmental functions, which prevailing ideas among Protestants had kept separate from those exercised by ecclesiastical tribunals. Yet the church principle or influence was completely the dominant one in these societies. It made public opinion. It gave or took away personal influence. It, in effect, made the laws and made the magistrates. With the Puritans, religion was, theoretically, the chief concern of life. Temporary matters were but secondary and incidental. The Bible was the complete rule of civil as well as of religious conduct

"If the church influence controlled everything, 'the minister' was usually by far the most influential person in the church. If a man of ability, energy and approved piety—and none others could gather flocks to leave the quiet rural homes of England for transatlantic wastes—his influence amounted to a complete control The New England Calvinist, towards the close of the Eighteenth Century, had put off the austerity and bigotry of the Puritan. Royal governors had made destructive inroads on the hierophanic authority. Republican commonwealths had succeeded to royal governors. The civil administration had ceased to be absorbed in and entirely dependent on the church. The authority of the spiritual guide was no longer paramount. Still it was powerful. Still the New England Clergy were able, energetic men, educated well in their profession, and versed in the art of controlling associations of men. The iron New England industry and the compact New England mind, would endure neither drones nor weak expounders of the word. New England utilitarianism would have 'the worth of its money' even from the pulpit. Still the New England clergyman, by tradition and custom, was in all things the moral adviser of the people.

"How could it be otherwise among such precedents, and with a clergy thus constituted? In performing the daily duties of their charge with patient and unslacking zeal—in watching over and entreating the young—in fearlessly admonishing the old—in undauntedly attacking vice in high places—in guarding the rights and administering to the wants of the poor and the fatherless—in protecting the orphans of their people—in braving squalor and pestilence to stand over the bedside of the dying—in advancing within the dangerous verge of the battle, or braving the winter tempest to save the life of the bleeding soldier or the stranded mariner; or to administer the consolations of religion to the perishing—in promoting intellectual as well as moral culture—in establishing useful institutions of learning—in founding noble charities—in inculcating a resolute patriotism, and a sound, vigorous moral system—no clergy ever did or ever can excel that of the Puritan Church of New England."

The biographer Randall points out "their disagreeable qualities and their rough side. They were thick, gnarled New England oaks, which had rooted in the crevices of the rocks, and grown up under bleak skies and amidst wintry tempests—not the tall, graceful palms of the tropics. They lacked the finishing touches of that elegant culture which softens while it polishes. They lacked the amenities and delicacies of high social refinement. They retained a good deal of the dogmatism and contentiousness of the Puritan."

From this strong, aggressive spiritual stock sprang the Beechers and other notable Abolitionists. They were not hesitant about declaring what they conceived to be the whole counsel of God on the subject of holding human beings in bondage. No fine scruples of pastoral propriety or spiritual prudence with-

held the truth that was on their tongue; and the coming of Lyman Beecher to Lane Seminary one hundred years ago was a call of God indeed.

Lyman Beecher was the greatest of all anti-slavery leaders in the Presbyterian Church. His ancestors came from England to New Haven, Connecticut, in 1638. There was a widow Beecher, a nurse and midwife, who lost her husband just before sailing; and they gave her his share of land to come on and serve the community. The first sermon was preached under an oak on her land; and her descendant, David Beecher, a blacksmith whose anvil was on the stump of that old oak tree, was the father of Lyman Beecher and the grandfather of Henry Ward. Lyman Beecher was his mother's only child. She died of tuberculosis two days after he was born; and he was a seven month's child. He was such a puny babe that the women attending his mother wished he would die also, and only washed and dressed him out of pity. His kindest foster-parent and spiritual preceptor was the nurse girl, Annis.

Lyman Beecher's father was a strong character, but he used to have periods of the dyspeptic blues about the expense of his son at Yale College. The good stepmother took Lyman's part and told the father to use her share of the inheritance to finish that boy's education. But Lyman hustled around and made some money by trading and proved he was no weakling or dependent. It was his Uncle Bob Benton, on whose farm he was raised, after his mother's death, that encouraged and helped him through college. Yale at that time was terribly afflicted with French skepticism, and the student life was full of gaming, drinking, and licentiousness. Lyman Beecher says he wonders how he escaped the contamination of it. But Timothy Dwight came soon after and changed the entire atmosphere. Lyman Beecher's early contract with skepticism and dissipation gave him a faculty of dealing with these evils in a most direct and winning way. He was called to his first pastorate at East Hampton, Long Island, by the choice of the young people, and because he seemed capable of encountering a club of skeptics in the community. He did not antagonize them but won them by personal contact and clear gospel preaching. He lost his first child there; and years afterward a skeptic of the community, out of sympathy and love for Lyman Beecher, had the little body exhumed and reburied on his own lot, "because it is so lonely over there all by itself," he said.

Lyman Beecher became a reformer by force of circumstances. He preached a memorable sermon against duelling after the death of Hamilton at the hands of Burr. This tragedy stirred his soul to action and he moved the church to condemn the terrible custom. He was the leader also in changing the convivial customs of church assemblies in New England long ago; and the mystic spirit of the man devoted itself instinctively to the cause of the slave. The parish where he lived in New England had a dozen slaves in it when he was a boy. But this was a mild servitude.



JONATHAN JENNINGS

The Old Settlers' Meetin'

IT WAS Thursday, August 6, 1891. "The Old Settlers' Day," years ago at Charlestown, Indiana.

The writer was then a youth home from college, eager to display his oratorical talent among the Hoosiers. Every college boy in old Kentucky is a budding Henry Clay, ambitious to make his debut on the hustings.

So it did not take much urging from our fond and kindly mother to persuade us to attend the Old Settlers' Meetin'. We carefully wrote out and committed to memory our "extempore remarks" for the occasion and down in the corn field, out of hearing, we practiced the fervid patriotic periods to our entire satisfaction.

We spent the night with our wealthy relatives in the city and took the early morning train for Charlestown. Our good uncle bade us godspeed in the enthusiastic undertaking:

"Now you must lay the Congressman himself in the shade!"

So we felt the weight of our own importance as we watched the crowd thronging every station on the road, wondering if they could be aware that a new star would that day be seen on the horizon of the nation! But they jostled us unceremoniously, and we began to wonder what they would think and say if we forgot our "extempore remarks."

A local chronicler thus describes the great occasion:

"Early in the morning the influx began. The weather was as perfect as August brings. The roads, fringed with growing corn, broad meadows and shaded woodlands, were crowded with vehicles, raising the dust in an almost solid cloud. But nobody seemed to mind it. Nearly every conveyance bore, besides its human load, the best of eatables the provident housewife had been able to prepare.

"Everybody halted awhile in the fair summer city of Charlestown and then proceeded to the fair-grounds. Those who came by trains found ample accommodations in the wagons that ran back and forth. The fair-ground, with its broad fringe of shade, looked like a wagon camp. Hundreds of buggies, carriages and farm wagons halted under the leafy shelter and every available space.

"Fully six thousand people were on the grounds, and they all enjoyed themselves. Neighbors and friends who had not met for sometime, old time companions and acquaintances, hobnobbed here and there shaking hands and rejoicing to meet once more.

"In Floral Hall the fiddles twanged and feet moved rapidly in quadrille and waltz. At the refreshment booths melons, candy and lemonade vanished with astonishing rapidity, while at the grand stand the speech-making had begun."

THE ORATORS OF THE DAY

We were as eager as Saul of old to be found among the prophets! The master of ceremonies was a tall, gaunt, genial old Christian minister, Father Jackson, who so resembled Uncle Sam that it redoubled ones' patriotism to contemplate him.

But our name was not down on the program! We were a mere youth at this meeting of the old men! Yet we were determined to obtain an audience and to prove our fitness to shine with county attorneys, preachers and Congressmen!

We had modestly confided to our kindly old aunt, with whom we had come and whose guest we were, that we earnestly desired to make a few "extempore remarks" as a Kentucky visitor. She seconded our endeavor heartily, but "Uncle Sam" was so busy with the big guns that it seemed very doubtful whether we would get a chance to rise in glory to renown!

Yet we were not to be left out! Slipping around to the rear of the speakers stand, we modestly but firmly pulled one of Uncle Sam's long coat-tails and whispered in his ear that there was a youth from over the Ohio river who wished to say a few words for his native State. Uncle Sam smiled very doubtfully, inquiring who the ambitious youth might be, receiving the response:

"It is I, good sir."

So he promised to remember us at the close of the exercises.

"UNCLE DAN" MAKES A HIT

"Uncle Dan" was the first speaker introduced by the worthy chairman, and Uncle Dan proceeded in his own homely style:

"I hain't come here to make no speech today, but jes' to talk to my ole friends off-hand-like, you see! My daddy came to these diggin's in 1812. They wuz redskins, b'ars and sichlike all thru this neck of the woods when they come. They wuzn't no opperchunity fer no eddycashun nowher's hereabouts in them days; but now hit takes a youngster half his lifetime to git thu school hit does.

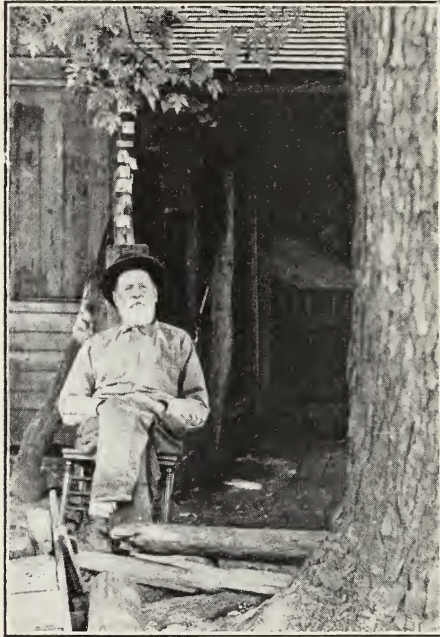
"In them there days we brats never got no shoes to wear tel plum nigh on to Chris'mus, an' then we had to make 'em las' tel winter broke. I ricollec's hearin' my daddy say that the daddy and mammy of Gov'nor Wright didn't hev no weddin' outfit to make no fuss over, they didn't. The ole man jes' had one cotton shirt an' a pair o' jeans britches, an' wuz barefooted when he promised to stick by his ole woman thu thick an' thin.

"The ole woman, she had one cotton dress an' a pair of brogan shoes, she did. But young'ns now hev to be rigged out in they Sunday best, they does. I'se raised a half-dozen brats myself, I hev, an' ever'one of 'em bez to be dressed up in silks and satins 'fore they thinks of goin' to the Ole Settler' Meetin'.

"Farm stock wuz mighty poor in them days, hit wuz, an' roads! Law see! I never went to Madison that I didn't get mired on every hill I cum to. Then think of takin' six an' a half cents a bushel fer oats! Yer couldn't git but three-twenty for the hull load, yer couldn't, by jimminy!

"An' by the time ye got the baby a pair o' shoes, ye didn't hav nothin' lef' for a good beer!

"Times is gittin' better now, they is, an' they haint no excuse fer a young man not takin' his gal and gittin' along these days. Lemmy tell you young folks to take good keer of the old daddy an' mammy. They keered fer you when you wuz little, they did, an' one o' these days when they close them ole eyes o' ther'ne and fold them knoted ole hands for the las' sleep, you'll wish ye had been kinder thoughtful-like of the ole folks, you will. When General Washington wuz a-goin to Bunker Hill he went six miles out o' his way to see his ole mother, he did, an' he didn't forget her when he wuz a big man!"



"UNCLE BILL" WOOD

"Uncle Bill" Wood, of Utica, Indiana. A prince of pioneers—descended from North Carolina Scotch-Irish of the bravest Covenanter stock. Uncle Bill's ancestors settled at Utica. They fought with George Rogers Clark's men at the Falls. They were with Jonathan Jennings in his Anti-Slavery Campaign. Uncle Bill was a riverman from his youth up. He was a poet, philosopher and humorist. He wanted to become a minister in his youth but went to the Civil War and then became a leader of the lime-burners. He was a local Walt Whitman to the last.

INSPIRATION AND PERSPIRATION

Uncle Dan mopped his perspiring brow, rubbed his silk hat, and drank off a couple of glasses of water, then resumed:

"They's jes' one more thing I'se goin' ter say 'fore I sets down, an' ther's this here: We don't want no stylish scamps misrepresentin' us in offis, we don't! When Govner Jennings wuz a runnin' fer offis he mixed up with folks in his workin' clothes, he did, you bet he did; an' he took holt when-ever they wuz a lick of work to be struck.

"Seems to me a horny-handed farmer is good enough to go to Ingenop'lis, even ef hit take him a hull month to git the hayseed outten his hair. Us

Hoosiers is proud that the poorest chillun gits to go to school 'longside o' the rich dudes, we does, an' we's agoin' to hump ourselves to keep up weth the band-wagon, we is!"

Uncle Dan closed by calling attention to the neglected grave of Governor Jennings in the old town cemetery and paid an honest tribute to the brave young Presbyterian attorney and Freemason who made his fight and staked his future on keeping slavery out of the Indiana constitution in 1816. It is needless to add that he won the fight and that the worthy monument afterward erected over the last resting place was in part due to the homely eloquence of Uncle Dan that Old Settlers' Day.

THE HONORABLE SPREADEAGLE

A patriotic State Senator was next introduced and proceeded to read off his eloquent periods with many graceful gestures. We watched his waving coat-tails in utter despair, feeling sure he would consume every inch of time and leave us no golden moment for renown and high applause! The Senator's apostrophes to the Goddess of Liberty and the Genius of Brotherhood yet ring in our ears; the orator quaffing water and mopping his brow betimes:

"Should the time ever come when this beacon light shall no more illumine the halls of legislation and shall no more be remembered and held dear in the hearts of those in the high places of the nation, then may we be prepared to forever furl our emblem of freedom and bid the free winds of heaven to no longer play with its silken folds! Let the stars in the deep blue of its expansive firmament expire in despair and go out in eternal oblivion!"

Then again: "As it is the great and universal law of attraction which ho'lds the planets in their undeviating course through the countless ages and causes the stupendous clock-work of the heavens, whose pendulum strokes are measured by the equinoxes and the solstices, to move as perfect as perpetual, so it is only by the observance of that golden principle by the people and the sections of our nation, and the true affinity which it lends to instill into the body politic that will secure its perpetuation and fulfill its highest destiny."

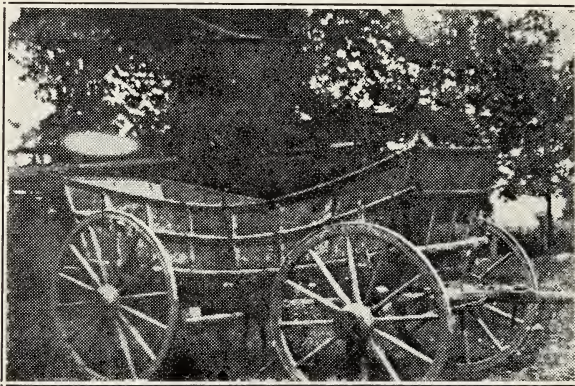
The vast multitude stared in open-mouth amazement until these eloquent flights were concluded. They seemed greatly relieved when the Honorable Senator stood on terra firma once more.

"Thus closed the morning program," says the chronicle before us; "and the happy time of dinner, family reunions and hospitality arrived. The fair grounds were converted as by magic into a great picnic ground, and everywhere white table cloths dotted the green sward and appetizing viands tempted the hungry Hoosiers. Nearly every impromptu table had a stranger guest and let no one go hungry!"

We did full justice to the good things our aunt had prepared. We then watched anxiously to see how many orators would crowd us out during the afternoon. We disregarded even the amusements about us, so intent were we upon the purpose of our thought. We wondered if we would equal the Honorable State Senator in his patriotic outbursts, and we felt some assurance as we saw the Honorable swallowing great hunks of fried chicken and pie, wiping his two mustaches the while with great vigor! We were ready and eager if "Uncle Sam" would only give us a chance.

"This-er-way, ladies and gen'men! Here's whur ye get yer money back, fer sho! Performance begins now right-er-way, hit do! Nothing will be said or done to mar the feelin's of the most refinest!"

Thus did the eloquent mulatto show man harangue the rustic at the tent door, and we began to practice in memory the eloquent periods of our "extempore remarks!" Therefore when the Congressman was introduced we had the honor of crossing our awkward legs upon the platform beside him.



OLD NORTH CAROLINA PRARIE SCHOONER

Cut furnished by A. F. and Fanny Bower Holloway, Presbyterian Church, New Washington, Ind.

In the summer of 1818 Andrew Bower, Sr., with his wife and 12 children, left Rowan County, North Carolina, for Indiana. This Prairie Schooner was one of the wagons of the caravan of pioneers. The wheels were solid blocks of wood, with an iron band to make the wheels stronger. The wagons were drawn by oxen. The milk cows were herded by the children, who were old enough to help. The wagon was covered with a home-made canvas of flax tow-linen. The family crossed the Ohio at the Falls. They were offered a square of land in the new city of Louisville for a team of horses; but that was not enough money. So they came to Clark County and settled on the land that is still owned by the descendants of Andrew Bower. They originally came from Pennsylvania and were Holland Dutch. Andrew Bower, Senior, was the grandfather of Fanny Bower Holloway. He died in 1892, aged 93 years. The old way of spelling the name was Bauer. The Prairie Schooner has belonged to four generations of Presbyterians.

CONGRESSMAN AND COLLEGIAN

We had modestly but firmly stationed ourselves in full view of "Uncle Sam" to make it impossible to be overlooked, and the old minister with great courtesy and kindness bade us to the seat of notables beside a well known public man! We felt as distinguished as anybody now! The Honorable State Senator dwindled away in significance as the Congressman launched into a simple, direct and popular talk to his constituents, with a few sentiments pertinent to the special occasion. We were not aware that this eloquent lawyer and M. C., had been counsel for the most famous and desperate band of robbers and highwaymen in the history of Indiana during the Civil War period. His name was a household word all over the State.

"Now, friends, we have with us today a young man from over in our neighbor State, Old Kentucky. He will favor us with a few remarks befitting the celebration."

It seemed the time of our life. We launched into the subject of our heart with all the warm enthusiasm of a young collegian fresh from the classic halls of "Old Centre." The remembered sentences of our manuscript served merely as suggestions of other things, and we, too, soared with the eagle and paid our tribute to the fathers of the republic! But, best of all, we touched upon local character and incident with an enthusiasm and fire that astonished "Uncle Sam," and held the big audience spellbound! The venerable pioneers, men and women heard their struggles depicted with sympathy; and when we stepped from the platform the people pressed forward to take us by the hand! We did not care now what "Uncle Sam" thought!

The Congressman's daughter was cold and reserved and smiled but feebly to our gallant courtesy upon being introduced; but another young lady and her mother from Indianapolis, descendants of the Presbyterian minister who had married our revered grandparents in the little town long ago congratulated us with ardor.

"You will be aspiring to the National Senate some day!"

We moved about as in a day dream! We visited the cemetery and saw the graves of our ancestors and the neglected spot where Governor Jennings slept, little imagining that we, too, would be summoned to do battle for the new Social Freedom in days to come.

"Did you lay the Congressman in the shade?" asked our uncle eagerly when he reached the city that evening. We told him what the young lady and her mother had said and our political destiny seemed fixed as the polar star.

The cup of pride and satisfaction was full when we noticed our name in the personal items and reports of the city paper as "Honorable" a few days later. We pasted the same in our scrap book as a means of reassurance when the face of fame and fortune was veiled and averted. The fact was we had just lately been sorely defeated in the June oratorical contest at college and were endeavoring to recover our sadly shattered self-esteem in the public eye. Our competitors were very mediocre men in oratorical talent, whereas we really aspired to rank among the speakers and debaters in the classic old institution.

We did not foresee that a further disillusion of failure and defeat was in store for us. The panic period of the nineties was nigh at hand and the hard times, of which Uncle Dan told us, would shortly return again. In such a social experience every thinking American was destined to shed his political platitudes and get down to bed-rock economic fact. Our soul was refreshed by that day's contact with the common people, even as our fond tribute to the obscure, gray-haired old heroes and heroines of the life struggle went home to their hearts. There were but few, if any, such festive celebrations at that time in Old Kentucky; and in this typical community meeting of the Middle West we learned to see the rallying point of freedom and democracy in days to come. It was at this holy altar of the people that we first lighted and lifted the Torch of Truth which we, too, were called to carry forward when the venerable fathers and patriots had passed from the scene of their labors!

Free Masonry and Human Freedom

LOCKED up in the vaults of a bank in Louisville, Kentucky, are the treasured records of the old Louisville Presbytery, which embraced the greater part of Southern Indiana up to the month of October, 1823, when the Synod of Kentucky divided Louisville Presbytery and constituted the Presbytery of Salem, which is now known as the Presbytery of New Albany. In this territory the great struggle to make the Northwest country free from slavery took place. It was in the towns of Charlestown and Corydon, Indiana, that the battle centered. At Charlestown lived the first Governor of Indiana, who was a Presbyterian and a Freemason. This man was Jonathan Jennings. He was the close friend of many leading pioneer people in Oldham county. The Presbyterian church at Charlestown and the one at Goshen were pastored by Rev. John Todd, who undoubtedly backed up Jonathan Jennings in his great fight to make Indiana a free State.

Blazing Star Lodge No. 36, at Charlestown, Ind., was organized and chartered in August, 1816, while the State of Indiana was still under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky. The dispensation for Fortitude Lodge No. 47, at Westport in this county, was not issued until 1817, one year later. Thus Southern Indiana was under Presbyterian and Masonic control for many years at the beginning of the last century. Rob Morris and H. B. Grant in their histories of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky give us invaluable clues to the story of the great Anti-Slavery Struggle which extended from the year 1792 in Kentucky to the year 1816 in Indiana. Washington and Jefferson College in Pennsylvania, Old Center College in Kentucky and Hanover College in Indiana, constituted a backbone to the Emancipation Movement and to National Unity during the Civil War. In succeeding chapters we have worked out the setting of this story. We now propose to present another great Lincoln forerunner with historic details that will be treasured as long as Masonic memories endure. These chapters are absolutely new material that no Kentucky or Indiana historian has ever discovered or used.

During the Indiana Centennial in 1916 we gave to the press several articles on Governor Jennings which were added to afterward by more careful research. When we stop to think that Clark and Oldham counties were bound together like bosom friends in those days of one hundred years ago by the river itself and the constant stream of people passing up to Indiana Territory from the South, we can easily understand that this great struggle against slavery across the river excited immense interest and discussion in Oldham county as well as in Clark. In our boyhood at the Charlestown Old Settlers' meetings we first became interested in the story of Governor Jennings. Ever since then we have added to our information about this great man and Freemason. So

we are ready to begin his life story in these chapters as a part of the long-forgotten drama that gave birth to the spirit and purpose of Abraham Lincoln. The map of Masonic territory over which Rob Morris constantly traveled and lectured embraced this same region of Southern Indiana; and his tradition lives in the hearts of the Hoosier Brethren with that of Jonathan Jennings.

INDIANA

Dear Hoosier State, we dedicate
 Thine altars, century-old,
 To the new time with deeds sublime,
 In song and story told.
 'Twas Jefferson who stamped upon
 Thy fearless soul the thought
 That man is man o'er race or clan,
 By birthright dearly bought.
 And evermore where heroes bore
 The battle bravely on,
 Thy sons were there and daughters fair,
 To light the fires of Dawn.
 George Rogers Clark made history's mark.
 Who won the great Northwest,
 Brave pioneer with title clear
 To glory's well earned rest.
 Then Jennings rose to face the foes
 Of Human liberty.
 At Corydon the fight was won,
 That made the Northwest free.
 And afterward, when to the sword,
 The Southern States appealed,
 'Twas Morton's stand that saved the land
 Of Lincoln in the field.
 But Riley's song has taught us long
 That of one human clay
 We all are made, and unafraid
 We face Love's grander day!
 Let knowledge rule in church and school,
 And Love uphold thy homes;
 And we shall see thy destiny
 Grander than Greece or Rome's.
 Chief Magistrate of this dear State,
 The century closes well,
 With one who heeds the people's needs,
 Where'er they work or dwell.
 Thou art so just that all men trust
 The hand that holds the helm;
 Thy heart beats warm to brave the storm,
 So what can overwhelm?

THE JENNINGS FAMILY

No one has ever taken pains to search out the ancestry of Governor Jonathan Jennings, but he came of glorious New England lineage. His father was Rev. Jacob Jennings, whose people were among the early settlers of Plymouth. The name of Jennings does not appear on the roll of the Mayflower, but they came over not long after. The father of Governor Jennings was born in the county of Somerset, New Jersey, in 1744. He was a student of medicine and practiced his profession in a little village near Elizabethtown, in Jersey State. He was a gifted and highly cultivated man and met with such success that he established himself for a number of years at Readington, Hunterdon county, in the same State. Here his son Jonathan was born in the year 1784. The mother was a most intellectual and congenial companion of her husband, being herself a medical student, graduate and practitioner. It was an unusual thing in that age for a woman to be liberally educated and enter a profession; but students of eugenics will find abundant justification for their theories in the Jennings family. Without exception the sons became remarkable men. We have no record whether the daughters were or not.

It is a striking fact that for some time previous to the birth of Jonathan Jennings, his father was passing through a great mental and spiritual awakening, consequent upon a long course of study and experience. The same year that Jonathan was born his father decided to enter the gospel ministry. Having made due and dilligent preparation, he was examined and licensed by the Reformed Dutch Church, which is very close akin to the Presbyterian faith. After his admission to the ministry he served for several years in Virginia; so that his son Jonathan in early childhood must have been in close contact with the institution of slavery. There is no record of these first impressions, but the Presbyterian church of Virginia was strongly anti-slavery and the father and mother of Jonathan had decided convictions on the subject. Hence his first great life work was instilled into him from boyhood up.

About the year 1791 Dr. Jennings removed from Virginia to Western Pennsylvania and the following April was received as a member of the Presbytery of Redstone, which has produced some of the most noted men and minister in the Presbyterian annals. He accepted a call to the church at Dunlap's Creek, in Fayette county, Pa., and remained with that congregation in very happy relationship until June, 1811, when the approaching infirmities of age occasioned his voluntary retirement from the active ministry. He died February 17th, 1813.

THE JENNINGS BROTHERS

Dunlap's Creek was thus the boyhood home of Jonathan Jennings. He obtained an excellent training in the local common school and under his father and mother at home. He was then sent to what was known as a grammar school at Cannonsburg, eighteen miles southwest of Pittsburg. This was one of the foundation school of Washington and Jefferson College. The original Jefferson College was established there in 1802, and young Jennings was thoroughly trained in Latin, Greek and higher mathematics. He was thus one of the earliest and most noted graduates of this famous Presbyterian institution.

The Jennings brothers were remarkable young men. The decision of Jonathan to study law was largely due to the influence of his older brother, Obadiah, who was six years his senior. Obadiah was such a promising lad that his parents gave him every advantage of education and he was a student at Jefferson Academy before Jonathan. He finished with honor and then studied law in the office of Attorney John Simonson of Washington, Pa. He was admitted to the bar in 1800. He began to practice at Steubenville, Ohio, shortly after, and his maiden effort was a brilliant success. He practiced in Steubenville nearly ten years when he returned to Washington, Pa., but continued his work in the courts of Ohio just the same. It was said of him that, "He had a rare combination of intellectual qualities favorable to success as a lawyer, and in his address to the jury particularly, he evinced a skill and power almost unrivalled. He was also exceedingly popular with his brethren of the profession, and enjoyed in an unusual degree the confidence of the whole community."

It will thus be readily seen how easy it was for young Jonathan to decide on the study of law. A third brother, Samuel, bore witness to the generous character of his brother Obadiah as a boy. They were a loyal and affectionate group. Obadiah always divided his store of nuts and fruits with the rest and never refused to render a favor when it was in his power. Naturally these boys were devoted to their parents and never took any step in life contrary to the judgment and counsel of the family circle. In this they were typical Presbyterians. They were taught the modesty and simplicity of true culture and Obadiah especially was gifted in humorous anecdote. This made him very companionable and popular in his profession, and Jonathan developed similar characteristics which gave him a wonderful hold on the hearts of the rough pioneers.

We are now in full possession of the facts concerning the early educational and social influence which formed the future of these Jennings brothers in the little colloge at Cannonsburg. About three miles from the town lived a remarkable Presbyterian pastor by the name of John McMillan. He was a graduate of Princeton College under President Witherspoon just before the Revolutionary War and settled in Western Pennsylvania when there were no school privileges anywhere around for the talented and ambitious boys. McMillan was an excellent classical scholar and opened a school in a little log cabin in his own dooryard. He was always on the lookout for promising youth with a view to winning them to the Gospel ministry. He would take them under his roof and teach them without charge until they were ready for the academy. The boys usually worked on the McMillan farm to assist in their own support. Finally the applicants became so numerous that Pastor McMillan succeeded in establishing the academy at Cannonsburg where the Jennings brothers were educated.

It was from this very region in Western Pennsylvania that many of the finest families came into Clark and Oldham counties. They settled around Bethlehem and Westport on the Ohio River and in the vicinity of Charlestown and Goshen. The numerous clan of Bottorffs and Shraders are of Pennsylvania descent. The Caldwells and Kirks and Triggs and Snowdens had branches running back to the Pennsylvania hills and valleys: and the conditions of distress and impoverishment following after Revolutionary days drove many of these sturdy Scotch-Irish and German people down the Ohio to better their lot in life.

We are moved to add here that the human contribution of Virginia and the Carolinas was no mean addition to these dependable, fearless pioneer folk. Then, too, in the fraternal helpfulness of Pastor McMillan we see the Christian and Masonic spirit of the frontier beautifully exemplified. It is the despair of all our churches today where they are going to find candidates for the gospel ministry equal to the pupils of the Pennsylvania forest. Out of that matchless atmosphere of devotion to God and humankind Jonathan Jennings sprang.

A SCHOOL OF THE FRONTIER

Pastor McMillan first lived in a cabin without roof, chimney or floor. He had no furniture and there was no bread in the settlement. The people lived mainly on pumpkins and potatoes until the crops of grain were more abundant. The Revolution had just closed and the country was bankrupt. All the people had was land and liberty, and yet that was enough to begin on. There was no money but the worthless Continental paper, so the pioneers fell back on natural resources and ingenuity.

Pastor McMillan saved his grain and refused to sell to those who had money to buy it. Instead he sent them elsewhere and loaned his grain to the poor small farmers around on the promise of returning a like amount at the end of the harvest. None cheated or disappointed him, and in the same way he assisted young men in their struggles to education and useful service in life. He was a rough and plain spoken man, six feet tall, stout and ungainly in form, with coarse features, large nose and homely as one can imagine. His voice was coarse and his manner forbidding, almost offensive, on first acquaintance. But he was a master mind and knew the value of young manhood like the greatest teachers of the world. Let him but hear or see anyone in distress of mind or body, or let him come across a youth with a hunger for books and knowledge, and you never witnessed a more generous soul, to help to the limit of his power.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Teacher of Jonathan Jennings

P ASTOR McMILLAN was one of the discoverers of John Watson, the remarkable young teacher who trained the Jennings boys in their classical studies at Cannonsburg. Thereby hangs a tale of intensest interest, for this young man Watson exercised the profoundest influence on the mind and character of his pupils. His own life was like a leaf out of a storybook. His parents were the "poor but respectable" people so often mentioned in Presbyterian history. They taught him to read but could not afford to send him to school. When he was about seven years old his father one day brought him a copy of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. The child became so absorbed that he wanted to sit up all night to finish it. After this his hunger for good reading was such that his parents could scarcely supply his demands. When he was nine years old his father was killed by falling from a horse. His mother had either died or was left dependent, for the boy was taken into the home of his father's friend and cared for on the condition of making himself useful. The lady of the new home was a great lover of good fiction but did not believe it suitable for a boy to enjoy. She found young Watson deep in the pages one day and forthwith took the books from him and forbade his reading them any more. The lad wanted to be obedient but he could not see the reason or justice of such selfish prohibition; so he slipped the books away one by one and read them in secret. When the lady discovered this stratagem she locked the books securely in the case. Watson spent whole nights wrestling with his conscience and his hunger for the forbidden books. At last he discovered a duplicate key and unlocked the bookcase whenever the lady of the house was absent. In this way, without discovery, he devoured the contents of the little library. He always felt morally humiliated because he was forced to obtain the books in this manner and used to say that it was the only dishonest act of his whole life. But what are we to think of the petty tyranny of a woman who would be guilty of such selfish injustice toward a boy who was hungry for good reading?

The husband of the house kept a tavern and store and taught young Watson to write and cipher well so he could assist in the business. He soon began to clerk and serve at the bar; but this did not in the least degrade him. Instead, it gave him a chance to study human nature at close range, and his desire for reading and study was redoubled. He read Addison's *Spectator* and saw occasional Latin sentences that he could not understand. Somehow he got hold of a copy of Horace and an old Latin dictionary and dug his way into the world of classic letters.

JUDGE ADDISON, THE POOR BOY'S FRIEND

Now it happened that Alexander Addison, the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the Western District of Pennsylvania, stopped at the tavern on

his circuit. One night he arrived late and found young Watson waiting on the bar and reading Horace by the fire-light.

"What is that you are reading, my boy?" He asked kindly.

"A copy of Horace, sir," answered the youth.

"Well I am delighted to find you so profitably employed, my lad; but I am sorry that you are not better equipped for study."

"I am trying to make out the best I can, sir."

"Yes, but I will bring you the books you need when I come around again," said the judge.

"I will be thankful, sir," said Watson, "for that is the first word of encouragement I have had about my studies since father died."

"Well you may depend on my assistance," answered the judge as he bade the boy good-night.

Never did a lad wait more eagerly for the weeks to roll round; and on the night the judge was again expected Watson pushed the stable man aside and went out to take the judge's horse himself. His eyes were riveted on the saddle-bags.

"I have your books, my boy," the judge said heartily, and Watson's heart leaped for joy. He was so dumb with gladness that he answered not a word. A Latin Grammar. Aesop's Fables, a Testament in the original tongue, and a good Latin dictionary. These the judge showed him how to use and promised to supervise his study and bring him other books from time to time. In this way he stimulated the lad to rapid progress and directed his reading into liberal literature. Watson fell in with another youth about his own age who was attending the academy in the little town, and they studied together and received assistance from the local teacher. The tavern keeper would not think of giving up his apprentice, so Watson clerked and kept bar and studied until he was nineteen years old. The judge continued his steadfast friend, and Pastor McMillan, becoming acquainted with young Watson's talent and progress, procured him a place as assistant teacher in the academy at Cannonsburg. Pastor McMillan then insisted on Watson completing his education at Princeton College, and not only found him employment there as an undergraduate tutor but offered to defray any additional expenses. Watson made a splendid record at Princeton and then returned to take charge of the academy at Cannonsburg. He was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry that year and served a church outside of town on Sundays. He was the idol of his pupils and parishioners.

THE BOY WHO MAKES THE MAN

Watson was the teacher who so deeply inspired and developed the mind and character of Jonathan Jennings. He was a master of logic, yet simple as a child in thought and language. He trained his boys to be sincere, concise, and right to the point in public speaking; and he drilled them thoroughly in the principles of free government. Indeed, he stimulated the desire of Jonathan Jennings to be a lawyer quite as much as the success of Obadiah, the elder brother. And who can ever measure the influence Judge Addison also exercised on the Jennings boys—the upright jurist, the friend of struggling youth, the man of infinite kindness and wonderful culture.

With such ideals in boyhood, we are not surprised that Jonathan Jennings became the man his biographer describes: "Governor Jennings was a man of polished manners. A lady who knew him well and was often a guest at his house, told the author that she never met a more fascinating man. He was always gentle and kind to those about him. He was not an orator but he could tell what he knew in a pleasing way. He wrote well, as well perhaps as any of his successors in the Governor's office. He was an ambitious man, but his ambition was in the right direction—to serve the people the best he could. He died comparatively young, but he did as much for the well being of Indiana as any man that ever lived."

We have no record of the year in which young Jennings finished his studies at Jefferson College, but he had the satisfaction of seeing his favorite teacher, Watson, the first president of the institution when it was chartered by the Legislature in 1802. But the memory of his college days was shadowed by the sad and untimely death of President Watson. It seems that when young Watson was studying with his boyhood companion years before, they only allowed themselves a few hours sleep each night and took an ice cold plunge at daylight each morning. This may have invigorated his companion but it permanently impaired young Watson's health and caused his death at the very threshold of a life of splendid promise. Pastor McMillan on the contrary lived into the eighties and left a graphic picture of pioneer times to be remembered by.

JONATHAN JENNINGS GOES TO INDIANA

It seems most probable that Jonathan Jennings first began to read law in the office of Attorney John Simonson at Washington, Pa., where his brother Obadiah had studied. We have no information as to what decided him to come to Indiana Territory, except the love of the Western country and the hope of success among the pioneer people. Anyhow, in the year of 1806 he went to Pittsburg and embarked on a flat-boat for Jeffersonville where he intended to locate. The trip down was no doubt slow and perilous enough from Indian attacks even at that time; but young Jennings reached Jeffersonville in safety and tarried a while to note the outlook for himself in his chosen profession. He was only twenty-two years old and the prospect of establishing himself seemed so poor that he decided to go on to Vincennes. He resumed his preparations for the bar and was examined and admitted to practice in April, 1807.

Jennings supported himself by serving as a copying clerk in the Land Office and also in the Territorial Legislature. But as soon as he was ready for business he returned to Clark county. There were several reasons for this. He had been a strong opponent to slavery from his youth up and the proslavery people were in the majority at Vincennes. There was small chance for political preferment at Vincennes though he was exceedingly popular because of his efficiency and admirable social qualities. J. P. Dunn, the Indiana historian, says Jennings had an eye on the rising little village of Charlestown where the anti-slavery people were strong and where there lived a young and beautiful Miss Anna Hay, with whom young Jennings had fallen deeply in love when he first came to Clark county and was looking about for a location. Love for a beautiful maiden and love for human freedom were very commendable sentiments on which to stake his future.

It was now the year of 1809 and Indiana Territory had the right to elect a delegate to Congress. The proclamation for the election had been posted and Jennings was ready to return on horseback to Charlestown. Mr. Dunn says the decision to be a candidate was already made. He was barely of legal age but he was in earnest. He had a talk about it with Nathaniel Ewing, an official in the Land Office and a personal friend, just before starting. Ewing told Jennings to be on the look-out for a good anti-slavery candidate down in Clark, when Jennings asked frankly, "Why wouldn't I do?" This impressed Ewing favorably and Jennings came to Charlestown to see his sweetheart and to enter the race for Congress. He called on the Briggs brothers, anti-slavery leaders, and they readily saw the situation and took favorable action promptly.

"NO SLAVERY IN INDIANA"

Not long after his arrival in Charlestown young Jennings was married to Miss Hay, at the Green Tree Tavern, where a wedding ball was given after the ceremony and where doubtless the anti-slavery friends of the young attorney put their heads together. Anyhow, he was soon announced as the choice of the Free Soil Democrats for Congress. "No slavery in Indiana" was the courageous challenge of Jonathan Jennings on entering the race, and he pitched in to overcome the powerful prejudice and patronage of the opposition arrayed against him.

William Wesley Woolen gives the most realistic picture of the pro-slavery opposition that Jennings immediately encountered: "His opponent was Thomas Randolph, the Attorney-General of the Territory, and a man of much learning and ability. The contest between Jennings and Randolph was exceedingly exciting and bitter. Randolph was Virginia born and believed in the divinity of slavery, while Jennings, a native of a Free State, considered slavery a blight and a curse. The territory was sparsely inhabited, the settlements being on the eastern and southern borders with one at Vincennes on the Wabash.

"The question at issue was that of slavery. The Governor of the Territory, William Henry Harrison, and the Virginians about him were striving to have the provisions of the Ordinance of 1787 prohibiting slavery in the Northwest Territories, suspended or repealed; and Jennings and the other Free State men were trying to prevent this. The territorial Delegate would have much to do in determining the matter. Hence the two parties battled fiercely for the election of their respective favorite."

Jonathan Jennings was the very incarnation of the Jeffersonian ideal in such a struggle. Thomas Jefferson often referred to the anti-slavery clause of the Ordinance of 1787, which was primarily intended to prevent the importation as well as the traffic in slaves. The African slave trade was then still in full force and Jefferson feared that if the Northwest Territories were left open to the institution there would be a shameless influx of captive Negroes fresh from the Dark Continent. The famous anti-slavery clause roused heated discussion from its first inception, and other strong men besides Thomas Jefferson had a hand in drafting it, as the old Congressional Records show; and as Mr. Dunn very clearly demonstrates. But Thomas Jefferson was out-spoken on the subject and young Jonathan Jennings was the type of man that Jefferson looked for to carry on the work of the great struggle. What he had to face was clearly seen from the account of Mr. Woolen.

"The intelligent reader need hardly be told that the Territory was then virtually a slave Territory. Negroes were bought and sold in the market at so much a head. The author has been permitted to examine the papers of Mr. Randolph, and among them are two bills of sale for Negroes executed at Vincennes in 1809. There is also among Mr. Randolph's papers a letter from Gen. James Dill, Randolph's father-in-law, written to his wife in Lawrenceburg, saying that he had not bought her a Negro servant because they were rather too high; but he hoped to find one soon at a price that he could stand.

"Public sentiment at Vincennes was then as pro-slavery as it was at Richmond. Randolph was its representative and exponent, and it rallied to his support with all the dogmatism that used to characterize its adherents. Jennings was then a young man, a mere youth, but he met the assault of the pro-slavery men with the courage of a hero."

A Memorable Race for Congress

JENNINGS made a horse-back trip to Lawrenceburg, Ind., and other points to meet and mingle with the pioneers. The Quakers and the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who had come into Southern Indiana from the Carolinas and Pennsylvania were uncompromising opponents of slavery, and the choice of these people outside of Clark county was a trustworthy former official by the name of Hunt.

The first mass-meeting was held at an unfinished cabin, where the men sat about on the hewn timber, so that it was afterwards called "The Log Convention." They had sent a young man, Holman, down into Clark to find out and report the sentiment of the voters; and while awaiting Holman's return Jennings himself arrived in their midst. His extremely youthful appearance prejudiced the pioneers against him at first, and he felt the cold-shoulder on every hand, especially when Holman came back and whisperingly reported Jennings of Clark.

Everyone walked away from Jennings and he heard that his enemies had been circulating the story, that while in the Land Office he had played into the hands of the speculators against the actual settlers. Jennings easily refuted this attack upon his integrity and turned it against his opponent with such success that the tide of popular favor set steadily in his direction.

Jennings was the ideal popular leader. He rode up one day to the home of David Reese and was invited to get down and have his horse put up. Randolph, his opponent, had been there the day before, and at a similar invitation had gone into the house and practically ignored the log rollers. Jennings, instead, offered his service at the work and was such a good hand that every fellow was captivated by him. If it was harvest time he led the mowers in the field and took hold at any and every sort of task where he found men busy. He was elected over the combined opposition, and popular tradition still cherishes the memory of its democratic champion. One may think that the pioneers decided for him under the spell of his personality rather than because he was anti-slavery. But that is a great mistake. Those keen back-woods Hoosiers saw well and truly that a man like Randolph, who would allow his horse to be taken and go into the house like company, to await dinner, when he was dependent upon the votes of the very men he ignored, was not a man to represent them in Congress or anywhere else.

Even after Jennings received his certificate of election from Governor Harrison and had taken his seat in Congress at Washington, Randolph made every effort to have him unseated on the charge of fraud at one of the polling places. The House, however, refused to unseat Jennings, and then Randolph began a series of attacks upon the character of Jennings with hand-bills which would

have provoked a personal encounter from some public men. Jennings bore it with rare equanimity until Waller Taylor a Territorial Judge and a bitter partisan of Randolph, insulted him with the purpose of bringing on a duel. Jennings calmly told Taylor that he had done him no injury and did not desire to raise a row like a ruffian. Taylor denounced Jennings as a pitiful coward and made much ado about nothing; but two years later on, when Taylor himself was a candidate for Congress from Indiana, Jennings had the satisfaction of inflicting defeat upon him as he had upon Randolph. And surely that was answer enough for all his insults and challenges. Jennings was opposed to duelling on principle.

The anti-slavery forces had won out so far under the brilliant leadership of the young champion of freedom; and when the people were called upon to elect delegates to the first Constitutional Convention in May, 1816. Clark county, Indiana, chose Jonathan Jennings and Thomas Carr under the same free state banner. So popular was Jennings that he was immediately elected President of the Convention, which assembled at Corydon, June 10, 1816. It was a body of honest frontier farmers with a general idea of democratic government. There was a Methodist preacher and a Baptist elder among the delegates. Jennings and Carr were staunch Presbyterians.

On the 13th of June a petition was presented from Wayne county to cut out slavery. On the 20th of the month the Convention first reached a vote on the subject, and it was duly and truly declared: "There shall be neither slavery or involuntary servitude in this State, otherwise than for the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." And in the Bill of Rights were further provisions enacted to forever exclude slavery from the Commonwealth:

"That the general, great and essential principles of liberty and free government may be recognized and unalterably established, we declare that all men are born equally free and independent, and have certain natural inherent and inalienable rights, among which are, enjoying and defending life, liberty and acquiring, possessing and protecting property and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety."

In the election for Governor which followed there were but two candidates, namely, Jonathan Jennings on the same platform of human freedom, and Thomas Posey who was then Territorial Governor. Governor Posey was a native of Virginia, a brave veteran of the Revolutionary War and had once been United States Senator from Louisiana. He was the pro-slavery candidate and that organization stood by him firmly. The result was 5,211 votes for Jennings and 3,934 for Posey. The majority for Jennings was 1,277, and he assumed office with the conviction that the memorable struggle which he had waged was now happily and triumphantly terminated.

JONATHAN JENNINGS AND THOMAS CARR

Jonathan Jennings was a devoted Free Mason in all his struggles for human freedom and one of his most loyal supporters was Thomas Carr, colleague from Clark county. We should remember that religion and fraternity were powerful factors among the pioneers of the Ohio Valley. Fighting every day for their own lives and the lives of their loved ones drew them very close together. God

was their Father and Defender, and they believed with all their hearts in human brotherhood. I once asked Masonic Brother Samuel Carr of Medora, Jackson county, Indiana, how early in life he learned the lesson of fraternity and he replied:

"From my youth up. It was coincident with my earliest religious teaching. It was borne in on me in my childhood like the songs of Bobbie Burns, running far back of memory into household tradition and family faith. The good old Methodist presiding elder who visited our home in his rounds was a Free-Mason and used to talk religion and fraternity to my father by the hour. Thus they became one and inseparable in my mind as I listened to his stirring experiences of faith and fellowship."

This information so interested me that I pressed Brother Carr for further facts, and he continued: "You see my ancestors, the Carrs, were originally Irish Presbyterians. John Carr, the immediate progenitor of my father's family in America, came to this country when he was nineteen years old. His father and mother died on the ship coming over, for the ocean voyage in those days to the emigrant exiles was little better than being aboard a slaver. They were herded together in close, foul, unhealthy quarters like cattle, and no wonder the old people perished coming across. They were buried at sea. The father and mother of Andrew Jackson crossed the Atlantic under the same conditions.

"John Carr landed with a brother and sister at Annapolis, Maryland. Sometime later we find him settled in Pennsylvania, and from Westmoreland county his son Thomas Carr emigrated with his wife to Mercer county, Kentucky, and thence to a tract of land along Silver Creek on Clark's Grant in Clark county, Indiana, in 1806. He paid sixteen hundred dollars for five hundred acres.

"Thomas Carr was a leader of men in his time. He came to Jackson county, Indiana, and was in the Fort at Medora during the War of 1812. He was a member of the first constitutional convention in 1816 which sat under the famous old elm tree at Corydon. He was a member of the General Assembly and an officer in the Indian Wars. At the battle of Tippecanoe the Indians bit the bullets out of shape before firing them so they would tear the white men's flesh, and our soldiers were fearfully wounded whenever a ball struck them. It is said that the modern Mauser bullet makes a small hole in the body and recovery is much more likely; but every red man's bullet was deadly.

"Thomas Carr was like most of the Scotch and Irish Presbyterians who were bitterly opposed to slavery and fought its continuance in the Territory of Indiana with the same determination he showed in the fights against the Indians. He was a strong follower of Governor Jennings in the great struggle to rid the Territory and the new State of the slavery incubus, and they were successful.

"He was also a great believer in education. I have in my possession a beautifully written manuscript copy of the arithmetic used in those days when Thomas Carr himself went to school. He died in 1822. He was a devout Presbyterian although his descendants became Baptists and Methodists, many of them, but their ideal, like his, was human freedom, enlightenment and brotherhood."

Obadiah Jennings

WE HAVE seen that when the father of the Jennings brothers was about forty years of age, he experienced a great spiritual awakening and relinquished the practice of medicine for the gospel ministry. Singularly enough, two of his most successful sons had a similar experience. Obadiah left off a brilliant career as a lawyer to become a minister and Samuel gave up the practice of medicine to preach the gospel. The case of Obadiah was the most striking. He felt frequent impulses toward a more consecrated life, but the success of his profession dulled the call of the soul until one day he heard a sermon by the Reverend James Snodgrass, one of Pastor McMillan's old pupils. It roused him and stirred him deeply. Not long afterward his legal benefactor, Attorney Simonson, died suddenly and young Jennings was much grieved. This was in the fall of 1809 and early in the year 1810. As a result Obadiah Jennings united with the Presbyterian church at Stubenville, Ohio. Removing a little later to Washington, Pennsylvania, he settled down where he and his brother Jonathan had studied law.

Obadiah was elected an elder in the church. He was very faithful in this capacity and was a frequent delegate to the Presbytery, Synod, and to the General Assembly. He had no thought at this time of relinquishing the practice of law, but it so happened that an humble, obscure Christian spent the night at his house and pressed upon him the story of the talents and left him in a very disturbed state of mind about a call to the ministry. He had brilliant prospects before him in law and discussed the subject with his close friends for some time. In this state of unrest he was taken down with a serious and almost fatal spell of sickness, so that a leading physician of Stubenville came to attend him. Obadiah's decision was made during this illness that if his life was spared, he would give himself wholly to the Gospel ministry. He followed out this resolution as soon as he recovered, and in 1816 when his brother Jonathan was elected Governor of Indiana, Obadiah was licensed to preach in the Presbytery of Ohio. He was a fluent and pleasing speaker and it was decided evidence of his talent and popularity that the church at Stubenville, Ohio at once made out a call to him to become its pastor. A still more flattering call came from the church at Harrisburg, the Pennsylvania State Capital. Obadiah showed his genuine character and sincerity by accepting the call to Stubenville where he was so devoted to the people already. He said that the call to Harrisburg was indeed an honor, but he preferred a more modest, and becoming start in the ministry rather than an ambitious and self-seeking career. In this he was a Jennings to the very core. He spent six very happy years at Stubenville and then accepted a call to the church at Washington, Pennsylvania, to succeed Reverend Matthew Brown, D. D., who had been elected President of Jefferson College.

THOMAS AND ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

It is an interesting fact that the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Jefferson College in the year 1809 was the Reverend Samuel Ralston, a leading Presbyterian minister of that section from overseas with the same ancestral name as Hon. Samuel Ralston of Indiana. Anyhow, the family of this kind and hospitable minister entertained some remarkable guests one night in October of that same year. They were none other than the father and family of Alexander Campbell, the distinguished founder of the Disciples or Christian denomination. The family had just arrived from North Ireland, where they were sturdy, highly cultured and consecrated Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. They had already initiated the religious movement which was destined to make the names of Thomas and Alexander Campbell household words throughout the West and South. Thomas was a man of singularly noble character and lamented the doctrinal differences that necessitated his separation from the Presbyterian church.

One year later, in October, 1810, he made an earnest appeal to the Synod of Pittsburg to recognize and affiliate with the newly organized "Christian Association of Washington." Rev. Samuel Ralston was the retiring Moderator and preached the opening sermon at this meeting, and the Rev. Jacob Jennings, father of Jonathan and Obadiah, was in attendance. The Synod did not find it possible to accept the proposal of Thomas Campbell on account of the constitutional and doctrinal differences, but Pastor Campbell continued his work as a teacher and minister in conjunction with his son Alexander, and became one of the strongest religious anti-slavery leaders in the West and South. He even exceeded Alexander in this great cause.

Thomas Campbell was a pioneer in the higher education of young women and established a very successful school at Burlington, Kentucky. He became much interested in the ignorant and neglected condition of the negro slaves in the surrounding country; and one Sunday afternoon he noticed their meeting in a woodland nearby where they had no means of enlightenment or spiritual uplift. He immediately went over and called them together in his school room where he read and taught them from the scripture. He then tried their voices in religious songs and was struck with their natural melody. Next day, however, one of his friends called on him to say that such a meeting for the slaves was a violation of the laws in the State unless white witnesses were present and that it would be unwise and unsafe to repeat the experiment. Pastor Campbell was amazed at this announcement and declared that he would immediately remove from a State that forbade teaching Christianity to slaves. The Presbyterian Church of Kentucky, however, had always stood firmly for gradual emancipation and for the teaching of the slaves educationally and spiritually, and Mr. Campbell would have won his point with patience and tact. His son, Alexander, was strongly against slavery, but did not oppose it with the same intense conviction as his father.

OBADIAH JENNINGS AND ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

While the Campbells were living in Washington, Pa., Alexander tried his talent as an anonymous satirist of the rather crude social customs and habits of the young people in the little frontier town. The local paper published his

articles, which created much discussion; and President Brown of the College took the criticism good naturedly, for he was a very tolerant and kindly teacher of youth. A few years later when the religious people of the same community endeavored to enforce rather stringent blue laws on the country round, Alexander Campbell came out in positive and successful opposition to the movement. It happened that Obadiah Jennings was still an attorney and he was the secretary of the "Law Enforcement Leagues," or "Moral Societies" as they were called. The biographer of Mr. Campbell relates some very interesting and amusing stories of how the citizens outwitted the Puritan party. Mr. Campbell's was indeed a brilliant effort and won him wide recognition. Singularly enough, some years later when Obadiah was pastor at the Presbyterian Church in Nashville, Tennessee, he met Alexander Campbell again in public debate, this time on doctrinal lines. The debate was published and attracted much attention. Obadiah, however, was not nearly the tolerant and masterly disputant his brother Jonathan was. Nevertheless, he was so highly regarded in parliamentary and church law that he was once elected Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, a rare honor in that denomination.

When Obadiah Jennings was a lawyer he spoke in an off-hand manner with much success; but when he became a minister he wrote out his sermons and lost somewhat of the fluency and natural eloquence which everybody liked. One night during a sacramental meeting he hung his coat near the open fire when he retired. The coat contained the sermon of the morrow and chanced to ignite and consume the precious manuscript. Next morning Obadiah was much embarrassed. He borrowed a coat of the preacher he was assisting and went into the pulpit without notes; but such a splendid message did he deliver off-hand that one good old lady said she prayed the Lord to burn up all his written sermons in the same manner. Mr. Jennings enjoyed the joke hugely.

While the controversy over the blue laws was under way, a shrewd farmer by the name of Martin sent a load of produce into Pittsburg early one Saturday morning. The teamster could not reach home on Saturday night and put up near Cannonsburg till Sunday morning, when he hitched up and started on his return. The constable tried to arrest him for traveling on the Sabbath, but had no warrant. While the constable went into town for a warrant the teamster swapped off with a friend, who of course was not the driver mentioned in the warrant; and no arrest was possible. The constable made a great commotion about it until a crowd collected. Two bystanders proposed to bet with him. He fell into the trap and was then threatened with prosecution for betting. He was so highly chagrined that he called to the crowd to accept a treat at his expense and let the whole matter drop. It was this rough humor of the frontier character that finally prevailed over the spirit of puritanism and a more general good neighborliness held sway instead.

THE CLOSING YEARS

The health of Obadiah began to fail rapidly after he went to Nashville, and he died there after a long illness, on January 12, 1832, at the early age of fifty-four years. His brother Jonathan was at this time living in retirement on his farm near Charlestown, Indiana, after serving continuously in Congress until 1830. William Wesley Woolen is authority for the statement that the

closing years of Governor Jennings's life were saddened and shadowed by the constant temptation of the social class, incident to the political career of many public men of large social nature and good fellowship, which so eminently characterized Jonathan Jennings. His friends were legion and many of them at home in Charlestown were so devoted to him, says Mr. Woolen, that they felt certain that a retirement from Congress for a season and removal from the scenes and excitements of politics would be highly beneficial to him morally. So they voted against him in the race of 1830, and he was defeated by General John Carr, a gallant soldier of the war of 1812. This defeat, however, instead of serving the purpose intended, broke the spirit of the genial and sensitive Jennings, and it appears from the account of Mr. Woolen that he never recovered his courage and hope and self-mastery. He was always kindly and uncomplaining, but he passed into a decline and died July 26, 1834, in the seclusion of his home circle and nearest friends. They grieved for him deeply, and the closing scenes as described by Mr. Woolen were very touching.

"The next day his body was placed in a common farm wagon and taken to Charlestown and buried. The day was intensely hot and but few were at his burial, these few being members of his family and particular friends. He was laid to rest on a hill overlooking the town and his grave was unmarked by head or foot stone. Thus he has remained until the present time; and were it not that a few men and women still live who were present at his burial, no one would certainly know where the remains of the first Governor of Indiana are interred."

This was years ago. Most nobly has the State of Indiana atoned for this long neglect; and in her glad centennial time no name shines out more memorable than that of Jonathan Jennings whose grave will be a Mecca to the lovers of human freedom for generations to come.

SAMUEL K. JENNINGS

Samuel Kennedy Jennings was the eldest of the brothers, of which there were five. He was born in Essex county, New Jersey, June 6, 1771, and was educated at Rutgers College. He studied and practiced medicine in Pennsylvania until 1794, when, like his brother Obadiah, he gave up his regular practice and became an itinerant Methodist preacher. He was fully ordained to the ministry in 1814, two years before Obadiah. He moved to Baltimore in 1817 and became one of the prime movers for representation in the conferences of the M. E. denomination. This was a pioneer step and occasioned much discussion and controversy before it was finally settled. But Samuel Jennings was a steadfast believer in democracy in church fellowship and became a distinguished pulpit orator and evangelist. He too, was a highly congenial and appreciative companion of the youngest brother, Jonathan. Samuel died in October, 1854.

THE MONUMENT TO GOVERNOR JENNINGS

William Wesley Woolen, who, more than thirty years ago, wrote one of the most appreciative sketches of Jonathan Jennings ever published, paid him this high tribute: "Men who plant civilization in the wilderness, who organize backwoodsmen into communities, and throw around them the protection of

the law, should not be forgotten. They render mankind a priceless service, and those who come after them and enjoy the fruits of their labor and sacrifices should never tire in honoring their memory. Jonathan Jennings was such a man, and Indiana owes him more than she can compute. He fought slavery to the death when it sought to fasten itself upon her territory. He helped secure for her sons and daughters the best portion of her rich and fertile lands, and yet he sleeps the long sleep without a stone to mark his resting place. Shame on Indiana!"

This was the earnest thought of others for many years until the tardy tribute of respect due him from the State was fully paid by a beautiful monument in Charlestown cemetery. Years ago, when the writer was a boy and attended the Old Settler's Meeting at Charlestown, he heard a notable speech from a fine Hoosier character in the dialect of early days. This speech had lots of influence in bringing about the erection of the monument.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TWO JENNINGS BROTHERS

In appearance Governor Jennings was an exceedingly handsome man; broadshouldered and heavy set in later years, but possessing wonderful, fine, blue eyes, fair complexion and pleasing features. He was always a student and thinker and surrounded himself with books and friends who were his joy and solace till he breathed his last on earth. He was one public servant of whom it might be truly said, that he never betrayed a trust. He had the New England integrity without austerity or stinginess. He was neither mercenary in money matters nor small-minded in his moral estimates. On the contrary, he was merciful, humorous and humane. He was not pugnacious and contentious like so many men in the religious and political life of the time. On the contrary he was sweet-tempered, good-natured and pre-eminently social and companionable. He was courteous and considerate even toward his enemies. Even when defending himself against moral or political attack he did not indulge in abuse, misrepresentation or slander. And in an age when so many politicians of national prominence fought duels he refused to be governed by the code or custom. He had no desire to risk his own life in a foolhardy manner nor to shed the blood of his fellow man for naught. One of his political enemies called him a pitiful coward, but let history and humanity judge him in that respect.

Tradition has it that he told a good story always to win the crowd. That was Lincoln-like and characteristically Hoosier. His brother Obadian was likewise humorous, imaginative and witty in an age when ministerial dignity and solemnity were proverbial. What a pity that these two Jennings brothers, so congenial and like-minded, could not always have been in touch with each other. No mention is made in the biographical account of Obadiah as an attorney, that he was ever tempted to be intemperate by the social indulgence of the time. He left the legal profession because he was mentally and morally weary of controversy and desired peace with God and man. His debate with Alexander Campbell was spoken of as unexpected on his part and was doubtless partly due to Obadiah Jennings being in ill-health at the time. Otherwise he would certainly have avoided religious controversy, though in that respect he was doubtless willing to measure intellects with any disputant so worthy and distinguished as Mr. Campbell.

Some of the greatest Presbyterian ministers of the age declined doctrinal controversy out of a sense of moral harmony. John C. Young and Robert J. Breckinridge of Kentucky took that position when asked to debate with Mr. Campbell; and a certain minister, who was in Nashville while Obadiah Jennings was there as a pastor, makes the statement that Dr. Jennings was uncompanionable and contentious where he would ordinarily at least have been good natured and genial. Evidently Dr. Jennings was not himself. He was very ill at the time and no doubt the challenges of that aggressive religious age and generation jarred upon his nerves until he seemed to this minister to be out of harmony in the pulpit and public.

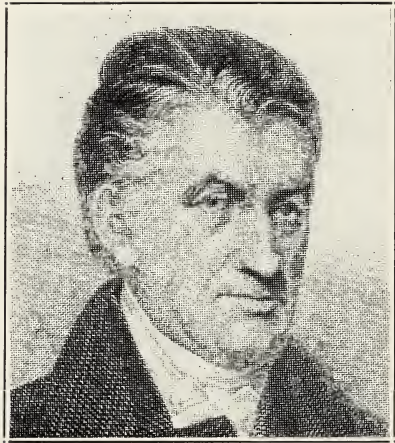
Nevertheless he was held in high esteem by his congregation and was just beginning to be well established in the regard of the community when death ended his career. He was offered a vacation and a trip away for his health; but it was too late. One very sad fact is related, namely, that Dr. Jennings was homesick for the work he left at Washington, Pa., when he accepted the call to Nashville in April, 1828. A goodly revival began in the Washington church as he was preparing to leave for Nashville, and the people grieved to lose him, so that he would not have gone had not his word already been given. Hence it was nearly four years after he went to Nashville before he felt that deep and tender attachment for his new congregation that time and association alone can produce. Naturally, therefore, he was somewhat morbid in his closing years. But his final end was peaceful. Receiving a glass of water from his attendant, he remarked that he would soon drink of the Water of Life in the Better Land. So well was he beloved by all the congregations he had served that memorial services were held in every one of them. He died just about two years before his brother Jonathan, and we may well imagine the grief his death brought the younger brother.

There is no record or tradition as to the mental or spiritual attitude of Jonathan Jennings himself in prospect of passing away. The solitary burial by his own immediate family and closest friends makes us suppose that he was laid to rest with a few brief Masonic ceremonies. Even this is very uncertain. With neither church nor lodge in charge of the funeral service, we have grave apprehensions that Jonathan Jennings died in seclusion of a broken heart. He certainly was not a skeptic, and neither was he out of touch with his Masonic brethren. Mr. Woollen declares that the defeat inflicted upon him by his personal and political friends did not change him in any respect. Instead, it wounded him more deeply morally, and he retired within himself and his health rapidly declined.

"This habit," says Mr. Woollen, "the single vice of his life, followed him to the grave." His home near Charlestown was the political Mecca of the young men of Southern Indiana and the custom was for the social glass to go round on occasion. There was a still on the farm, says Mr. Woollen, which was true of the whole pioneer country. Then, too, the wear and tear of political controversy had its effect upon the physical health of Governor Jennings, and he evidently yielded to this indulgence as a temporary relief from the strain. Finally it became a habit and a disease and ended his career in its prime. This was one cause of the long neglect and oblivion into which his grave and memory were allowed to fall. But time softens all things and we would today honor him anew

for the great work he accomplished while in his prime, and shed a tear for the tragedy that eclipsed his usefulness and service so soon.

In the world of Masonic thought we are taught to be torch-bearers and light-bringers to our age and generation. The torch of truth is committed to our hands in the race of life and we bear it aloft and onward until our strength fails and our pace slackens. We then hand the torch to another, younger possibly, who presses close behind us. So in the winning of the Great Northwest there are brave torch-bearers and light-bringers who carried the glowing beacon far into the future of freedom and left an undying memory after them. Such a man and Mason was Jonathan Jennings and he has entered into his own at last.



LYMAN BEECHER

The Old Mt. Tabor Camp Meeting

PERHAPS the most precious records in the history of the Presbyterian Church in Southern Indiana are the last Reminiscences of the Rev. Ninian C. Dickey, son of Father John M. Dickey, founder of the Church in Indiana. These Reminiscences were written on his dying bed for the pages of the Indiana Synod Magazine edited thirty years ago by his son Rev. Sol C. Dickey, founder of the Winona Assembly. Especially precious to us is the account of the Old Mt. Tabor Camp Meeting of long ago, near New Albany. This Church was our second pastorate in Indiana.

We reprint these Recollections here for lasting preservation, giving full credit to the original sources.

In the early days of the Presbyterian Church in the West, camp-meetings were common. Preachers were few, and during the warm weather of summer or fall they arranged for a half dozen or more of them, to hold protracted meetings in groves. People came to these meetings from twenty-five to one hundred miles distant. To entertain the multitudes was a heavy burden gladly borne by those residing near to the places of meeting. In time it was found easier to make preparations beforehand and encamp upon the grounds, and feed and lodge friends and strangers, and so be able also to enjoy the meetings. On my father's farm, near the best spring water, board tents or rough cottages were built on three sides of a large square of gently sloping ground, well shaded with trees. On the lower part of this square of ground a rough pulpit was boarded up capable of holding a dozen or more ministers. Up against the front of the pulpit an elevated singers' seat was erected for ten or twelve of the best singers to lead the music. A large shed that would shelter several hundred persons was built, so as to cover this seat and a space fronting it. The whole of the square of ground, inclosed by the tents on three sides, was filled with seats for the multitude.

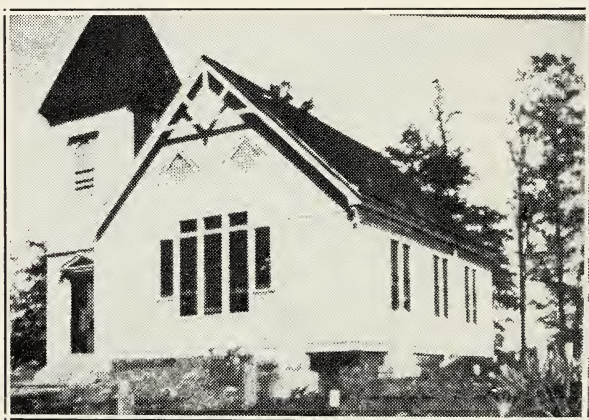
Grounds similarly arranged were prepared at Mt. Tabor, near New Albany. Beside the board cottages, cloth tents were also used, and many came in their covered wagons, in which they moved from older States, bringing provisions and cooking utensils—the women and little children sleeping in the covered wagons and the men and older boys on the ground. Besides those entertained on the grounds, almost every house for miles around was thrown open to friends and strangers.

Once a year, in my boyhood days, I attended meetings at each of these grounds. Not only were great preparations made for the physical man, but, if possible, greater care for the spiritual. For months before the meetings, special prayer meetings were held, and the preaching was so directed as to prepare the minds and hearts of the people for a profitable time, when souls should be edified and saved.

Religion was the great theme of conversation among Christians. I was often particularly struck with the assurance of faith with which many of God's people had ridden thirty miles on horseback accompanying my father, Rev. John M. Dickey, to attend the camp-meeting services. The ministers present, as I recall them, were Revs. P. S. Clelland, Benj. M. Nyce, McPherson, Jas. H. Johnson, Henry Little, J. M. Dickey and Rev. Samuel K. Reed, the latter pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, New Albany, and manager of the camp-meeting.

But it was of one day at the Mt. Tabor camp-ground of which I set out to write. It was in August, 1841. Twenty-five or thirty, mostly young people, accompanying my father, Rev. John M. Dickey, to attend the camp-meeting services.

On that Wednesday afternoon all were busy moving into their tents and arranging for the coming days. That evening service was full of earnestness and prayer. The next day Dr. Lyman Beecher, president of Lane Seminary, then at his zenith, came on the grounds. Each day began with what was called family prayers at sunrise. Then breakfast was followed by a time of secret prayer in the woods.



Mt. Tabor Church at old Mt. Tabor Camp Meeting Ground, near New Albany, Indiana.

At 9:30 public worship began, and two sermons were delivered, the people standing and singing a hymn at the close of the first discourse, the second sermon often followed by an earnest application of the discourses by a third preacher. After dinner people collected about the stand or in groups in the tents and sang and prayed and talked for a time. Then a sermon and exhortation followed, by two other ministers.

Some time before sundown, after an early supper, was set apart for secret devotions. This was followed by a young men's prayer meeting in the school house near by, ordinarily used for public worship also. The great meeting was at night, when the best preachers were usually assigned the pulpit, and those interested and seeking Christ were called forward to what was designated the inquiry or anxious seat. At 9 o'clock sharp, lights were extinguished and silence and opportunity for sleep secured. This latter rule was unpopular with those who wished to talk and sing, but was strictly enforced, so that all were rested and ready for the next day's work. Thus the meetings were conducted up to Tuesday before closing on Wednesday morning, growing all this while in interest. All the preachers, as was the custom, in turn had led the services, except that

by common consent. Dr. Beecher, who was in his element, preached and exhorted oftener than the others. Monday or Tuesday he addressed young men, setting forth the need of preachers in this fast-filling West, and telling disciplined minds how, by coming to Lane Seminary, they might soon be sent forth as preachers. They wanted no uneducated or unconsecrated minds to preach, but many, he said, who had not had opportunity for a collegiate education, by other means might be qualified by a special course of study for preachers. This special course they proposed to give. The earnest appeal of the doctor led several to give themselves to the ministry, some of whom took full collegiate and theological courses, among the latter being Rev. C. C. Hart and the writer.

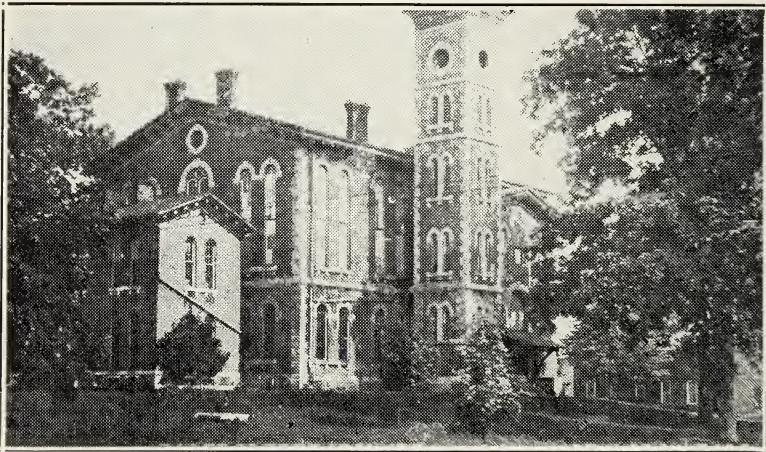
At the hour for evening secret devotion, Tuesday, I walked out with a young man into the woods assigned. These woods extended down a ravine to Silver Creek, about a mile distant from the camp-ground. Nearly this whole distance had to be traversed by us before we found a place where we could be alone. Behind every tree and log and brush-heap some one was kneeling, and the voice of low earnest prayer was heard on every hand.



Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who came to Vernon early in the Civil War and made a great plea for Lincoln and the Union in the old Court House. The whole town quit work to hear him. He was the guest at dinner of Hon. Lucien Bingham at the present Eberhart home out on the hill

When we got back to the ground the young men's meeting had begun in the school-room. The songs and prayers and testimonies and exhortations were deeply emotional, though very quiet. So great was the interest in this last young peoples meeting for the year on that ground, that it was continued until the second and last bell was ringing for the evening's public worship. The emotions seemed too deep for utterance, and sighs were here and there heard as we pressed our way down the aisles, each one trying to get as near the pulpit as possible. Back seats were taken only when those further forward were filled—a characteristic, is it not, of every earnest Christian audience that may choose their seats?

The preliminary services, reading and singing and prayer, were with unction. Rev. Dr. Henry Little was the preacher for the evening, and his sermon was fully up to the occasion. He rose and with unction announced his text, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." As he stood and silently viewed the large audience for apparently a minute, the appropriateness of the text for the last evening in the meeting and the text itself, seemed to add, if possible, to the solemnity, and deep-drawn breaths and sighs were heard throughout the waiting throng. Mr. Little usually preached in conversational style, but this evening the attentive audience and deep feeling and the Holy Spirit power seemed to inspire him, and he declaimed with a power unusual even to him. It was terrible, as he showed by the Scriptures and individual examples of those who had lost their souls that men could sin away their day of grace. This last evening of a wonderful meeting of power and grace might end the harvest, and God might say of you as of Ephraim of old, "He is joined to his idol, let him alone." But how soul encouragingly did he depict the love of God in Jesus Christ, and show that the harvest for his audience was not yet past but was now. "Now come to Christ and be saved."



Jennings County Court House, Vernon, Indiana, where Henry Ward Beecher made his great plea for Lincoln and Union during the Civil War. Lincoln told Beecher he could do far more for the Union with his mouth than with a musket. Beecher went from Vernon to England afterward to plead the Union cause.

Dr. Beecher followed this sermon with one of his most searching and powerful arguments and exhortations. It was at this time, if I recollect aright, that he went all through heaven with a moralist. But search when or where or how they would, as they looked into heaven by the glass of revelation, everything repelled the moralist. Christ was all in all. Even creation was not celebrated in heaven like Christ and his work. As he depicted the disappointment and disgust of the sinner in heaven, who could not endure Christ here, you could fairly see them as they rushed to get away from the holy place. And if heaven were

so intolerable for the sinner, what must hell be, from all the figures and descriptions God gave to describe that place. Then came the earnest presentation of the living Christ and salvation, peace and joy and eternal bliss through Him.

When the doctor ceased his address, Mr. Sneed, who had arisen and stood at his side on one end of the pulpit, at once cried out: "Let five of these first seats be vacated by Christians and all others who are not ready to come to Christ," and leaping over the breast-work of the pulpit to the singer's seat and then to the ground, he bid all who would be saved come to the vacated seats, thus showing their purpose to seek and accept Christ. The audience rose to their feet and began to sing and inquirers came rushing to the seats and soon filled them, when two more were vacated and filled. When persons having ceased to come, Mr. Sneed stood upon a seat and counted, and then came to where Dr. Beecher stood, only a few feet from me and said: "Doctor, there are 199." "We must have that other man," replied the doctor, and he mounted a bench, and lifting up his right hand, cried in a mighty voice that rang through all these woods: "Here are 199 for the kingdom. Where is that other hundredth sheep? In God's name I call for that sheep!" In another short, sharp, loving call, he besought men not to let the harvest pass unimproved, when thirty more came.

The next morning I heard John Loughmiller, an elder of the Second Church, New Albany, and no man knew the audience better than he, say: "There was not an impenitent sinner left on the ground unreachd."

I see from Dr. Fisher's article in reference to Dr. Little in the Church at Home and abroad, January, 1895, and also from Rev. C. C. Hart's notice in the February number of that periodical, that they put the number of persons first coming forward on that eventful evening at ninety-nine instead of 199, and that Dr. Beecher did the counting. Of course, after the lapse of fifty-four years, I may be mistaken, but I was a wide-awake boy of eighteen years. I occupied one of the vacated seats and then stood in the crowd immediately in front of the pulpit, often elbow to elbow with the preachers moving in that throng, and I think I am correct in my report. In either case God was glorified and men were saved.

Lessons from this history press upon my mind. But my article is already too long for the editors and perhaps for readers too, but let me say, first, great things from God must be sought by earnest prayers, and planned and worked for; second, we do not, perhaps, really forget anything. Each day transactions are imprinted on the leaf of the mind, and though that leaf may be turned over, as it were, the indelible imprint is there and only needs to be called up.

Things written in this and other articles have not been thought of for years; but asked to write reminiscences they have come up with the vividness as of yesterday. How important that our thoughts and actions be right, that our remembrances be pleasant and happifying. How essential to our peace and blessedness that all bad emotions and deeds be covered with Christ's canceling blood.

We would not go back to the camp-meeting days of the thirties and forties. As ministers and churches increased they were not needed and lost their power, and our fathers abandoned them. One such day as that spoken of at Mt. Tabor was one of a life-time. Now, in single churches, we see fifty and one hundred at once.

CHAPTER XXVII

John M. Dickey

The following letter is a character sketch of John M. Dickey, by his grandson, Elder W. A. Britan:

August 7, 1914

Rev. Lucien V. Rule, Goshen, Ky.

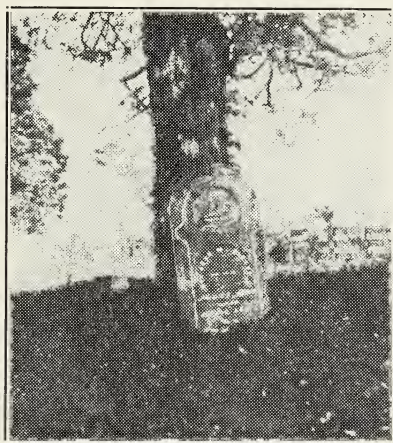
Dear Sir and Brother:

Your letter came to hand several days since, but I have been so busy threshing and the work attending it that I have not had the time to give your letter the attention it should have. I do not think I can give you much more information than you have. The sketch of "Father Dickey" in the Old Clark County history was written by my mother, Jane Dickey Britan; and I wrote sketches of the history of Pisgah and the New Washington Churches for the late history of Clark County by Capt. Baird, to which I would refer you. I have sent your letter to my sister, A. L. Britan, Sellersburg, Indiana, who is a better family historian than I am; and she may be able to give you some additional information. The full history of Pisgah Church, written by Father Dickey, is in the care of Mr. G. P. Swan, Clerk of the Session of the New Washington Presbyterian Church. This is an interesting document and should be placed in the historical archives of the church or state.

The original Pisgah church building was a log structure on the hills near the mouth of Camp Creek, but the church growing, it was moved nearer the source of this creek, and a commodious brick structure built. Father Dickey in some way received 160 acres of land adjoining the church site on which he had erected a comfortable log house, which is still in use and in a good state of preservation. There was also a loom house in which the good wife wove the wool, flax, etc., raised on the farm and in the neighborhood, into clothing and for household use. He took much interest in agriculture and horticulture, and the first agricultural papers I ever read were some old ones that he had carefully preserved. Besides ministering well to his own congregation, he made long missionary tours on horseback, composing his sermons often as he rode, and moderating Presbyteries or Synods, dressed in blue jeans' trousers of his wife's cut and make. In these travels he also tried to teach and add to his agricultural and horticultural experiments, as he tried to have all kinds of fruits, grains and stock on his farm. At one time while staying over night in his travels, he told them of a breed of sheep that he had, that had wool twelve inches long. After he had gone to bed he overheard the family talking about him. Said he seemed to be a mighty nice kind of a man, but they would have thought more of him if that "wool had not been so long."

He must have gotten most of his living from his farm, as he had several sons to help him attend it, as his carefully-kept account of what he received from his congregation during his ministry only averaged \$80 a year.

He was a great believer in and worker for education. There was a log school house put up within ten rods of the church, and one of his sons, afterward the Rev. N. S. Dickey, father of Rev. Sol. C. Dickey, taught there. Besides the education of his own family, he had a deep interest in the higher education of the community.



Grave of Rev. John M. Dickey, "Father of the Presbyterian Church in Indiana," and great Abolitionist. A native of South Carolina, educated in Kentucky and foremost hero among the "Forerunners of Lincoln" in Southern Indiana. The grave is near New Washington in Clark County and was taken by Rev. F. W. Grossman, D. D. in 1914.

Dr. Grossman copied the inscriptions on the tombs of John M. Dickey and Mrs. Dickey:

"Rev. John M. Dickey, died November 21, 1849, aged 59 years, 11 months and 5 days. A Pioneer Preacher of the Presbyterian Church in Indiana. He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people was added to our Lord." Size of tombstone about 16x35 inches.

"Margaret O. S., wife of Rev. J. M. Dickey, died October 24, 1847, aged 49 years, 6 months and 18 days. She was a faithful wife and mother, and a sincere Christian." Size of tombstone about 15½x31 inches.

Otisco, Indiana, 5-18-'14

Found the tombstone you mention 2½ miles from New Washington in private cemetery. My daughter took photo of it. All the stones face the east except Mr. Dickey's. His wife's grave is alongside of his, but it faces the east. My daughter took snap shot and time exposure because the stone is under large cedar trees.

I found a lot of interesting material about Dickey. His church is torn down and turned into part of residence nearby. I met his grandson, W. A. Britan, who has the historical watch of Dickey's in his possession. He lives at Bethlehem.

There was in his congregation a rich Englishman, Mr. Thomas Stevens, who owned fine farms in "Bethlehem Bottom." He induced him to build a brick seminary or academy, or perhaps more properly, a boarding school was established, to which teachers from Massachusetts were brought, and he left his farm to live in the seminary and board the teachers and pupils. My mother was educated here and also at Hanover. This, then, was the way in which he was helpful in establishing schools and the college.

This Seminary Building in Bethlehem Bottom gave name to the farm, which was long known by the name of the "Seminary Farm;" and, remodeled as it is now, it forms the fine residence on this farm, and is my home, and I am writing this sketch seated in one of the old school rooms.

After the unfortunate division of the church on the slavery question, Father Dickey transferred his allegiances from Hanover to Wabash College at Crawfordsville, giving to this institution \$100 and receiving a scholarship for all his children and grandchildren who might wish to attend there. Two of his children, Rev. N S. Dickey and Wm. M. Dickey, graduated from there, and Rev. Sol. C. Dickey and Prof. Dan Hains of Crawfordsville, are grandchildren who have been connected with this institution.

In the division of the church much hard feeling was generated. I notice in the church record that the clerk of his session instead of speaking of him as the Rev. John M. Dickey, as he had always done, calls him "Mr. Dickey." They also called him "The Old Abolitionist," and said he ought to have his nose wrung. It was said that for a long time he was the only voter of that ticket (Abolition) in the county, but he said his views would some day be popular.

In regard to his picture, it was one of the regrets of his life that he was not able to leave one.

At the time of his death daguerreotyping had just come into use and he was very anxious to make use of it, but he was not able to make the trip to Madison, to have his picture made. President Fisher of Hanover College had in his collection what was said to be an oil painting of Father Dickey made by an admiring artist in the Northern part of the State. He sent it down for my mother and family to see. If this was a genuine portrait it was made without the knowledge of the subject, and when he was quite a young man, as my mother said it did not look anything like him as she remembered him.

I saw also a made picture of him in a sketch of the Dickey family published in the Herald and Presbyter a number of years since, in which were pictured four generations of a branch of the Dickey family; Father Dickey, Rev. Ninian S. Dickey, Rev. Sol. C. Dickey and his son. Uncle Ninian had this picture made from a modified picture of himself dressed in the coat, stock, and straight square clerical cut of the hair of the times. This, my mother said, looked a good deal like him. I do not know whether this picture could be obtained now or not. Cousin Sol. Dickey might know something about it.

I do not know just when Father Dickey crossed the Ohio River, but it was probably about 1816, as he was married in this State in 1818.

I should have been glad to have seen you when you were so near here, and gone over some of these historic grounds with you, Dr. Howk took from me as relics to New Albany Presbytery a brick from the old Pisgah Church and a watch which I had often heard my mother speak of her father losing in a pasture near his house while feeding his hogs, and I used to think I would like to find it; so, sure enough, when plowing that field, which had long been used as a permanent pasture, we plowed it up. It was an old English Bull's Eye, double silver case, chain and verge movement, and you would be surprised to see the excellent condition of the movement after being lost and buried for more than 75 years.

I do not know whether what I have written will be of any help to you, but will be glad to see you if you can visit me.

Very truly yours,

W. A. BRITAN.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Address at the Funeral of Reverend Ninan S. Dickey

DESPITE the skill of the physicians, the faithful ministrations of tender hands, the earnest prayers of loving hearts, death has been permitted to triumph; and from this household, and from this commonwealth, with whose higher interests he has been so long identified, this faithful consecrated minister of Jesus Christ has been called to his everlasting reward.

We had hoped that he would be spared to us for some time yet to give to the cause of the Redeemer, through his pen as well as through his spoken word, the benefit of his thorough Bible scholarship and his long years of ripened experience. But God's ways are not our ways. One day we shall see that they are immeasurably better than any we have planned. So now we will seek to gain more of that spirit of large confident faith that says: "Father, thy will be done, for thy will is our well-being." As a solid foundation for such faith we have given us in the Scriptures I have read two great truths; they are truths that were wrought in the very life of this minister of Christ, whose departure we mourn. The first of these is the truth of the universality of God's providence.

One of the last counsels Mr. Dickey gave in writing to his children had in it these words: "Don't * * * distrust providence." We will not do so. We will remember that "the Lord reigneth" over all the events of the world—over death as well as over birth and life.

Death is no accident. The workings of disease, unexpected as they may be to us, are not outside the Divine plans. So, today, in our sorrows we will strengthen our hearts with the great truth, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." And the other blessed foundation for our faith in the midst of this bereavement is that set forth in the triumphant words of the apostle, "Our Savior, Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light."

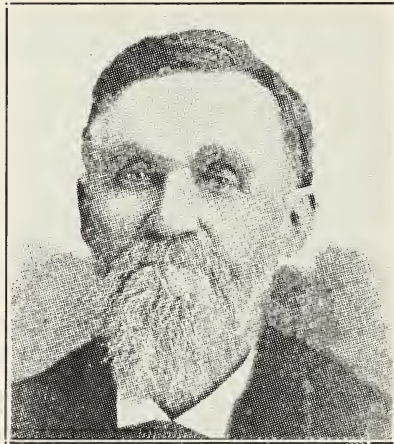
Disguise it as we may, death is the king of terrors. The nameless dread of it burdens many a man's spirit.

How pitiful are some of the attempts which men make to meet it in the strength of their own philosophy or will-power. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." He did that in a wonderful way for this servant of His. He abolished for this man not the experience of death, but all fear of it. He faced it with a quietness and peace that those who looked upon can never forget.

It is not for me today to attempt in any adequate way the story of his life. It will be done, I trust, by competent hands and left as a legacy, not merely to the immediate relatives, but to the Synods of Indiana and Illinois, and to

the Presbyterian Church in America, for this is more than a family bereavement. We are richer in this and other commonwealths of our nation, because of his consecrated life and long and faithful labors.

Rev. Ninian S. Dickey was of Scotch-Irish descent. He came from a long line of Presbyterian ancestors. His great grandfather came to America in 1737, and settled in North Carolina. His grandfather, David Dickey, was a man of unusual intelligence and marked piety. His father, Rev. Dr. John M. Dickey, was one of the pioneers of Indiana Presbyterianism. He was the fourth Presbyterian minister to enter the Territory of Indiana. It was then an almost unbroken wilderness, with only half a score of small settlements, and the log-cabins of the pioneers scattered here and there. Dr. Gillett, in his "History," speaks of Dr. John M. Dickey as "The Father of the Presbyterian Church in Indiana." He was the first minister to be installed over a Presbyterian church in the Territory. He crossed the Ohio from Kentucky in 1814, and settled in what is now Clark County, about half-way between Madison and New Albany. He was



REV. NINIAN S. DICKEY

Son of Rev. John M. Dickey and father of Rev. Sol C. Dickey, the founder of Winona Assembly, Indiana.

pastor of the New Washington Church for more than a third of a century.

There in that log-cabin in the wilderness—that parsonage sanctified by the lives of the pioneer minister and his godly wife—Ninian S. Dickey was born November 22, 1822. His early years were spent on the small farm owned by his parents. He received the beginning of his education from his father and mother and in the school of the district maintained during some months of each year.

One who knew him well says, "He was always a Christian. I have often heard him say that he never knew the time when he became a Christian, that he always prayed and always felt that he was a child of the King." From childhood to old age he led a singularly clean, pure life—never making use of tobacco

or intoxicants. His father before him was a man of strict temperance practices, in a day when such practices were rare even among professing Christians. That father preached the first temperance sermon ever delivered in Indiana.

In 1843, Mr. Dickey, then in his twenty-first year, started to college. In early youth he had decided to enter the ministry, if only he could receive the education. But the means of the education required were not provided and ready at hand as they are now. His father's home was one of poverty. The family was large, the salary was meagre. A life-long friend present here today declares that that pastor's family would have starved had it not been for what they raised on the little farm. The father and the son labored like the great apostle, working with their own hands that they might proclaim the Gospel to men.

When young Dickey set out on the long journey to Wabash College at Crawfordsville, he had as his possessions five dollars in money and the horse upon which he rode. Yet from that time on he was self-supporting. He remembered the deprivation of his home and determined not to draw on the slender resources of his parents. He was fortunate in securing a home with Col. Wilson, of Crawfordsville, with whom he lived for five years until his graduation, paying for his board by extra work for the household.

Graduating in the class of 1848, in the autumn of the same year he entered Lane Seminary at Cincinnati. There, as at college, he provided for his own maintenance. The most of the three years of seminary life were spent in the home of Dr. Calvin E. and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Young Mr. Dickey's education had been all anti-slavery—in spirit—and he was a sympathetic listener to the many tales of sorrow of the experiences of the slaves, told to and by the members of the Stowe household.

In after years, when it was safe so to do, he loved to speak of how he helped some of the fugitives from bondage through the underground railroad on their way to freedom.

His first pastorate was in the Pisgah Church of New Washington, Ind., the church to which his father had ministered so long. There he labored for three years, and then in Columbus, Indiana, for some eighteen years, laying deep and wide, not only in that city, but here and there throughout the whole Presbytery, the foundations of fruitful and enduring church organizations. Then he went to Illinois, where for twelve years he ministered, following with two years' work in Kansas. Returning to this, his own State, at Danville, at Indianapolis and at Brookstown, he kept on in his work for seven years more, when disease crippled him. So for forty and two years he was untiring as a laborer in Christ's vineyard, preaching more than seven thousand sermons, uniting in marriage some nine hundred couples, officiating at the funeral of fifteen hundred persons.

He helped to organize a number of churches, and built seven church edifices. He has been exceptionally successful in leading young men into the ministry. He was a valuable contributor to the religious press, and even during the last two years, since he has been an invalid, has written and published a number of articles on the history of Presbyterianism in Indiana.

There comes to me this day—as a passage that strikes the key-note of this hour and the life which we honor—the words of the scripture: "He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." More than forty-five years ago those words were used in the church in New Washington, Ind., as the text for the service commemorative of the life and labors of Rev. Dr. John M. Dickey.

Like father, like son. It is a good thing to be a great man; it is a great thing to be a good man. Rev. Ninian S. Dickey was "a good man and full of the Holy Ghost." Thoughtful, scholarly, gentle in spirit, exceptionally earnest in his desire to win souls from sin to Christ.

When Dr. Lyman Beecher was in his last illness, some one asked him what was the greatest of all things. He answered, "It is not theology, it is not controversy; it is saving souls." For these many years Mr. Dickey made that truth the dominant desire and purpose of his life. He glorified his Redeemer not only in his life but in the "hour and article" of death. He went into the "valley and the shadow" with a serenity and confidence of faith that gave us a new vision of the riches of truth in the assurance, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and inspired us to pray, "Let me die the death of the righteous."

Out in the hospital, on the morning when the operation was to take place, he wrote a letter to his children and grandchildren, which was afterwards found in his Bible. It breathes so clearly the spirit of this man of God, that I will take the liberty of reading parts of it:

Indianapolis Hospital, March 11, 1895

My Dear Children: As the hour draws near for the amputation of my limb I find myself calm and trustful. * * * You were all often, almost constantly, in my thoughts last night as I lay awake most of its hours with knee-pain. * * * I have had every attention I could ask, and I know I have the very best children. * * * Don't be discouraged nor distrust providence. See Psalm ciii: 17-18. * * * The Lord bless you and yours.

Lovingly yours, N. S. Dickey.

The words of the Psalm to which he referred are these: "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him and His righteousness unto children's children. To such as keep His covenant and to those that remember His commandments to do them."

REV. N. S. DICKEY

The following Editorial in the Indiana Synod Magazine 30 years ago, by Rev. Sol C. Dickey on the death of his father is a most touching and beautiful tribute and we give it here for the inspiration of others as it has so long been to us.

Our last issue contained an account of the amputation of the leg of our father, Rev. N. S. Dickey. The operation was most successfully performed on March 11th, at the City Hospital. The patient rallied wonderfully, considering his age, and for ten days the physicians pronounced his entire recovery assured. His limb had healed perfectly and we were told we could bring him home in less than a week. He was able to sleep and declared himself as more comfortable than he had been for months. On Friday morning, March 22, he awoke after a good night's sleep. But in a short time complained of nausea, and at seven o'clock surprised all by having a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. The hospital physicians pronounced it one of the most severe hemorrhages they had witnessed. This was followed by three others, and at half-past five o'clock of the same day he breathed his last. He was conscious within twenty minutes of his death.

recognizing all who stood about him, and maintained the same sublime faith and patience which had characterized him in all his long illness.

The disease, tuberculosis, which had so long manifested itself in the knee, had gone to the lungs and silently accomplished its fatal work.

There are many incidents connected with his sickness and death too sacred for the public ear. His faith and composure during all trials was heroic and caused all who beheld him to marvel. We shall miss him as only God knows, his prayers, his fatherly counsel, his words of encouragement in dark hours, his intense interest in the advancement of the church, especially in Indiana, were helpful beyond expression.

To the many friends who ministered to us, we, as children return our heartfelt thanks. Especially touching have been the letters from his different fields of labor. We insert only two of these letters, one from his class-mate, Professor John Campbell, LL. D., and one from Mrs. M. F. Hinman, a life-long friend; also, the resolutions of the Logansport Presbytery.

Dear Mr. Dickey:

Please accept my sympathy for you and your family in the loss you have sustained in the death of your loved father. This bereavement comes home to me, especially as he is the first of the class of 1848 who has been taken, which can rarely be said of a class forty-seven years after graduation. But your father was more to me than an ordinary college classmate. We were in Morrison's Seminary at Salem before we entered college, so when I came to college, a homesick boy, his face brought the first sunshine, for I was not altogether among strangers. I was glad to acknowledge him as the best scholar in our class, and felt proud to be second to him in mathematics. His pure and unselfish life has been a benediction to all with whom he came in contact, and you have a rich inheritance of remembrance of his great success in the work to which his life was consecrated. His patient endurance of physical suffering was wonderful, and the serene fortitude with which he met the final struggle was heroic. The unseen hand bore him up safely and gave him the victory. Sincerely yours,

Crawfordsville, Ind.

J. L. Campbell.

Editor of Indiana Synod:

In your March number I find "Some Reflections" from the pen of Rev. N. S. Dickey in connection with the Presbyterian Church in Columbus, Ind.

It was as pastor of this people that he spent the strength of his early manhood. For nearly eighteen years he went in and out doing the work of the Master faithfully and well. The war of the rebellion came on with all its demoralizing effects. Religion—politics—currency, everything was trying in the extreme. Yet our brave leader worked on sometimes almost without support. The death of the two elders he spoke of was a sad blow to him and the church.

His father, Rev. John M. Dickey, of the old Salem Presbytery, and a missionary of the Board of Domestic Missions, preached the first Presbyterian sermon ever delivered in this place in 1822, though the church was not organized until 1824. The first church edifice erected by Presbyterians was in 1846, and it was over this church Rev. N. S. Dickey came to reside in 1852. He had married Miss Mary, second daughter of Dr. Solomon Davis, in Charlestown, and while here "five olive branches sprang up around their table." One drooped and died, and two more came to them after their removal from here.

Their sainted mother left them about two years before their father of blessed memory was called. Rev. N. S. Dickey died March 22, surrounded by his children. It was a peaceful and glorious departure from loved ones here to those to whom he was reaching out both hands when his freed spirit took its flight.

He was a man of logical mind, eminently conscientious and of untiring energy. None knew him but had perfect confidence in him as a kind, sympathetic friend and adviser in all their troubles. But his great and good work has been well done; it is finished personally, but will go on in the hands of his son, Rev. Solomon Dickey, who with his brothers and sisters have the loving sympathy of his father's old Columbus friends.

M. F. Hinman.

At a stated meeting of the Logansport Presbytery, held in the First Church, Michigan City, Ind., April 10, 1895, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, The Presbytery has heard with profound regret and sorrow of the recent death of our co-Presbyter and brother, Rev. Ninian S. Dickey; therefore,

"Resolved, That we recall with a sense of gratitude his long office in the ministry of the Gospel, most of which was spent in our State, and the best part of it within the bounds of our Presbytery.

"Resolved, That the memory of his earnest labors, sweet spirit and consecrated life will ever be an example and inspiration to us in our own work.

"Resolved, That we hereby tender to his children our sincere sympathy and prayer for the comfort of the Holy Spirit in their great bereavement.

"Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Presbytery and published in THE INDIANA SYNOD, and copy of the same be sent to the family of our deceased brother."

W. O. Lattimore,
Stated Clerk.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Father of Hoosier Home Missions

ANOTHER great debt that we all owe to Rev. Sol C. Dickey while he was editor of the Indiana Synod Magazine was the preservation of the most inspiring and precious Recollections of Rev. Henry Little, Father of Home Missions in Indiana by Rev. J. F. Tuttle, D. D. and Rev. Ninian C. Dickey, D. D., who both knew Father Little so long and well. We again take the liberty of reproducing these sacred memorials for time to come.

Dr. Little was the son of Jessie Little, and Martha Gerrish, his wife, and was born at Boscawen, New Hampshire, March 23, 1800. He died at Madison, Indiana, February 25, 1882. His ancestors were godly people. His mother was one "who knew who were serious or accessible on the subject of religion and did what she could for them, while she brought up five sons and four daughters and had the care of a farmer's household and a dairy;" and all these nine children were born again in their tender years, seven of the nine before they were fourteen years of age.

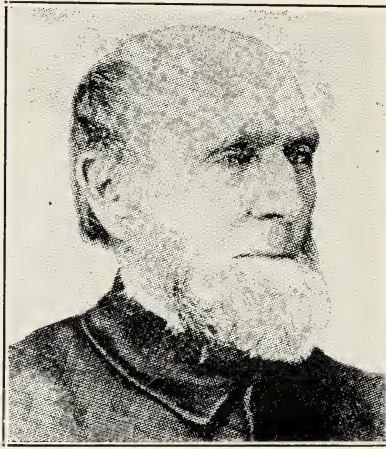
In such a family, and in the midst of such influences, Henry Little was born and nurtured and born again when he was six years old and from the first was a decided Christian. He was a zealous student in school; yet he engaged in farm work with great relish. Three winters he taught school, in the last of which he was engaged in a precious revival. When he was twenty he began to prepare for Dartmouth College, where he graduated with honor in 1826, having among his classmates such distinguished men as Prof. Milo P. Jewett, Edmund O. Hovey and Caleb Mills, for many years honored professors in Wabash College; President Larabee, of Middleberry, Vt., Dr. D. Howe Allen of Lane Seminary and, more famous still, Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the United States.

After he graduated he was elected tutor in the college, but declined the appointment and entered Andover Seminary the same year, and graduated at the end of the full course in 1829, and was ordained September 24, 1829, with fifteen other young men. Four of these were to go abroad as foreign missionaries, nine as home missionaries for the West, and three to become agents of benevolent institutions. The ordination took place on Park Street, Boston, by the Presbytery of Newburyport. The Rev. John McDowell, D. D. of Elizabethtown, N. J., preached the sermon, and Rev. Gardiner Spring, D. D., gave the right hand of fellowship.

For a year and a half he labored with Dr. Elias Cornelius in the "American Education Society." This led him into the West.

In June, 1831, he accepted a call from the Presbyterian Church of Oxford, Ohio, and proved that he was eminently fitted for the pastoral office. In two years he received 297 members into the church, chiefly on profession.

President Bishop, of the Miami University, refused to believe the representations made by the several benevolent societies who asked Dr. Little to become their special agent, that he had special talents for that work rather than for the pastoral, and he pointed to the truly remarkable record of his two years' pastoral work at Oxford. His talents as a preacher and organizer had become fully recognized at home and abroad; and the Oxford pastor was in turn solicited by four of the great missionary societies to enter their service. After a careful examination of the whole subject he resigned his pastoral charge at Oxford, and became the Western agent of the American Home Missionary Society, with headquarters at Cincinnati.



REV. HENRY LITTLE, D. D.
Father of Presbyterian Home Missions in Indiana.

He once said to a friend that the hardest trial of his life was to leave the farm, and next to that was to leave Oxford, and to finish what is to be said as to his different labors, he turned aside three times from his home missionary work, for a season, once to raise \$50,000 for the Lane Seminary, and later to raise \$10,000 for the Western Female Seminary, at Oxford. In October, 1838, he removed to Madison, Ind., and for a year and a half was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, receiving some sixty into the church. As if to show how profound his interest in the work of Home Missions, it is said he spent twenty Sabbaths in work for that society during his short pastorate at Madison. The most important and continuous work of his life was in connection with the general agency of Home Missions, from 1833 to 1861, in connection with the American Home Missionary Society; from that time until 1869, with the Presbyterian Committee of Home Missions, N. S., and from that until his death, with the Board of Home Missions. Not counting the brief interruptions already referred to, his connections with the Home Missions continued nearly forty-nine years. If we regard his work with Dr. Cornelius, a considerable part of which was in the West, as part of his missionary work, as it really was, he was identified with Home Missions in the valley of the Mississippi more than fifty years. His

term of service was not only long, but it was during a very important period. When it began, Ohio, as a State, was not thirty years old, Indiana fourteen years, and Illinois four. St. Louis had less than 6,000 people, Chicago not fifty voters, and Cincinnati, then the greatest city of the West, less than 25,000 people. Population was flowing rapidly westward, into these wilderness commonwealths. There was an amazing physical development. It is hard for one who looks at these States today to realize what they were when Dr. Little came West as a home missionary. Even Ohio was "in the stump," and a considerable part of her people dwelt in cabins. Northwestern Ohio was still a wilderness. The lower half of Indiana was but sparsely settled, and the upper half was a wilderness with only a few thousand people. It was a new country, but the far-sighted politicians even then predicted the greatness of the new States.

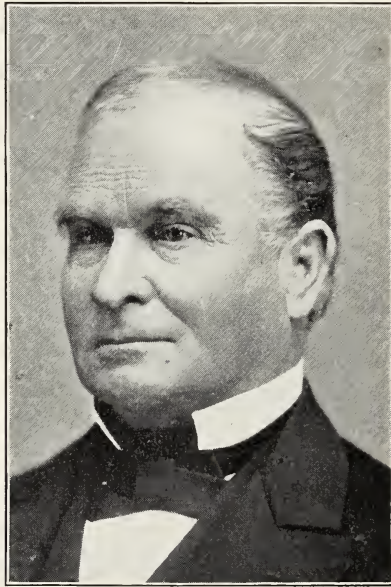
Dr. Little began his home missionary work in 1833. He resided at Cincinnati until 1838, when he removed to Madison, Indiana, which was his home until his death. His duty was two-fold, to raise money and to organize the home missionary work. Forty-three years were chiefly devoted to Indiana. I have no means of knowing how much money he raised for his work. It was considerable. His most important work was the looking after the feeble churches of Indiana, and organizing new churches; in this he has had few equals, and no superior. His qualifications for this pioneer work were peculiar. Physically he was a strong man, rarely sick, and a great worker. He once said that there had been but few days since his boyhood that he was not able to work. In a modest way he has even boasted that he took no vacations. When others were resting in midsummer, he was harvesting as a strong gospel reaper in destitute fields. Some of his most productive work was done in the hot weather, when people would gather in the woods to hear the Word.

He was a fluent and effective speaker, whom "the common people heard gladly." As a speaker he seemed proof against fatigue. To preach three times a day weeks together, hold inquiry meetings, and converse with any he met, seemed to invigorate him. He rarely declaimed. When he did, it was good to hear his glowing appeals. His preaching was conversational, and it was inspiring in its matter and earnestness. His range of sermons was not as large as if he had been a long settled pastor, but many of his discourses were very effective. He was greatly in love with his work as a preacher of the gospel, and never so happy as in a revival. There is a beautiful incident among his dying experiences, which shows this: One at his side suggested one day the thought, that the nearer we are brought to Jesus, the clearer we see our own deficiencies. Dr. Little replied, "When I was converted, and as a little boy began to lead souls to Christ—and a good many of them—people praised me, and I have always been so happy in it, that within these last two days I have doubted if I was ever born again, and had not done it at all for the praise of men!" It was very touching with his difficult speech, and his good fight fought. And adds his son, "I think it has been his single struggle, lest being so happy in turning souls to Christ, he may have done it only for the praise of men!"

I have often heard him preach. He never appeared at greater advantage than in a revival. There he was at home. His desire to save sinners seemed like a fire in his bones, a holy passion. As I have heard him, it has ceased to be a wonder that he has been honored of God in an extraordinary number of conversions

and revivals. He has often aided in revival services in the older churches, but his glory is in having been the revivalist of Home Mission fields, the waste and neglected regions. How widely, especially in Indiana, he has itinerated as a preacher of the gospel! How many new churches he has aided in forming! How many distracted churches he has healed! How many weak churches he has helped to become self-sustaining! What a preacher, what a soul-harvester, what a leader he has been!

In conversation he was full of facts on all topics, and ready to talk about the best stocks of sheep and cattle, and also to delight you with information about the cedar of Lebanon, or the hyssop that springs out of the wall. He



Father Gale of New Albany. Pioneer Presbyterian Sunday School organizer, who was a worthy contemporary of Rev. Henry Little on the Home Mission Fields of Southern Indiana.

knew men of note in church and state, and abounded in pleasing anecdotes, but never in "foolish talking or jesting." He was a charming companion. It was no wonder that children and young people were glad in his company. Indeed, in his ordinary life the Christian religion was very attractive. One who was intimately acquainted with his habits said that "for thirty-five years, chiefly in his Home Mission work, he had preached on an average about once a day—nearly thirteen thousand times! helping pastors and missionaries in their protracted revival meetings, and sometimes spending a week to wake up a congregation and secure a minister." One of his noblest speeches was in the Synod of Indiana, North. It was called out by the theory of some, that the diminishing number of ministerial candidates is caused by the hardships of ministers in the field. He spoke of the ministry

and its trials, and also of its joys. He spoke of his own work in a tone of grand exultation. It seemed as if his imagination had recalled the joy he had experienced, as "a preacher of the Word," since the time when, the winter before he left the farm, he had seen his school district swept with revival influences. He seemed to recall the revival of his senior year in college, when Chief Justice Chase, and Dr. Allen, of Lane, were converted, and the glorious revival of his Oxford pastorate. Then the painful and weary journeys, the countless meetings he had attended in the woods, barns, school-houses, and churches, all seemed rather suggested than spoken. These years had been full of hard toil and also rich fruit. Besides this, his home had been full of joy. All his children were Christians, and his four sons were ministers of the gospel in actual work. As this aged and honored servant of God spoke, he stood erect as if in conscious strength, and his face glowed, and his voice rang out clear as a young man's as he exclaimed, "Let no man waste any sympathy on me, an unworthy preacher, but a very happy one in his work, and in the sons whom Christ has counted worthy also to be ministers of the Word!"

For several months previous to his death Dr. Little suffered from a cancer in the face. Two vain attempts were made to remove it. The Synods of Indiana both passed resolutions of sympathy, and asked that he be continued in his position under the Board of Home Missions, emeritus. On the evening of September 19th, 1881, his golden wedding was celebrated by a service in the Second Presbyterian Church of Madison. It was followed by a banquet prepared by the ladies of the church. The venerable couple was the center of attraction. It was an affecting sight, not to be forgotten. The next day the Presbytery of New Albany held a special service and not only said beautiful words to "our Patriarch," but placed in his hands \$1,600 in gold, sent from friends in all parts of the missionary field in which he had wrought.

The last sickness of Dr. Little was a trying one, but it displayed his faith in Christ and hope of heaven in a very striking manner. With speech impaired, and his "countenance marred" by the disease, laid aside from the work he loved, and with time to think over the past, and to review the evidences of his hope, he had "a death-bed experience" that was almost without a cloud, and a hope of eternal life that was full of joy and confidence. His son, the Rev. Joseph Little, of Adrian, wrote these words, which may fitly close this article: "As I think back, father's chief characteristic was cheery faith; after that, relish for work, charitableness, patience, and the unvarying 'hope of glory.' No one has heard him groan through all this pain. He said of the 8th of Romans, 17th and 18th verses, 'If I walk in the Spirit, I am a son of God—don't you see? and I don't put much stress on suffering with Him here, for the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory. But I shall know enough soon to enjoy what He does, and to own it too—don't you see?' So he 'roamed toward heaven,' praising God for everything all the way."

Reverend Ninian S. Dickey's Reminiscences of Reverend Henry Little

WHEN QUITE a boy, sometime in the thirties, I first met Mr. Little. I think it was at a meeting of the Presbytery held at the old Pisgah (now New Washington) Church, of which my father was pastor. His social, pleasant manner, and earnest, eloquent sermons and addresses, gave him a warm place in the affections of the people, and he was at once a favorite. "Not a bit stuck up." "He is not like many Yankees: you are acquainted with him at once, and oh, how interesting his talks are!" "I don't care how often it comes his time to preach, I could listen to him all day," are samples of the expressions concerning him by people who saw and heard him for the first time.

Meetings of Presbyteries and Synods in those early days were feasts of fat things to the people. They came from far and near; the world did not drive them as it does now, at railroad speed, and ministers and people did not think of leaving until the close of the session which usually lasted about a week. Besides the ordinary business, two and sometimes three sermons per day were delivered, and seasons of great spiritual comfort and blessing were enjoyed. Ministers were expected to deliver their best sermons, and each in turn was given an opportunity. Preparations for entertaining all who came were made before hand, and great opportunities for social and religious influence were afforded to preachers as well as laymen.

Throughout his long and useful life Mr. Little's company was sought and enjoyed. "He is never in the way, and how comforting and instructive his talks." His fame as a preacher spread through all the country and many rode long distances to hear him. His style of preaching was conversational and Biblical. One lady who had heard much of his ability as a preacher expressed a strong desire to hear him. After an opportunity to listen to several of his sermons, she said in reference to him: "He doesn't preach at all; he only talks. But he is the best talker I ever heard. How instructive, how interesting; I never tire hearing him."

He was in the same class in college with Chief Justice Chase, and, as I have heard some of their classmates say, "outranked that noted statesman and judge in scholarship." He was at home wherever he was called to act, even if to examine candidates for the ministry in Hebrew or Greek or Latin, in theology, ecclesiastical history, or church polity. He never made long speeches in the Presbytery or the Synod, but was so clear and pointed that usually little was left to be said, and he usually carried his cause.

Presbyterian ministers did much to secure the establishment of our system of free schools in Indiana, and Mr. Little was not a whit behind any of them in his efforts and influence. Wherever he went somehow the way opened for

one of his telling speeches in favor of universal education. For a special sermon on almost any subject he was ready. He seemed rather to seek to have others deliver these special sermons and addresses, to call them out and help them to attain a standing, but whenever a duty was assigned him he never sought to be excused or failed.

Called once, with others, to address a large company at an agricultural fair, he so eclipsed other speakers for his knowledge and common sense that the farmers at once accorded to him the first place as interesting and useful.

Mr. Little was a money gatherer, considering the times in which he lived, a wonderful collector. Others have noticed his gathering of thousands for literary and theological institutions. In all this work of money-gathering he never forgot his life work. I have often heard him from the pulpit present benevolent causes, but never except as adjuncts of the Gospel.

When I was a student at Lane Seminary he came, as was the custom with agents in those days, to present the cause of Home Missions and take the collections from the seminary church. Just before the time for service he came to my room and asked for a concordance and a scrap of paper, saying, "I made a new sermon as I came up on the boat last night, and I want to mark a few texts to use and a head or two." He looked up his scriptures and wrote, talking all the while in an animated way on entirely different subjects. I remember thinking, "If you set all those texts down correctly, I will give you credit for ability to talk incessantly and earnestly on one subject and write correctly on another." As he delivered his sermon I watched to see how this would be. I had often heard him preach, but never saw him at a loss for a word. And but for my marking the writing as I did, perhaps should not have noticed any hesitation at this time; but when he came to turn to two or three of the noted passages they were not what he supposed. Hesitating but for a moment, he gave the sense of the scriptures he wanted and went on.

He preached a capital sermon, which so aroused Dr. Beecher that he arose in his pew and stood, manifesting the deepest interest, and as soon as Dr. Little ended his sermon, broke out in one of his impassioned eloquent exhortations. Dr. Allen, who was in charge of that collection, called to me to gather the money in the choir galley. This I did, and at the close of the service carried it to the table where it was counted, and the announcement made that it was the largest sum that congregation had ever given.

"I am glad of that," said Dr. Little, "for I felt that I had not preached as well as I ought." "Don't feel that way; you preached Paul, and he can beat any of us," said Dr. Beecher.

Mr. Little would take anything valuable offered him for his cause. He once presented the cause of Home Missions to my father's congregation. Monday morning a doctor said to him: "Brother Little, I did not have much money to give you yesterday, but if you can use her I will give you a good cow and send a boy to help drive her to your city." "Thank you; I'll take her," and in a few hours she had been driven eighteen miles and was safely housed in his stable, and the Home Mission cause the price of her benefitted.

Dr. Stowe, of Lane Seminary, said to him: "Brother Little, if you know a good minister to whom to give my horse, you may take him along." "I know the very man," and he gave the horse to Rev. Thomas S. Milligan, who rode

him largely for years over Indiana, where he preached, and wisely laid foundations and fortified Home Mission churches.

For a time Mr. Little's field included Ohio and Kentucky, and perhaps other States. Rev. Wm. Dickey, a cousin of my father, was pastor of one of the large churches in Ohio. He had always been a friend of the American Home Missionary Society, and after the division of the church in 1837-'38, though he remained in his Presbytery with the Old School, he invited the agents of the American Home Mission Society and of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to take collection from his people. Mr. Little had often been with the people as a minister of the Gospel and agent for the benevolent work. Mr. Dickey's church also gave to the Assembly Boards of the Old School.

One year Rev. Dr. Scovel, once President of Hanover College, as agent of the Board of Home Missions (Old School) and Mr. Little as agent of the Home Missions (New School), met at Mr. Dickey's church. Dr. Scovel was first present on the ground, and on Saturday, when Mr. Little walked into Mr. Dickey's house the pastor gave him cordial greeting, but said: "First come first served." Dr. Scovel is ahead of you and you will have to take the afternoon. This is the best we can do, as you are both here for a like purpose." "Very well," said Mr. Little, nothing ruffled. (Who ever saw him showing a bad temper?) "But your horse, I will have him cared for," said Mr. Dickey. "I have no horse, I walked from——, where the stage stopped," replied Mr. Little. "You have saddlebags and I supposed you had a horse," said Mr. Dickey. "Oh, I have come for a horse. You know your people are accustomed to give me one." "I fear you will be disappointed this time. I know of no prospect for a horse this year."

Sabbath morning Dr. Scovel, noted as a successful solicitor for benevolent causes, forcibly presented his cause in a good, long discourse, and received \$75, in those days counted a good contribution.

In the afternoon Mr. Little preached one of his clear, earnest Gospel sermons, and in a few minutes, at the close, presented the cause of Home Missions for the Society he represented. when the contributions were counted, the sum was the same of the morning contribution, \$75.

Mr. Dickey told some of his people the story of the saddle-bags, and of Mr. Little saying he had come for a horse. They consulted together and bought a young horse from one of the members, who threw in his full share of the price and gave him to Mr. Little. After the sermon and collection, Mr. Little went home with one of the well-to-do families in the country, that he might in the morning see a man who always gave to the cause, but was not present in the afternoon.

The sermon had made a deep impression, and as he rode in the carriage with those who were to entertain him, the gentleman addressed his wife, saying, 'What do you say to us giving John to the home missionary cause?' John was the best horse he had, then with another drawing the carriage, a favorite with his wife. To his surprise she at once assented, and in the morning John was ready for some home missionary to ride.

Bright and early Mr. Little was at the house of the one absent from church the day before. The man was looking after his sheep in the pasture near the house. He could give a good reason for his absence from the house of God. They

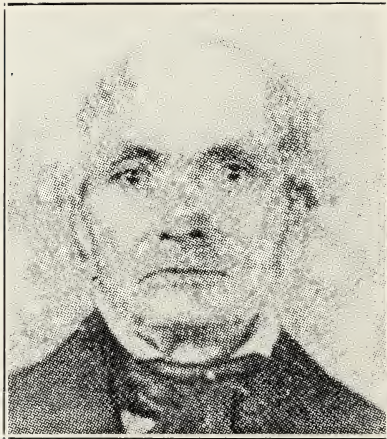
began to talk of sheep, and the farmer soon found that the preacher, who had been trained in early life on a farm, knew more about sheep and the good points about a horse. They went to the pasture. There they found fifteen or twenty horses. "Now I want you to pick out the best horse in that lot." After a few minutes' close examination, he pointed out the one he considered and was proceeding to give reasons for his choice when the man stopped him, saying: "You are a good judge; he is the best of the lot. I can't preach the Gospel, but if you can make that horse help to do it, take him along." So Mr. Little went home with \$75 in his pocket and three horses for home missionaries.

This story I often heard in the home of my father, who was a close friend of his cousin, and I suppose learned the facts from his relative. I never heard of Mr. Little speaking of it; he was never a man to blaze abroad his own acts. He was a great and good man, but modest with all and unassuming.

In my early ministry he preached often for me in protracted meetings, for weeks at a time, and solved for me and others knotty points in theology as no other man ever did. The lessons I got from him in practical church matters have been of priceless value. Especially did I prize his instructions to inquirers anxious to be saved. In one of the last series of meetings in which I had his help for ten or twelve days when many turned unto the Lord, I said to him: "Brother Little, I want to thank you for the many kind acts you have done, and especially for your teaching me how to work. I owe much to Drs. Lyman Beecher, Calvin E. Stowe and D. Howe Allen, my teachers in the theological seminary, but I feel that in real work for my Christ and trust in Him, I have learned more from you than from them all."

Speaking thus from the impulse of the moment, having just closed a meeting where hearts were melted and souls found the new life, and knowing his characteristic modesty, I feared he might think me a flatterer and be mortified, but I was glad to find he believed me sincere and received my words as a mark of regard.

Some would not class Dr. Little with the great preachers of the land, but if success in turning men to God, and in building up the church is a mark of greatness, he had few equals in his day.



JOHN VAWTER

CHAPTER XXXI

Pageant Episodes of Old Vernon Town

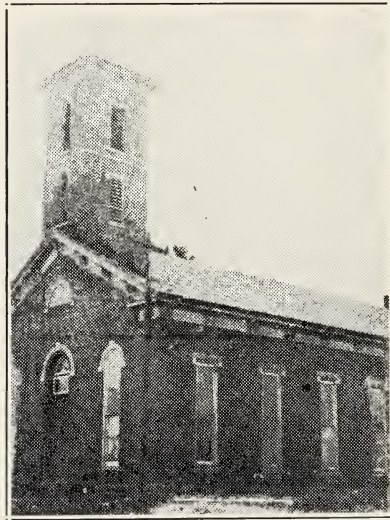
IF national history is often local history enacted and written large, then state history is often family history truly or worthily lived and written.

Especially is this true of a great and classic book of local history in Southern Indiana, "The History of the Vawter Family," by Mrs. Grace Vawter Bicknell, a highly cultured and distinguished descendant of the Vawter family, and the wife of the famous first Secretary of the Board of State Charities of Indiana and National Director of the American Red Cross for many years. The book is dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Bicknell's father, Archilles Vawter, whose wisdom and gentleness were ever a source of comfort and strength to the devoted daughter. This good man had some old faded and tattered family records in his possession, which he had received from his father. In looking over these the idea came to the daughter to amplify and preserve them in a way befitting the subject. So she spent five years in correspondence with the various branches of the Vawter family, visited the venerable and still surviving members of the Vawter connection and searched national and state archives for reliable data until she had assembled material sufficient for a volume of over 400 pages. The book was published in 1905, just twenty-two years ago, and the edition was speedily exhausted, for there is not a single copy to be had at any price today, and there are only two copies in Jennings county Indiana, the ancient seat and settlement of the Vawters after their migration from Virginia and Kentucky a century ago. This lack of copies is a calamity pure and simple, for in the pages of this book is the very earliest history of Madison, Old Vernon, and all the classic Hoosier School Master region round about. We had to wait nearly a year before we were privileged to see the book ourselves—one of the two copies in Jennings county, possessed by Mrs. Kate Storey Dixon, wife of Hon. Lincoln Dixon, of North Vernon. Families like the Dixons are the very Flower and Fruit of the Family Tree at its best, according to the latest scientific volume of Albert Edward Wiggam, noted social writer of Vernon, Indiana, and New York City.

THE VAWTER PIONEERS

Mrs. Bicknell discusses the evolution of the family name of Vawter from French sources, Vautier and Valletort, by way of England in the time of Henry the First. The name is changed about 1100 and finally was simplified to Vaulter and Vawter about 1685, when three brothers, John, Bartholomew and Angus came from Plymouth, as is supposed, to Virginia. Mrs. Bicknell gives the names of the known descendants of this first John Vawter, who was

the progenitor of the Indiana Vawters. The family story is of equal interest and importance in Oldham and Trimble counties, Kentucky, because the early Baptist ministers of this family planted homes and churches along the Ohio Valley above us and were identified with the earliest tides of emigration that flowed around Harrodsburg, Lexington, Frankfort, and down here in our own ancient settlement of Brownsboro. There are scores and hundreds of this same family name and descent scattered all over Kentucky and surrounding states, not to mention the far West, which fact proves their progressive spirit and enterprise. Smith William Storey, son of Thomas J. and Jane Vawter Storey, of Vernon, Indiana, father of Mrs. Lincoln Dixon, "while a mere youth, made the overland trip to the Pacific, driving an ox wagon, and for several years



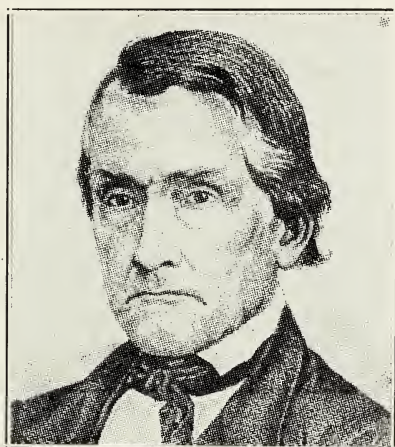
OLD VERNON BAPTIST CHURCH
Founded by John Vawter in 1816.

endured the hardships and dangers of a frontiersman and miner in California and Oregon. Returning to Vernon, he engaged in the drug business, in which he continued until his death. Smith William Storey was an elder in the Vernon Presbyterian Church; was superintendent of the Sunday School for twenty-five years; was an organizer and promoter of the first bank in Vernon; was a director and from 1895 until his death was President of the First National Bank."

REVEREND JESSE VAWTER

It was desired to work the Vawter family story into a Centennial Pageant of Old Vernon Town. Jesse Vawter, the progenitor of the family in Kentucky and Southern Indiana, was born in Virginia, December 1, 1755, christened in the Episcopal Church as an infant and brought up a mechanic. He learned coopering, wood carpentering and joining and was also a millwright. He attend-

ed school in childhood and spent ten years in farming. He served a while in the Revolutionary struggle and passed back and forth as a pioneer in Southwestern Virginia and Kentucky. He is pictured as a quiet, thrifty, brown-eyed, peace-loving man. His own granddaughter says he was of a gentle nature, that everybody loved him, that the children ran to meet and kiss him when he came up from Madison to Vernon to visit the family. He had lost an eye, and the children would slip up on his blind side and kiss him, and he would jump up as though surprised, for he had great patience and good humor with children. He was a pioneer Baptist preacher, rode horseback everywhere, and was the great peace-maker of his denomination. Perhaps the most significant impersonation of him in a pageant would be as a pioneer man of God. His wife, Elizabeth, would make an amusing contrast, for she was an outstanding character, who overawed the grandchildren. She was a brisk and precise housekeeper, chasing flies out



Rev. Beverly Vawter, (1789-1872) cousin of John Vawter and founder of the Vernon Christian Church. A strong and original character and contemporary pastor with John Finley Crowe.

of her house and down to the Ohio River. She scrubbed even the stumps in her dooryard, people said. She was an intrepid companion of her husband across the mountains to Kentucky, and was the mother of this unusual family. The one typical scene in their migration would be a campfire in the woods and the fireside at home in the cabin. Fire was a typical, characteristic word to them. Jesse Vawter was converted sometime after he heard a sermon on the text from Isaiah, "Who among us shall dwell with devouring fire; who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" He sought peace a good while before he found it, but the Pillar of Cloud by day and the Pillar of Fire by night guided him and his family in their pioneer pilgrimages as surely as they did Israel of old. Fire was not only symbolic of punishment but of purification; and the most impressive scene on their migration from Virginia to Kentucky is thus described by Jesse Vawter's son John, who was a lad of eight years when they crossed the mountains in 1790:

"We waited at Bean's Station for additional immigrants to meet and increase the safety of the company in their march through the wilderness. They did not come. While at the station we were greatly alarmed one night by some cow-drivers throwing a bundle of cane on the fire. It made a great noise while burning. We decided to move on, though few in number. I remember that a raven for several days advanced ahead of us, alighting on the trees and keeping up a continual squawking. * * * I remember well seeing bones of individuals who had been killed by the Indians and their bodies buried so close to the surface that the wolves had dragged them out of the Indian blinds, behind which they concealed themselves. These were made of bushes stuck in the ground. At the time we saw them the bushes were dry."

JOHN VAWTER OF VERNON

Coming now to the life story of John Vawter, we could picture him in the primitive backwoods school, with the fun and frolic of locking out the teacher and also getting a whipping, undeserved, for being accused of cutting off the tails of the teacher's pigs. He determined to whip the teacher in revenge when grown up; but John gave up the idea as he got older. He was also a primitive mill-boy, like Henry Clay, and had more than one severe fall from a horse enroute over the rocky roads. Jesse Vawter and six or eight other Kentuckians from Franklin and Scott Counties migrated to Port William, or Carrolton, on the Ohio, and in a pirogue floated down to the site of Madison, opposite Milton, at the very beginning of the last century. The pirogue carried their provision and the horses swam the river at the side. They camped in the woods at the upper end of Madison, and by day divided into companies and explored up and down and around Hanover, Clifty Falls and other points so familiar now to the tourist of our time.

PAGEANT SCENES OF INDIAN DAYS

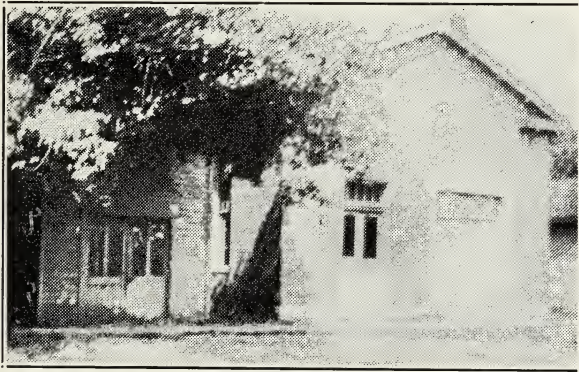
In the First Day Scene of the settlement of Old Vernon, we would picture John Vawter there in 1813, with rifle on shoulder, strikingly like Daniel Boone as an explorer. He stands in contemplation of the beautiful woods and hills and winding Muscatatuck River. Sensitive to Nature's loveliness, he determined to make this his future home.

The First Night Scene would be a background of green boughs. John Vawter is by a campfire on an island, heavily wooded with great timber, just south of Vernon. He went to the island at night as a precaution against Indians and wolves. He is toasting his bacon by the campfire. The savory odor draws wolves from the forest. He eats supper with rifle at his feet, looking around cautiously the while. Perhaps he has more fear of wolves than of Indians because the wolves were at hand howling hungrily. So he kindles a circle of flame around him and lies down to rest. This seems to have been while building the solitary cabin on the site of Vernon before his family came.

The Second Day Scene of the Vernon settlement pictures John Vawter with surveying instruments leaving home for his work as U. S. Surveyor in the woods. He perhaps had companions staying with him in the cabin who assisted in the surveying. "He planted the town in 1815 and moved there

the same year," says the historian. "At this time there was but one white family in Jennings county. In this wilderness Col. Vawter left his young wife and little children while he went upon his surveying tours, giving them strict instructions that no Indians be allowed to enter the house or get any liquor.

"One day, soon after Col. Vawter left home, two Indians came to the door, and, pushing in without leave, demanded firewater. Mrs. Vawter told them she had none for them, and to appease their anger brought out some ribbon. They were delighted with the gift of a yard or two apiece of orange colored ribbon. Smith Vawter, the small son of Col. Vawter, was sitting in the chimney corner watching the savages with absorbing interest, when one of them suddenly sprang to his feet, with a blood-curdling war-whoop and swinging his tomahawk high in the air, stood with it poised over the boy's head for what seemed an age to the boy, who thought his time had come, but who looked the savage calmly in the eye. The Indian dropped the tomahawk and sat down, saying that he was a brave boy and would make a heap good Indian.



OLD VERNON CHRISTIAN CHURCH

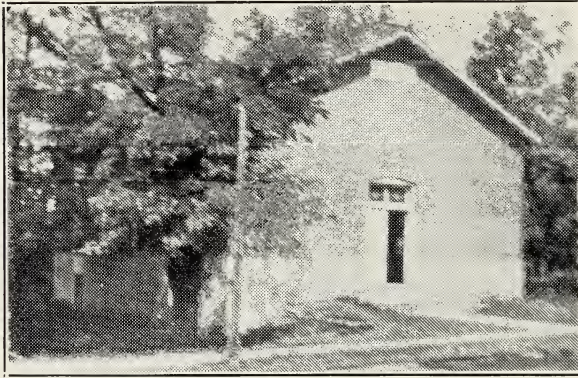
Founded by Rev. Beverley Vawter.

The Indians then ransacked the cabin for liquor and, finding a treasured bottle of peach brandy, each took a drink, and generously leaving the bottle, departed."

The Third Day Scene would represent the Indian Chief who controlled the entire region around Madison and Vernon. Says the historian: "This country belonged to old Captain White Eyes and his breed. White Eyes pretended to be a big chief and friendly to the whites, but there was no dependence in him. He was a bold-looking jockey, rather sassy, about thirty years old and not short of six feet in height. He wore the Indian garb—breech clout, leggings and moccasins, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders. His leggings were of dark blue or black woolen cloth; they knew what was good and wouldn't buy it if it wasn't. His hair was long and black and had buzzard's quills stuck around in it. He always carried a gun and a tomahawk. His tomahawk was made with a pipe in the pole. He was the biggest Indian in his tribe, the Pottawatomies. The tribe came from out on the Wabash. There were well on to a hundred with White Eyes."

Indian habits are thus described: The camp was on a little knoll. All about it the bark was pulled off the trees and set on end for shelter. Trees were peeled as high as they could reach for a good bit around, as they had about fifteen wigwams. Indians wouldn't go into a house and sit down in a chair to eat from a table—they would get down on their knees around the table and take things off the plates with their hands. They mostly ate meat." The red men are then pictured as eating off one end of a meat chunk with the dogs gnawing at the other. Indians thought highly of their dogs. It is a peculiar fact that John Vawter had a positive antipathy towards dogs and tobacco, which may have originated in the repulsive sights and incidents he witnessed among the red men. An amusing word about this is given by the Vawter historian:

"Col. Vawter was very particular about his person. He had a clean shave every morning and bathed his feet every night before going to bed. Chief among



Old Vernon Methodist Church, organized in 1817 at the Prather Home on the Hinchman Farm of later years. Camp meetings were held there. The Prathers came from Charlestown. The earliest pastors on record were Henry Buell (1827), J. T. Johnson (1828), John Kearns (1829), Isaac Elsbury (1831), Joshua Law (1833), T. Gunn (1834), W. W. Hibben (1832), Geo. K. Hester (1836, Miles Huf-faker (1837), Coustaub B. Jones (1838). This church has many noble traditions of outstanding families in Vernon history.

the peculiarities of Col. Vawter was an intense antipathy to dogs and to tobacco. If a friend called at his home, who had unfortunately allowed his dog to follow him, he was left standing at the door with outstretched hand while his host gave chase to the dog and securely fastened it without the gate. He sometimes descended from the lofty pulpit of the old Baptist church, in the midst of his sermon, in pursuit of an unlucky canine that had chanced to wander in. He would chase it around and out of the door, then would mount the steps and go on preaching as if that were part of the program.

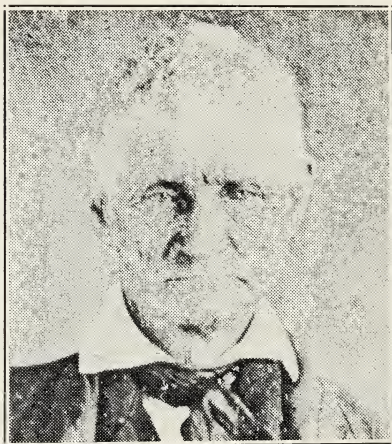
"At the Baptist Association once in Vernon Col. Vawter, who was very hospitable, said: 'Now I have a new house out here, and I want you all to come to my house for dinner. I will entertain you every one and you are welcome; but I don't want any one to bring dogs or to spit on my clean floors.'

Indian Terror of 1812 Across the Ohio

THERE was a James Burns who married a Mariah Vawter. He was born in Virginia and came to Kentucky in a wagon with the pioneers in 1794. He removed to Ohio some years later and was in Fort Washington on the site of Cincinnati when only a few scattering houses stood in the vicinity. He was in the Ohio militia enrolled to fight off the red men, and he took part in the attempt to intercept Aaron Burr on his way to New Orleans. James Burns came to Madison, Indiana, in 1814 from Cincinnati with two other men and their families on a roofed-over flat-boat one hundred feet long. It took three days to make the trip. Madison was as primitive then as Cincinnati. Burns said as they went up town from the flat-boat they found everybody sitting around watching for Indians. The terror of the recent Pigeon Roost Massacre over in Scott County, Indiana, above where Underwood now stands, was still upon the pioneers like a spell. Burns and his companions took their guns and set out to explore the country to the north of Madison some miles. There was a block house on Clifty Creek and one on Harbert's Creek, near the present little village of Wirt. The people at the Harbert Creek blockhouse took them for Indians and closed the gates on them. It took a lot of helling to convince the fort folks that they were friendly, as they were eyed suspiciously even when they entered. William Harbert, the first white settler in this region, had come with his family in 1811, before the War of 1812 began; and even as late as 1814, when this man Burns moved out to Wirt with his family, the whole community was in a panic of fear from the red men. Says he:

"We all lived in the block-house and were in continual fear of the Indians. Every night we kept guard, and Judge Dunn of Hanover passed once or twice each week with his rangers. The Indians came in sight frequently, threatening us. Several persons that had wandered off in the woods hunting disappeared and were never afterwards heard of, no doubt having been murdered or carried away by the Indians. The block-house stood about fifteen rods east of my late residence at Wirt. * * * * The block-house was a square inclosure about one-half an acre. In each of the four corners were log houses built unusually strong. The upper part hung over on the outside to prevent the Indians climbing up on the roof, and all the sides were pierced with port holes. There were other houses close up to the picket walls, which served to strengthen the pickets. The picket was a fence of high, heavy posts driven in the ground and sharpened on the ends. There was a gate on the north side of the fort and one on the east. Inside the fort was a hollow square, all the houses being close up to the walls."

The block-house was built for the safety of the families who settled in the vicinity of Wirt, so that they could come together for united defense in case of Indian attack. A fine spring of water was close at hand. Buckskin breeches and hunting shirts were the garb of the men. There was abundance of game and the entire country was being disputed between the whites and Indians. This was the region ruled over by Old White Eyes and his red men followers. They possessed ponies to transport their stuff. Old White Eyes was well mounted. The squaws carried the corn in a bucket swung over their backs, with the ends supported against their foreheads. The red men traded when there was not open war with the whites: and they brought jugs for liquor. They usually got well filled before they left the white settlements. Old White Eyes was never without



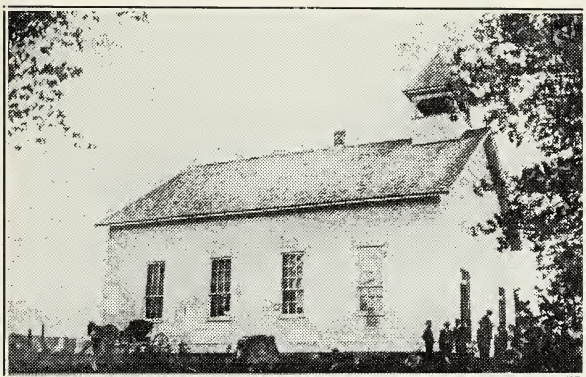
John Lattimore, Born March 1, 1778, Died September 11, 1859. The first pioneer of Old Graham Presbyterian Church, Jennings County, Indiana. Settled upon the opposite bank of Graham Creek in 1811. One of the first settlers and elders in the old church there, where he lived and died. He and his family came from the Carolinas when the Indians were still hostile about Madison. Friendly red men gave him warning one time to remove his family to the block house in Madison and escape massacre. His wife, Isabella, was born July 27, 1782, and died February 16, 1821. These pioneers came from Virginia, the Carolinas, Tennessee and Kentucky, where they had been God-fearing people. Old Graham Church was first a log house. John Lattimore and family, Walter Carson and family, James Mitchell and wife and Thomas Graham and family settled nearest to the church. These families, with seventeen persons, make up the first membership.

some thirty or forty or a hundred warriors as a rule; but as the deadly hatred engendered by the Pigeon Roost Massacre cooled off a little he felt safe in roving about with a much smaller number. It seems that this massacre practically terminated the open conflict with the whites, though the hostile feeling lasted a long while. Here is what one old settler says about it, giving at the same time a graphic picture of the Big Chief in question:

"After the Pigeon Roost Massacre we had no further trouble with hostile Indians. The friendly ones, however, were continually prowling around doing all the mischief in their power. The Indians frequently cut across our land when out hunting. One day a party of eight or ten came along, and all were

drunk but one. Old White Eyes was with them. They had not gone far before I heard a crash, and looking around I saw that one Indian had fallen off his horse and was sprawling on the ground with his five or six guns about him. The sober one spent some time trying to get him mounted, but before his task was accomplished quite a crowd of spectators had assembled, who enjoyed the fun very much.

"Shortly after this Old White Eyes entered a house and found a woman making soap. By threatening her he compelled her to drink a half pint of strong lye and then left. Her husband returned in a few moments and gave her an emetic which relieved her sufferings. Then the husband gathered together two or three men and went in search of the Indian, intending to kill him, but failed



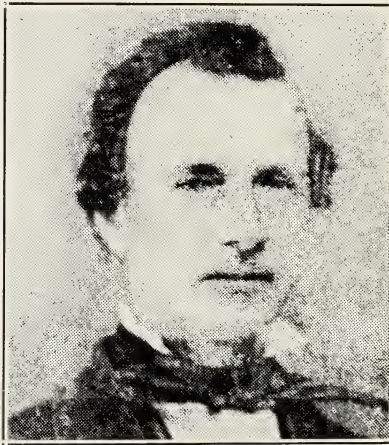
Old Graham Presbyterian Church, mother church of all others of this faith in Jennings County, Indiana. The pastors were: Nathan B. Darrow, organizer, August 10, 1817. Then came Rev. John Parsons, 1832, assisted by Rev. Mr. Gray, John F. Crowe and Dr. Blythe, 1833-34. Rev. G. B. Bishop and Rev. Wm. Bell, 1835. Rev. Daniel Lattimore, son of John Lattimore, called in 1836, assisted by others, as he was pastor of the Vernon Church. Rev. Mr. Dunning, the cultured and scholarly teacher of Vernon Academy, came in 1848. Rev. J. M. Stone in 1854. Rev. John B. Sage in 1855. Pastor Lattimore continued the active pastor, with these others assisting, for about twenty years. The present building was completed and paid for from 1852 to 1857 under Pastor Lattimore. Rev. J. L. McKeehan and C. K. Thompson 1868. Jas. McRea and J. C. Burt served between 1868-1881. In 1881 the Rev. Walter O. Lattimore, son of Daniel Lattimore, conducted the greatest revival in the history of the church. Even the mud and rain had no effect on the people; and the church was fully restored. In 100 years 26 ministers served 500 members and 12 ministers went out from the church. Rev. Daniel Simpson, the present pastor, is a namesake of Daniel Lattimore, and one of 4 ministers descended from old pioneer John Lattimore. The Centennial Anniversary, August 10, 1917, was a great reunion and time of rejoicing, with a sermon by Rev. Henry H. Rogers and a sketch of the church by Walter M. Carson.

to find him. Shortly afterwards, White Eyes turned up in Scott county, to the terror of all the inhabitants. Old Doctor Hicks, thinking to rid them of him, gave him poison in whiskey, but gave him too much; and, instead of having the desired effect, it acted as an emetic. White Eyes did not appreciate such hospitality and left for 'parts unknown.'"

From other pioneer recollections in the Vawter Family History we gather tradition of the gradual disappearance of the red men from the region between Vernon and Madison. Thomas Roseberry, of Graham Township, said: "When

the Pigeon Roost Massacre occurred the settlers were terror-stricken and went to the block-house on the farm of George Campbell. During these alarming times the farmers guarded the women with guns in hand while the cows were being milked. Guns were also carried on plows while plowing the ground. Old White Eyes visited our folks sometimes, after the massacre, and pretended to be friendly. He always had an aversion to white babies, and he said that all those whose heads were not shaped to suit him ought to be tomahawked."

A certain Col. Hiram Prather, who lived in Jennings county, Indiana, gives us unusual light on the camping-place and final migration of the red men from that vicinity: "The Indians were encamped on the South Ford of the Muscatatuck Creek, their camp extending several miles up the creek. They were under the control of Captain White Eyes and Big John. Bill Killbuck seemed



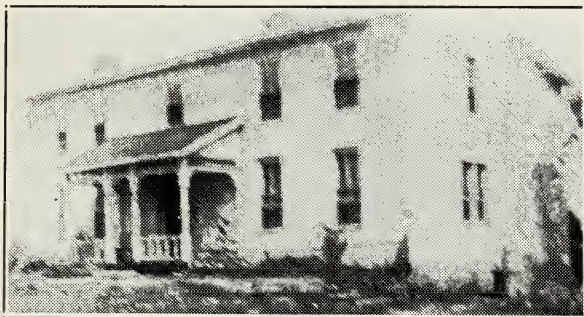
Rev. Daniel Lattimore, born in North Carolina, February 21, 1804, died as pastor of Old Vernon and Graham Churches, March 7, 1857. His wife, Martha Lattimore, was born in 1803 and died in 1877. He was a giant in stature and had a splendid mind; but the chances for education were few. He was one of the first five pupils under Rev. John Finley Crowe at Hanover when the college was founded. He was living on the farm, married and the father of two children when his conversion and call to the ministry changed his whole life. He paid for his living and education by his manual labor. He entered "the school of the prophets" at Hanover, which afterward grew into McCormick Theological Seminary at Chicago. He became a splendid preacher and most loveable pastor and remained true to his home churches and people until his untimely death at Vernon in 1857.

to be their chief. He was half white, could read and write, and was the son of Old Killbuck, who was killed by Captain Collins near the Pigeon Roost Settlement the evening before the Massacre. These Indians were Delawares and Potawattomies. In the spring of 1817 they left their camp and by hundreds passed our cabin going west. They used to trade with our folks, selling baskets, dressed skins, bead work, etc."

Now this account of the red men in the vicinity of Old Vernon and Madison is anything but idyllic. It is not only colored by the inevitable race antipathy of the time, but the Indian people are pictured as cunning, drunken and degenerate.

erate wretches who should have been exterminated without mercy or remorse. But today, one hundred years after the passions and prejudices and untruth of the fierce grapple between the whites for possession and the red men against being dispossessed of their ancestral hold on the soil of the Ohio Valley, we may republish here a story that was told of the Pigeon Roost Massacre which throws an entirely different light upon the entire period and episode of history. We append this story entire from another volume of home history:

"And now again we come to the story of the Pigeon Roost Massacre, which occurred September 3, 1812, twenty-three miles north of Jeffersonville, near the present site of Underwood and Vienna, and spread such terror throughout all Southern Indiana and Kentucky. History has long agitated the question who was responsible for this massacre. We gave the authentic story in the opening chapter of our history some years ago; but recent research has unearthed an invaluable version which a writer in the Indianapolis News gathered from local tradition a few years ago, and which we give here, with full credit to the author:

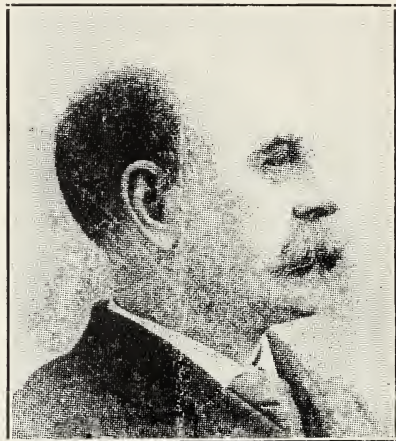


THE LATTIMORE HOME, VERNON.
Old Presbyterian Manse, opposite church.

"Soon after the Battle of Tippecanoe, November 11, 1811, there drifted into Union Township, in the northwest part of Clark county, a band of fifty Indians with their squaws and children, headed by a chief, according to the word handed down by descendants of Clark county pioneers. He was tall, well-built, strong, and in the prime of manhood. His face was of the classical Roman type. He was a man of dignity, taciturnity, and sternness. He had only one wife, to whom he was devoted, and besides her he had a beautiful daughter and two stalwart sons. It was whispered among the Indians that he had been at the battle of Fallen Timber, where the Indians were defeated by Mad Anthony Wayne, and that he had joined Tecumseh and the Prophet and fought at Tippecanoe. The Indians of his band—Delawares—assert that he had been a chief, wise in council, great in war, splendid in oratory, and second only to Tecumseh. However, he never spoke of himself to a white man. Indeed, he seldom spoke to the whites.

"In Union Township he and his followers squatted on a farm owned by the father of George Townsend, grandfather of Mrs. H. Freeman, of Indian-

apolis. He was known as Chief Killbuck. He was a great hunter and trapper, and was often seen chasing game, but the whites were not familiar with him, for they feared him, although he had given them no cause for apprehension. It is told that he was strictly honorable in all his dealings and insisted on the same course from his men; and he was careful to give no offense. It is quite certain that no neighbor suffered at his hands.



Rev. Walter O. Lattimore, Evangelist, son of Rev. Daniel Lattimore, lived in the Manse at Vernon. Educated there and volunteered with his brothers in 1861, becoming First Lieutenant in the Union Army. At the time under 18 years of age and never had been away from home influences. Had never tasted liquor or played cards. His regiment was officered by young men old in dissipation. He gave way to temptation very soon and laughed at the cautions of wiser men. He became the slave of evil habits and when he resigned from the Army in 1870 he made a desperate effort to straighten up. He had a terrible struggle for six years. He seems to have married and reared children, for his people tell how his wife left him till he could do better; and one night his little girl, who remained with him, was his only solace. He had secreted poison or a pistol to end his misery that night, but his little girl calling for her mother softened him, so that he regained self-control and postponed the dreadful deed of self-destruction. In the fall of 1876 he had gone on his way to the Northwest to escape from home and loved ones with the promise to be a better man. But in Chicago he gave up to the wildest debauchery and dissipation. He destroyed all evidence of identity; but by chance dropped into the tabernacle of Whittle and Bliss. He was stupified with liquor and hated the sight of human beings. Ira D. Sankey was singing the stanza:

"Sowing the seed of a lingering pain;
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain;
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name;
Sowing the seed of Eternal Shame;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?"

The song brought Old Vernon and all the tender home ties back to memory; and he rushed out of the Tabernacle like a hunted animal. For two weeks he fought against his convictions, but finally, on his knees he gave up to God. His conversion and call to the ministry constitute a wonderful story of saving grace.

"Trouble, however, was inevitable. The buffalo had disappeared; the deer and other game became scarce; the little patches of corn could not, in the nature of things, keep the Indian band alive. In addition, the Delawares must have felt the soreness of defeat and the whites' injustice, which had deprived them of their land and possessions. In the trading of pelts for meal and other necessities, they were often cheated.

"During the winter after their coming, an incident occurred which nearly fanned the smouldering ill-feeling among the bucks into a flame. One day a young man, a runner, disappeared, and the Indians accused the whites of killing the boy. The whites, in a fear and trembling, wished to prove their innocence, and took the trail with the Indians. The trail disappeared at a sycamore tree on the bank of Wolfe Creek, where the town of Henryville now stands. Again, an attempt was made to find some trace. Finally, one of the settlers who halted at the tree, heard a feeble scratching in the tree. He obtained a hatchet and found the tree hollow. The Indian, starved and exhausted, had climbed the tree after a coon and had fallen in.

"Almost immediately after this incident, which frightened the settlers, a tragedy followed, five miles east of Killbuck Camp, but evidently neither he nor his men were responsible for it. At the headwaters of Silver Creek, near Henryville, an old man, Huffman, was standing in the door of his log house one Sunday evening, when there was suddenly a crack of a rifle and he fell dead. His wife and daughter, trying to escape by the back door, were also killed. A young son was carried away captive. Another son hid in a hollow log and escaped. The case of the captured boy attracted national attention; and twelve years later, Jonathan Jennings, then Congressman, obtained \$500 for his ransom, and the young man, by that time twenty-one years old, was brought back from Canada, where he had been sold to French traders.

"For a time he lived with Colonel Jesse B. Durham, at Vallonia, Jackson county, but he preferred the wild life and soon disappeared. Inquiry for him and descendents was made through local papers twenty years ago but without result. Killbuck and his people were at once suspected of these murders, but were evidently not guilty. They were more probably committed by a roving band from the North. But though Killbuck held his followers under strict hand, the tension was near the breaking-point; and if local tradition is right, it culminated in the Pigeon Roost Massacre, in which twenty-four persons, (three men, five women and sixteen children) lost their lives near Vienna, Scott county.

"Locally, the story was that Killbuck had bargained with William Collins for a peck of corn meal, but when he came to his wigwam and emptied the sack, he found it was half full of bran. Then he flew into a rage, denounced the whites as the robbers of the Indians' lands, requiring the red men to eat bran.

"Thirty of his bucks are said to have disappeared from the camp on the evening before the massacre, and they, it is believed, committed the slaughter in revenge for the insult to their chief. William Collins and Captain John Norris, however, defended themselves successfully in one of the houses of the settlement and escaped, when darkness came, to the home of Zebulon Collins. This version is vigorously denied by the descendants of Collins, who blame the Delawares from White River for the massacre. It is related that men under Captain Parker pursued the ravagers, but old settlers do not credit this, asserting

that everybody was too badly frightened to go far from home, and that most of the people had taken refuge in the stockades and forts that dotted the country.

"The massacre of the garrisons and the people of Fort Dearborn (Chicago) occurred August 7, and the attack on Fort Harrison (Terre Haute) occurred almost at the same hour as the Pigeon Roost outrage. Fort Wayne was besieged about the same time.

"Of course in these latter affairs Killbuck's band could have had no hand if indeed they were principals, or had part in, the murder of Pigeon Roost. The settlers were too much afraid of him. Six months after the massacre he and his band disappeared."

The History of Clark county, Indiana, published some forty odd years ago, gives us older traditions of the Pigeon Roost Massacre which illumine the hidden and mysterious motives of it and give the local tragedy its proper place in the general story of the War of 1812. Says this older tradition:

"For sometime previous to the year 1811 the Indians of the Northwest had manifested no little unfriendliness toward the whites of the Frontier. This enmity was encouraged and aggravated by the British, in prospect of the war that soon after broke out between this country and England. Tecumseh, the leader among the dissatisfied Indians of Canada and the Northwest, visited the tribes of the South and Southwest for the purpose of stirring them up against the whites, and of securing their co-operation in striking a terrible blow upon the frontier settlements. Governor Harrison, being informed of the schemes of this cunning Indian warrior, and knowing his influence with the various tribes, proceeded up the Wabash with an armed force for the purpose of enforcing the treaty of Greenville, or of making some new treaty by which the frontiers should be protected from Indian depredations. He was successful in driving them from their towns and in destroying their property. But when the war with England began in 1812, they renewed their hostilities. Being supplied by the Britishers with arms and ammunition, they were enabled to wage a much more destructive warfare upon the whites than they had done before."

In looking up these traditions we have come upon the fact that "vast numbers of the citizens" of Clark county crossed the river into Oldham and Jefferson counties for safety from the red men. Those who came to Oldham county seem to have taken refuge at the Magruder-Belknap home, which was the chief fortress in this section. In a previous narrative we gave another story of the Pigeon Roost Massacre, long ago current across the river, which differs widely in several particulars from some we have already closely studied and published. But in the main these several accounts reveal the fundamental race hostilities that were fanned into flame by the British in the War of 1812.

Old Academy and High School in Vernon

THE story of the Old Vernon Academy is a most typical and impressive chapter in the great struggle against ignorance and barbarism waged in every frontier community of Southern Indiana long years ago.

The Rev. Nathan B. Darrow, a New England Home Missionary, who founded the Old Graham Presbyterian Church in Jennings County in 1817, was perhaps more deeply conscious of the need of schools and teachers among the early pioneers than was any other evangel of the gospel in all the Hoosier Backwoods. We first find mention on record of Mr. Darrow's name as a pioneer pastor at Homer, New York. He remained there several years, where his labors were blessed with successive revivals, as the historian tells us. Then "the impulse of the wave of emigration bore him on to Western Ohio and Indiana." He organized several new churches in Ohio. Then the record says:

"In 1816, Charles Robinson, sent out by one of the New York Missionary Societies to labor in Missouri, passed through this region. He found in the Territories of Indiana and Illinois but one settled pastor and five or six missionaries. In June of the same year Rev. Nathan B. Darrow, for seven years an efficient missionary of the Connecticut Society in the Western Reserve, of Ohio, left that field to accept a missionary appointment to Indiana and Illinois. He passed through Ohio by circuitous route to Jeffersonville, Indiana. Here he spent a few weeks, thence proceeding north to Fort Harrison, then down the Wabash on his tour of exploration.

BACKWOODS IGNORANCE LONG AGO

"He found the field at once destitute and inviting. Although the country was yet but thinly settled, additions to the population were continual and great. Illiterate and enthusiastic preachers were numerous. He was deeply affected and distressed by the extreme ignorance which prevailed, especially among the first settlers and their children. In every direction, he said, many whole families were to be found without a book of any sort. The population was extremely heterogeneous. Many belonged to the hunting class. In a large number of instances, extreme indigence was connected with extreme ignorance. When tracts were presented by the missionary he was asked to read them by those who declared they could not read themselves. The state of general intelligence was humiliatingly low. The people were just in a condition to become the prey of the false teachers.

"Mr. Darrow commenced his labors with energy, and was instrumental in organizing four Bible Societies—three in Indiana and one in Illinois. As immigration increased the more unsettled and nomadic classes moved to more distant regions. Orderly government began to be established and reorganized. The Legislature enacted laws frowning upon vice and immorality."

OLD GRAHAM CHURCH

Mention is then made of Mr. Derrow organizing a church in Jennings county, Indiana, evidently the one at Graham, and also one in Jackson county. This latter must have been a very early group of Presbyterians who afterward disbanded, as no trace of them was to be found in local tradition long afterward. Mr. Derrow was encouraged with the results of his labors. He was received with marked kindness by the pioneer people, and while he records no great revivals, nevertheless individual conversions were numerous and genuine under his ministry; and in 1816 he planted the Presbyterian church at Rising Sun, and in 1817 the one at Graham, with seventeen members. Judge Dunn, the Presbyterian pioneer from Danville, Kentucky, was then living at Hanover, and Mr. Derrow had preached in his neighborhood. He made the circuit of Jennings county and found those sturdy Carolinians and New Englanders and perhaps Pennsylvania Dutch settled here and there. The Presbyterians being at that time more numerous around Graham than at Vernon, the Mother Church of Jennings county was at Graham.

Meanwhile, the Rev. William Robinson, mentioned at the outset, had been located at Madison two or three years, where he taught school and in the summer of 1815, organized a Presbyterian church with about fifteen or twenty members. We thus see the Pastor-Teacher as a herald of light and civilization wherever he came. Miss Annie F. Carney, Mr. E. E. Alcott, and County Superintendent Shepherd Whitcomb, of Jennings county, have searched out and presented the facts of the Old Vernon Academy in a most striking narrative. The impress of Miss Carney's cultured mind, as a long resident teacher at Vernon, is very discernible in this account, published in the Annual Report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction for 1917:

ROCKY SOIL AND RUGGED MEN

"The fact that from sterile soil and rocky hills and mountains, come the leaders in the world's history finds illustration in Jennings county. The rich central counties look rather disdainfully on our yellow clay and stony hillsides, yet an investigation will generally develop the fact that Jennings county, and especially Vernon, through the early schools has produced the men who have furnished their towns and cities with some of their most public spirited and progressive business and professional leaders, who perhaps more than balance the scales against hogs and corn.

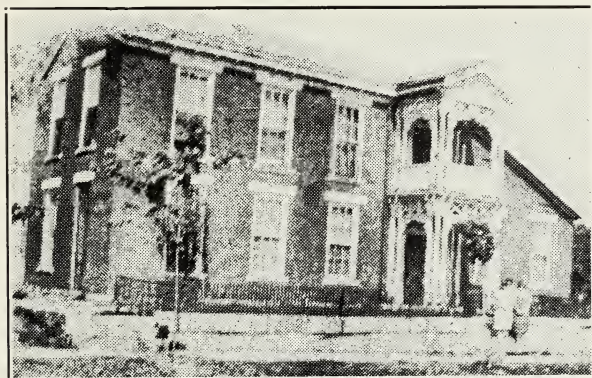
"Vernon, the picturesque peninsula city, was settled by cultured Southern and Eastern pioneers. John Vawter, the founder, laid out the town, and later in August 1817, the first town lots were sold. At this time certain lots were donated by Vawter and McClure for churches, schools, and a public play-ground known as 'The Commons' was deeded forever to the children of Vernon. 'The Commons' bounded on the east and north by the fair Muscatatuck and beautiful hills, is an ideal play-ground. Near the Commons John Vawter built in 1817 a cabin for a school house, and the Rev. Joel Butler, an aged Baptist preacher of New York State, taught the first school.

"Mr. Butler's son, Chauncy Butler, and family had come to this new territory in 1816, and the father had come to visit, and occupied the time teaching the few pioneer children. Ovid Butler, the founder of Butler College, was a son of Chauncy Butler.

"Soon afterward Mrs. Lard came from the East to the little cabin school house to teach the school. Mrs. Lard had united with a Baptist church in her native state, Vermont, when a young girl, and the Rev. Joel Butler had baptized her. Mrs. Lard lived in the cabin school house, 'kept a boarder' and taught school. Mrs. Lard's plan of teaching was individual, each pupil standing at her knee to receive instruction and to recite. Many interesting things have been written of this school, and of the characteristics of this teacher."

EARLY BAPTIST TEACHERS

We thus see that the credit of establishing the first "grammar school" in Vernon belongs to John Vawter and the early Baptist teachers just mentioned. The next step connects the opening of the "Jennings County Seminary" with Presbyterian traditions out of which Hanover College was formed. The year 1822 finds this Seminary mentioned in the county records; and Andrew Porter, Clerk of Session in the newly organized Presbyterian church, May 11th,

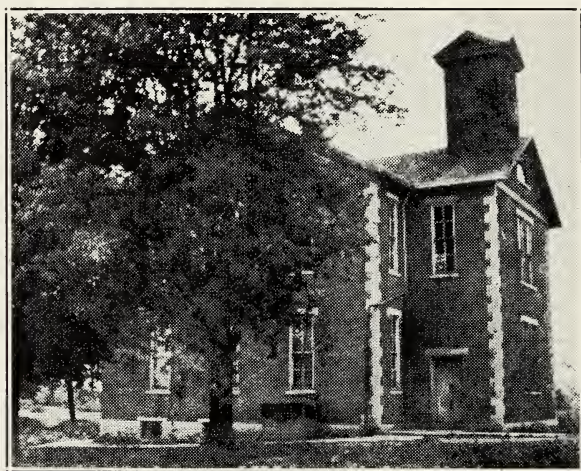


Vernon's Earliest Academy Building, according to tradition.

1825, is named as an accomplished "Preceptor" in the town, though not as a teacher in the Seminary. His penmanship was much admired; and he was evidently a man versed in the graces and refinements of life. The Rev. Daniel Lattimore, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Vernon after the Rev. John Finley Crowe, is also named as the first teacher in Vernon to give private lessons in Latin to the youth of the town. There is no exact date given when the Seminary building was completed, "but it was in the early thirties." Hence the traditional influence of Dr. Crowe and Hanover College undoubtedly merits special mention here. From 1825 to 1837 Rev. Dr. Crowe seems to have been the regular pastor of the church, as the name of Rev. Mr. Lattimore does not appear on sessional records until March 11th, 1837. Hence the school historians who describe Mr. Lattimore as pasctor from 1825 to 1837, and as giving his private lessons in Latin during that time, are in error. Did Dr. Crowe, who was himself the pastor during that precise period, and a most accomplished

scholar and teacher, give such lessons while in Vernon? Or did Mr. Lattimore teach a Latin class at Vernon during Dr. Crowe's pastorate there, and then continue such instruction when he became Dr. Crowe's successor? We do not know with any certainty; but Presbyterian influence in establishing the classical basis of the Vernon Academy was evidenced by the fact that the old brick parsonage occupied by Mr. Lattimore during his residence as a pastor and teacher stands right across from the Presbyterian church, and the Academy itself was just across the street from the parsonage, being the brick house now occupied by County Superintendent Shepherd Whitcomb.

At all events, the "grade schools" of Vernon were the little brick cottage up against the railroad bank, occupied now by Mrs. Balsler, and another brick cottage two doors beyond the home of Rev. Daniel Simpson and his sister, Mrs. Carson. The first brick-built Academy served until a later, more commodious structure was put up in 1859. That first Academy was mainly a subscription school, and the charge was from one to two dollars for a term of thirteen weeks.



"The Old Academy" of 1859 and after. So beloved by the pupils who were educated there. It was long a High School also.

One of the earliest teachers was a certain Prof. Hamant, "a small, slender man with a cat-like tread that enabled him to steal upon his plotters of mischief unawares till the resounding whack of his ferule was heard."

The next teacher was a woman who would have pleased Edward Eggleston himself, a Mrs. Stevens, sent out to enlighten the destitute West by a benevolent New England Society. "She was cultured, dignified, and of a lovely character."

HANOVER SENDS TEACHERS TO VERNON

In 1842 Hanover College directly supplied the head of the Vernon Academy. A young Mr. Beck was sent, who introduced algebra for the first time. In 1843 young William Butler of Hanover College taught the classical branches in the

Vernon Academy and afterward became a distinguished educator. He was murdered in Louisville while head of the High School there, by Matt Ward, whose brother had been punished by Prof. Butler.

In 1845 the Rev. A. J. Dunning, cultured Presbyterian pastor of Old Graham Church, headed the Vernon Academy. We are informed by the school historians that he was "The Teacher who left an impress upon his pupils which was transmitted unto the third and fourth generation." He was a most gifted scholar in the ancient and modern languages, was right at the top in mathematics, and "education took on a new meaning." He made reading a fine art; he permitted a girl to enter the Latin class with the boys; and during his several years at Vernon he brought the Academy to a new standard of excellence. The exhibitions given at the close of his school terms were events in Vernon. These exercises were usually held in the Presbyterian church. The program of 1849 is preserved in which forty persons took part. Mr. Dunning had night classes in chemistry, and his wife taught French and botany. Their influence was permanent and far-reaching. They organized the first Historical Society in Vernon, the meetings of which were held at their home. The Academy graduates became known as the Dunning Boys and Girls and among the pupils who attained to success and celebrity were:

"David Vawter, Banker; Rev. James Read; Hon. Jephtha D. New, member of Congress; Drs. John Tipton Shields and James Sevier Shields; Dr. P. W. Payne; Hon. John C. New; Rev. Dr. W. T. Stott, former President of Franklin College; Rev. Orlando Clark; Hon. Ovid Butler; Hon. Horatio Newcomb of the Grant Administration; Gen. Robert S. Foster and brothers, Wallace, William, Edward and Chapin; Susan Dunning, known as 'Shirley Dare' newspaper woman; Mrs. Mary Peabody Leavitt, poet, lecturer and W. C. T. U. worker."

The foundations of a new Academy building were laid several years before the Civil War, with much pomp and ceremony, the pupils depositing a copy of the literary society constitution and other articles as mementoes of the occasion. When the New Academy was opened in 1859 Prof. O. Phelps was the Superintendent. He was a man who inspired the best in his pupils. Associated with him was a Mrs. Collins, a former Vernon girl, who had graduated from Albion College, Michigan and began her work in Vernon in 1855, continuing for fifteen years. She was a woman of rare personal charm, possessing high intellectual and musical attainments. Her pupils, scattered all over the United States and foreign countries, honor her and attribute their success in life to her skilled teaching.

WILLIAM H. VENABLE, POET-TEACHER

The next teacher was a man of rare poetical genius and a mind of very high order—Prof. W. H. Venable, of Cincinnati, Ohio. "He brought much culture and refinement to the pupils and town. He was a writer of verse, historian, author and lecturer. He believed in weekly reports and each week those who had been perfect in their work were reported to the public through the weekly newspaper. Each time the statement is made, 'Our standard is high.' Mr. Venable resigned to become Superintendent of the Chichering Schools at Cincinnati."

During Prof. Venable's incumbency the literary exercises and training of the youth in self-expression by recitation, dramatic exercises, debating and general reading, brought the Academy to a memorable level of culture. There were two school papers gotten out; and Friday afternoon was a delightful occasion for the literary entertainment. Prof. Venable's poems often came to him in the school room or after the day's work was done. He wrote also of Nature in the Ohio Valley and was an artist of unerring instinct in the use of words and phrases, as well as a soul of music and rapture close to Nature's heart in the joy of seasons and the exquisite, haunting beauty of his lines. "June on the Miami" was loaned us to read by Miss Cora Carney; and we do not wonder that such a Poet-Teacher influenced so profoundly the youth of Vernon years ago.

The names of A. M. Weston, pupil of Horace Mann and a graduate of Antioch College, and of W. H. McCoy, a graduate of Franklin College follow immediately after the Civil War. Perhaps Miss Annie F. Carney left as lasting an impress on young lives as any woman teacher in the Old Academy, for she taught twenty-seven years and she herself incarnated the culture and refinement and nobility of character set before the pupils by precept and example from day to day through all the years.

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

Of all the names representing the culture of the Vernon High School perhaps none has attained the reputation in the world of science and human service possessed by Albert Edward Wiggam. Mr. Gudgell, of North Vernon, his old school mate down at Deputy, Indiana, was telling us one winter evening by the fireside of his boyhood days with "Ed" Wiggam, as all his old friends and school fellows love to call him.

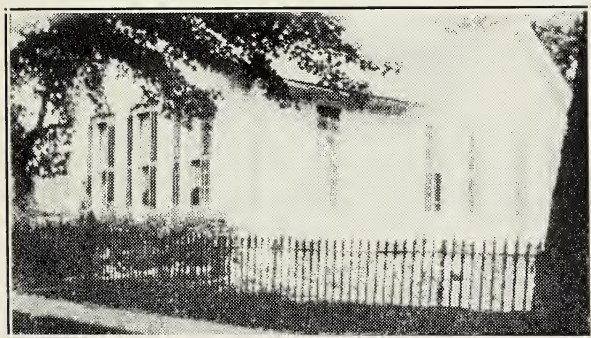
Mr. Wiggam's father was a strong local character at Deputy, worth a good sum of money in those days. He went to Cincinnati on the stock trains to dispose of his stock and traded successfully. He was a man who set a religious value on the church and a cultural value on the school of the town. He and a Mr. Deputy, for whom the town was named, established the Camp Meeting down there forty or fifty years ago. The grounds were down the hill from the railroad in a beech grove still standing. It was a wonderful center for people from Cincinnati, Louisville, Madison and Seymour, and all the country round. They first went for three weeks then for ten days. The farmers tried to get the work up so they could attend the meetings. You could hear the singing on a still summer night for two miles or more down the creek.

Bishop Vincent came there and was a great drawing card; and then Dr. Willets, of Louisville, with his famous lecture "Sunshine," which was really Chautauqua work. It was different from anything of the sort heard up to that time. Thousands attended each year and only recently was the place disposed of. This form of religious assemblage and service stimulated the entire community mentally, morally and spiritually; and the modern Chatauqua followed inevitably.

But Mr. Gudgell insists that the most impressive thing to him was the rise of gifted youth out of the schools. Mr. Wiggam gave no special sign of

genius but got ready for Hanover College like other boys. He rode back and forth on his wheel and then entered on a struggle for life and health that brought out the astonishing mentality and heroism of this greatest master of the social sciences in all the Middle West. Mr. C. C. Jordan, of Old Vernon Presbyterian church, insists that he first introduced "Ed" Wiggam to the cultured and charming young teacher who became Mrs. Wiggam and who merits as much appreciation and praise as he in the success that has come with the years. Anyhow, Vernon loves them quite as much as they love Vernon.

The mother of the Wiggam boys died in their early years and the next Mother Wiggam was the widow of Mr. Deputy, for whom the town of Deputy was named. When she moved to Vernon after the death of Father Wiggam at Deputy, it was to get back to her own people and to put her young people in the Vernon High School. Vernon thus became the permanent Wiggam home. Mr. Wiggam said she was one of the greatest mothers of Southern Indiana. She was a true and loving mother to the sons and daughters and they loved her with a devotion that was beautiful. Mr. "Ed" Wiggam now spends his summers and his intervening "creative periods" of writing at the old home in Vernon.



Summer Home of Albert Edward Wiggam, the noted writer on Social Science, at Vernon, Indiana, where he attended High School and which is the dearest of all earthly towns to him still.

Mr. Gudgell added a lot of color and humor to the background of his story about the rise of education and culture by describing Old Uncle Dan Blotcher, the great pioneer figure who used to attend the Old Settler's Meetin's at Charlestown and Paris Crossing. These were great one day gatherings where thousands of people assembled by trainloads from all the surrounding country. There were genuine old pioneers present, old fiddlers and old grandmothers with their spinning wheels and other curios of the log cabin period. Mr. Gudgell said he was naturally more interested in the side shows and the magic men on the side, who performed for profit. Uncle Dan came of an old Kentucky family and was not learned in books nor correct in his English; but he was a born leader of men. He used to ride into Deputy on a beautiful horse. The town extended all along the railroad and he would ride the entire length of the street at a sweeping gallop, hat in hand, to attract the admiring gaze of every-

body. Then every town character would come to the place where he hitched his horse and listen for the morning or afternoon to Uncle Dan's inimitable yarns. He was always ready for a little impromptu talk at a Sunday School rally, an Old Settlers' Meetin', a funeral, or a school commencement. He represented his people in the Indiana Legislature and danced in his sock feet at the Governor's Ball. The point of our entire thought is just what Mr. Wiggam has always insisted upon, namely, that the sum of all culture lies in a deep and genuine appreciation and interpretation of strong, original character and people right here at home in Hoosier-Land.

He said there were many standards of success in the world; but that the most successful person he had ever known or seen was a big, fleshy, flat-flooted, motherly old soul down on one of the razor-back farms such as we have so abundantly in Old Jennings county. When you went to her house you were never aware of want nor harsh necessity. She set a bountiful meal before you and her hospitality and benevolence of spirit were abounding. That good woman was the mother of ten or twelve children, six of whom became ministers and college presidents. She was a genius of resourcefulness in making ends meet and getting her boys by in the battle for an education. Just such mothers of old days sent their sons and daughters to academies like that at Vernon and to Hanover College.

The Rod and the Child

ONE DAY about the year 1850, Professor Josiah Bliss, superintendent of the Louisville Collegiate Institute, felt compelled to punish one of his pupils for telling a falsehood. The boy was William Ward, and he belonged to one of the oldest and proudest families in the city. The next morning, while Professor Bliss was conducting the recitation of his first class of boys, the door opened and in walked Robert, William and Victor Ward, accompanied by an elder brother, whom the superintendent did not at first recognize.

"Is this Mr. Bliss?" asked the young man in a positive tone as he approached the teacher's desk.

"I am he, sir," answered the professor, looking him squarely in the eye.

"Then I would like to speak with you at the door, sir," said the young man in an equally positive tone.

Mr. Bliss started with him toward the door; but the eager eyes of the younger boys made the professor certain that the larger young man was a brother of William Ward. So he halted at the threshold and demanded to know what was wanted of him.

"Come out here, sir, and I will show you!" answered the elder Ward, now in a very threatening tone of voice.

"Is your name Ward?" asked Mr. Bliss.

"It is, sir, and I want to know why you whipped my brother William yesterday?"

"If you will come inside, I will settle that matter with you," answered Bliss calmly.

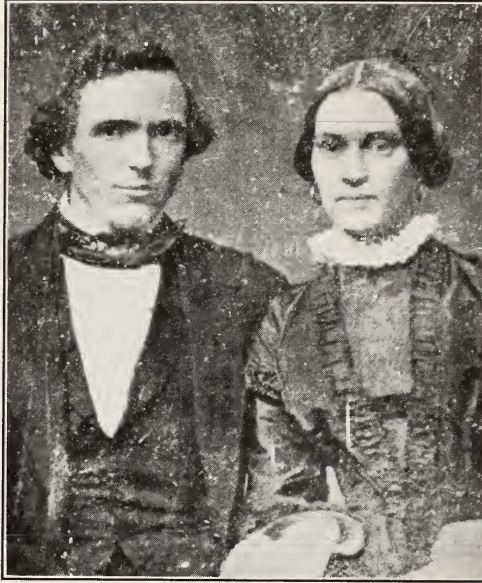
"You cursed rascal and coward! Why don't you come out here like a man?" hissed Ward with murder in his eye.

Bliss was sure he was armed and so gave the door a vigorous push, catching Ward's foot, who tried to hold the door open. But Bliss got the door shut, and then Ward gave several vigorous kicks against it, and burst out with a volley of profane imprecations against Bliss. Finally, he went away in company with another young man waiting for him at the gate outside.

So it came to pass that in May or June, 1853, for some grievous breach of discipline in the Boys' High School of Louisville, conducted by Professor William H. G. Butler, Professor Sturgus, incensed beyond endurance by the young ruffian, took him by the collar of the coat, shook him up and boxed his jaws soundly. Thus Mrs. Ward, mother of the young ruffian, requested the two teachers to call and see her about it. William, of course, had made a moving appeal to parental sympathy, with a graphic description of the punishment inflicted.

"What do you mean by treating a Ward in such a manner?" demanded the angry mother. "I send my children to Mr. Butler because I know him to be a gentleman, and if they need correction, I expect him to do it, for he will punish in a gentlemanly way. But as for you, sir, - - -," she exploded.

Professor Sturgus waited till the first outburst of wrath was over, and then gave a correct account of the affair with William. Mrs. Ward thereupon became calm, seemed entirely satisfied, and answered:



Prof. Wm. H. G. Butler and wife, Younger brother of Noble Butler. Shot down in his High School at Louisville in 1853 by Matt Ward, a young aristocrat whose juvenile brother had been punished for an offense. Matt Ward was defended by the leading attorneys of his time, and cleared on the presumption that no gentleman could be punished for murder in the Old South. Prof. Butler was only 28 at his death—a master linguist of Ancient and Modern languages and a most noble man.

"I am sorry for the violent language I used and regret very much that our acquaintance has begun in so unpleasant a manner. I hope you will not fail to let me know if my boys misbehave, and I will correct them."

She at first threatened to withdraw her sons from school, but the two teachers assured her so readily that it would be a great relief to them, as it would probably save their certain expulsion later on, anyway, that Mrs. Ward demurred at her own proposition. When she became more reasonable they declared further as teachers, that they would appreciate any co-operation with the parents in maintaining discipline.

"But you know, Mrs. Ward," said Professor Sturgus, "that there are offenses that cannot always be dealt with in this go-between way, but must be punished on the spot for the sake of discipline."

The mother made no objection to this, and, indeed, the two teachers regarded her acquiescence as full authority to Mr. Butler, at least, to see that her sons submitted to the rules of the High School and were to be disciplined or punished if he felt they must have it.

But just at this point her son, Matt F. Ward, came into the house and was introduced to Professor Sturgus by Mr. Butler. The young man fired up at once and said: "It is a good thing I saw you, sir; because when I first heard how you humiliated my brother William, I intended to call and give you a thashing myself. It was only the fact that you are an older man than I took you to be that saved you from what you deserved at my hands, sir."

This rough and unceremonious interruption to the diplomacies, so well under way, put the teachers once more on their guard. Ward was called out before Professor Sturgus had a chance to reply to the offensive salutation; and when the two teachers reached the sidewalk, they at once agreed to be threatened and troubled no longer but to dismiss the young ruffians at the first occasion of further misconduct.

In the fall of the year when chestnuts were ripe, William and Victor Ward brought them to school regularly to eat during school hours. They would even be caught eating during recitation. One day Professor Butler noticed this and accused the Ward boys, but they denied the charge. When school was dismissed that afternoon he called several boys and proved the guilt of the Wards in their own presence.

"I will excuse you this time, boys," he said, "but the next time you repeat it I will certainly punish you."

On the morning of the second of November William Ward came to school with his pockets full of chestnuts, as usual. During recitation he passed them around among several boys. He then borrowed a knife from Henry Johnson and punctured the nuts, which he passed to Algeron Fisher. Fisher examined them to see if they were good, as he suspected a trick. But he ate them and threw the hulls on the floor. About ten minutes afterward Professor Butler noticed the hulls and said:

"Fisher, have you been eating chestnuts in school?"

"Yes, sir," answered Fisher with downcast eyes.

"Did you bring them to class with you?"

"No, sir," positively.

"Did somebody give them to you in class?"

"Yes, sir," reluctantly.

"Who gave them to you, Fisher?"

"I don't like to tell on the boys, Professor."

"But you know the rules of the school, Fisher, and I must have order. Therefore you will have to tell who gave you the chestnuts."

Another boy was sent for the strap, which was the usual method of punishment in those days. Fisher weakened and said with hesitation:

"William Ward gave me the chestnuts, Professor."

"Well, Fisher, I must punish you for eating them, as you remember well enough what I told you."

"Yes, sir; I do."

Professor Butler then gave Fisher several sharp, but not severe, licks on the legs with the strap. Fisher felt somewhat resentful at this and said with some feeling:

"Professor, you think I am the only fellow who ate the nuts. Just look under Johnson's desk, and William Ward's."

"Have you been eating chestnuts, too, Johnson?" asked Professor Butler.

"Yes, sir," answered Johnson.

"Did William Ward give them to you?"

"Yes, sir; he did."

"Is that so, William?"

"I gave them the nuts before class commenced," answered Ward.

"No, sir, he did not, Professor," cried Johnson and Fisher together. "He gave them to us in the class."

"I didn't, any such a thing!" answered Ward angrily.

But the testimony of the boys was against Ward, and Professor Butler took hold of him saying:

"William, I have to punish you for telling me a lie."

Half a dozen licks on the legs with the strap, and those not at all severe, was the extent of his punishment. But he took up his hat afterward and left the school room shaking his head and saying:

"That was a cursed mean trick."

Johnson was excused from punishment because he was a new student and had not heard the rules about eating chestnuts in school. But William Ward headed straight for home.

The Ward-Butler Tragedy

WILLIAM WARD stayed at home the day after his punishment for the chestnut episode. It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Ward, the father and mother, with their son Robert were in Cincinnati and returned by boat to Louisville early the following morning. The mother saw at once that William was out of school and noticed his offended expression of countenance.

"What is the matter, Willie; why are you not at school?"

"Matt will tell you," answered the boy.

"Yes," said Matt, "I was just going around to ask Mr. Butler what he means by this treatment of William. He whipped him yesterday and called him a liar."

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Ward. "William Butler whipped Willie Ward and called him a liar?"

"Yes," continued Matt, "William bought some chestnuts and had some of them in his pockets at school and took out his handkerchief and some of them came out. The boys asked for them and he gave some away. They ate the nuts and threw the hulls on the floor under the desks. Butler asked who did that. One boy refused to tell. Butler sent for his strap and asked each one in turn. They accused William and then there was a dispute whether he gave the nuts before or after the class was called to order. Butler then hauled William out in the floor, saying he would whip him for giving chestnuts to the boys and then lying about it."

"It wasn't the whipping, mother," put in William at last. "It was because he called me a liar."

Mr. Ward, the father, was in his room shaving, and came in during this conversation. Inquiring what was the matter, he was informed what had happened and immediately sent a servant to tell Professor Butler to send the books of the Ward boys home and to tell the other son, Victor, to come home also.

"Maybe I had better go myself," said Mr. Ward at first.

"No," answered Matt, "I will go and will demand an apology of Butler in the presence of the school for the insult he has offered William. Butler is a gentleman and will see the justice of this."

"Very well," agreed Mr. Ward.

As a matter of fact, however, Matt Ward was looking for trouble and his mother was very anxious.

"See here, Matt," she said, "you are in very poor health and cannot stand excitement. You have had one difficulty with Professor Sturgus and you had better take some one with you."

Just then young Robert Ward, who had been out in the conservatory since they came from the boat, entered the room.

"Calm yourself, Matt," the mother was saying. Then she added: "Here is Bob, let him go with you."

Matt answered that he was calm and told Bob with some impatience to hurry with his hat.

"Remember that Sturgus is your enemy. Be careful!" said Mrs. Ward again. Matt, Bob and William went out of the house together. When they reached the yard gate Matt told Bob where they were going and what for.

"Butler is a much stouter man than you, Matt," said William, "and Sturgus has a big stick."

"I don't think I'll have any difficulty," answered Matt. "Butler is a gentleman." Then he added directly—"Don't you boys interfere unless Butler and Sturgus both attack me at once."

The three then went down Third Street. Matt stopped in the store of a gunsmith by the name of Gilmore. He examined a weapon and asked the price. He then added that if Gilmore would load it he would take it. Gilmore loaded the pistol and handed it to him. There were a pair of the pistols, mates, and Matt, after a moment's hesitation, decided to take them both, and had them loaded. They were self-action weapons, loaded with powder and ball with the cap on and would send a ball through an inch board two feet away. Ward took the pair and went out.

A pupil by the name of Knight had heard William and Victor Ward making threats after the punishment the day before, and when he saw the three Ward brothers enter the gate about ten o'clock that morning he expected trouble. He was in Professor Sturgus' room but he got up and went to the door opening into the larger room. The other boys followed and the whole school seemed aware of danger. Professor Sturgus, however, called to them to come back to their seats.

The Wards had just entered through the passageway and were in the main school room. Professor Butler was coming from his own room. They asked for him and waited till he came to the door. He spoke pleasantly.

"I have a little matter to settle with you, Mr. Butler," said Matt Ward with an effort to appear calm. "I want to have a little talk with you."

"Come into my private room here," answered Butler.

"No," said Matt, "here is the place." Butler nodded his head.

"I want to know your ideas of justice," continued Matt. "Who is the most to blame, the contemptible little puppy who begged chestnuts and then lied about it, or the boy who let him have them?"

"Come into my room and I will explain the whole affair," insisted Butler. But Ward replied. "No, sir, here is the place to answer my question."

Butler still declined to have a controversy in the presence of the school.

"Then why did you call my brother William a liar?" asked Ward angrily.

"I will not answer your questions here without a chance to explain. I tell you," replied Butler.

"Then you are a cursed liar and a cursed scoundrel yourself!" cried Ward in a rage, with a motion as if to strike Butler, who moved back a few steps. Recovering himself he moved toward Ward with his right arm raised as if to strike in resentment of the insult. Ward then drew his right hand from his

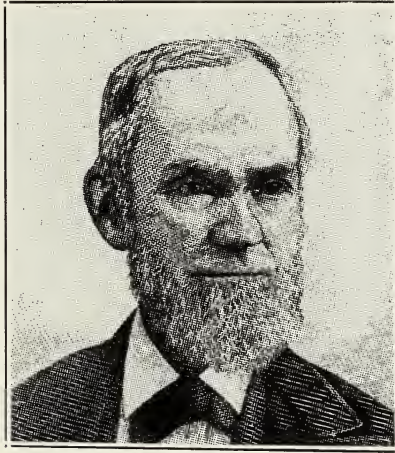
pocket, presented a pistol at Butler's left breast and fired. Butler dropped to the floor immediately with this exclamation:

"Oh, my wife and child! My God, I'm dead!"

Ward then drew another pistol, and young Bob drew a knife. Professor Sturgus rushed up and Bob Ward said,

"Come on, I'm ready!"

Sturgus retreated to his room but directly returned and again Bob advanced toward him with his knife. Sturgus ran back into his room and climbed out of the window to give the alarm. The Ward brothers then left the school house and passed rapidly out of the front gate.



Noble Butler of Louisville, Hanover College graduate. Author of the Butler Grammar and Readers. An English critic said that the best English in America was spoken in Louisville because of Prof. Butler's work. Prof. Butler grew up in the vicinity of the Hoosier School Master. He afterward taught Mary Anderson her first lessons in Shakespeare.

The pistol seemed to stick in the wound in Professor Butler's breast and he knocked it aside when he struggled to his feet. He stepped into Professor Sturgus's room, and finding nobody there, left the school building and endeavored to walk away in search of medical relief. Some of the boys went with him and supported him as best they could. He only went a square and then asked to lie down. They then carried him to the residence of Mrs. Martha Harney on Chestnut between First and Second Streets.

Mrs. Harney was downtown at the time and saw Professor Sturgus on Third street very much agitated and learned what was the matter. She hastened home and found Mr. Butler lying on a rug in the parlor. The house was full of people. Dr. Thompson had been called and reached the house at 10:20 o'clock. The boys were holding Mr. Butler up.

"Let him lie down, boys," said the doctor.

"Doctor don't you think I'm a dead man?" gasped Mr. Butler in agony.

The doctor removed his coat, tore open his shirt and examined the wound in the breast. The surface around was burnt.

"What was your position when you were shot, Mr. Butler?" he asked.

Professor gave some words of explanation and then the doctor probed the wound. The patient was very anxious and insisted that there was no hope for him. The doctor tried to cheer him up, but Mr. Butler gave directions about his wife and child. Dr. Yandell also arrived and assisted, and the dying man told the same story of the trouble. Mrs. Harney talked to him a few minutes later on and his wife and child came into the room. It was very touching to witness the scene between them. He gradually sank until after midnight when he passed away.

Matt Ward and his brother Robert were arrested and locked in jail to await trial for murder in the first degree. Counsel for the defense made a motion before Judge Bullock for a change of venue on account of the reported excitement and prejudice against the prisoners in Louisville and the judge decided for the defense. The Wards were accordingly removed to Elizabethtown, Hardin County, to stand trial on the third Monday in April, 1854. This stirring trial attracted such crowds and aroused such intense interest throughout the country that it soon became famous. Some of the most noted legal talent in the South and Middlewest appeared on both sides and the principles discussed had an immense influence on the course of events that followed after. Thus in one incident of a school room the whole tragedy of history was enacted to that generation.

Guilty or Not Guilty ?

THE following account of the verdict in the noted Ward-Butler tragedy and how it was received in Louisville, taken from the old record of the trial, brings back the awful event most vividly:

The Ward case was committed to the Jury about 5 o'clock p. m. on Wednesday, and on Thursday morning about 9 o'clock, they returned a verdict of not guilty, as charged in the indictment.

The news of this verdict was received in the city of Louisville, as it has since been throughout the State of Kentucky, and over the entire Union, with the greatest indignation. In Louisville, especially, where it was published on the morning of Friday, April 28, 1854, the excitement immediately produced was intense. But little business was done on that day or the next. All men seemed to think that an idelible stain had been fixed upon the fair fame of the State, by the mockery of a trial that had been had, and the iniquitous verdict that had been rendered, and the oldest, most substantial, and most respected citizens, demanded a public meeting, that the City of Louisville might cleanse itself of the disgrace that would otherwise rest upon it. In the newspapers of Saturday morning appeared the following:

NOTICE—A meeting of the citizens of Louisville, favorable to the erection of a monument to the memory of the late lamented PROFESSOR BUTLER, is requested at the court house, on Saturday evening, April 29, at early gas light.

Pursuant to this call, the largest and most respectable assemblage that has ever convened in the city, gathered within and around the court house at an early hour in the evening. The number present has been variously estimated at from eight to twelve thousand. The west room in the second story of the building was filled at a very early hour. Several old, universally known, and generally esteemed citizens had been requested to act as officers, but the press was so great that the principal of them could not effect an entrance to join those who were earlier in their attendance. Some delay in effecting the organization was thus induced, and during its continuance, Sherrod Williams, on request, addressed the meeting. Mr. Williams fully recognized the justice of the indignant feeling that had moved, as it were, a whole community, and expressed his own deep sympathy with it, but depreciated violence against person or property, and besought people to content themselves with a warm and decided expression of their sentiments with reference to the crime that had been committed, and the mockery of a trial that had been had of its guilty perpetrator. Mr. Williams was listened to with the most respectful attention; but the crowd outside, which was continually augmented by fresh arrivals, became impatient to know what was going on within. It was therefore agreed to go below; but when most of those who were upstairs had got down, anything like a satisfactory organization there

was found to be impossible. It was therefore proclaimed that the regular meeting would organize above, and that after resolutions should be reported and passed, they would be sent down for ratification.

So soon as the resolutions were passed, the committee retired with them to the crowd below, where they were read by Sherrod Williams, and carried with equal unanimity. After the committee left the meeting above, resolutions were moved and carried, requesting the two Wards to leave the city, inviting Nat Wolfe to resign his seat in the State Senate and follow them, and requesting John J. Crittenden to resign his place in the Senate of the United States to which he was elected by the Legislature of Kentucky last winter.

By a portion of the immense crowd outside, another meeting was organized, by which another series of resolutions was passed, equally condemnatory in their tone with those passed by the regular meeting in the Court House, as to the trial and the verdict, and much more sweeping in their references to individuals who had rendered themselves obnoxious in different ways, by their connection with the trial, several of whom were singled out by name, for public censure.

By a large number of persons in the Court House yard, after the regular meeting in the west room had adjourned, effigies were hung up and burned, of Matt F. Ward, Barlow, (the false witness), the members of the Hardin county jury, and a number of other persons, who, by their acts, had subjected themselves to the deep displeasure of the people of Louisville.

Earlier in the evening a crowd of men and boys gathered in front and at one side of the private residence of Robert J. Ward, doing considerable damage to the conservatory with stones, and with the same missiles breaking some of the front windows. While this was going on, effigies of Matt and young Robert Ward, were strung up in front of the door. These were afterwards set afire, when some person unknown caught one of them up and threw it against the front door, which was thus set on fire. The alarm was at once given; several engines were soon upon the spot, and after encountering a somewhat decided but by no means stubborn opposition from the men and boys near the house, the flames were extinguished.

As the closing sheets of this report go to press, a week has passed since these occurrences took place. No one pretends to defend or excuse the lawless depredations committed upon the private residence of Robert J. Ward; every good man condemns them as wrong, uncalled for, and reprehensible; but the heart of the whole city beats with one pulse and nobly responds to the manly, decided and conservative tone of the series of resolutions embodied in this closing narrative, as passed by the meeting of citizens held in the court house.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A House Not Made With Hands

THE following appeal to the State of Indiana to build a Noble Memorial Community House at Old Vernon Town leaves on eternal record the dream of our soul for the rising generations.

In April, 1918, before George A. H. Shideler came to the Indiana reformatory at Jeffersonville as superintendent, there was a great English school head who lost his oldest son of wounds after the battle of the Lys. This father had grieved and distressed himself over the loss of other pupils and colleagues, but this last blow struck home because his oldest son was in training as his successor. The Sunday following was White Sunday—White Sunday, he called it, "white, pure, untainted—day of consolation—day of inspiration—perhaps the most joyous of all the year." So he spoke to his pupils from the text: "I will not leave you desolate; I will come to you."

So there grew up in the mind of this great school man the idea of a building that should symbolize and embody the whole aim and purpose of his school and the community to be of which it was the germ and beginning. There was no other school just like his in all England. It was a school for boys and youth conducted on lines that revealed to each one a vision of himself and his work in the world and stimulated the entire student body to co-operate, rather than compete with each other, in the acquisition of knowledge and the growth of character.

The Memorial chapel was intended to be a house of vision and service, not only to commemorate the sacrifice of those who had fallen in the world war, but where the pupils could go apart for meditation and resolve as to their own future place in society. It so happens that a wealthy friend of this great schoolmaster had also lost a son at Ypres and in their mutual agony and grief projected this unique and beautiful building to symbolize for all time to come the sacrifice and service of all heroic youth.

FOR RANK AND FILE

Something like a year before Mr. Shideler's death this great schoolmaster died suddenly while delivering an address at University College, London. It was said of him that he worked for the rank and file as against the star system of school work where a few boys carry off all the honors and leave behind them a mass of neglected shirkers and discouraged competitors.

That was precisely Mr. Shideler's conception of reformatory work with fallen youth. He stood for the rank and file "who had thrown a shoe in the race of life," as he put it, and his sole aim and purpose was to give them an equal chance to "come back" with the rest. Being himself a graduate of the

"school of hard knocks," as he liked to say, he understood the discouraged and defeated youth as few men did. Many times he would shake a lad at the night interviews who had lost his confidence and then send the chaplain after the fellow the next day to get a grip on himself.

It was his custom once each month to have a talk with the new arrivals in his office. Big and little, black and white, home and foreign, high or low, rich or poor, wise or ignorant, they all got to see "the big fellow out front," as he called himself. The substance of those talks was necessarily the same most of the time, but Mr. Shideler was original and direct and ready on these occasions. He reminded us of the great English schoolmaster talking to his pupils.

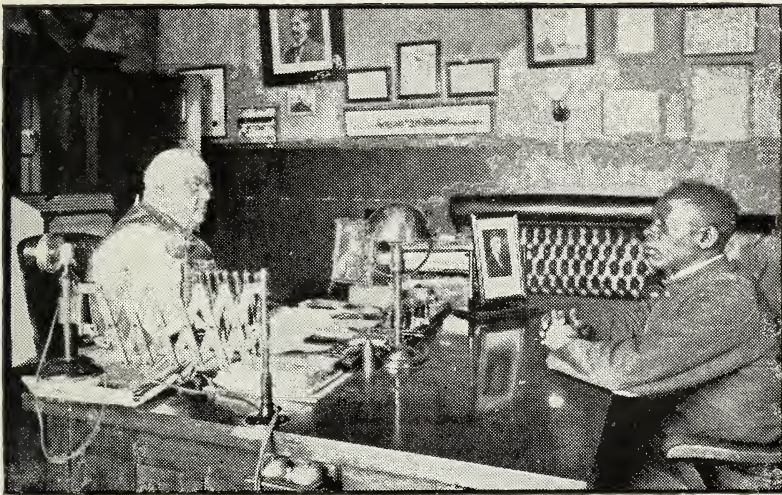
When Mr. Shideler became too heavily taxed to continue the monthly talks to the new arrivals, he passed the work over to us and to his bandmaster, Prof. Henry Dreyer, who had learned to meet the reformatory freshmen much as the superintendent himself did. The meeting took place in the chapel before the morning service or immediately after and it was a vital thing to have access to the lads before they became prison hardened. Mr. Shideler was practical in his conception of religious work and service among prisoners. He stood for the essentials of the faith and the meat and marrow of the gospel made simple and appealing to "the fellow far out at sea," as he put it.

GEORGE SHIDELER'S DREAM

He was tremendously strong for the Salvation Army message and organization and the Brighter Day League training classes at Jeffersonville became known in Army circles all over the world. During our last five years at Jeffersonville we worshipped in a big restored cell house upper floor, which was a combined chapel hall and picture show. So it became Mr. Shideler's dream that when we removed to Pendleton he could build a house of vision and service, surmounted by a tower containing the sweet-toned church bell of his old home town, that used to call him to church and Sunday School when he was a boy. He talked about this building a great deal, much as did the English schoolmaster. Mr. Shideler's tragic death ended the dream, for the while at least. His successors have been loyal to his vision and devoted to his ideal, but we all missed and mourned him as tongue never could tell.

We were compelled to separate ourselves from Mr. Shideler in the fall of 1923, when the reformatory was moved to Pendleton because we were making a home for our parents near Louisville and we returned to our former work with the Presbyterian church of southern Indiana in the field of home missions and social service. The churches at North Vernon and Old Vernon were combined and a typical rural church added on Sunday afternoon. Now there was a greater work of social prevention that Mr. Shideler was forever insisting must be done by the home and church, the school and community, to save the youth of the state and nation. He had normal, promising sons of his own, whose education and upbringing and companionship meant everything to him. He was a great enthusiast over the games they loved and the college fraternities they belonged to. He constantly told the boys within the walls to "play the game of life on the square" and they trusted "the big fellow out front" as a "fifty-fifty" man.

Hence, on resuming our social prevention work, especially at the lovely and classical little town of Vernon, we conceived the passionate hope of building a community house of vision and service where our boys and girls, so typical and prophetic of the coming century, may play the games and present the pageants that will teach and transform them into heroic men and women. We have desired with all the intensity of prayer to build this community house as a memorial to Mr. Shideler, and to do there the sort of work that should be done in every town and hamlet all over Indiana. This community house would stand on the hilltop of lovely little Vernon town, between the Presbyterian church and the high school, on the state highway to Madison, where thousands of tourists pass each year to visit the scenes and haunts of Edward Eggleston's stories.



GEORGE A. H. SHIDELER
Holding his famous interviews with prisoners.

This is the centennial year of the Presbyterian church in Vernon and this great denomination wishes to commemorate its heroic history in southern Indiana with a home-coming in August that will draw hundreds and thousands from all over the country. The old church was founded in May, 1825, by the Rev. John Finley Crowe, who afterward helped to establish Hanover College down on the Ohio River. Colleges like Hanover and schools like the one at Vernon were the most powerful counteracting agencies of the border barbarism and the backwoods lawlessness depicted by Mr. Eggleston in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." He saw all this with his own eyes in Decatur and Ripley counties far back in the fifties. Yet he believed profoundly in the elemental manliness and the inborn nobility of such characters as Bud Means, who stepped from the kingdom of Muscle to the kingdom of Mind when he struck hands with his teacher, Ralph Hartsook and organized "The Church of the Best Licks."

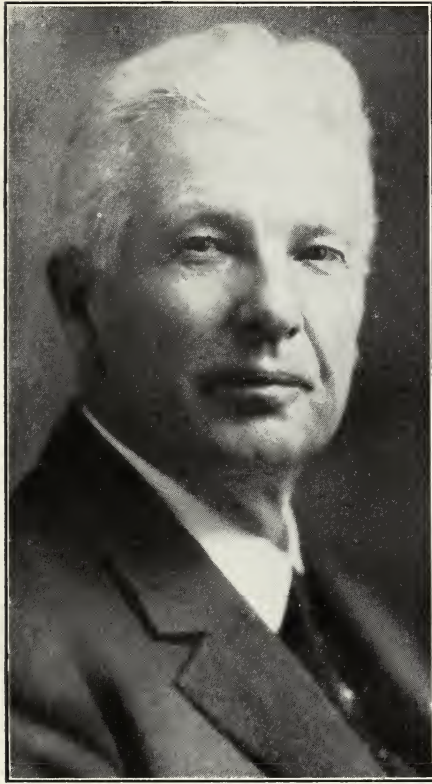
"Jesus Christ was a sort of a Flat Cricker Himself, wasn't He?" said Bud to Ralph and the Hoosier schoolmaster answered that our Lord did come out of "No-Good Nazareth." Now it was in precisely that fashion that "the meek and lowly Nazarene," as Mr. Shideler loved to call him, gripped the hearts of our boys in "The City of Dead Souls" at Jeffersonville. So we always called our chapel meeting house down there "The Church of the Best Licks."

George Carey Eggleston confesses that even his brother Edward shrank from being confounded with his own "Hoosier Schoolmaster" for in commissioning his brother George to write his biography after he was gone, Edward asked George to correct the prevailing impression that he was born and grew up amid the ignorance, poverty and rudeness of the Hoosier backwoods. And now that the scenes and haunts of the Hoosier schoolmaster country around Madison are drawing so many thousands of tourists each year, it is a matter of no small interest and importance to point out these counteracting spiritual and social influences that slowly transformed the brutal barbarism of those times into the homely and the human. George Carey Eggleston insists that their home in boyhood was such an influence and Dr. J. N. Hurty says his father was a fighter for free schools in southern Indiana, when education was condemned by the whole tribe of frontier ruffianism.

A NEW GENERATION

Ten years previous to our chaplaincy at Jeffersonville, we covered Clark and Jackson counties as a rural and small-town pastor and had abundant opportunity to study the surviving story and tradition of the Reno brothers and other Jesse James types of long ago. We had in our possession the only known copy of John Reno's autobiography and in the very same social environment that encouraged and developed the Renos before, during and after the civil war, there sprang up a new generation that made our Boy and Girl Scout work memorable from ten to fifteen years ago. Each community was to us a social laboratory and out of these experiences and types we produced a pageant of the American Red Cross in song and story. To this has been added more memorable work covering the reformatory heroes and heroines of Indiana history from Jonathan Jennings to George A. H. Shideler.

In our new community house at Vernon we propose to perpetually teach and train each growing generation of boys and girls in the social graces and the civic virtues by means of this same pageant impersonation and community drama. We even dream of making Vernon something of a miniature town like Oberammergau, where the "Passion Play" is given. The village church has served thus far as our only training school. There is no auditorium or hall at the high school. The townspeople, the Presbyterian Church and the returning Vernon homecomers are going to do all in their power for the new community house, which we hope to start in May and dedicate in August or September. We are asking each and every friend and admirer of Mr. Shideler to help make this a worthy memorial. The First National Bank of Vernon will receive and credit every donation and if the enterprise is not sufficiently supported to put it over, every dollar will be returned.



REV. THORNTON WHALING, D.D. LL. D.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

The Old South in the New

By THORNTON WHALING, D. D., LL. D.

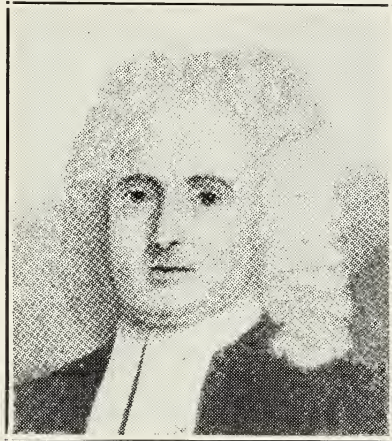
THE WRITER is a scion of the Old South since he was born in Virginia in 1858 and educated at a Southern college and university where the historic ideals and traditions which dominated the "Mother of States and Presidents" were supreme and regnant. In addition to this environment his heredity is rooted in an ancestry which for more than two centuries have lived in and served the "Old Dominion" in many different capacities both official and otherwise. In attempting some interpretation of the ante bellum South he is using his own vernacular as "one to the manner born."

There has been widespread misunderstanding of the spirit and temper which controlled the life and thought of the State where, in 1607, were first planted the seeds of Western Civilization, culture, and religion. It has been regarded as the seat of a narrow and prejudiced aristocracy which reigned from the throne of absolutism over all the activities of its citizens and subjects, relegating "poor whites" and Negroes alike not only to a position of inferiority, but condemning them to the realm of abject subjection, in which everything was forgotten save the service which they could render to this tyrannical and self-absorbed aristocracy.

It is strange to think thus of the State which produced Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison and Monroe. In a sense every one of these men were wise and instructed democrats, who had in view the interests of the entire population and citizenship of State and country. The words of the Declaration of Independence, written by a Virginian, were true to the convictions of his native State, "all men are born free and equal." The white population of the State was composed of elect immigrants of the best stocks, English and Scotch, with a generous intermixture of French Huguenots, Germans from the Palatinate, Dutch and Scotch-Irish, and there was no room for a real aristocracy. The presence of slavery somewhat confuses the situation; but there were four views of the South itself as to the institution. First: some of the most thoughtful regarded it as immoral in its very essence; second, others were convinced it was an economic evil which hindered industrial development; third, others thought it a providential movement for the Christianizing of a race whose final results would justify it; fourth, abolitionists, by peaceful rather than military methods, spoke out their convictions with perfect freedom and tolerance. The institution, while capable of abuse, was of the mildest type perhaps ever developed in the history of the world. I remember the resentment of my own Old Black Mammy, Aunt Becky, at the interference of the North and her indignant questions as Yankee troops marched and remarched through the village in the Valley of Virginia, "What bizness dese heah folks got comin' down heah bodderin' wid us as to what we chooses to do wid one anuther? Dey better go back whar dey cum fum ore we'll kill sum

more uv 'em." When told she was free by my mother, her reply was: "What's free anyhow? I'se jus' as free as I chooses ter be; and I'se gwine ter stay right heah jus' like I'se allus done; dat's what."

Stonewall Jackson and General Lee were finest representatives of the true Old South. The great Stonewall was a deacon in the Presbyterian Church in Lexington, Va., of which I was pastor for ten years. He taught a Negro Sunday School in the lecture room of the classic church in this cultured town; and some of the choicest people of town and church helped him. Prof. Nelson, for fifty years professor in Washington and Lee University, was one of his assistants. He tells me on one occasion Stonewall was reviewing the lesson in which the Biblical



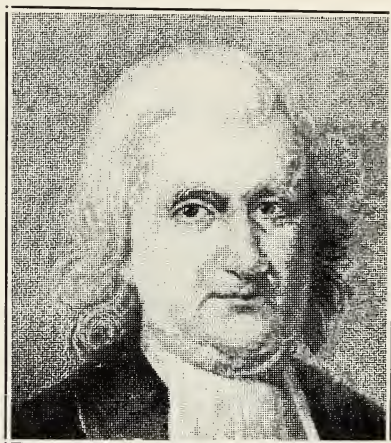
REV. SAMUEL DAVIES, D. D.
President of Princeton College

It was this great Presbyterian preacher of Colonial days in Old Virginia who pointed out George Washington as the hope of his country after Braddock's defeat in 1755. It was Washington's unexpected victory in the Battle of Princeton, January 1, 1777, that gave new courage to the disheartened American army. It was also at Princeton that General Washington reverently participated in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with the Presbyterian congregation. And at the Princeton College Commencement of 1783, when the Congress and General Washington were present upon the platform, Ashbel Green, class valedictorian, paid a glowing and eloquent tribute to the Father of his Country, which greatly embarrassed but deeply gratified Washington. Next day he met young Green in the corridor and expressed hearty wishes for his future. Though a devout Episcopalian, Washington felt the warmest attachment to the Presbyterian people for their loyalty in the great Revolutionary struggle.

Samuel Davies was the pastor of Patrick Henry in youth and was his model of eloquence and democracy as well as of godly character. He was also the first Presbyterian minister to teach the slaves religious truth, work for their conversion, and receive them into full Christian fellowship. He represents the first great Revolution that brought us the freedom of the middle classes of America and Europe.

passage occurs that "His fan is in His Hand, and with it He shall thoroughly purge His threshing floor;" and the questioner asked, "Who has the fan?" The answer came "The Lord." "What does He do with it?" was the next question, but no answer came. The question was asked again and again. At last Old Uncle Jerry volunteered, "I knows;" and he was invited to tell. "Fan Hisself wid it, suh." Stonewall replied, "Tut, tut, you know better than that."

Prof. Nelson added, "tut, tut" is the nearest to profanity Stonewall ever came. Mrs. Jackson, in her charming book on her husband, tells us that her husband always had the servants and slaves at family worship, and himself carefully taught them the Catechism and the truths of the Christian religion. General Jackson's practical interest in the Negro is an exposition of the South; and no one understands the "brother in black" so well and loves him so truly as do the real sons of both the Old or the New South. If I were a Negro I would rather live in Richmond, Columbia or Louisville than in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago.



REV. JOHN WITHERSPOON, D. D.

As President of Princeton College during the Revolution, and as a member of the Continental Congress and signer of the Declaration of Independence, John Witherspoon was very close to George Washington in the great struggle. Then as a member of the first American General Assembly, in 1789, when Washington had assumed the Presidency of the New Republic, Dr. Witherspoon preached the opening sermon and was a member of a committee to address a letter of congratulation and patriotic loyalty to the Father of our Country. Washington replied with deepest reciprocity; and in after years proved his further appreciation of the Presbyterian people by contributing liberally to their educational institutions, notably the academies which later grew into Washington and Lee University and Centre College. These facts are not given in a sectarian spirit but to prove Washington's loyalty to religion and education. He was to Liberty and Union they what Lincoln was in our second great Revolution—the war that ended slavery.

The American and French Revolutions won the freedom of the middle classes in Europe and America. In the armies that followed Washington to battle were men who felt the call of universal liberty to all mankind. Some of these noble dreamers were humble Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian believers who afterward included in their dream of freedom the disinherited and disfranchised white working people and the Negro slave. Thus they became Forerunners of the Civil War which liberated the working classes of the new world.

Gen. Lee, the flawless gentleman and Virginian, represents his State and section. The struggle through which he passed before deciding where his allegiance was first due showed his profound love for his Country and the Union, although duty, which he said is "the sublimest word in the language," led him to side with his native State. The folly of a war forced on by extremists and stubborn reactionaries, chiefly in the North, pained him to the depths of his soul. It is well known that he was more than willing for an abolition of slavery pursued

by peaceful methods, as was George Washington and other leaders, who saw injury as the certain result of transferring slavery from the North, where it evidently did not pay in dollars and cents, to the South where for a time it seemed economically productive. Gen. Lee, apostle of the Old, is the virtual founder of the New South. I quote Prof. Edwin Mimms in his remarkable book, "The Advancing South," page 4, referring to Lee: "As he was the consummate flower of the ante bellum civilization, and the great commander who fought a losing battle with the courage and skill shown by others in victory, so he became the leader of the liberal forces that were to make a new order. There is not a progressive movement in the South today that cannot find inspiration in his letters and conversations; and even the very slogans for the battle are his when he said, 'Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans.' He became what Gamiel Bradford has called him, 'Lee the American,' who did more for the Union during those five years after the war than any other man of his time. When he said that 'the thorough education of all classes of people is the most efficacious means for promoting the prosperity of the South,' he placed himself at the head of all educational campaigns which have been held since then. When he said that the great aim of every Southerner should be to unite 'in the allayment of passion, the dissipation of prejudice, and the restoration of reason,' he rebuked every man who at that time and later made his appeal to passion and prejudice."

It may seem to some a strange claim to affirm, as I now do, that Abraham Lincoln is also a true representative of the Old South which has blossomed out into the New. Born in Hodgenville, Ky., but of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock which settled in Augusta County in the Valley of Virginia in the eighteenth century, he had the ideals which flamed in the heart of Washington, Jefferson, Lee and Woodrow Wilson. If he could have had his way, there would have been no war; and if he had been spared the Martyr's death, the Era of Reconstruction, which destroyed national unity in the seventies, would never have cursed our country. I was pastor of his cousin in Lexington, Va., and found him in many respects a reproduction of his famous presidential relative, though the Virginia Lincoln had been a brave and persistent Confederate soldier. I once asked him what he thought of his cousin Abraham. "A very decent man, though on the wrong side in this recent controversy." I asked him if, as a soldier in battle loading his gun and shooting at the foe, he had seen his cousin directly in front of him, what would he have done. His reply: "I would not have turned my gun to the right; I would not have turned my gun to the left; I would have shot directly in front of me and let Providence take care of the results!" A true Lincolnian answer. The tragedy of the fratricidal war was that men like Lee and Lincoln were not allowed really to come to conference that the issues might have been settled without Appomatox, Bull Run, Chancellorsville or Manassas.

The Old South is in the New. Loyalty to the nation is a distinctive mark of the New. I love to say in the North that during the World War one section furnished no pacifists, evaders, or deserters, and that is the thirteen States that once constituted the Confederacy. Always religious and Christian, many of the industrial and economic problems which now demand solution will find it not in Communism, Socialism or Bolshevism, but in the actual application of the Ethics of Jesus to the commercial and political issues of this new day. Already

men like Tompkins of Charlotte, N. C., and Crawford of Birmingham are blazing the way. Dr. W. W. Alexander, Southern to the core, is showing Massachusetts and New York how to settle, on the rational and truly Christ-like basis, inter-racial relations. And then the great international problem "will not down." This United States cannot divorce itself from the life of the world and live an isolated and selfish life. A Southerner pointed out the solution to the world itself, which has been virtually accepted by the whole round globe save the country which he served as President and Commander-in-Chief of its Armies. But one day this leader will be sustained by the right verdict of his nation, as today he is sustained by the New South, of which he was so admirable a representative and product. If the South were heeded, the League of Nations would embrace as one of its most ardent constituents, the Republic of the West. Another Southerner, if he were with us, would give his commanding influence to the same wise remedy for World Wars; and Woodrow Wilson would have the backing of Abraham Lincoln.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Bluegrass Abolitionists

IT MAY come as a surprise to many readers of history that there was a powerful and determined Emancipation or Abolition Movement in the first Constitutional Convention when Kentucky became a Sovereign State—the first free-born Commonwealth of the Federal Union. The story and tragedy of this heroic struggle to prevent the incorporation of chattel slavery in the basic law of this New Land beyond the Alleghanies has never been fully or fairly told. It is generally supposed that the native State of Abraham Lincoln was pro-slavery from the first, and that the few protesting voices in the Convention which framed her first constitution were impractical idealists who were soon silenced by the wisdom and common-sense of the large majority. What is our astonishment, therefore, when we uncover the facts and see that the defeat of the Emancipation or Abolition forces was one of the gravest tragedies in American history. Who can ever begin to measure the consequences that would have followed had Kentucky truly been a Free State? It was no more necessary that she be a Slave State than Ohio, or Indiana, or Illinois. And it was just as clear to the fearless and earnest men who protested slavery in that early constitutional convention what would come to pass in after generations as it was to their descendants on the eve of the Civil War.

TESTIMONY OF JOHN MASON BROWN

It was John Mason Brown, the just and noble-minded Kentucky attorney and historian, who first unearthed and set forth the facts of this determined and bitter struggle between the Preachers and the Politicians. Mr. Brown has no hesitancy whatever in his statements or conclusions. Says he in a famous Filson Club document: "The ablest among the preachers who opposed the incorporation of slavery into the polity of Kentucky was David Rice, the father of Presbyterianism in the West. He had come from Virginia in 1783; had established in his house in Lincoln County, in 1784, the first grammar school in the West; and the influence of his piety and talents was very great.

"In the political crisis of 1792, when the Constitution of the State was to be formed, he put in print the doctrine he had long preached, and the sentiments of a life-time, issuing a pamphlet entitled 'Slavery Inconsistent with Justice and Good Policy.' A single extract will illustrate the deep feeling that generally prevailed:

"The slavery of the Negroes began in iniquity; a curse has attended it; and a curse will follow it. National vices will be punished with national calamities. Let us avoid these vices, that we may avoid the punishment which they deserve, and endeavor so to act to secure the approbation and smiles of heaven.

"Holding men in slavery is the national vice of Virginia; and while a part of that State we were partakers of the guilt. As a separate State we are just now come to the birth; and it depends upon our free choice whether we shall

be born in this sin or innocent of it. We now have it in our power to adopt it as our national crime, or to bear a national testimony against it. I hope the latter will be our choice; that we shall wash our hands of this guilt and not leave it in the power of a future Legislature evermore to stain our reputation or our conscience with it.' "

THE MAN WHO MADE KENTUCKY A SLAVE STATE

Solemn and momentous words. And John Mason Brown goes to the root of the tragedy when he says: "It is not difficult now to discern the power that overcame the strong public feeling, especially among the religious denominations, adverse to a continuance of slavery. A new and strong and trained man made his first appearance in Kentucky politics as a member of that body. George Nicholas had but recently come from Virginia, but the fame of his abilities and the record of his public services had preceded him. He had sustained debate against no less opponents than Patrick Henry and George Mason, in the Virginia Convention, and deservedly shared with Madison the credit of carrying the vote that ratified the Federal Constitution.

"He took charge, as if by common consent, of the serious work of the Convention. The State Constitution of 1792 may be fairly regarded as his production. He was the principal debater on the floor and the principal draftsman in the Committee.

"His ablest opponent was the Rev. David Rice, his colleague from Mercer County. Rice, however, resigned on the 11th of April (1792) and his successor, Harry Innes, came into the Convention too late to participate influentially in the debates. When the vote came to be taken on the perfected draft of the Constitution, the question of slavery or no-slavery in the new State was put to the direct issue."

THE PREACHERS AND THE POLITICIANS

The article by George Nicholas contemplated a mild, humane system of slavery as free from the traffic as possible, but to be perpetual and never set a slave free without the consent of the owner. On the 18th of April, 1792, the Nicholas article or amendment was voted upon. There were 6 votes of ministers—3 Baptist, 2 Presbyterian and 1 Methodist—all against it; for as Mr. Brown points out, religious opinion was unanimous for Abolition. And, as he further says, the ability, wealth, and political experience of George Nicholas, the politician, defeated them. And Mr. Brown adds with solemn emphasis: "It required a Civil War to correct the error made in 1792. The humble preacher delegates were wiser than their ablest opponents. It is to be noticed as an evidence of their disinterestedness that the preacher members of the Convention, without exception, voted for a constitutional provision disqualifying all ministers of religious societies from service in the Legislature."

And he pays this tribute: "It is to the honor of the Baptist preachers of the new country that they faced the problem with a courage that did honor to their intellect, their religious sincerity, and their sense of public duty. They were not then, as a rule, cultured or rich. Their horizon of speculation was narrow; but their mode of thought was the essence of honest logic applied to the rigid Calvinistic doctrines they so devoutly embraced."

AND A FRIEND OF THOMAS JEFFERSON!

It does not lessen our sorrow and disappointment today to know that this man Nicholas, who engrafted chattel bondage upon the body of the Newborn Commonwealth, was one of a group of eminent and gifted brothers who were bosom friends and political supporters of Thomas Jefferson. George Nicholas made a resolute stand for religious liberty in Old Virginia, and he was a prime mover of the famous "Kentucky Resolutions" that turned the tide of constitutional liberty and state sovereignty in America. We can only reflect that he, like the vast majority of his privileged class in Virginia and the Old South, could see no wrong, as Father David Rice and his colleagues did, in the enslavement of the Negro. It is one of the sad silences of history, too, that Thomas Jefferson—who was so alert and vigilant to defend the freedom and rights of his own race in the South by those famous resolutions referred to—did not catch the significance and give expression to some deciding sentiment favoring Emancipation or Abolition in the Constitution of the first New Commonwealth of the Federal Union.

ANOTHER FORERUNNER RAISED UP

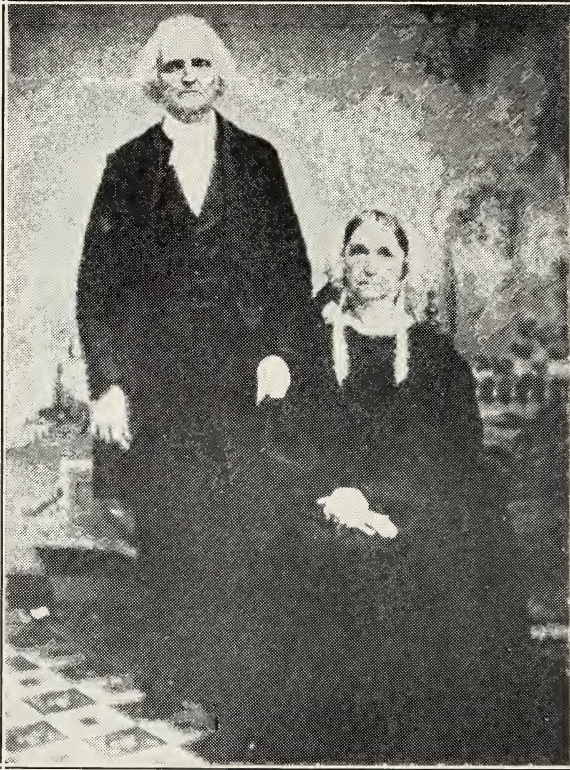
No doubt Father Rice and his colleagues were far in advance of the times. No doubt they were utopian dreamers from a practical, political point of view. But, having lost the battle for freedom so bravely fought another scene is enacted, and another character emerges—a man of more determined mind and makeup on this issue of slavery than Father Rice had ever been. Sometime in the autumn of 1817 there arrived in the town of Paris, Bourbon County, Kentucky, a young Presbyterian preacher with his wife and child in a buggy or carriage that had seen rough roads in its journey from East Tennessee. The young man called upon the Rev. John Lyle, the local minister of his denomination to inquire about prospects for a settlement as stated supply or pastor. Mr. Lyle examined him to his own satisfaction in theology and remarked that there was a two-church field at Concord and Carlisle not far away. The new preacher, who was the Rev. John Rankin, confided the fact very frankly that he was an Abolitionist and was on his journey to the Free State of Ohio. But Mr. Lyle was so impressed that he promised speedy and satisfactory accommodations. His father, too, was an opponent of slavery in the Old Dominion; and the Concord Church was a congregation of about 200 members with only one slave-holder, and he was endeavoring to make up his mind to emancipate his slaves.

A CHURCH OF BLUEGRASS ABOLITIONISTS

So it came to pass that the young Tennessean deemed himself providentially directed to this new field, especially to the Concord Church. There he found an Elder Samuel Donnell, who was a native of Augusta County, Virginia, born November 23, 1760. This Mr. Donnell had come to Kentucky unawakened, like George Nicholas, to the evils of slavery until he heard Father Rice preach. He was so convinced that in 1792, when the election for delegates to the Constitutional Convention was at hand, he worked with a Mr. Henry and other thoughtful men getting up associations throughout the country to arouse the people against slavery, to pass resolutions, and to support men pledged to make

Kentucky a Free State. So that in Bourbon County the Emancipation or Abolition ticket was elected. Father Rice's measure against slavery lost in the Convention by only 4 votes. Again in 1796, when the Constitution was revised, Elder Donnell and his associates redoubled their efforts for freedom; and again lost in the Convention by only a few votes.

It stirred the soul of the new preacher to hear these things. When he left home his father had followed him on horseback a good way, begging him not



Rev. and Mrs. John Rankin, "Freedom's Hero and Heroine." John Rankin shares with Benjamin Lundy the fame of being the "Father of Abolition in America."

to go; and young Rankin's heart had been heavy. But now he knew it was the guidance of God; and he remained with the Concord Church a little over four years. He found an Abolition Society amongst the members. It was for Immediate Abolition of Slavery, too; and yet, said Mr. Rankin afterward, some opponents of freedom spoke contemptuously of Abolition as "modern." Samuel Donnell, William Henry, James and William Thompson, John C. McCoy, and other godly laymen and upright citizens, were Immediate Abolitionists. They held meetings, discussing openly the cruelty and evil of slavery. They published

and circulated tracts defending the rights of slaves as human beings. These men were very fine characters, said Mr. Rankin, and they were active in this work for the enslaved Negroes. In such company the young Tennessee preacher found himself. Many of these earnest-minded men and women of God even then advocated the disfellowship of slave-holders; and the one lone slave-holder in Concord Church was only allowed to remain by promising to amend his way.

JOHN RANKIN MEASURES UP

This new "Forerunner of Lincoln" was not a radical in theology, as many of his opponents imagined. He was a conservative, a dyed-in-the-wool Calvinistic Presbyterian. He studied the Bible to refute the arguments of slave-holding preachers and people. No man ever gave more earnest and intelligent heed to the Word of God in order to defend human rights. This study gave to his tongue and pen a pith and point like a two-edged sword. He was a man of medium height, looked you squarely in the eye; and some people thought he was harsh and unpleasant because he was so determined in moral purpose. But no man was more sensitive to human suffering the world over, nor gentler among his loved ones at home.

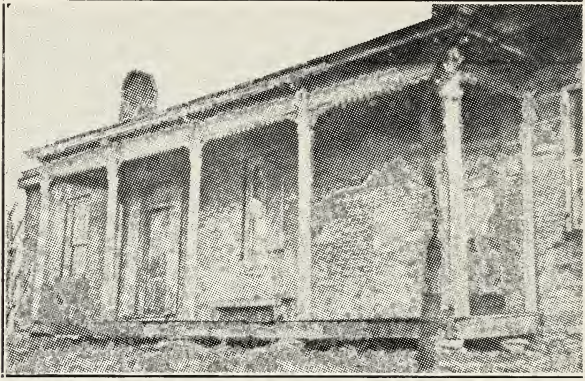
Mr. Rankin organized "The Free Presbyterian Church" when the Old School Assembly took no stand on slavery and when even the New School Assembly began to hedge, as he thought. The members of his Presbytery in Ohio simply withdrew, when a crisis came, and formed the new organization. When the issue of slavery was settled the "Free Presbyterian Church" was absorbed back into the Mother Body. In open letters of keen and powerful reasoning he addressed the Trustees of Hanover College and Lane Seminary when free discussion among students was suppressed 100 years ago. It was Mr. Rankin's custom to preach a gospel sermon in the morning of Sunday as he traveled, and announce an Abolition address at night. His home at Ripley, Ohio, was the Mecca to Abolition students going down the river to Lane Seminary. He divided honors with Benjamin Lundy as being "The Father of Abolition in the Ohio Valley."

HEROIC RECORDS RESTORED

It is amazing how little even highly cultured reading people know today of the powerful and persistent Abolition men and movement of those early years right here in our own home State. Our own researches to unearth the facts have extended over a long period. For years we had sought for information about this great preacher, John Rankin. At last we were rewarded. At the Synod of Indiana, in the fall of 1926, at Vincennes, we were told that the leading members of the Old Concord Abolition Church near Carlisle Kentucky, crossed over into Decatur County, Indiana, and settled at a village which was called Kingston—and which gave the name to the new church they founded there.

On Friday, May 20, 1927, an ever memorable and beautiful day, we journeyed to Greensburg, Decatur County, Indiana, at the special invitation of Miss Mary Rankin, the grand-daughter and biographer of Rev. John Rankin, to see the manuscript material which he left regarding the forgotten heroic struggle against slavery in our own State 100 years ago. Miss Rankin is a graduate of

Oberlin College and a finished critic and writer of history. Her father was the son and namesake of Rev. John Rankin; and in a family group picture of this famous Abolition family, he wore the uniform of a Federal soldier. His widow, the mother of Miss Mary Rankin, is a remarkable woman, alert, and full of vision and love for humanity. She joined with her daughter in giving us every fact and assistance necessary to restore the story of Rev. John Rankin to our own times and the future.



Eliza House where Harriet Beecher Stowe met the Negress "Eliza" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Home of Rev. John Rankin, Ripley, Ohio.

REV. JOHN RANKIN AND REV. JOHN RULE

We were very much impressed also to learn that our own father, Rev. John Rule, was pastor of the same church at Carlisle that Rev. John Rankin had served 50 years before. And when our father went with the Southern side in the division of the Synod of Kentucky in 1867-8, old Elder Waugh of the Carlisle Church who was an Anti-slavery and Union man, locked the doors on a sacramental meeting already announced. His brother, a milder man in judgment and attitude, persuaded him to let the doors be opened. Nevertheless this church went ultimately with the Southern Assembly. But the manuscript history of the Abolition Church at Concord is a priceless document. The Kingston Church, in Decatur County, Indiana, which the followers of John Rankin founded, stands in a quaint Arcadian landscape of indescribable beauty and fertility. But the old families and names that gave it glory are nearly all gone now.

CHAPTER XL

Rev. John Rankin, Southern Apostle of Abolition

February 4, 1793—March 18, 1886

By His Grand-daughter, MARY RANKIN (May—1927)

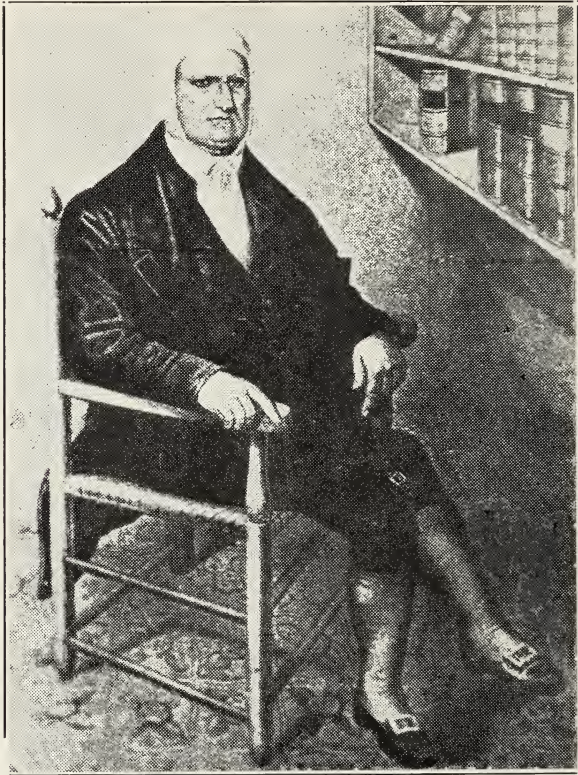
THE ANCESTORS of John Rankin were Scotch-Presbyterians from the north of Ireland. Thomas Rankin, his grandfather, was brought to Pennsylvania when three years old. He and three of his six sons served in the Revolutionary War, and then, having sold his farm for worthless Continental money, he was forced to seek a homestead in Tennessee. His grandson describes him as an elder in the church and an honored example to his family and neighbors. Robert Rankin, his son, a blacksmith, also moved to Jefferson County, Tennessee, with his wife, Jane Steele, also of Scotch-Irish parentage. There the son John was born February 4, 1793.

He says of his parents: "They were members of the Presbyterian Church and well indoctrinated." Their children were baptized in infancy and taught the Shorter Catechism. Four sons became ministers. "My father was remarkable for the purity of his morals. My mother was a woman of strong mental capacity and one who read much in the Bible and religious books. The influence of a mother is more impressing than that of a father. I often found her on her knees in secret prayer and when father was absent she prayed with the family."

The majority of the settlers were rough, ignorant people who opposed schools, churches and an educated ministry. So the Rankin family of ten boys and one girl were taught at home; and as the well-read family library consisted of "The Bible, some of the writings of the ablest Scotch divines and some historical works," they fared better than many others of the day. An occasional three months' term of school was held at a crude school house two and a half miles distant. The school house was "built of round logs. One end of it was built like the corner of a fence, in which there was a rough stone wall against which the fire was built of such logs as could be rolled or carried in. The floor was native earth. A wide space between two logs formed the place for light. There was no loft, clapboards weighted down with heavy poles formed the roof. Our books were Dillsworth's Spelling book, the New and Old Testaments, (the New first then the Old). After that any history might be read. Our Arithmetic was in the Master's head and sometimes there was none there."

As he grew to manhood, he says, "I wrote articles on various subjects and cultivated my oratorical capacity by speaking in the fields and woods where no one could hear me. I read much in the Bible and books on Theology. The Bible was my school book; hence I acquired a taste for reading its attractive style and stupendous miracles."

He did his share of the work on the farm and also learned to make harnesses, shoes and many other things needed about the farm or house. He says: "I would rather make a neat bed in the garden or a neat pair of shoes than to play. With me it was generally all work and no play."



SAMUEL DOAK, D. D.

Founder and First President of Washington College, East Tennessee, first college West of the Alleghanies.

"The first regular church in this cradle-spot of Tennessee was a Presbyterian log meeting-house built near Jonesboro in 1777 and christened Salem Church. Its pastor was a pioneer preacher, who worked with fiery and successful energy to spread learning and religion among the early settlers of the Southwest. His name was Samuel Doak. He came from New Jersey and had been educated at Princeton. . . .

"The hardy people among whom he took up his abode were able to appreciate his learning and religion as much as they admired his adventures and indomitable temper; and the stern, hard, God-fearing man became a most powerful influence for good throughout the whole formative period of the Southwest.

"Not only did he found a church, but near it he built a log high school, which soon became Washington College, the first institution of its kind west of the Alleghanies."—Theodore Roosevelt in "The Winning of the West." (Vol. III, page 99.)

HIS RELIGIOUS AWAKENING

At the age of seven he was profoundly moved by the excitement of a religious revival that swept the country; and he "did earnestly desire to experience the realities of religion and did practice secret prayer." But he made no profession because children of that age were not encouraged to do so. The natural reaction followed and is described as coldness, doubt, despair and anguish of spirit. His child mind wrestled with the ninth chapter of Romans and the doctrines of election and foreordination, and when other young people were chatting merrily on the way home from church, he would ride "solemn and silent as the grave under a sense of the awful truths." But again: "At times I had joyful hope and when I was but a boy I united with the church, but my doubts would, at times, return."

From his earliest recollection he had hoped to be a minister and he continued his studies through all this period of spiritual struggle, held back only by a sense of his unworthiness. When he was about twenty he had the opportunity to study Latin for three months under Rev. David Weir, and to do so he rode horse-back fourteen miles a day.



BIRTHPLACE OF REV. JOHN RANKIN
Jefferson County, Tennessee

EDUCATED UNDER DR. DOAK

He continued his studies at home till his father was able to send him to Washington College, some sixty miles east of his home, where he studied under Dr. Samuel Doak, the founder of this first institution of classical learning west of the Alleghanies. Dr. Doak's plan was to let the young men of his school advance as rapidly as possible without regard to classes, so that the young John Rankin finished his course in two and a half years. During this time his health was impaired and extreme nervousness brought on a feeling of "diffidence," as he describes it, that was not overcome for several years. Six months before he graduated from college he was taken under the care of Abingdon Presbytery and after a year of reading prescribed by Dr. Doak he was licensed to preach.

HIS MARRIAGE

A few weeks before his graduation he married Jean Lowry, grand-daughter of Dr. Doak. By her trade as tailoress she supported him through the remainder

of his college year and his supplementary study for the ministry. There were many times after that when her skill supported the large family (thirteen children) when the salary came in slowly or not at all. He writes of her later: "In all our pilgrimage she has never placed an obstacle in my way of preaching the gospel. But few women have filled as well the place of a minister's wife. She contributed greatly to my success in the sacred office."

SOJOURN IN KENTUCKY

Mr. Rankin began to supply pulpits in the churches of East Tennessee, but as there was no opening for him there, and as he hated slavery, he determined to go north and seek a home and a church in free territory. With his wife and son, a horse and carriage and a hundred dollars in silver, he set out in the Fall of 1817. Stopping at Paris, Kentucky, to call on the Rev. John Lyle, he was examined by that gentleman concerning his beliefs, and being found free from taint of "Hopkinsonianism," he was urged to stop and preach to the Concord Church near Carlisle. He agreed to stay for the winter and then became their pastor and remained for four years.

Two sermons a week soon exhausted his supply of memorized sermons and in a panic he complained to his wife that he lacked "capacity" to preach and would have to give it up. She believed in him and encouraged him to persevere. It was then that he adopted a plan which he always followed. "I selected a sufficient number of texts to give me enough to speak, for I never had a talent for speaking on nothing as some seem to have. I then placed in memory the order to be pursued, the doctrines to be discussed and the texts to sustain them. I never opened my Bible to read a proof text. I took no notes into the pulpit and read only the text. When I began to preach in this way the people began to speak of my improvement in preaching." He wrote no sermons but often "discussed the doctrines of the gospels" with his pen in order to facilitate expression. He felt the necessity of study the more keenly because the Concord congregation were a superior class of people, and because they had been seriously disturbed by the preaching of a former pastor, Barton Stone, leader of the "New Light" faith as it was then called. He had to defend the doctrines of the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, and the influence of the Holy Spirit, and the custom of infant baptism.

He was gradually freeing himself of the self-consciousness that had developed during his college days, and by this close study of text and doctrine he became so familiar with both as to be at ease on any occasion. He tells this story of a later time: "I was once appointed by Presbytery to preach on a particular subject and I forgot that I had been so appointed until the hour came. I selected a suitable text and discoursed on the subject to the satisfaction of Presbytery and no one knew I had made no preparation."

The story has been told by another of a wager on the question of his ability to preach without previous notice. He was found and brought before the crowd and then told that they wanted him to preach. He mounted a stump and announced his text—"Therefore came I unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for. I ask, therefore, for what intent ye have sent for me," and plunged immediately into his discourse.

APOSTLE OF ABOLITION

With no books but the Bible he was compelled to study it closely, not only to be able to refute the New Light doctrines, but to fight against slavery, and Bible truths were always his chief weapon against the evil. The Concord congregation were strongly anti-slavery and many were members of a society auxiliary to the Kentucky Abolition Society. Mr. Rankin preached and lectured throughout the State without opposition.

But though the Presbyterian Church and its ministry were then predominantly anti-slavery, slavery was increasing its hold in the State and that reason, coupled with hard times, bank failures, and the migration of Concord families to Indiana, determined Mr. Rankin to continue the journey begun four years before. He was called to the churches of Ripley and Straight Creek in Brown County, Ohio, and took up his work there in November, 1822.

For forty-four years Mr. Rankin lived and preached in Ripley, building up the congregation and church, planting other churches throughout the country, preaching Presbyterian doctrine, temperance and anti-slavery. He held week day Bible Classes when there were no Sunday Schools and organized Sunday Schools as soon as the movement came west. At his suggestion, men of his church induced men of the Methodist Church to unite with them in what he believed to be the first temperance society west of the Alleghanies. Unfortunately he gives no dates. The influence of this society was strong enough to drive the saloons out of the town several times. He also prepared seven young men for the ministry, and for a few years was president of a little college that died an early death from lack of funds.

HIS FAMOUS "LETTERS ON SLAVERY"

Mr. Rankin's account of his first book is significant: "My brother Thomas settled in the Middle Brook, Augusta County, Virginia, as a merchant, and after living there some years he wrote me that he had bought a slave. I replied to him in a series of letters published in a paper then printed in Ripley, called the "Castigator." I sent him the paper; for then it cost twenty-five cents to send a letter by mail. At that time (1823) Ohio was an anti-slavery State; consequently the series of letters was well received. In those letters I urged the wrong of slavery to a great extent. The arguments were all my own, for I had no books on the subject to guide me. I let to the editor of the "Castigator," one-third of my house at \$50 a year to pay for printing a thousand copies of the letters in book form. I was too poor to get them all bound at once. I got a few bound at a time, until I circulated in Ohio and Kentucky six hundred. A bookseller at Maysville, Ky., supplied his store with them and the sale of them gave no offence then. Since that time it would have endangered a man's life to sell one of them in that State. I was too poor to publish another edition and supposed it would never appear again; but by some means Mr. Garrison obtained a copy which excited him to run his anti-slavery course. He acknowledged himself to be my disciple. I am responsible for his Abolitionism but not for his divinity. He published the entire series in the "Liberator." At the origin of the American Anti-Slavery Society it was extensively published in New England, and the society made it a text book for their lectures. It was also published in England. The facts of cruelty stated in it were almost incredible yet they were true. . . . It has done its work and has passed away."

OTHER NOTABLE ARTICLES

Because the American Book and Tract Society would not publish anti-slavery tracts, Mr. Rankin suggested the organization of a new one. The organization of the American Reform Tract and Book Society took place in the Vine Street

Congregational Church of Cincinnati. Its chief supporters were Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Friends. As its first secretary, it fell to Mr. Rankin to collect funds for its endowment and his travels took him as far away as Bangor, Maine. The name later (1852) became the "Western Tract and Book Society." Mr. Rankin also wrote a number of tracts which were published by the society, among them: "The Bible Contains no Sanction for Slavery," "By the Son of a Blacksmith," "On the Duty of Voting for Good Men," and one on temperance, offering reasons why intoxicating drinks should be prohibited by law. One was written for the North, showing why the North should agree to liberate the slaves by purchase, and one was for the Southern people, showing why they should agree to free the slaves on those terms. Mr. Rankin says: "The late war has shown that the reasons given in those two tracts were well founded, for it would have saved millions of lives and thousands of millions of money."

HELPS MRS. STOWE WITH "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

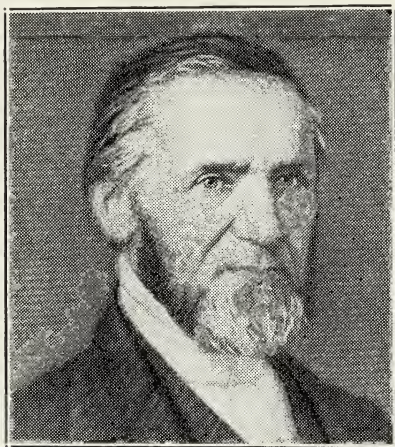
"The Lord gave me a sympathetic heart so that I could not help sympathizing with innocent sufferers. Hence, early in life I set myself against slaveholding. Some of the keenest sensations of mental anguish I ever felt were occasioned by contemplating the cruelties inflicted upon slaves." Among the stories he told of "runaway slaves" is the one around which Mrs. Stowe built her character of Eliza in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "A Kentucky slave mother having been harshly treated by her mistress, took her child in her arms and in the night started for Canada. She came to the house of an old Scotchman who lived on the Ohio River. She asked him what was best for her to do. My house being on the top of a hill, he pointed to it and said, 'A good man lives in that house. Go to it and you will be safe.' The river was frozen over and a thaw had come; so the water was running over the ice, which was just ready to break up. She waded across and went to my house, went into the kitchen, made a fire and dried herself; then she waked two of my boys and they conveyed her to another depot the same night."

Mr. Rankin used this and similar stories to illustrate points in the tracts he was publishing; and this story fell into the hands of Mrs. Stowe, who then lived in Cincinnati. A correspondence followed and Mrs. Stowe was invited to visit in Mr. Rankin's home and interview fugitives as they came through. She availed herself of this invitation and spent some time there. Though neither Mrs. Stowe nor Mr. Rankin mentions this incident, Mr. Rankin's children all remembered it and pointed out the window, the west one, upstairs, where she sat writing. The village of Ripley has many added legendary details not confirmed by the memories of Mr. Rankin's family.

Mr. Rankin says: "There was a band of benevolent young men who attended to all such cases and were ever ready to spend a night in behalf of fugitive slaves." And Ripley was the scene of so many such acts that it was often threatened with burning. Among these "benevolent young men" were Mr. Rankin's nine sons as they grew old enough to be of service. The daughters, too, were often called upon to aid by carrying colored children through the streets on their horses, and by lending their clothing and horses to disguise refugee women who were being escorted through the town in daylight. Sunbonnets were as useful to conceal dark faces as to protect the beauty of the fair. No fugitive in the hands of this band of men was ever captured.

SUFFERING FOR FREEDOM

Mr. Rankin, in his travels through Ohio and Indiana in the cause of anti-slavery, suffered many indignities, finding the doors of churches, homes and public halls closed to him; and on the other hand, finding welcome and generosity from those whose hearts had been touched by his cause. Mobs were not infrequent experiences, and plots against his life were frustrated. But he was never kept from an appointment; and only once did an audience "walk out on him" when a mob attacked the building where he was speaking. "His body was never bruised by a stone, nor his raiment stained by an offensive missile," though stones and eggs and even firebrands hit him without doing any harm.



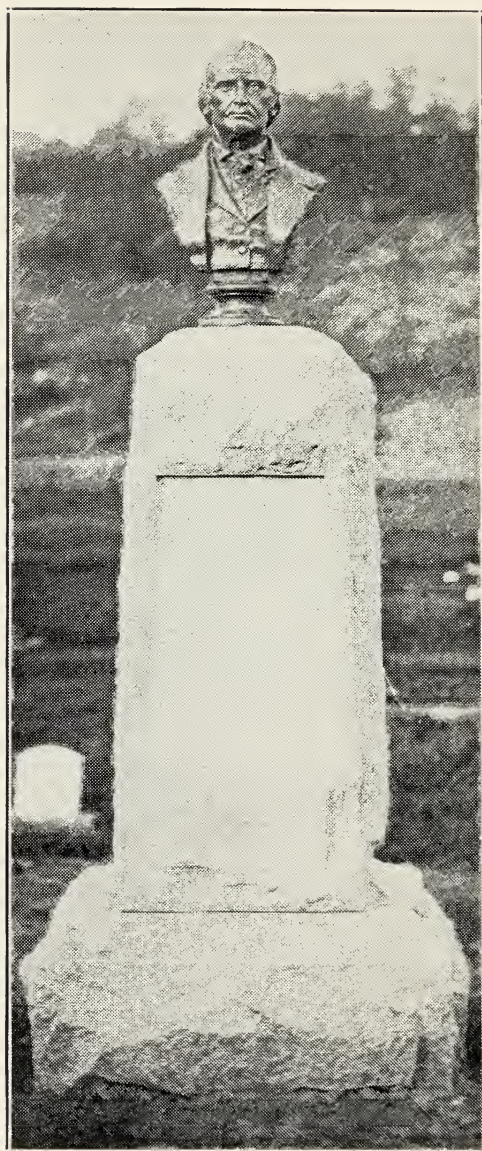
REV. GEORGE W. GALE, D. D. (1789-1862)

Great but Gentle Abolition Educator and New School Leader. Originator and founder of the "Oneida Manual Labor Institute," Whitesboro, N. Y., more than 100 years ago. Mr. Gale was in poor health himself at the time (1826) and took a farm to help promising young men secure an education by working for it. His personality and good management made such a success of the experiment that the idea spread rapidly far and wide. It was the root idea of vocational training and the sciences. One of his pupils, Theodore Weld who conducted the Dairy Department, was converted under Rev. Charles G. Finney, and entered Lane Seminary under Dr. Lyman Beecher. Young Weld traveled throughout the country, especially the South, popularizing the Manual Labor School idea. He also lectured on Slavery and Abolition and became one of the most brilliant and powerful orators and workers in the cause of freedom. He headed the Student Abolition Movement of Lane Seminary 100 years ago in demanding freedom of opinion and discussion in the student body. There was a revolt of the students at Lane and Hanover. Rev. John Rankin addressed keen and searching open letters to the trustees of these institutions in protest of suppressing free opinion and expression.

Rev. George W. Gale was the pastor who led Charles G. Finney, the Great Evangelist and Abolitionist, to Christ.

Dr. Gale also founded Knox College, Illinois, his living monument.

He writes: "The Lord preserved me from all harm." Nor was his house ever searched, though the attempt was made more than once. At one time the slave-hunters were held at bay by Mrs. Rankin with an ax in her hands, Mr. Rankin and the older boys being away from home at the time. Refugees were never kept in the house or about the farm more than an hour or so, because of the



MONUMENT TO REV. AND MRS. JOHN RANKIN
Ripley, Ohio

danger to the poor fugitives themselves; so there was nothing to conceal from any one with a warrant to search the house. But no warrant was presented and the sanctity of the home was kept inviolate.

Many legends have already grown up in Ripley concerning the house that looks down from its hill-top. The "secret closets" are ordinarily storage places under the eaves, and in one of them Mr. Rankin tried to keep bees, which accounts for the small window at the west end of the house. The legend of "the light in the window at night" probably arose around the candle by which Mr. Rankin read and wrote. The "Underground Railroad" would not have been underground had its first station been so conspicuously designated. Indeed, there was no need of a light, for the runaway had been following the North Star, and that Star of Hope stood above the little house, etched black against the skyline high above the river.

LAST DAYS AND DEATH

After leaving Ripley, he was for many years in Kansas, always active and busy supplying needy churches, with little compensation till his ninetieth year, when an accident and an illness of three years ended a long, eventful life, March 18, 1886. From the church in Ripley, relays of colored men carried his casket the long mile to the cemetery. There it lies beside that of his wife, beneath a simple granite monument bearing a bronze bust, the only inscription these words:

John Rankin—1793-1886

Jean Lowry, his wife—1795-1878

Freedom's Heroes.

SOURCES

Manuscript, copy of Life of John Rankin, written by Himself in his Eightieth Year, (a manuscript in Western Reserve Historical Museum, Cleveland, Ohio).

The Soldier, The Battle and The Victory, by the Author of the Life and Writings of Samuel Crothers, etc.

Pamphlet, Dedication of Bronze Bust and Granite Monument.

Lyman Beecher and Charles G. Finney

WHEN Dr. Lyman Beecher gave himself to the gospel ministry he relinquished all idea of accumulating property and determined to trust God to maintain him and his family, whatever of good or ill might befall them. He confidently anticipated educating his children and dedicated his sons to the same ministry as himself, if God should so call them. His first salary at East Hampton, Long Island, was \$300 and firewood, with an increase of \$100 after five years. When his family increased he received a call to Litchfield, Connecticut, at a salary of \$800 with the promise of fuel. He was very much attached to the Litchfield pastorate, but each year his thrifty wife told him that his salary did not meet expenses; and in due course of time he found himself \$600 behind. They talked the matter over and he said to her that he had not expected to move again for many years, if ever; and he added that the condition of the church was not such as to justify his asking an increase of salary at that time. Mother Beecher told him she was willing to make any sacrifice herself, but first suggested his teaching school to supplement his salary. The good pastor replied that he could not do justice to his flock if he entered the school room. Mother Beecher then agreed to spend a little financial reserve she had enlarging the manse and taking in roomers and boarders. This experiment proved disastrous to her health and inheritance and ultimately brought on a decline from which she died. It seems, however, that the Litchfield congregation did come to his relief when they were informed of his embarrassing circumstances, for these facts are set forth in his request for dismission laid before them. It was a very tender and candid communication, after a fifteen year relationship with them. He said that some ministers might have farmed and loaned money and not become a care upon their flock, but that he was absolutely devoted to the cause of the Kingdom of God among them and had no regrets about it. He added that he was willing for his sons to become farmers or mechanics, if they so wished, but that they gave every evidence of following in the footsteps of their father as servants of the Lord Jesus.

For these reasons Dr. Beecher regarded a confidential inquiry from a committee of the Hanover Church in Boston as a providential door of relief and entrance into larger service opened unto him. He so informed the committee and the Litchfield congregation and accepted the call to the Boston church. He began his work at the Hanover Church under most promising auspices. It was just one hundred years ago, in the year 1826. He was the one outstanding evangelical preacher in Boston. He was a man of great personal magnetism and far-reaching spiritual vision. The Hanover Church consisted of just thirty-seven members when he arrived. There were some excellent young men in the congregation and from Sunday to Sunday the auditors increased. In those days the pews were sold or rented for church support and the spaces were speedily

occupied. A flood of young people from the middle classes showed up in the audience, and Dr. Beecher's young men were "quick as a cat" to assist him in discovering, locating, and calling upon any spiritual inquirers. The doctrines of grace that he preached had not been heard in Boston for many years, and the effect was marked from the outset. Following up the individuals awakened, conversions resulted. He established the Inquiry Meeting, so favored with spiritual results in former generations. He told the people that a revival was coming and that they must prepare for it. Such an experience was strange to the Boston ministry of that day. Revivals were regarded as mad fanaticism, and outsiders began to watch this new Presbyterian preacher and to say all manner of things about his novel and unusual method and manner. He made no attack upon the Unitarians. He simply pointed out the deadness of religion in the town and how God was again drawing nigh to bless his people. As the inquirers multiplied his own young men met him at the door with staring eyes and told him that it was a mistake; that these anxious souls did not understand what they were doing. But Dr. Beecher answered that it was the finger of God. He was compelled to divide the inquirers into groups and classes and go from one to another, with his helpers, as rapidly but as thoroughly as possible. He saw infidels and skeptics waiting to talk to him and while avoiding argument invited them to the manse. He rose to the demands of the crisis and when seventy souls were received into the communion of the Hanover Church the opposition broke all bounds. He was assailed in the papers and denounced on the street corner. Wives and daughters were forbidden to attend his services. "The whole weight of political, literary, and social influence was turned against us, and the lash of ridicule laid on without stint."

Dr. Beecher revised and delivered his famous six sermons on Intemperance. His young men enthusiastically demanded that they be published. The sermons ran through several editions, and the Tract Society bought the copyright and sold them by the hundred. They stirred up the liquor element and had a far-reaching influence for good. Yet in all these spiritual and social upheavals Dr. Beecher was not vindictive or personal. He made no reply to opposition or criticism. He told his people that either the town of Boston would yield to the revival or bitterly oppose it. They did the latter as he confidently anticipated; but he triumphed with the truth, and the eyes of the whole nation were centered on him.

RISE OF CHARLES G. FINNEY

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." It was at this very time that the remarkable religious awakening in New York State associated with the name and work of Charles G. Finney began to attract wide attention. This unusual man was a native of Litchfield county, Connecticut, where he was born August 29, 1792. He was just two years old when his father emigrated to Oneida county, New York. It was a wilderness. There were no religious privileges to be had. No religious books to speak of were obtainable. The New Englanders established schools, but the preachers and the preaching excited the ridicule of young Finney and his companions. An ignorant and fanatical type of exhorter was the only gospel messenger to be found in the settlements. The Finneys removed further west and were at greater disadvantage spiritually than ever. At the age of twenty young Finney was completing the foundations

of his education and preparation as a teacher in New England. He desired to go to Yale College, but he fell in with a young man who persuaded him to prepare privately and to go with him as a teacher to the South. His parents, however, dissuaded him from this movement; and in the year 1818 he began the study of law at the town of Adams, Jefferson county, New York.

Mr. Finney says he was a stranger to the influence of prayer and that the preaching he heard in New England was of such a dry, didactic character that it made no favorable impression upon him. The pastor would have an innumerable set of proof texts to read during the sermon and held the Bible in both hands, releasing his fingers one at a time as he droned and mumbled the monotonous repetition of points supposed to be elucidated. Is it any wonder that the young man had no favorable conception of a spiritual life, much less any idea of himself becoming a minister of the gospel? He little knew at the time that God was thus familiarizing him with the dead condition of Zion in order to raise him up as a prophet of the Most High. He began to read the Bible when he saw references to the Laws of Moses in the statute books. This induced him to purchase the first Bible he ever owned and he read other portions of it with much profit. He began to talk with the local Presbyterian pastor, who was himself a dry-as-dust type of preacher, and Finney said many unmerciful things to him. The man of God seemed to have no experimental realization of the doctrines he was preaching. But young Finney soon discovered that he himself was far out at sea; and a great anxiety possessed him to know more of the vital truth of religion. He was especially impressed with the perfunctory type of prayers offered up and saw that the people who made them did not expect an answer. He attended their prayer services and told them plainly that he did not wish them to pray for him as they had no power with God. Yet all the time he was feeling his way along like a man in utter darkness seeking the light.

It was in the month of October, 1821, that Mr. Finney came to a crisis in his search after God. He experienced all the symptoms and pains and despairs of a soul shaken with the terrors of the law and redeemed by a grace so amazing that when he returned from the woods to his law office after much wrestling and prayer, he had a vision of the Lord Jesus that lifted him into the seventh heaven of ecstasy and peace. He relinquished all attention to his work as an attorney and told his associates that he was called now to be an ambassador of the Most High. That strange magnetism for which he became so famous possessed him from the very first evening service he addressed in the village after his conversion. He had been choir leader in the Presbyterian church and the revival broke out from that very hour. He admits in his autobiography that he was enthused to such an extent that he had to guard against a nervous break-down and insanity; but this was the powerful emotional crisis he had passed through. In the spring of 1822 he put himself under the care of the local Presbytery. He declined to go to Princeton Seminary because of the controversy then beginning to rage between the old legalistic and the new school views of evangelical truth. He had talked these matters over very fully with his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Gale, and though the Presbytery offered to defray the expense of his theological course at Princeton, Mr. Finney chose to prepare for licensure under his pastor and in the two years intervening threshed out with Mr. Gale the whole range of doctrinal points between the Old School and the New. He was

positively a New School man, and the Presbytery, in the spring of 1824, very wisely and generously passed by these differences of opinion and licensed him on the evidence of his faith and work as a clearly called man of God. The Presbytery of Oneida certainly signalized the occasion and the act, for they testified that the evangelistic movement in which young Finney was so conspicuous and powerful was pentecostal in depth and genuineness.

This Rev. George W. Gale, under whose ministry Mr. Finney was converted and trained up into his great life work as an evangelist, was a decidedly historical character. He had come to the pastorate at Adams, N. Y., in 1819, and remained there until 1826. He was the founder of the noted Oneida Manual Labor Institute, at Whitesboro, N. Y., which had such an immense influence throughout the Western States about that time. It was the idea of the old "school of the prophets" long ago; and we shall presently see that it had a fundamental relation to the founding of Lane Seminary, Oberlin College, Berea College, and to the gathering anti-slavery sentiment and movement associated with the New School element in the Presbyterian Church. The biographer of Mr. Finney refers to the hesitancy of Rev. Mr. Gale to openly and positively side with young Finney in points of theology; but it is sufficient for us to know that Mr. Gale became more and more imbued with the New School interpretation, and that he stamped upon young Finney's mind and soul the spiritual conceptions of human labor and liberty that subsequently enabled Mr. Finney to build better than he knew at Oberlin. Dr. Gale, like John Finley Crowe, and Gideon Blackburn, was also an educational pioneer of the New West, as he founded Knox College, at Galesburg, Ill., in 1835.

We have mentioned the rise of Charles G. Finney as a contemporary of Lyman Beecher at Boston because the New School Revival Movement springing up in New York State at this time drew the attention of the New England ministry and occasioned a great deal of severe censure in the religious press because of its intensity and terrific emotional manifestations. No doubt there was sufficient justification for this objection, and the Rev. Mr. Nettleton, of New England, a bosom friend of Lyman Beecher and himself an evangelist of long standing and success, led a movement to counteract and discourage what we would today term "primitive traits in religious revivals." Dr. Nettleton and Dr. Beecher were, of course, much more thoroughly trained in general culture and theology than Mr. Finney, and the Presbyterian Church unquestionably discountenanced emotional excess in the conversion of souls. This Dr. Nettleton was a very gentle and persuasive evangelist, whereas Charles G. Finney was as bold and open as a lion. Anyhow, some of Lyman Beecher's confidential correspondence on this controversy got into print and made Finney feel that Nettleton and Beecher were enemies of the work of grace; and at a conference called on the subject they got no closer together, though Beecher was courteous to Finney later on when he came to Boston. These facts are of interest because when Lyman Beecher came West a few years later to head Lane Seminary, and Charles G. Finney came West also to build up Oberlin College, the very same difference of spirit and method in the temperaments of the two men of God manifested itself in the anti-slavery movement. Dr. Beecher was wise and strong with a reserve that was characteristically Presbyterian, while Finney was the same positive, heroic, flame-like evangel of human liberty that he had been back in the frontier towns of New York State.

THEODORE WELD—THE YOUNG ABOLITIONIST

The most gifted and powerful Anti-Slavery leader among the early students at Lane Seminary and Oberlin College was Theodore Weld. He seems to have been a promising pupil at Phillips Academy, in New England, the son of a Presbyterian or Congregational clergyman. He was very fond of the boys in the class ahead of him and endeavored to overtake them by hard study, so he could join them. He was only a youth of seventeen and this overtax of the eyes nearly precipitated blindness. He was dependent on his own exertions, and leaving school he set out on a lecturing tour through Connecticut, New York, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. Even at that time he was a pleasing and fluent public speaker. Said he, "On this tour I saw slavery at home and became a radical Abolitionist."

Young Weld's eyes were still much affected on his return North and he went to Hamilton College, near Utica, N. Y., where he had an uncle and where a student friend, Kirkland by name, insisted that he could help Weld to save his eyes and make progress in his studies. He shared his room with Weld part of the time. Weld's uncle died in the spring of 1826 and he went to Utica to visit his aunt. He was evidently a devout young man because he led family worship at his aunt's. But report of the revival meeting and methods of Charles G. Finney at that time in Utica had created a most unfavorable impression among the faculty and students of Hamilton College. Weld had the same conception of Finney that Rev. Mr. Nettleton and other New England clergy entertained. Weld understood that the terrorism of the evangelist had unnerved his young cousin at Utica, and he expressed himself in strong terms against the meetings and the minister. He had a great influence among the students and turned them against Mr. Finney also. But young Weld's aunt lived next door to where Mr. Finney was staying, and as she was a strong partisan of the evangelist she used strategy to get her nephew to attend a day service when he did not anticipate hearing Mr. Finney. The evangelist was secretly posted as to the presence of the hostile young man and took as his text, "One sinner destroyeth much good." He fastened his terrific eyes upon young Weld, who tried to leave the church, but was dissuaded by his aunt. It is the testimony of both Finney and Weld that the sermon was personal and scathing.

Next day Weld was in a store passing the time when one of the firm informed Mr. Finney. He came over and encountered Weld. Some exchange of words passed between them when Weld, exasperated already and under deep conviction, scored the evangelist roundly in the presence of the crowd that quickly gathered. Mr. Finney says their meeting was not premeditated on his part and puts the responsibility for the disputation entirely upon Weld, though confessing that he had described him severely in the sermon of the previous day. The argument went on for some time until Weld lost his temper completely and left the store with a cutting remark addressed to Mr. Finney who returned to his own house. This was the way the revival worked in those days. Excitement, discussion, argument, rebellion, abuse, were expected. And in the case of young Weld he soon repented of his encounter with Mr. Finney and appeared at the door of the residence. When the evangelist came down stairs and saw the young man he expressed displeasure and surprise as though Weld had followed him to renew the quarrel. But that was Finney's way of "breaking a man up" spiritually, for he soon saw that Weld was deeply repentant, threw his arms about him,

drew him into the parlor, and down upon their knees in prayer and tears, Weld was wonderfully converted.

From that hour, throughout the entire summer, Mr. Finney had no stronger or more eloquent assistant. That winter Weld took an invalid brother on a trip to Labrador. On his return he spent several weeks in Boston, where he met Dr. Lyman Beecher and came under his inspiring influence. Thence he went to the Oneida Manual Labor Institute, near Utica, N. Y., presided over by Rev. Mr. Gale, Mr. Finney's former pastor. Weld acted as solicitor of funds for the endowment of the institution about half time and the remainder was the monitor of the dairy class, looking after about thirty cows and the delivery of the milk in wagons by daybreak each morning. A dairy barn was needed and Weld induced a farmer of the neighborhood who had but little faith in the work of the students to donate the timber, which Weld saw prepared and built up into a model structure with student labor.

It was in his conversations with Charles Beecher that Weld gave account of these experiences before entering Lane Seminary as a student for the ministry. His distinction as an Abolitionist consists in his clear economic and moral conception of Labor as a fundamental of human society. "In July, 1831," he says, "a National Manual Labor Society was formed, and I became general agent, and traveled and lectured, visiting most of the Manual Labor institutions in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama. I also lectured from time to time on Temperance, and conversed freely, whenever I had a chance, with young men on the subject of slavery. The Liberator had just been established then, and had not become known, and there was entire freedom to converse on the subject everywhere, provided we kept out of hearing of the slaves.

"At Huntsville, Alabama, I became acquainted with Dr. Allen, the leading Presbyterian minister of the State, a slave-holder, and with his son, who had recently graduated. J. G. Birney was one of his elders, and it was owing to my discussion with Dr. Allen that he was led to think on the subject and became an Abolitionist. During this tour I found several young men who resolved to come to Lane—among others the son of Dr. Allen."

It was on his way South that Weld gave ten lectures in Cincinnati on the subject of Temperance, and several on the Manual Labor Society. He drew such crowds that larger churches were required to hold them. In the autumn on his return from the South he lectured at the Seminary on the Manual Labor theme. Mr. Lane, for whom the institution was named, heard him, as well as other leading men. A closer examination of this record kept by the Beechers proves to be an account of young Weld taken down in writing by Charles Beecher shortly after hearing it from Weld's own lips. It gives a vivid insight of the strong Anti-Slavery sentiment present in the first body of students, of whom Weld was easily the most gifted and eloquent. Referring to his return from the South and his efforts in the Manual Labor Movement, Weld says:

"I went on to New York and made my report in January, 1833, and, while in New York, had several conversations with the Tappans and others interested in Anti-Slavery. I made a statement of the results of my observation. I remember telling them I knew of a number who were coming from the Southern States to Lane, besides many of the Oneida Institute boys; for we had heard of your father's appointment (Dr. Lyman Beecher), and had spoken some of going to Lane. At that time I was planning to establish a great Manual

Labor Intsitution somewhere, and liberal offers had been made by gentlemen at Rochester. I had been on the ground, and spent some days looking at sites in the vicinity. . . . But when I went through the West and South, and saw the situation of Lane Seminary, I was satisfied that was the place for us. I developed, in conversation with the Tappans, my views on slavery, and my intention to improve the excellent opportunity to introduce Anti-Slavery sentiments, and have the whole subject thoroughly discussed.

“After a brief visit to my father, who then resided near Oneida, sometime in May, 1834, H. B. Stanton, Samuel Wells, Ezra A. Poole, and I bought a boat for six dollars, and went down French Creek and the Alleghany River to Pittsburg. We had good times discussing Anti-Slavery, and stopping occasionally to get supplies, hold prayer-meetings, or find a place to sleep. If we could not, we got along in our boat. At Pittsburg we took deck passage to Cincinnati. You know deck passengers pay nothing, find themselves, sleep on the deck, and help ‘wood.’ I believe there were some other of the Oneida boys that hired on board of flat-boats, and earned some money to begin their studies.”

Shortly after Weld entered Lane Seminary he became the hero of the terrible cholera scourge, of which he left a thrilling account. He proceeded in his purpose to upbuild Lane as a great Manual Labor Institution, whose students could be one by one personally imbued with Anti-Slavery sentiment and given such a vision of human freedom that victory would duly be assured. He and the young men with him were greatly admired and beloved by Dr. Beecher, who was himself a reasonable Abolitionist; but he advised judicious procedure in their uplift work among the Negro population of Cincinnati. Dr. Beecher did not disapprove the Anti-Slavery organization and discussion among the students; but when he and Prof. Stowe went East in the summer of 1834 the trustees of Lane became alarmed at the meetings and discussions of the students and prohibited them. As a result Theodore Weld and his associates withdrew and went to Oberlin.

Henry Ward Beecher at Lawrenceburg

RUSSELL H. CONWELL heard Henry Ward Beecher in the Plymouth Church pulpit when he was a boy, and he never forgot the time and occasion. He even saw Beecher auction off the slave girl from the South to set her free. The Plymouth Church in those days was one of the most powerful spiritual centers in the world; and Henry Ward Beecher was more talked of than his now famous spiritual successor, S. Parkes Cadman. Dr. Conwell in later years got to know Beecher personally and often reported his sermons. Dr. Conwell says Beecher often reverted in memory and sentiment to the early simplicity and struggle of his first pastorate at the little Presbyterian Church in Lawrenceburg, Indiana. He told young Conwell that they were the happiest days of his whole ministry:

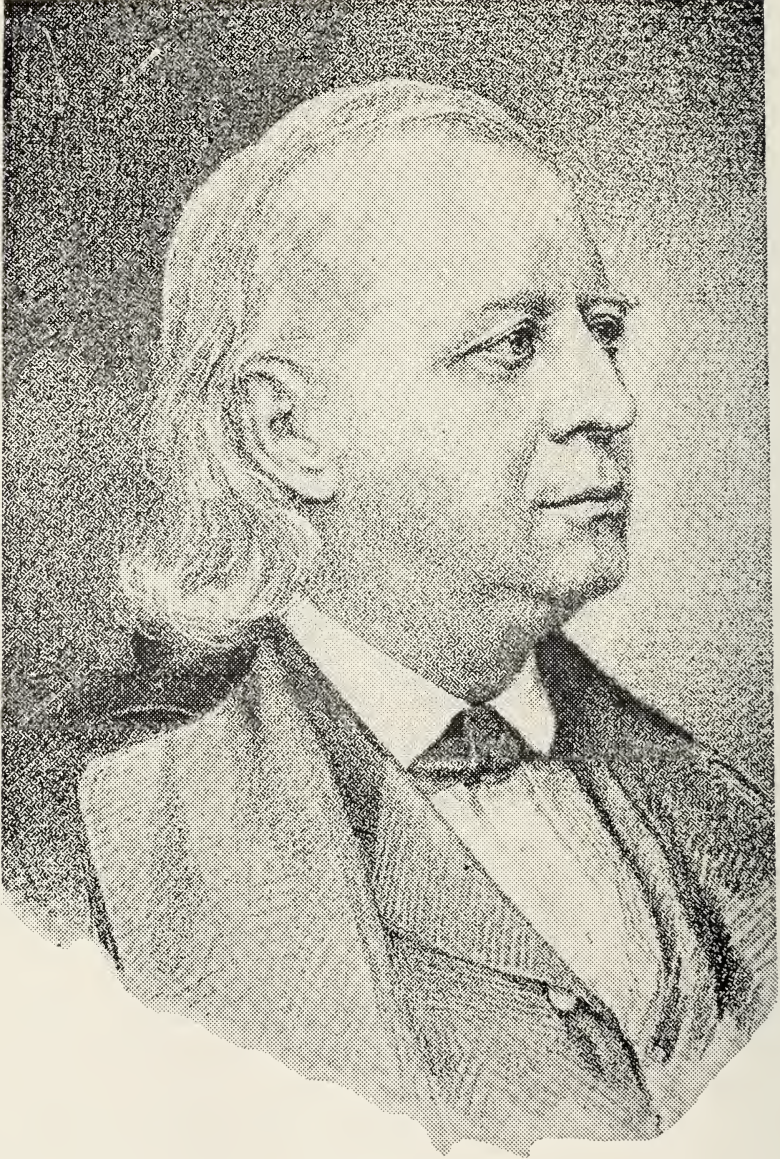
"In that little church where there were no lamps, and he had to borrow them himself, and prepare the church for the first service. He told how he swept the church, lighted the fire in the stove, and how it smoked. Then how he sawed the wood to heat the church, and how he went into carpenter work to earn money to pay his own salary; yet he said that was the happiest time of his life. Mrs. Beecher told me afterwards that Mr. Beecher often talked about those days and said that by and by he would retire and they would again go back to the simple life they had enjoyed so much."

VALUE OF THE VILLAGE CHURCH

This idea of Beecher was not a mere sentimental reminiscence. It was a fundamental democratic instinct to get down close to common humanity as Jesus did. We find Beecher saying to the young divinity students at Yale in his "Lectures on Preaching:" "When a young man is just going out, and is beginning to preach, and men find great hopes in him, one of the worst things that can befall him is to think himself an uncommon man, a man of prospects; and to have it whispered here and there, 'O, he will shake the world yet.' These things are very mischievous to a young man. * * * When you enter upon the work of the ministry it is very desirable that you should take a small sphere, even if you afterward are called to a larger one. You should begin at the bottom."

Beecher added that, "If I were Pope in America, besides a hundred other things that would be done, I would send every young man that was anxious to preach into the extreme West, and I would make him think that he was never coming back again. He should work there for ten years; then I think he might begin to be ready for a larger place, or an older church."

A very clear and convincing reason was given for thus beginning in a small parish: "One especial advantage of a small parish is that you are obliged to do



HENRY WARD BEECHER

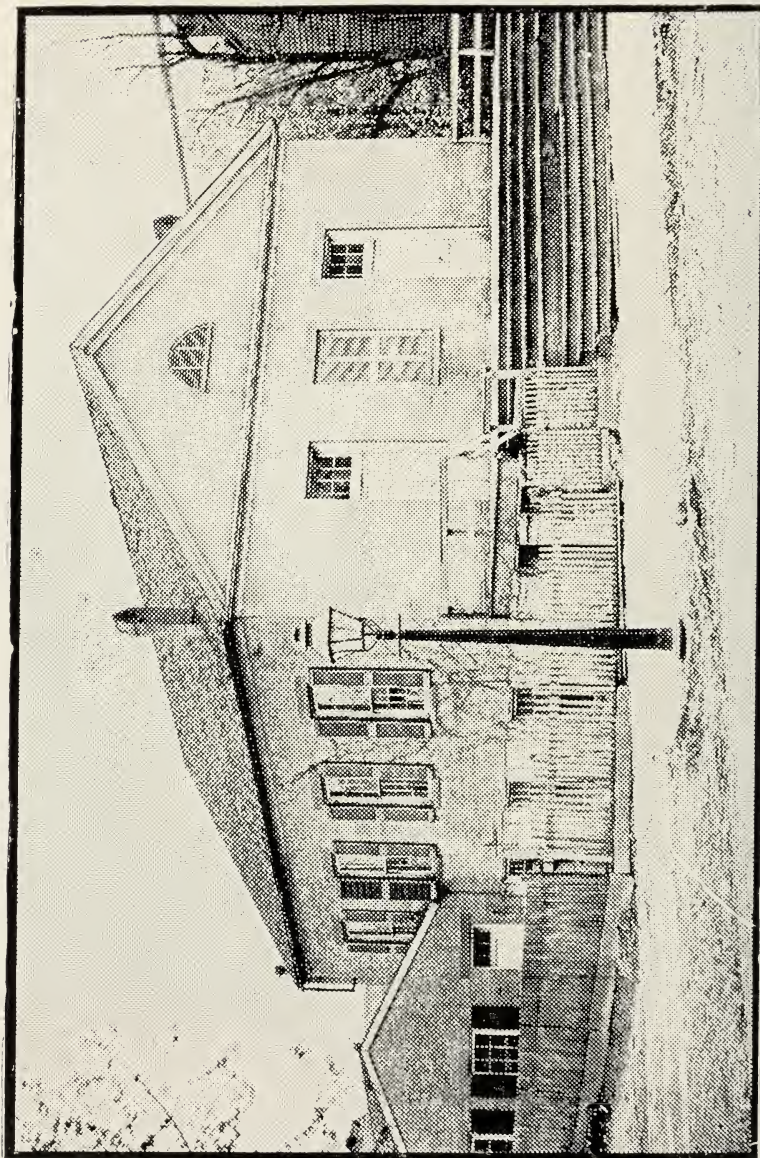
your work by knowing every person in the community, studying every one of them, and knowing how to impress and manage them by your personal influence and the power of the gospel." Beecher then gave the young men a graphic description of his experience as a young pastor at Lawrenceburg, Indiana:

"It was my lot at first to be placed in a village with a mere handful of inhabitants in one of the Western States. I conceive it to be one of the kindnesses of Providence that I was sent to so small a place. I had but one male member in the church, and I wished him out all the time I was there. * * * I went to a small town in Indiana, the last one in the State towards Cincinnati,



First Presbyterian Church and Manse at the present time

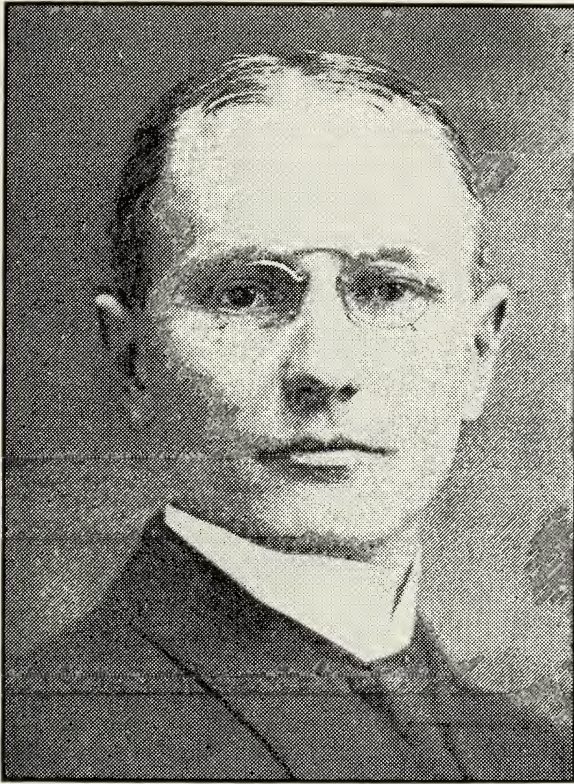
on the Ohio River. It had perhaps five or six hundred inhabitants. It had in it a Methodist, a Baptist and this Presbyterian Church to which I went. The church would hold, perhaps, from 250 to 300 people. It had no lamps and no hymn books. It had 19 female members; and the whole congregation could hardly raise from \$200 to \$250 as salary. I took that field and went to work in it.



First Presbyterian Church, Lawrenceburg, Ind., as it was when Henry Ward Beecher began his ministry there.

NEW LAMPS AND HYMN BOOKS

"Among the earliest things I did was to beg money from Cincinnati to buy side lamps to hang up in the church, so that we could have night service. After being there a month or two I went to Cincinnati again, and collected money enough to buy hymn books. I distributed them in the seats. Before this the



REV. FOREST C. TAYLOR

Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Lawrenceburg, who has done so much to restore and preserve the Beecher tradition and history in our own day.

hymns had been lined out. I recollect one of the first strokes of management I ever attempted in that parish was in regard to those hymn books. Instead of asking the people if they were willing to have them, I just put the books into the pews; for there are ten men who will fight a change about which they are consulted, to one that will fight it when it has taken place. I simply made the change for them. There was a little looking up and looking around, but nothing was said. So after that we sang out of the books.

"Then there was nobody in the church to light the lamps, and they could not afford to get a sexton. Such a thing was unknown in the primitive simplic-

ity of that Hoosier time. Well, I unanimously elected myself to be the sexton. I swept out the church, trimmed the lamps and lighted them. I was literally the light of that church. I didn't stop to groan about it, or moan about it, but I did it. At first the men folks thereabout seemed to think it was chaff to catch them with, or something of that kind; but I went steadily on doing the work. After a month or so two young men, who were clerks in a store there, suggested to me that they would help me. I didn't think I wanted any help; it was only what one man could do.' Then they suggested three or four of us taking one month each, and in that way they were worked in. It was the best thing that ever happened to them. Having something to do was a means of grace to them."

HIS FIRST REVIVAL

It was a fundamental dictum of Beecher's that, "If you are going to be a minister, keep very close to plain folks; don't get above the common people." After preaching two and a half years at Lawrenceburg the call came to Indianapolis. He was very much discontented and quite discouraged because there was such a poor response to his sacramental services. He expected better results. He prayed and toiled over his sermons until at length he discovered the secret expressed by the old darkey preacher who said, "You fust splanify, den you argufy, an' den you puts on de rousins." Seventeen men were brought to God by that sermon. But Beecher confessed to the divinity students that he never caught the spirit and power of revival evangelism until after a great experience over at Terre Haute. He returned to Indianapolis and announced a series of night services in his own church. One night it stormed, and other nights but little interest was manifest until an humble servant girl with the smell of the kitchen and of cooking in her clothes, remained as an inquirer. He went back with a sinking heart and a disappointment of pride to that single soul; but in talking to her he was himself reawakened, and then the revival began in earnest.

The whole aim of Beecher was to get at the hearts of men and women. He told the story of a man in Lawrenceburg who lived across the street from the Beechers and had conceived a violent prejudice against the young preacher. The bitter things he allowed himself to utter only hardened him the more against Beecher. But the young pastor ventured into the man's store time after time until this prejudice was conquered; and when the Beechers left to go to Indianapolis two years afterward this man took them into his own house for a week, and after that he could never mention the young preacher's name without crying. Beecher said that in those days he traveled the woods and hills and prairies with the Book of Acts and the Epistles of Paul in his hand and he went from camp-meeting to camp-meeting and from one log hut to another with the gospel of salvation and consolation.

FIRST SERMON ON SLAVERY

It was at Indianapolis that he first addressed himself seriously to the subject of slavery. At the time nobody dared speak out in the pulpit upon the subject. One of his elders told him that if an Abolitionist came to town he would head a mob to put him down. That roused Beecher. He determined that such a social issue ought to be preached upon; but he went about it judiciously, using

illustrations with good sense but undoubted point and in due season he was enabled to launch forth courageously as upon any other great theme of human well-being or betterment. He used to say that he never heard such heartfelt prayers as the Negro believers made in Indianapolis. He insisted that the gift of prayer was from God like the gift of song or poetry; and he got very, very close to vital truth as he studied the religious instincts and the social conditions of the race in bondage. Beecher said he noticed his father becoming cautious and politic as the years of old age crept upon him. So the son took counsel of his own soul and made up his mind to be unfettered on the underlying evil of free America. It was this resolution, made when he went to Plymouth Church from Indianapolis, that soon made him the mightiest man of God for human freedom in the English speaking world. He had the platform of Plymouth Church so built that he was within touch of his auditors clear around the great assembly hall; and he opened his heart and soul to them like a book.

In September, 1921, the Rev. Forest C. Taylor, pastor of the Lawrenceburg, Indiana, Presbyterian Church, conducted a notable memorial of Beecher days in Lawrenceburg by publishing, with the assistance of "The Beecher Club" of his church, a special edition of the "Lawrenceburg Press." This edition contained sketches and illustrations of great historic value. Mr. Taylor has very kindly put a copy of this paper in our hands. From it we learn that the Lawrenceburg church was organized Sunday morning, September 27, 1829, by Rev. Sylvester Scovel. The Presbytery of Oxford received the new body of believers under its care October 2, 1829. The old brick building in which Henry Ward Beecher began his ministry is thought to have been built in the year 1831. Rev. Alexander McFarlane and Rev. Charles Sturdevant were Beecher's pastoral predecessors. He came to Lawrenceburg in May, 1837. Mr. Taylor, the present pastor, has been very diligent in keeping alive the Beecher tradition, and the "Beecher Club" of men has been a forceful and forward looking social group. The pastor's wife has been equally diligent in her work with the women's organizations; and the ministry and service of these two will long be remembered in Lawrenceburg.

The outstanding contribution to the anniversary edition of the "Press" is an article on Henry Ward Beecher by Lydia A. Sembach. It is a vivid and characterizing sketch and preserves for posterity whatever Beecher traditions exist in Lawrenceburg. She tells the story of his pastorate as follows: "After graduating from Lane Seminary in 1837, young Beecher at the age of 24 accepted the pastorate of an Independent Presbyterian Church at Lawrenceburg, Indiana. This church stood where the local Presbyterian Church now stands. A picture of the old church may be seen hanging on the walls of the present building. Here Beecher with his devoted wife labored for two and a quarter years and here it was that he made his mark."

CHAPTER XLIII

The Beecher-Wilson Battle Over Old School and New

IN THE fall of 1889, shortly after the writer's entrance as a freshman at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, we met a young man in a class or two ahead of us. He was a youth above the middle height, graceful and dignified in figure, with dark red hair and keen dark eyes. His expression was serious to the point of sadness or melancholy, a rather brooding meditateness and cloistered seclusion at his studies. His name was Wilson, and we recognized him at once as the son of the Rev. Samuel R. Wilson, D. D., formerly of Louisville, who was the John C. Calhoun of the Southern Presbyterian Church in the great issues of Civil War times and after. As our father was a warm admirer of Dr. Wilson and had shared a friendship of many years in the same Presbytery of Louisville, and, indeed, had participated in the sensational events of the ex-communication of this Presbytery in the division following the mandate of the General Assembly, U. S. A., and had followed Dr. Wilson's party into the organization of the Synod of Kentucky, U. S.—it was natural that an immediate friendship upon our part with young Wilson should ensue. Our own personal sympathies were entirely with what we then called the Northern Assembly and National Unity; but, of course, we had heard our father relate the circumstances of the division of the church, and to us it seemed a very painful necessity.

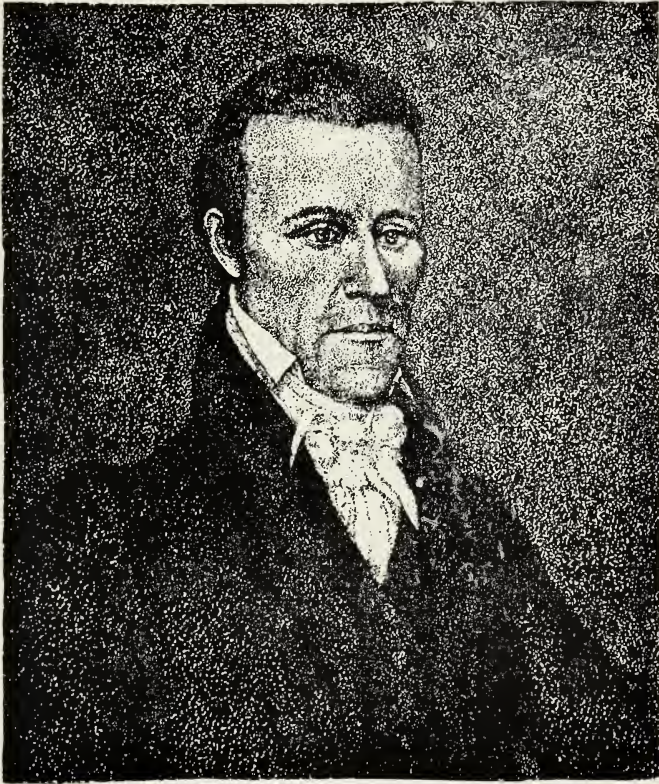
YOUTH AND THE AFTERMATH OF WAR

These matters were a subject of frequent conversation with us as we strolled of evenings together and talked of our own dreams of the future. Young Wilson had been a student for the Presbyterian ministry, but at this time was about determined to study Law. Our own preference was then law or journalism, though the gospel ministry was the one great undecided issue in our heart. Political distinction was the ambition inculcated in every aspiring youth in those days when the sentiments and ideals of the Old South yet dominated the ministry law, and journalism. At the close of our freshman year an event occurred that gave the unexpected impetus to our thought.

STUDYING THE GREAT STRUGGLE

We were put with young Wilson, and another theological student of unusual ability to debate with a rival literary society team upon the question: "Resolved that the Indian has suffered more at the hands of the white man than has the Negro." We were averse to the negative. It was more poetic and popular to espouse the cause of the Red Man. The Negro was repulsive to the instincts

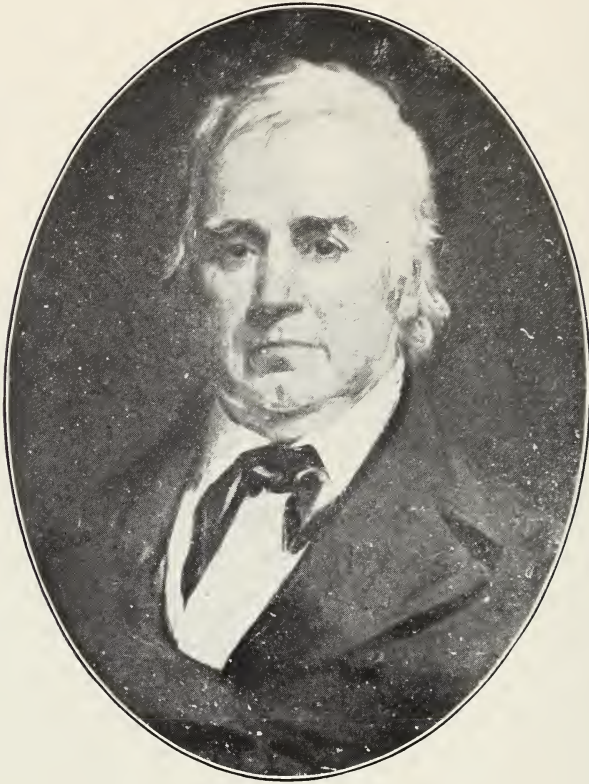
and prejudices of speakers, judges and audience. But a very clever manipulation of sides, and selection of judges by our chief antagonist, left us no alternative but the negative. So we went to the library and dug in for material. It was forth-coming. Musty old volumes, unopened for years, revealed the horrors of the African Slave Trade and the crying injustice of chattel bondage the world over. Our human sympathies slowly kindled with horror and indignation at these outrages upon an ignorant, alien, and defenseless race of human beings. Wilson had no particular enthusiasm in the debate, and the leadership fell to us. We felt handicapped and chagrined at the patent prejudice of the audience and judges, but we told the story of black bondage in a way that struck home. We lost the debate but gained an awakened social conscience far beyond our years.



REV. JOSHUA L. WILSON, D. D.

SAMUEL R. WILSON

We were well aware at the very threshold of life that this question of human labor was the root issue of the whole Civil War tragedy. Young Wilson inherited the gifts of his brilliant and fearless father, Rev. Samuel R. Wilson, author of the famous "Declaration and Testimony." He was a native of Cincinnati.



REV. THOMAS CLELAND, D. D.

Early school-mate and intimate friend of Rev. Joshua L. Wilson, D. D. First Presbyterian minister on the soil of Indiana Territory. Preached, as the guest of General and Mrs. Wm. Henry Harrison, in the council chamber at Vincennes, in the spring of 1805. From this service and a second visit one year later the Vincennes Church originated. Dr. Cleland was a strong New School man and led that side in the Synod of Kentucky. From him were descended 34 ministers of the gospel in 100 years.

Rev. E. P. Whallon, D. D., of Cincinnati, who was pastor of the Vincennes Church for about 10 years, says that Dr. Cleland baptized John Scott Harrison, infant child of General and Mrs. Harrison. Later at the Cleves Church, North Bend, Ohio, above Lawrenceburg, Ind., Gen. Harrison was Bible Class teacher and church trustee. "John Scott grew up to be an elder, Sabbath School Superintendent, Congressman, and eight of his grandchildren were baptized in that Cleves Church, one of them being Benjamin Harrison, who, from Indiana, went to the Presidency of the United States."

Dr. Whallon told us also, at the Hanover College Centennial, that his father suggested to the parents of Oliver P. Morton, the great Civil War Governor of Indiana, that they send their son to Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. Here he was under the Anti-Slavery tradition of President Robert H. Bishop, who was the friend and biographer of Father David Rice the great Kentucky Emancipation preacher.

Dr. Whallon said also that his grandfather left Virginia for Indiana to get away from slavery, and that his mother cradled and nursed him in the Sentiment of Abolition

Ohio, born June 4, 1818. He was a graduate of Hanover College, Indiana, in the class of 1836, and was educated for the ministry at Princeton Seminary. He was licensed by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, where our father was born, and was ordained by the Presbytery of Cincinnati in 1842. His Southern ancestry and descent inclined his sympathies entirely with the Old South. It would astonish you to see how many Wilsons there have been in the Presbyterian ministry. And Dr. Samuel R. Wilson was second to none of them in logic and eloquence. He would easily have adorned the Senate of the United States. We have always thought this fact had much to do with his son, Judge Samuel M. Wilson, our college-mate, giving up the ministry and studying law. He has put in our hands the story of his father's life and ministry; and we have prepared with judicious care the untold story of Judge Wilson's no less able and distinguished grandfather in one of the most famous controversies of the old anti-slavery struggle.

LYMAN BEECHER MEETS HIS ANTAGONIST

The story of the Beechers in the Middlewest during the great anti-slavery struggle of one hundred years ago has never been fully or fairly told. Yet, the twenty years that Dr. Lyman Beecher spent at Lane Seminary in Cincinnati were the most momentous spiritual years that preceded the Civil War. In those years he crowned a life-time of service in behalf of human faith and freedom. In those same pregnant years his brilliant son, Henry Ward Beecher, arose to national distinction and leadership in the same great movement to liberalize religion and abolish chattel servitude in America. The hidden and long-neglected story of that bitter and determined conflict is slowly coming to light in the Ohio Valley as the careful and faithful historian unearths it. And in that dramatic story no episode is more tense and thrilling than the battle royal between Dr. Lyman Beecher and Dr. Joshua Lacy Wilson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati for 38 years—the man who shares the historic distinction of having prosecuted Dr. Beecher for heresy in the Old and New School struggle of one hundred years ago.

JOSHUA LACY WILSON

Dr. Wilson was a native of Virginia. His father was a cultured physician who died when his son was a wee lad of four years. The widowed mother had only a worn Bible, a copy of Watt's Hymns, and a Westminster Shorter Catechism. With these she gave her children the rudiments of an education. Not long after the death of the lad's father the mother married again. Her second husband was John Templin, father of Rev. Terah Templin, the first Presbyterian preacher in the wilds of Kentucky. It was in the year 1779 that the stepfather ventured across the mountains into Kentucky. In 1781 little Joshua went with his mother to the new country, being at the time but seven years of age. They had to dwell for some time in a picketed fort on Salt River, called "Wilson's Station," but not for his father's people.

STORY OF "OLD SILVER FIST"

Now this boy Joshua came of unusual ancestry. His mother was a sister of the Rev. Drury Lacy of Virginia, a most remarkable man of God. She was

a devout Baptist when her first husband married her; but she soon after connected herself with the Presbyterian Church. Her brother was left with this sister by a father who was a planter in good circumstances, but who was a hospitable, careless, easy-going gentleman of the old school and let his fortune slip between his fingers. Young Drury was about ten years old when his father died. His schooling had been fairly good under an Episcopal clergyman; but a great misfortune had overtaken the boy between his tenth and fifteenth years. At a muster drill of the county militia some heedless man had loaded his gun to a dangerous extent and was too cowardly to fire it off himself. Handing it to the boy bystander without a word of warning, young Lacy took it and fired it without hesitation. The explosion mangled his left hand and tore it off at the wrist. The boy's life was saved and his family had a silver cup made to go over the wrist, to which cup was fitted a silver fork and spoon, screwed in very ingeniously. In succeeding years when he became an instructor of youth at Hampden Sidney College and proved very popular, the boys nick-named him "Old Silver Fist." In the Presbyterian Church he was known as "Lacy with the silver hand and the silver tongue."

YOUNG WILSON AWAKENS

It was for this great preacher and teacher, the favorite brother of his mother, that Joshua Wilson bore the middle name of Lacy. This great uncle wrote a most beautiful hand, which made him famous as a keeper of records in Old Hanover Presbytery, Virginia, most of his life. He was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1809. This man was one of the great orators of his day in the pulpit. He but rarely wrote out a sermon. He read the chapter and the hymn and spoke in his discourse with matchless eloquence. He had an imposing presence and is said to have been unrivaled in a sacramental service or at a wedding ceremony. He was a great scholar and linguist and president of Hampden Sidney College. With such an example, is it any wonder that young Joshua Wilson—who up to the time he was 22 years of age, after removing to Kentucky, was employed in cutting down trees, grubbing underbrush, raising crops, and hunting game for the family table—should dream of an education?

He did a lot of thinking while at his toil; and was not only converted but determined to study for the ministry. He attended Pisgah Academy, the Presbyterian "Log College" in Woodford County, Kentucky. Here he was a classmate of Rev. Thomas Cleland, who describes him as a tall, full-grown youth with a mind of promise and a will to learn. Dr. Cleland mentions in the same connection a peculiar Scotch-Irish impulsiveness or heat of temperament that made this young man Wilson a very strong and determined opponent in private discussion or public debate. Dr. Cleland says he was very impetuous, though he afterward softened down and even mollified the feelings of an antagonist by deference and apology. It should be mentioned also in this same connection that the young man one day in cold weather nearly lost his life and health by plunging into the water to save a friend's life from drowning. The exposure weakened an otherwise vigorous constitution so that his later years were full of pain and suffering. He impaired his health further, his grandson says, by rising to study before day. Yet it was this very determination and diligence that soon made him a master scholar and theologian.

HOW LYMAN BEECHER CAME TO LANE SEMINARY

Dr. Beecher had attracted the attention of the Board of Trustees of Lane in the fall of 1830. Lane was chartered in 1829, but the endowment was small and the agents sent out to collect funds returned empty-handed. Dr. Wilson was President of the Board and said he had but little confidence in help from Eastern men and money. He wanted to find professors and funds in the West.

Rev. F. Y. Vail, an Eastern man himself and a member of the Board, said he could not agree with Dr. Wilson on this point, and the Board put it up to Mr. Vail to go East after an endowment and Dr. Beecher. Dr. Wilson said "Amen." He was successful in securing Dr. Beecher and \$20,000 from the Tappan philanthropy—the benevolent Abolitionist Brothers, whose hearts yearned



First Presbyterian Church, Vincennes, Indiana, where the Centennial Session of the Synod of Indiana was so hospitably entertained in October, 1926, by the Rev. J. W. Boyer, pastor.

to see the social conscience of young divinity students at Lane Seminary made alive to the evils of African Slavery. Deep down, this was the objection that Dr. Wilson scarcely dreamed of encountering when he sanctioned the coming of Lyman Beecher to Lane. But the cause of his coming was greater than that. When Rev. Mr. Vail reached Boston Dr. Beecher had been talking and speaking

of helping the New West in raising up men of God on the home ground to preach the gospel in the regions around. And one day when Dr. Beecher was coming down to take a North River boat in Boston, he encountered a crowd of people gathered around a skeptic fellow who was arguing against religion and had about bested his antagonist, who was no match for him. Dr. Beecher stepped up and accosted the skeptic in an offhand way that soon disarmed and discomfited him. This story got back to Arthur Tappan the philanthropist, and when Mr. Vail approached Mr. Tappan about Dr. Beecher and the endowment, he was enthusiastic for both. Dr. Beecher met Mr. Vail approaching him on the streets of Boston and knew in a flash what was wanted. Dr. Skinner wrote to Dr. Beecher at this crisis, saying: "You will act against the conviction of all the friends of anti-sectarian theology and religion in this and (as far as I know) every other part of the land, if you decline this call to the west."

DR. WILSON GOES WITH THE OLD SCHOOL

Dr. Beecher wrote to the Lane Board of Trustees in March, 1832: "If I come, I cannot come to change or to conceal my theological opinions, or to teach and preach them without a cordial co-operation." In May, 1832, we read in a letter of Catherine Beecher to her sister Harriet from Cincinnati: "I see no difficulties or objections. Everything is ready, and everybody gives a welcome except Dr. Wilson's folks, and they are finding that it is wisest and best to be still, and we hope that before a great while they will be friendly. Father is determined to get acquainted with Dr. Wilson, and to be friendly with him, and I think he will succeed."

Dr. Beecher regarded Dr. Wilson as a possible New School man. When Mr. Vail got back to Cincinnati with the news of Dr. Beecher's appointment, Dr. Wilson was out in a big camp-meeting, where Mr. Vail found him. "Glory to God in the highest," cried Dr. Wilson, clapping his hands at the word. But Dr. Wilson had regarded the Seminary as a local matter until he was made aware that the Old and New School controversy was involved in it. The General Assembly was to favor a location at Pittsburgh or Cincinnati, and they voted for Pittsburgh; and this had disheartened the friends of the Lane location so that they looked to New England for help instead of to Princeton and the Middle States. But when it came out that Dr. Beecher was a New School man, overtures were made to Dr. Wilson, with intimations of disaster if New England theology was taught and preached in the West. Dr. Wilson was naturally partial and sympathetic to the Old School side, and had changed his mind as to Dr. Beecher before the latter arrived in Cincinnati. Dr. Beecher expected a call from the Second Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, but two of the elders wrote to him that they were disheartened about his theology and had determined, in all good conscience before God, to "enter our deliberate and prayerful dissent to your ministry among us." They added that if he came, there would be a considerable secession from the church. Dr. Wilson was in full sympathy with this letter and had thought it would influence Dr. Beecher to withdraw his consent to come to Lane. Dr. Beecher sent the letter to the full session of the Second Church, and they replied that it was but the expression of a minority and for him to come ahead. This only intensified the rising opposition, for Dr. Wilson thereupon published articles in the New York religious press warning the Church

in general against Dr. Beecher as a teacher of theology to the young men of the West. Dr. Beecher replied, publishing the facts of Dr. Wilson's original friendly attitude toward him. And when Dr. Beecher arrived in Cincinnati and presented his credentials to the Presbytery, Dr. Wilson arose and opposed his enrollment, saying he had no confidence in Dr. Beecher's doctrines.

THE BATTLE ROYAL BEGINS

Dr. Beecher arose to say that he was sure Dr. Wilson was laboring under some great mistake; that he had not changed one iota in his theology since he talked with Dr. Wilson three years previous and they seemed to be in one spirit of accord; and a recess was asked by Dr. Beecher that they might have a free conversation together in the vestry. Presbytery adjourned and Dr. Beecher addressed the brethren informally in the vestry. Dr. Wilson was agitated and nervous. Someone suggested prayer. Dr. Wilson waved his hand at Dr. Beecher and said, "You pray." Dr. Beecher's prayer reassured the group, when some thoughtless minister exclaimed that there had never come to Cincinnati a man of big religious calibre but that he excited Dr. Wilson's jealousy, and he drove him away. Dr. Beecher and the rest were filled with utter dismay. Dr. Beecher had felt certain of conciliating and winning Dr. Wilson till that untoward incident. He added this comment years afterward: "Then the fat was in the fire. I was sure I should win him. I never was more chagrined. We went up, and it was pitched battle after that."

JUDGE WILSON'S STRONG DEFENSE

Judge Samuel M. Wilson corrects this misconception of Dr. Wilson's motives in a most convincing and forcible statement to us: "Whatever else may be thought or said of Dr. Wilson, this aspersion is wholly unjust. He was valiant for the truth, as he understood and believed it; but in championing his faith he was one of the most selfless and disinterested advocates that ever lived. Considerations of a personal or material nature weighed not one iota with him. Dr. Beecher himself somewhere testifies to the entire good nature, courtesy and fairness of Dr. Wilson's indictment of him.

"Of course, all students of history must know that the so-called 'heresy-hunter,' or champion of orthodoxy, was never popular. It was by no means a pleasant or a popular thing to do. Much that Dr. Wilson felt compelled by his sense of duty and loyalty to the faith of Presbyterians to do was distasteful and unpopular, and it required more than ordinary moral courage to carry him through the unpalatable prosecution.

"However, he was neither a bigot nor a fanatic nor a fatalist (unless the doctrine of Predestination must be identified with Fatalism); any more than his distinguished adversary was a shining avatar of a new revelation. In intellectual power and forensic skill, no less than in mastery of the essentials of the Christian faith, as embodied in the doctrinal statements of the Presbyterian Church, it must be admitted that Dr. Wilson was not one whit behind his cultured antagonist fresh from the high-toned atmosphere of 'progressive' New England."

Judge Wilson, furthermore, takes very decided issue with the theory that the Beecher-Wilson Battle was over the question of Slavery. He states his objection to this theory in such clear and forcible language that we most gladly quote him in full and let the reader determine for himself, from the facts and evidence, how much or how little Slavery had to do at bottom with the sundering of the Presbyterian Church a century ago when Lyman Beecher and Albert Barnes were put on trial before the General Assembly.

"As well as I can make out," says Judge Wilson, "you take the position that it was all a reflection of the nation-wide controversy over Slavery. This, I think, is an error. The question of Slavery was almost inextricably mixed and mingled with virtually every other political, economic and religious question of the first half of the nineteenth century; but that, in my opinion, was decidedly of minor importance in the wide divergence of doctrinal teaching, which reached its culmination in the trials of Drs. Barnes and Beecher.

"Saying it with all possible respect both to yourself and to others whose pronouncements you seem to accept on this subject, it appears to me that the Slavery—Anti-Slavery explanation of the radical developments in theological dogma and doctrine is wholly inadequate, even bordering upon the superficial. Certainly it was not the Slavery question that actuated Joshua L. Wilson to pursue the course he did, in the case of Dr. Beecher.

"My grandfather was not a slave-holder; neither he nor my father ever owned a slave; neither ever favored disunion on this or any other ground. To take this view of the matter is to 'stick in the bark,' as members of the legal profession sometimes are heard to say. My father and grandfather both being of Southern blood were not unnaturally sympathetic with the South, but neither favored Secession and Slavery. Their church relations were not a little complicated by the fact that, while being wholly Southern in their blood and antecedents, they lived in a Border State, and on the North side of the Ohio River. The problem of the Border States has never yet, in my opinion, been satisfactorily expounded by any historian, either secular or religious, although approaches have been made to it, and it is today receiving more and more concentrated study."

Judge Wilson quotes from a book by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, "Men of Our Own Times," in which she says of her father's trial: "Dr. Beecher was now the central point of a great theological battle. It was a sort of spiritual Armageddon, being the confluence of the forces of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian Calvinistic fatalism, meeting in battle with the advancing rationalism of New England New School Theology. On the one side was hard literal interpretation of Bible declarations and the Presbyterian standards, asserting man's utter and absolute natural and moral inability to obey God's commands, and, on the other hand, the doctrine of man's free agency, and bringing to the rendering of the declarations of the Scriptures and of the Standards, the lights of modern modes of interpretation."

This is the strongest possible statement of the divergent views of theology involved in this heated and historic controversy; yet the fact is made very clear by Judge Wilson himself that the views and defense of Mr. Barnes and Dr. Beecher were identical; and the Beecher prosecution "was voluntarily dropped by Dr. Wilson at the urgent solicitation of his friends and co-religionists, for the

reason and upon the ground that the identical questions he had litigated in the Beecher trial were involved in the case of Mr. Barnes." He quotes a letter from his grandfather at the Pittsburgh Assembly of 1836: "I perceive clearly that the systems of Mr. Barnes and Dr. Beecher are the same—their modes of defense the same, their explanations, proofs and illustrations the same; and I am perfectly satisfied that there is no essential difference between them and Dr. Taylor; and if they were as honest as Finney and Levitt they would leave the Presbyterian Church."

No doubt the New School men did seem, to the Old School men, to be pulling down the temple of faith. We find in an Old School book on the subject in our father's library the prediction that "the generations that rise and become educated in the opinions of Duffield, Beman, Barnes and Finney . . . will find their way to a distance from the gospel far more dreary and hopeless than they." And again, "Drs. Cox, Beman, Beecher, Duffield, and Mr. Barnes, have denied the great doctrines of the gospel as understood and explained by Presbyterians."

Yet when we saw upon our father's library shelves the very "Barnes' Notes" that had caused all this controversy, accepted for two generations as sound Presbyterian interpretation, we felt certain that underneath this great religious discussion and upheaval that divided our beloved Church one hundred years ago there must be some social, human issue at stake; and it seemed to us none other than the issue of Slavery, because no sooner had that issue been settled forever by the shedding of blood in the Civil War than overtures for reunion were made and the mutual accommodation of the Old and New School Assemblies was happily brought about upon the very scenes of the lamented division.

CHAPTER XLIV

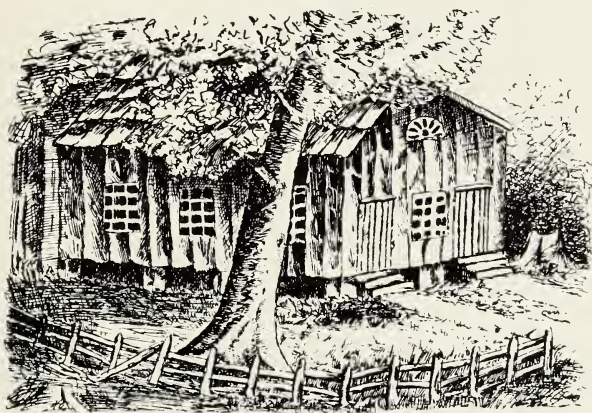
Inside Story of the Old and New School Struggle

IT IS imperative that we restore to our own generation a full-length spiritual portrait of this Rev. Joshua Lacy Wilson, who rose up in such persistent and powerful opposition to so famous and mighty a man of God as Dr. Lyman Beecher. Dr. Beecher had the advantage in early education, but this man Wilson's efforts to repair the handicap of his own youthful lack of classical schooling evince the Wilson intelligence and determination. He had but one year at Pisgah Academy. Then he attended school under a Rev. William Mahon, pastor of the New Providence Church, organized by Father David Rice, the great Emancipation preacher. A year and a half here terminated his opportunity for the time, and he then taught school himself at the little town of Frankfort. He heard of a classical academy near Louisville, taught by Rev. James Vance. This was at Middletown, and here he was engaged as a tutor and pursued his theological studies under Rev. Mr. Vance. He went to Tennessee for a season, where he was licensed in 1802; and was afterward ordained at the Union Meeting House, Mercer County, Kentucky, with his old schoolmate, Thomas Cleland. Like young Cleland, he met the girl of his heart during his school year at Pisgah Academy, in Woodford County; and after accepting a call to preach at Bardstown and Big Spring churches, his young wife was baptized at a sacramental meeting conducted in the woods by the old pioneer preacher, Archibald Cameron, of Shelbyville. The young preachers, Wilson and Cleland, were near each other from 1804 to 1808, when the call came from the First Church in Cincinnati to young Wilson.

DR. WILSON CALLED TO CINCINNATI

The Cincinnati congregation to which Rev. Mr. Wilson went in 1808 is said to have been the first Protestant Church north of the Ohio River. It was organized by Rev. David Rice, October 16, 1790, under a commission from the Transylvania Presbytery—which embraced the entire Western country at that day. Father Rice had a young theological student, James Kemper, in reserve for this little flock in the wilderness. He spent six weeks with them and then went home to complete his studies. Returning in the spring, he began his work. A small, rough slab building was erected, resting on blocks of wood for a foundation; and every man who came to service brought his rifle to fight Indians. This young pastor Kemper rode through the forest fearlessly, and his trial sermon was from the text, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." It is an interesting fact that when the appeal of the Cumberland Presbytery, which had licensed emergency men to preach the gospel in the Kentucky wilderness

after the great revival of 1800 and had received the censure of the Synod, came before the General Assembly in May, 1807, this man Kemper, a delegate with Dr. Cameron from Kentucky, took the part of the Cumberland Presbytery. Rev. Mr. Wilson and Rev. Mr. Cleland had sat on the Committee of Synod that censured the Cumberland Presbytery. This was Dr. Wilson's first case of prosecution. It was a sensational experience out in a community of Cumberland people whose partisans were so inflamed with excitement that personal violence to the committee was possible. But it was a tremendous demonstration of spiritual and moral control that these men of the wilderness submitted in an orderly manner to every ecclesiastical rule and requirement; and the General Assembly gave them a just and impartial hearing. It is interesting, too, when we reflect that the purpose of the committee of Synod was "to protect the ministry from unlearned and ignorant men." That was a severe but courageous exaction. And it was from such stirring scenes and experiences that Joshua L. Wilson came to his new field of labor in 1808.

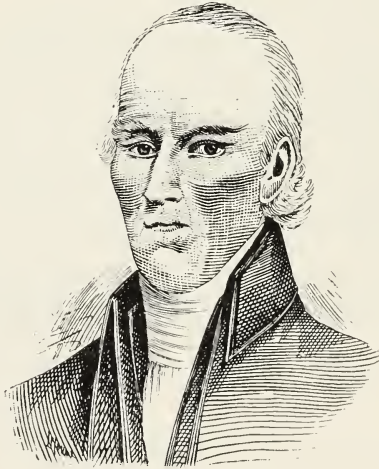


FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
Cincinnati, Ohio, first House of Worship, erected 1792

THE OLD FIRST CHURCH

The Cincinnati church wanted a man of God to abide with them, and they found such a man in Dr. Wilson. A new house of worship was erected under his ministry, known as "The Two-Horned Church" because of two big towers. In one was the bell, to which the boys climbed by a winding stair. The five aisles were covered with red carpet. A great gallery ran around three sides of the house. Here the Sunday School met at 9 o'clock each Sabbath. Four giant wood stoves heated the building on the main floor, but the church was still so cold that the pastor would wear his great cloak in the tower-like pulpit when he preached. This pulpit was as lofty as the gallery and was reached by two pairs of winding stairway. The session room was underneath, where on Saturdays Dr. Wilson met the children to catechize them. He had been hurt by the overturning of a stagecoach attending Synod at Chillicothe, and ever afterward held his head a little to one side. He was said to resemble General Andrew

Jackson in personal appearance and grave dignity. His voice is described as musical, not very loud, but well modulated. He used short notes in preaching. He believed with all his soul in the terrors of the law and could make unrepentant sinners tremble with the thunders of Sinai. But his deeper appeals were of saving grace, and his voice trembled with emotion, and his eyes filled with tears; yet he was always master of himself. At his Saturday meetings with the children he opened with a hymn, leading it himself, then offered a brief prayer, and was a very kindly and patient instructor of the young. He had them read scripture in rotation, and his lessons in religious truth made a lasting impression. There was no organ in those days, and the choir sat in the gallery opposite the pulpit. During revival meetings the preacher exhorted from the floor in front of the pulpit, or mounted a pew near the middle of the house. Dr. Wilson at first opposed the "anxious seat" and the "mourner's bench," but later adopted them, greatly to the success of his meetings. But undue excitement was never encouraged. Dr. Wilson was greatly beloved by his people. A brother minister who visited him in the later years of his pastorate said: "He was very feeble, and very tender and spiritual. He seemed to have the humility and simplicity of a child."



REV. JAMES KEMPER

Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1790-1796; pastor Presbyterian Church, Pleasant Ridge, Ohio, 1796-1807.

MUTTERINGS OF THE COMING STORM

There was a great revival in Cincinnati in the year 1828, when large numbers were added to Dr. Wilson's church. This spiritual atmosphere continued for the space of two years. It was characterized as a glorious work; and, beyond all doubt, Dr. Wilson earnestly desired to keep out of his congregation the disturbances in the political movements of the time; and it was with evident pain that the church historian confessed: "This revival was soon followed by ten and

more years of alienation and strife, without revivals and without other evidences of spiritual growth. The Old and New School controversy began in 1829, and lasted even beyond the disruption of 1838. It came from the East, and was as violent here as there. The first bone of contention was the American Home Missionary Society in New York, which bid fair to supplant the Assembly's Board in Philadelphia. Other roots of bitterness soon sprang up, chiefly Abolitionism and New England theology, with charges and counter-charges abounding in evil surmises and exaggerations, until Ephraim and Judah both seemed to become Ishmaelities."

DR. WILSON'S SON HIS ARMOR-BEARER

It was in the year 1840 that Dr. Wilson desired the presence of his son, Rev. Samuel R. Wilson, as co-pastor. The church chronicle describes him as "twenty-two years old, 'a youth and ruddy.' Indeed, some objected to his becoming co-pastor on account of his youth, but it was suggested to them that he would improve in that respect every day. There is something of tender interest in the fact that he entered the ministry so young. * * * He possessed many advantages of person. His mind was bright and active, and he had been well trained in Hanover College and Princeton Theological Seminary. His affections were strong. His conscience was inflexible. His judgment was unusually sound, and his will was determined. He was good as a preacher, and became unexcelled as an ecclesiastic and as a debater.

"His voice was flexible and musical. He early became an attractive preacher to those who loved gospel truth. Young people were naturally drawn to hear him. In his younger ministry his style was rather flowery and poetical. His sermons were well prepared and delivered. His delight was always to preach the gospel, and his appeals to the impenitent were often very powerful. His face would kindle, his eyes would be filled with tears, his voice would tremble, when he would depict the sorrows of Christ in Gethsemane and on the cross, and he would invite sinners to come to him. He was perhaps somewhat cold in manner in personal intercourse, but his reserve would yield to the genial influence of more intimate acquaintance."

THE OLD SCHOOL ADDS A CHAMPION

The Old School Assembly met in Dr. Wilson's church in 1845 when Dr. N. L. Rice secured his famous deliverance on Slavery, shutting out all petitions and discussions of the subject to the disturbance of the peace of that body for time to come. Yet the founder of the old First Church was Father Rice, the Kentucky Emancipator, and on April 5, 1831, a group of twenty strong-minded members of Dr. Wilson's church petitioned Cincinnati Presbytery to organize them into the Sixth Presbyterian Church. "The cause which originated this church movement," says the church chronicle, "was pulpit defense of 'American Slavery,' drawn from the Bible, and denunciation of those who agitated the subject of Emancipation." This group later became the famous "Vine Street Congregational Church." Dr. Wilson's church was also the mother of the "Central Church," organized in April, 1844, primarily to bring Dr. N. L. Rice to Cincinnati as pastor and strengthen the Old School side. He was a phenomenal success. Nor did he keep quiet in defense of Slavery.

THE WILSON-BEECHER BATTLE RENEWED

He is indeed a superficial reader of church history who cannot discern underneath this grapple of religious giants in the Old and New School struggle "a house divided" and "the irrepressible conflict" of which Lincoln so often spoke in the Douglas debates. The clash was unavoidable and inevitable.

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Cincinnati during the winter of 1832-33 Dr. Joshua L. Wilson, the Moderator, had a resolution introduced authorizing the appointment of a committee to investigate the rumors of Dr. Lyman Beecher's unsoundness in the faith. This was on a Friday evening when Dr. Wilson had a prayer-meeting service to conduct. Dr. Beecher's friends rose to the occasion, and when he appeared in his own defense and made a talk of one hour, he could sincerely say:

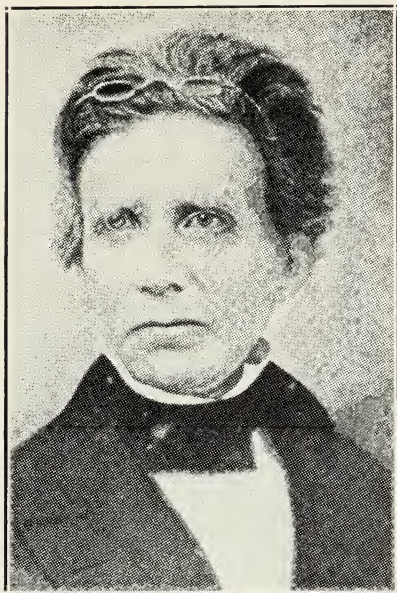
"I was able to keep down all improper feeling; treated him politely and kindly; gave him credit for honesty; but every concession contrasted with his treatment of me like coals of juniper. In closing, I expostulated with Dr. Wilson affectionately; stated the rising prospects of a revival in the churches, and conjured him to desist till I had furnished some better evidence of heresy than rumor, or afforded him conclusive evidence of my orthodoxy, which I had not a single doubt I should ere long be able to do."

The sentiment of the Presbytery was so strongly in Dr. Beecher's favor that Dr. Wilson appealed to Synod. This body convened in Cincinnati and was hearing the appeal against Dr. Beecher while his congregation was welcoming him to the Second Church. A messenger came post haste for Dr. Beecher. He arrived at Synod while Dr. Wilson was speaking. Dr. Beecher replied in a frank, off-hand manner and so impressed Synod that the decision in his favor was very decisive. Dr. Wilson then appealed to the General Assembly.

The next clash came before Cincinnati Presbytery where one of Dr. Beecher's sons was to be examined. Dr. Wilson headed the Old School opposition to sustaining the young man's examination. Dr. Beecher's daughter Harriet thus describes Dr. Wilson: "Do you see in the front pew a tall, grave-looking man, of strong and rather harsh features, very pale, with a severe seriousness of face, and with great formality and precision in every turn and motion? Well, if you see him, that man is Dr. Wilson. His great ivory-headed cane leans on the side of the pew beside him, and in his hand he holds the Confession of Faith. The candidate sits on the pulpit stairs, so that he may face the Presbytery, and the examination committee are called on: 'Dr. Wilson in Philosophy.'"

GEORGE BEECHER ENCOUNTERS TROUBLE

No snags were encountered in this subject; but in Theology a friendly soul, the Reverend Mr. Gallagher, a "tall son of Anak, the great Goliath, whose awful brows and camp-meeting hymns" were so over-awing, examines George Beecher "in the broad and obvious truths of Christianity" and then sits down. The Moderator then gives the members of Presbytery liberty to question the candidate. They did so from all quarters, in quick succession, with every imaginable shade of doctrine. No witness on the stand ever underwent a more continuous cross-examination. It lasted for two hours and a half and was then temporarily suspended to try him out on other subjects. George gave answer judiciously and



JOHN FINLEY CROWE

In response to careful inquiry as to whether Dr. Crowe became more conservative in his Abolition views and activities; and also as to the forbidding of free discussion and organization among the student body on these volcanic social issues, President Millis replied:

Rev. L. V. Rule, Goshen, Kentucky
Dear Mr. Rule:

May 11, 1927

I don't think that Dr. Crowe ever ceased his abolitionist and prohibitionist preaching and teaching. It is entirely unlike him to do so. It was the prevailing opinion one hundred years ago that controversial questions of all kinds should be excluded from college campuses. We have entirely reversed that opinion in recent years. The open forums are found everywhere today. My understanding is that the reason which actuated the old-time faculty was the feeling that education was a matter of book learning, which in the nature of things should be directed very definitely toward the past, and not a matter of research or consideration of current issues. The Pageant will show what Mrs. Millis and I think is an interesting evolution in educational philosophy. Hanover began with a strictly classical education, which after the Civil War was modified enough to admit the natural sciences and then again some twenty years ago modified to make place for the social sciences and the consideration of current problems.

Dr. Crowe never compromised with his opinions nor was he influenced in the least so far as I can see by opposition from other sources. He does say in one of his speeches in Presbytery that his consent to open the school at Hanover must be on the expressed condition that he be free to teach and preach against slavery and intemperance.

Very truly yours,

W. A. MILLIS.

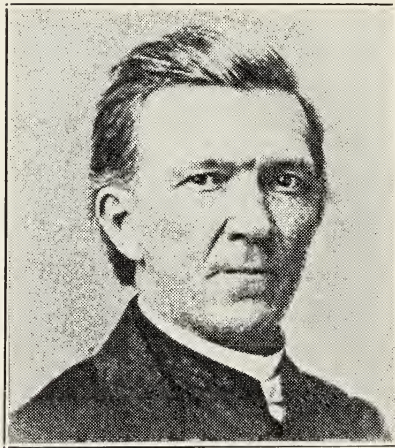
Our church history shows that the hostility to Dr. Beecher was in part prejudice against New England.

When Dr. Crowe, on his Eastern tour for funds for Hanover College, appealed to the Missionary Society in Boston, he was closely questioned about the Beecher-Wilson controversy, and asked how he stood in the matter. He answered tactfully but honestly that he preferred Princeton to Lane; and the society declined to give him funds.

There was, therefore, a peculiar and fine conservatism about Dr. Crowe. He remained with the Old School side when John M. Dickey and other Abolition intimates went with the New School side. But so did Rev. James Blythe and Rev. Wm. W. Martin, who, like Dr. Crowe, were Abolitionists, but conservative in theology as well as temperament. They were Southern and Kentuckian in that respect. Dr. Blythe, while President of Hanover College (1832-1836) was a powerful Old School leader.

sincerely; and next day the Presbytery was open for an expression of opinion upon the examination that far. This matter consumed the entire day, and at the evening session the discussion was resumed. Dr. Beecher and Dr. Wilson were left to the last, being the oldest members of Presbytery. Dr. Beecher's remarks were, of course, in favor of his son with some comment about being fair and giving freedom to the soul of a young man to exercise his faith without fear, "to stand on God's earth, and breathe his air, and preach his Gospel as we believe it."

Dr. Beecher sat down, and Dr. Wilson arose and in a speech of half an hour said he did not believe the candidate was a Christian. He said that the candidate gave no evidence of experimental Christianity, and that both the young man and all those who held similar sentiment "would never see the gates of eternal bliss." It was midnight before the final vote had been taken, but George Beecher was sustained in his examination by a majority of 23.



REV. SAMUEL R. WILSON, D. D.

Son of Rev. Joshua L. Wilson, D. D., and even more famous than his father in the controversies of Civil War times in the Presbyterian Church.

ALBERT BARNES WRITES TO LYMAN BEECHER

A letter from Rev. Albert Barnes of Philadelphia, to Dr. Beecher dated March 20, 1835, indicated that the Old School men were determined to depose him from the ministry on the ground that his Commentary on Romans was at variance with Presbyterian Standards. Mr. Barnes had been a convert from skepticism to a very beautiful and satisfying faith. He was a younger man than Charles G. Finney, and like Finney, gave up the prospect of law to become a minister of the gospel. He was educated at Princeton Seminary and accepted a pastorate at Morristown, N. J. He began writing his famous "Commentaries" or "Notes" during this pastoral charge. He then accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. His ministry was abundantly blessed of God. He was a wise, far-seeing soul, and when under fire from the Old School side deported himself with the same forbearance and patience that characterized Dr. Lyman Beecher. Our church historian observes concerning him:

"The years of controversy in the Presbyterian Church, which culminated in its division in 1837, and in which some of Mr. Barnes' doctrinal views were assailed, were painful years to him. But through them all he bore himself with a firmness that never passed by its excess into obstinacy, with a gentleness that never degenerated into weakness, and with a patience that was never ruffled. He remained conspicuously connected with what was known as the New School branch of the Presbyterian Church, but through press and pulpit contributed largely to that state of things which made the reunion of the Presbyterian Church possible, and which so happily characterizes the union as actually accomplished."

BEECHER AND BARNES COUNSEL MODERATION

Albert Barnes was undoubtedly one of the great figures of his time in the Anti-Slavery Movement. He was offered a professorship in Lane Seminary in 1849, but declined it. He was elected New School Moderator in 1851. In the correspondence with Dr. Lyman Beecher regarding the wisest procedure in the pending trials before the division of the Old and New School sides in the General Assembly, Mr. Barnes and Dr. Beecher were of one mind. This moderation was strikingly exemplified about this time in Dr. Beecher's advice to his son William regarding a radical stand on Abolition:

"As to Abolition, I am still of opinion that you ought not, and need not, and will not commit yourself as a partisan on either side. The cause is moving on in Providence, and by the American Union, and by colonization * * * will succeed, as I believe. And I hope and believe that the Abolitionists as a body will become more calm and less denunciatory, with the exception of a few he-goat men, who think they do God service by butting everything in the line of their march which does not fall in or get out of the way. They are the offspring of the Oneida denunciatory revivals, and are made up of vinegar, aqua fortis, and oil of vitriol, with brimstone, saltpeter, and charcoal, to explode and scatter the corrosive matter."

The comment of Dr. Beecher's biographer, Charles Beecher, on the gathering storm of Abolition, coincident with the climax of the Old and New School struggle, is no less illuminating: "There was another cause of the great catastrophe—we refer to the slavery question, which yet is not another. The first number of the *Liberator* was issued January, 1831, a few months after Dr. Beecher received his call to Lane Seminary. Confessing himself to have been till September, 1829, the advocate of gradual emancipation, the editor defines his present and future position by the emphatic menace, 'Let Southern oppressors tremble! Let their secret abettors tremble! Let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble!'

"The interval between this challenge and 1837, while gradually destroying Mr. Garrison's original sympathy with the theology of revivals and its kindred developments, added constantly to the intensity and power of his appeals. Yet the fact of this divergence of the *Liberator* from the theology of the Puritans does not nullify the fact that it was itself the child of that theology, albeit a wayward child. Its first numbers speak the dialect of Canaan—the dialect of faith, and prayer, and evangelical sympathy."

DR. BEECHER ACQUITTED; THE STORM BREAKS

Dr. Beecher was acquitted of the charges preferred against him by Dr. Wilson in the Assembly of 1836. But this Assembly was characterized by the heated and violent discussion of the subject of slavery. Dr. Witherspoon of South Carolina afterward said to Dr. Beecher in a personal letter: "Division I do most sincerely and deeply deplore. * * * Yet so it will be if the Abolitionists rule. Our land must be deluged in blood by a contest fiercer and more bloody and unrelenting than even Tory warfare during the Revolutionary struggle. When men contend for liberty—an opinion—they will fight like men. But when they contend for property, they will fight like devils."

These were the solemn and momentous words of Rev. Thomas Witherspoon, a South Carolina Emancipationist, a man of profound social insight and spiritual perception. He was a new and tremendously significant figure in those perilous times. He was a man who weighed his words and who knew to the very last letter what he was saying. He was no fire-eater nor fanatic. He saw, as clearly as if revealed by the Word of God, just what the outcome of this terrible business would be. It is an awfully convincing fact—this frank, fearless, and full statement to Dr. Beecher as to the impending peril of violent and uncompromising Abolition agitation. Astonishing as it seems, there came a man of God from South Carolina, the home of Nullification and Secession, to give due warning to the nation, North and South, as far back as the crisis of Old and New School in 1836. These are his deliberate and measured sentences, uttered from a soul as sincere, enlightened, liberty-loving and compassionate as ever preached the Gospel of the Son of God:

"Division I do most sincerely and deeply deplore; and if it must, as a dernier resort, come to this, I am strongly inclined to the opinion that Mason and Dixon's line must be the ridge. It needs but the lifting of a finger to bring this to pass; and if it will promote the peace of the Church, it shall be done as speedily as the most violent Abolitionist could desire.

"And what will be the effect of this? Southern ministers will be utterly excluded from Northern pulpits and churches—Northern ministers driven from the South, or conducted to 'the lamp-post a'la mode de Paris'—a pretty state of things in Christian America, the nest of the eagle, home of the stranger, asylum of the oppressed. * * *

"This cause will arm son against father, daughter against mother, and prostrate the strongest and most tender ties of life. I have been a slave-holder from my youth, and yet I detest it as the political and domestic curse of our Southern country. And yet I would contend to the death against Northern interference with Southern rights, and would follow Dr. Beman to the scaffold on Charleston Neck if he continued to hold the sentiments he expressed at Pittsburgh in 1835. I give you, Brother Beecher, my honest, undisguised sentiments. They may be wrong, but I think them right.

"Abolitionism leads to murder, rapine, and every vile crime that an enthusiastic, ignorant slave could commit; and therefore I abhor Abolitionism and detest the Abolitionist. It was well that I was not on the floor of the last Assembly; but, if God spare me, I shall be on the floor of the next; and let Lovejoy, or Patterson, or Dickey, or any like them, dare to advance the opinions I have heard expressed, and—the consequences be theirs."

The Abolition Crisis Comes

IT WOULD be impossible to do justice to the mind, heart, and soul of the Old South on the perilous social problem of African Slavery and its ultimate abolition did we not glimpse briefly one or more great religious leaders, who longed and labored as earnestly as any Northern Abolitionists for the final extinction of the hated institution of human bondage. Such a leader was the Rev. Thomas Sydenham Witherspoon, a South Carolinian, born January 2, 1805, and deceased October 20, 1845, on his pastoral field in the State of Alabama. His loss to his church and country was tragic. He was a blood relative of President Witherspoon of Princeton College. He came of the finest Scotch Presbyterian parentage. He was educated in the State of New York and was a young man of broad mind and generous spirit. He was a most genial and humorous character, notwithstanding the shadow of illness and early death that followed his family with fatal consequences. He had only one brother living when he passed away. His beloved wife and three children were deceased before him; and his own health was frail. Yet he was tireless in his ministerial duties and was a power in the camp-meetings and sacramental services held all over that part of the country. He was very averse to using the written sermon or notes in preaching. He was a natural orator and with inimitable mimicry discountenanced the scholastic method of sermonizing. He was a man of medium height, a slender and graceful figure, thin countenance, dark complexion, keen and discerning eyes, and with a fascinating cordiality and ease of manner typically Southern. It is only necessary now to add what his biographer records regarding his attitude toward Slavery and Emancipation to conceive clearly his hope for the South in this crucial hour of change and revolution:

"I should do injustice to the character of this excellent brother, if I did not say a word in reference to his connection with the subject of Slavery. He was the possessor of a considerable number of slaves—perhaps thirty—whom he had received by inheritance. But he treated them almost with the affection of a father. Instead of constantly employing an overseer, he, for the most part, employed one of their own number, a venerable old pious Negro, by the name of Paul, who was greatly respected by the whole community, and withal was in some sense a preacher—to take the general direction of affairs on the plantation; and, under his superintendence, everything moved on in the most quiet and harmonious way.

"Many years before his death, he offered to set them free, and to pay the expense of their passage to Liberia—and this was a standing offer as long as he lived; but they unfortunately declined it. By his will, he presented them to Henry Clay, as President of the Colonization Society, to be sent to Liberia, and his will has accordingly taken effect, (May 30, 1857)."

THE PASSING OF COLONIZATION

The American Colonization Society, at first so widely and persistently popular at the South, (though honestly regarded by many national public men in Washington City at its very inception as utopian) had become a menace to real Emancipation. Its chief officers were slave-holders who soothed their conscience by subscribing to its high-sounding sentiments. It is said that more slaves were smuggled into the South in one year by seven times than were transported to Liberia in fifteen. William Lloyd Garrison struck the Society a body blow in his famous pamphlet, "Thoughts on African Colonization," published in 1832. This pamphlet converted many sincere and thoughtful Emancipationists to the Abolition side, and the wealthy Christian merchant, Arthur Tappan of New York, ordered the pamphlet by the hundred copies for circulation. It was charged that the Liberian Republic was a makeshift of democracy, and that it was utter folly to consider exiling the liberated Negro people from their homeland to such a far-off wilderness without their own consent. Henry Clay's latest biographer speaks of the Society as "a chimerical scheme both as regards the number of freed men that were deported and as to their success in Liberia. It served as a salve for the consciences of many Southern slave-holders, who contributed to its funds and thus thought they were doing all that human ingenuity could devise to get rid of an odious, though profitable institution."

GARRISON STRIKES THE SLAVE TRADE

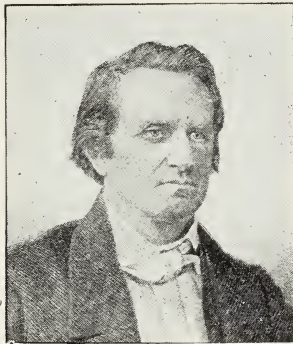
Garrison insisted that he was striking at the Slave Trade, the traffic in human beings, and that his language was necessarily harsh, severe, and even violent. He burned with indignation at the wide-spread power and influence of the slave-holders throughout the country. In the year 1830 when he made his great Anti-Slavery speech in the free-thinkers' hall in Boston (because none of the churches would open their doors to him) he was compelled to disclaim allegiance to the opposers of religion but to blush with shame because no minister of the gospel would tolerate his utterances inside a Christian pulpit. Dr. Lyman Beecher was in the audience, with other well-known men, among them the Rev. Samuel J. May. Mr. May testified afterward that the address was astounding:

THE VOICE OF A PROPHET

"Never before was I so affected by the speech of man. When he had ceased speaking, I said to those around me: 'That is a Providential man. He is a prophet. He will shake our nation to its center; but he will shake slavery out of it. We ought to know him. We ought to help him. Come, let us go and give him our hands.'"

The next day Mr. May went to Garrison's boarding house and talked with him till 2 p. m. He found this man a humble printer, poor and unsupported by any large following, but terribly in earnest in his crusade against Slavery and Colonization. He denounced the latter as but a scheme to get free people of color out of the country so the rest of the black folk could be held in securer bondage. He was writing letters of moving and powerful appeal and protest to prominent clergymen like Lyman Beecher and William Ellery Channing, as well

as to statesmen and other leaders of thought and opinion. Garrison had great hopes of enlisting Dr. Beecher, but the violent and uncompromising character of the crusade meant mob violence in turn and the certainty of Civil War. Henry Ward Beecher said of Garrison that he "was a man of no mean ability; of indefatigable industry; of the most unbounded enterprise and eagerness; of perseverance that pushes him on like a law of nature; of courage that amounts to recklessness." And he added, (to quote the Garrison Biography) "had he possessed, as a balance to these, conciliation, good nature, benevolence, or even a certain popular mirthfulness; had he possessed the moderation and urbanity of Clarkson, (the Abolitionist, 1740-1846), or the deep piety of Wilberforce, he had been the one man of our age. These all he lacked. Had the disease of American needed only counter-irritation, no better blister could have been applied."



REV. WM. L. BRECKINRIDGE, D. D.

Our Mother says that this Dr. Breckinridge, who was her pastor when a Louisville school girl, was the gentlest and most beloved of men. He was as different from his brother Robert as day and night.

THE SOUTH AROUSED TO RESIST

It was this Abolition Crusade that alarmed and horrified even Emancipationists like the Rev. Thomas Sydenham Witherspoon. He it was who predicted nationwide division and ultimate bloodshed as the outcome. And the Lyman Beecher Biography comments thus upon his words: "Southern Presbyteries and Synods were expressing themselves emphatically in the same direction. The Princeton Review had already, as early as 1832, recommended a plan of reorganization, by which 'the churches in the slave-holding States will be separated from those in the Northern States.'

Dr. Beecher himself said: "The South has generally stood neutral. They had opposed going to extremes in theology either way. Rice, of Virginia was a noble fellow, and held all steady. It was Rice who said, after my trial, that I ought to be tried once in five years, to keep up the orthodoxy of the church. He was full of good humor, and did so much good. But they got scared about Abolition. Rice got his head full of that thing, and others. John C. Calhoun was at the bottom of it. I know of his doing things—writing to ministers, and



REV. ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE, D. D.

A powerful figure in the Old and New School struggle 100 years ago. Dr. Breckinridge warmly supported Dr. Wilson in the "Western Memorial" protest to the General Assembly of 1834 against alleged disloyalties in doctrine of New School men. The Assembly did not receive this "Memorial" favorably. The strictures on previous Assemblies were answered; and likewise the charges against Presbyteries and individual ministers. The danger of a divided church was immediate.

The famous "Act and Testimony" was drawn up after the "Memorial" was not accepted by the Assembly of 1834. Dr. Breckinridge and Dr. Wilson were foremost in this movement and document. A convention was called to meet in Philadelphia in May (1835) preceding the Assembly. The same grievances and charges were repeated; 41 Presbyteries and 13 minorities of Presbyteries were represented and the Assembly of 1835 gave very favorable consideration to every grievance and charge. But the Assembly was not ready to break off friendly relations with the New England churches.

The Synod of Philadelphia at once prosecuted and suspended the Rev. Albert Barnes; but the Assembly of 1836 not only reversed this action but triumphantly vindicated him. The "Act and Testimony" side thereupon called another pre-Assembly Convention at Philadelphia in May, 1837. Confidential correspondence and activity to insure a majority in the Assembly, and to take decisive action looking to a division of the Church if they failed, brought the crisis speedily on. The "Princeton Review" appealed for peace and unity in the Church; but the "Act and Testimony" men felt that division was inevitable. When a committee of both sides reported to the Assembly the impossibility and unconstitutionality of a voluntary division, Dr. Breckinridge led the fight for decisive action; and the Western Reserve Synod and the Synods of Utica, Geneva and Genesee were excinded. He also moved the dissolution of the Third Presbytery of Philadelphia to which Mr. Barnes belonged.

Dr. Breckinridge was an Emancipationist and Colonizationist and in violent aversion to Abolitionists like Garrison. But he was an undying Union man in the Civil War; and it was against the severity and political character of his loyalty tests upon Southern members of the General Assembly during the Civil War period that gave rise to Dr. Samuel R. Wilson's famous "Declaration and Testimony."

As champions of the Colonization Society Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge and his brother John went to Boston in July, 1834, to hold a series of public meetings to offset Garrison's attacks on Colonization. The Mayor gave warning that the mob would attack any sort of a meeting about slavery; and, though widely advertised to be opened at a Methodist Church on Sunday night, the meeting was called off. Dr. Breckinridge afterward blamed Garrison for the hostility of public sentiment even in pro-slavery Boston.

July 25, 1834, Garrison called upon the Rev. John Breckinridge, and for several hours discussed the whole slavery question and the means of its abolition. The first half hour was amicable and then Mr. Breckinridge became exasperated and denounced the Abolition propaganda in severe language. He refused to debate with Garrison, who went home much depressed over the interview and got down on his knees and prayed for the eradication of bitterness between them.

telling them to do this and do that. The South finally took the Old School side. It was a cruel thing—it was a cursed thing, and it was Slavery that did it."

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT

Charles Beecher, the biographer, adds this comment: "So the great and imposing fabric was shattered in fragments, and the Rebellion now raging was not a distant consequence. And it was ideas that did it. It was ideas concerning God and man. Ideas concerning the divine administration, the government of the universe, the origin of evil—that convulsed the church and convulsed the nation; and why should they not? Theology and Politics are next of kin. Their study is but the study, in different relations and connections, of the fundamental principles, and historical facts, and moving powers of the universal government of God."

The Synod of Kentucky was overwhelmingly anti-slavery. It was but two years later that President John C. Young of Centre College, wrote one of the greatest Emancipation Reports for the Synod that the whole period produced. Rev. Wm. L. Breckinridge was on that Committee of Synod and indorsed the report fully. These Breckinridge Brothers represented the very best Southern sentiment that was sincerely desirous of ending slavery.

It seems that the Southern Old School men supported the conservative "Act and Testimony" side 100 years ago because they were willing to exclude the subject of slavery from the Assembly in consideration of the backing they received to discipline and excind the New School Synods. The Abolition Terror was thus a means of Old School victory for the time, because the very mention of it in the councils of the "Act and Testimony" conventions would have split them into fragments and factions immediately.

And There Stood Andrew Jackson ?

AUGUSTUS C. BUELL, the biographer of Andrew Jackson, says that the General made a promise to Mrs. Jackson, which he often repeated, that when he "got out of public life," where he was free from the suspicion of ulterior motives, he would make a profession of his faith and come into the communion of the Presbyterian Church. "Rough as his nature was in many respects," says Buell, "and fierce as his career may have been, Andrew Jackson was filled with the instincts of purity and the impulses of righteousness."

The biographer then relates that when the General heard of the death of Aaron Burr in 1836 he remarked that Burr came within one trait of exalted greatness, and that was his lack of reverence. As a backwoodsman Jackson first saw him in Philadelphia in 1796 and noted this deep spiritual void in the nature of Burr. What especially displeased Jackson was the remarks Burr made about the dying confession of Hamilton reminding him of an expiring monk trying to square himself with Deity and Death. "If I had thought such a thing, after killing a man," said Jackson, "I would have left its utterance to somebody else."

The point is that General Jackson had the root of genuine religion in him, namely, reverence. And it does not surprise us to read in Buell's Life as to his conversation: "In regard to General Jackson's formal communion, with the orthodox Presbyterian Church in 1843, we think it may be safely described as the outward manifestation of a change of heart which really began with the passing of Mrs. Jackson in 1828. In our own observation we have seen and known some men as obdurate, as exultantly brave, as heedless of danger, as stoical under bodily pain, and, generally speaking, as hard and grim as Jackson may have been at his worst, to be softened, chastened and subdued suddenly and permanently by some irreparable bereavement that inflicted an unspeakable sorrow, never to be assuaged.

"It usually happens that the bravest and hardest men, if they be men of chivalry and honor, are the tenderest lovers. That these words describe General Jackson, we do not think any close student of his nature will try to gainsay. Now, such a man may be very wicked in the common acceptance of the term, so long as no great shock comes to his brain and heart, to teach him—with all the force of a rifle bullet but without its deadliness—that this life is not all in what we see today or may have seen yesterday. Time and again have we seen such men take their first glimpse of the soul's immortality in a hope, vague and shadowy at first, but constant within them and always growing, that they may, when this life is done, meet and greet once more and forever the loved one in the realm of God's Eternity.

"There can be no doubt, we think, that this preparation for the Christian change, if not the change itself, crept over the heart and through the soul of

Andrew Jackson when he consigned to the Hermitage Garden the mortal ashes of his Rachel. At any rate, we know that from that moment he mended the ways of his life. He subdued his daily walk and he moderated his daily conversation. True, his temper rose now and then—but so does the wrath of the righteous. One need not be a sheep to be a Christian.

"But on the whole the Jackson who survived 'Aunt Rachel' was a different man from the one she called husband in her lifetime; a milder, gentler-spoken, more tender-voiced and more reverent man than she had ever known. The love he bore her in the body seemed to follow her soul away somewhere, he knew not where, but he did know that it followed her spirit; and in his rugged, strife-scarred, storm-beaten and pain-seared simplicity of manhood, that itself was a religion. These observations—trite in themselves, mayhap—lead us irresistibly to the conclusion that, when General Jackson formally and outwardly 'joined the church,' in 1843, he only avowed in the sight of men a faith he had long ago confessed to God Almighty in the silent sanctuary of his own soul."

We have already mentioned the profound friendship of Dr. Gideon Blackburn and Andrew Jackson in another connection, together with the fact that Dr. Blackburn duly urged upon the General the fulfillment of the promise to make a profession of his faith and unite with the church. But there was another Presbyterian minister who exercised the pastoral relation with the General in the latter years of his life and brought him to the decision, under God's grace, which had been so long deferred. This minister was the Rev. John Todd Edgar, D. D., who, with Dr. Gideon Blackburn, stands out in the spiritual experience of Andrew Jackson as Dr. James Smith and Dr. Phineas Gurley do in the spiritual life of Abraham Lincoln. It is well that coming generations should hear the story of this eminent bosom friendship and the remarkable man of God who brought so great a joy of salvation and peace to the rugged heart of Old Hickory.

REV. JOHN TODD EDGAR

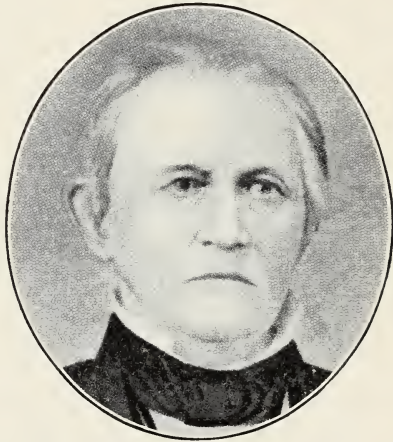
From the historic records of the First Presbyterian Church of Frankfort, Ky., we read that: "Rev. John Todd Edgar, D. D., was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1793. His name first appears on the roll of the Synod in 1817. He came to Frankfort in December, 1827, and took charge of this church as stated supply. He found it in a confused and disorganized condition, without officers, save one elder, and he a non-resident. Shortly after his coming the church was greatly strengthened by accessions, which gave material for office-bearers, and it was at once reorganized by the election of a full bench of ruling elders and a board of deacons.

"In March, 1829, Mr. Edgar accepted a call to the pastor's office, which he held until July, 1833, when he removed to Nashville, Tenn. He took charge as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of that city, and in it he ended his labors in the year 1860. Dr. Edgar was greatly beloved by this congregation, and very highly esteemed by the whole community. He was a man of very popular manners and address, and an eloquent and successful preacher. He was the acknowledged pulpit orator of the Synod, and his services were constantly in demand elsewhere while pastor here."

A closer examination of the records of the First Church at Frankfort discloses some very fine spiritual facts about Dr. Edgar's pastorate in the Kentucky

State Capital: "During his ministry here Dr. Edgar, under direction of Presbytery, spent a considerable part of the summer and fall months in missionary tours, confirming and strengthening the weak and destitute churches in different parts of the Presbytery. He also preached stately to the country churches in this vicinity.

"At that period the Presbyteries seemed to have exercised a very close watch and paternal care over their weaker and struggling congregations, making regular details from the pulpits of the stronger churches for their spiritual nourishment. These ministers were sent according to the scripture injunction, 'two and two,' holding usually four-days meetings, administering the ordinances, concluding with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper on the Sabbath. The stated meetings of Presbytery, and especially of Synod, were occasions of great import and interest to the churches and to the whole community.



REV. JOHN T. EDGAR, D. D.

"The entertainment of these bodies no doubt fully taxed the ability of the places where the meetings were held, but the scriptural rule of hospitality without grudging' seemed to have prevailed, for the occasions were earnestly sought after, contended for and enjoyed by the churches. That being before the day of good roads and adequate public conveyances, the visiting ministers and elders came mostly on horseback, occasionally in their own vehicles. The congregation was called on to entertain 'man and beast,' as is shown by sundry livery bills in our church papers, paid by our treasurer, one of which, for keeping the horses of Synod, amounted to \$78.22. In contrast somewhat with these ecclesiastical bodies of today, they were then in no hurry to depart, remaining over the Sabbath, and thus these convocations were a benediction to the church and community."

Dr. Edgar was not only an evangelical but an evangelistic preacher and pastor. When the Frankfort pulpit became vacant in the latter part of 1827, as there were no elders to represent the church at Presbytery, a very strong committee of

Frankfort citizens, among them John J. Crittenden, went to that body with an earnest request for the ministerial services of Mr. Edgar, who had been acting as temporary supply. This request was granted and "Shortly after Mr. Edgar's coming the church experienced perhaps the greatest revival and work of divine grace in its history. Over sixty persons were added to the membership, many of whom were heads of families and prominent and influential citizens of the place."



Ephraim M. Brank of Greenville, Muhlenberg County, Ky., about 1850. Chief of the famous Kentucky Rifleman at the Battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815, who struck terror to the advancing columns of British veterans by his deadly aim from the breastworks. He was described by the British historian as "a tall man standing on the breastworks, dressed in linsey-woolsey, with buckskin leggings, etc. . . . The roar of cannon had no effect upon the figure before us; he seemed fixed and motionless as a statue. At last he moved, threw back his hat rim over the crown with his left hand, raised the rifle to his shoulder, and took aim at our group." The effect was so terrific that he seemed a phantom of Death itself until the enemy wavered and fell back in utter defeat.

When James Parton wrote his *Life of Andrew Jackson* he communicated with Dr. Edgar with reference to the circumstances under which the General made his public profession of faith and united with the little Hermitage Church. Dr. Edgar made answer that sometime during the season of 1839, the adopted

daughter of General Jackson was ill and desired his presence to administer spiritual consolation. The General was present in the room during the conversation. She was troubled about being "a great sinner." This statement aroused the astonishment of the General who said, "You call yourself a sinner? Why, I had always considered you the very incarnation of goodness and purity. You should unite with Dr. Edgar's church by all means."

STORY OF A GREAT SERMON

Louis Albert Banks, who gives a very impressive version of this whole incident in his book, "Religious Life of Famous Americans," says that Dr. Edgar did not believe General Jackson was clear in his own mind what constituted a true repentance and acceptance with God. It so happened that in a very short while Dr. Edgar was called upon to conduct a revival meeting in the little Hermitage Chapel. General Jackson was a very constant and attentive auditor. The evangelist took as the main thought of his discourse that evening the Providence of God in the affairs of men. He pointed out the many ways and times of divine protection and interposition. He drew a graphic and eloquent picture of General Jackson's own personal exposure to dangers seen and unseen in his long and perilous career and how God had preserved him alive almost by miracle.

General Jackson was deeply moved. He sat with his eyes fixed upon the minister and at the close of service got in his carriage and was driving back to the Hermitage. Dr. Edgar had come out on horseback and rode past the carriage of the General, who exclaimed: "Doctor Edgar, I want to talk with you. Won't you go home with me tonight?"

Dr. Edgar answered that he had promised to go to see a sick lady and could not possibly break his word. The General urged him three distinct and separate times to stay; but the pastor replied that he would come the very first thing in the morning. That was an anxious and momentous night to Old Hickory. He paced back and forth in his room, talked to his adopted daughter, and prayed as best he could. Even James Parton was moved to say of this great spiritual crisis: "What sins he repented of and what actions of his life he wished he had not done, no one knows, or ever will know. But the value of this upheaving of the soul depends upon that. There is a repentance which is radical, sublime, regenerating. There is a repentance which is shallow and fruitless. Conversion means a turning. It is only when we know from what a man turns, and to what he turns, that we can know whether his turning is of any benefit to him."

Dr. Edgar reached the Hermitage shortly after sunrise. The General had wrestled the whole problem through as Jacob did of old, and he informed the pastor that he wished to unite with the church that morning. He was ready in every way but one—he could not, from the heart, say that he forgave his enemies. The pastor insisted with gentle but uncompromising frankness that as he forgave so would he himself be forgiven. At length the General assented. Dr. Banks gives a touching account of the reception of the General into the bosom of the church:

A MEMORABLE COMMUNION SERVICE

"The Hermitage Church was crowded that Sunday morning to the utmost of its small capacity. At the windows were the eager faces of the colored servants.

After the usual services General Andrew Jackson rose in his place to make the required public declaration of his concurrence with the doctrines and his resolve to obey the precepts of the church. He leaned heavily upon his walking stick with both hands; tears rolled down his cheeks. His daughter, the fair young matron, stood beside him. The silence was profound and the emotion of the people beyond description as the General answered the questions proposed to him.

"When at last the formal ceremony was ended and he was pronounced a member of the church, and Dr. Edgar was about to continue the services, the long restrained feelings of the congregation burst forth in sobs and devout exclamations which compelled him to pause for several minutes. The clergyman was himself speechless with emotion and abandoned himself to the exultation of the hour. A familiar hymn was announced, and all the people, both within the church and outside in the gathered groups about the windows, joined with an ecstatic fervor which at once expressed and relieved their feelings."

Mrs. W. H. Richardson, of Nashville, Tenn., in a recent article descriptive of the Hermitage Church as it is today, quotes from an old and valued record of that memorable service thus: "It may well be imagined that the scene was thrilling when this veteran of years and service of his country, professed allegiance to the Sovereign of all worlds, and promised an eternal fidelity to Him who demands the homage of all created intelligence.

"The whole preparatory service was deeply interesting, but when the time arrived for him and his relatives and friends to arise and take their seats at the table of their Ascended Lord and Redeemer, a scene of weeping gratitude and joy seemed to pervade the whole congregation. To see this aged veteran, whose head had stood erect in battle and through scenes of fearful bearing, bending that head in humble and adoring reverence at the table of his Divine Master, while tears of penitence and joy trickled down his careworn cheeks was indeed a spectacle of most intense moral interest. No one indeed could question the sincerity of his profession of faith in the Son of God."

THE CRISIS OVER SLAVERY

The Presbyterian Church in the South during the Civil War took positive ground on the exclusion of all social and political questions from consideration and discussion in religious assemblies. In their famous Address on the State of the Country, adopted in session at Augusta, Georgia, in December, 1861, we find this unmistakable language: "The only conceivable condition, therefore, upon which the Church of the North and the South could remain together as one body, with any prospect of success, is the rigorous exclusion of the questions and passions of the forum from its halls of debate. This is what always ought to be done. The provinces of Church and State are perfectly distinct, and the one has no right to usurp the jurisdiction of the other. The State is a natural institute, founded in the constitution of man as moral and social, and designed to realize the idea of justice. It is the society of rights. The church is a supernatural institute, founded in the facts of redemption, and is designed to realize the idea of grace. It is the society of the redeemed. The State aims at social order, the church at spiritual holiness. The State looks to the visible and outward, the church is concerned for the invisible and inward. The badge of the

State's authority is the sword by which it becomes a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do well. The badge of the church's authority is the keys by which it opens and shuts the Kingdom of Heaven, according as men are believing or impenitent. The power of the church is exclusively spiritual, that of the State includes the exercise of force."

Upon the subject of African Slavery and the proposition to make the holding of human beings in bondage a ground of exclusion from church fellowship we find these defensive arguments set forth with masterly logic: "There is one difference which so radically and fundamentally distinguishes the North and the South, that it is becoming every day more and more apparent that the religious, as well as the secular, interests of both will be more effectually promoted by a complete and lasting separation. The antagonism of Northern and Southern sentiment on the subject of slavery lies at the root of all the difficulties which have resulted in the dismemberment of the Federal Union, and involved us in the horrors of an unnatural war. The Presbyterian Church in the United States has been enabled by Divine grace to pursue, for the most part, an eminently conservative, because a thoroughly scriptural, policy in relation to this delicate question. It has planted itself upon the Word of God, and utterly refused to make slave-holding a sin, or non-slave-holding a term of communion. But though both sections are agreed as to this general principle, it is not to be disguised that the North exercises a deep and settled antipathy to slavery itself, while the South is equally zealous in its defense.

"Recent events can have no other effect than to confirm the antipathy on the one hand and strengthen the attachment on the other. The Northern section of the church stands in the awkward predicament of maintaining in one breath, that slavery is an evil which ought to be abolished, and of asserting in the next, that it is not a sin to be visited by exclusion from communion of the saints. The consequence is, that it plays partly in the hands of abolitionists and partly in the hands of slave-holders, and weakens its influence with both. It occupies the position of a prevaricating witness whom neither party will trust. It would be better therefore for the moral power of the Northern section of the church to get entirely quit of the subject. At the same time, it is intuitively obvious that the Southern section of the church, while even partially under the control of those who are hostile to slavery, can never have free and unimpeded access to the slave population. Its ministers and elders will always be liable to some degree of suspicion. In the present circumstances, Northern alliance would be absolutely fatal."

A FAMOUS DEFENSE OF SLAVERY

Then follows the view of slavery adhered to by the Presbyterian Church of the South at that crucial time: "We would have it distinctly understood that, in our ecclesiastical capacity, we are neither the friends nor the foes of slavery; that is to say, we have no commission either to propagate or abolish it. The policy of its existence or non-existence is a question which exclusively belongs to the State. We have no right, as a church, to enjoin it as a duty, or to condemn it as a sin. Our business is with the duties which spring from the relation; the duties of the master on the one hand, and of their slaves on the other. These duties we are to proclaim and enforce with spiritual sanctions. The social, civil, political problems connected with this great subject transcend our sphere, as God

has not entrusted to His church the organization of society, the construction of Government, nor the allotment of individuals to their various stations. The church has as much right to preach to the monarchies of Europe, and the despotism of Asia, the doctrines of republican equality, as to preach to the governments of the South the extirpation of slavery. This position is impregnable, unless it can be shown that slavery is a sin."

The authors of this historic document then address themselves to a defense of the institutions of slavery: "Slavery is no new thing. It has not only existed for ages in the world, but it has existed, under every dispensation of the covenant of grace, in the Church of God. Indeed, the first organization of the church as a visible society, separate and distinct from the unbelieving world, was inaugurated in the family of a slave-holder. Among the very first persons to whom the seal of circumcision was affixed, were the slaves of the father of the faithful, some born in his house, and others bought with his money.



THE BRANK RESIDENCE, GREENVILLE, KY.

"Slavery again re-appears under the Law. God sanctions it in the first table of the Decalogue, and Moses treats it as an institution to be regulated, not abolished; legitimated, and not condemned. We come down to the age of the New Testament, and we find it again in the churches founded by the Apostles under the plenary inspiration of the Holy Ghost. These facts are utterly amazing, if slavery is the enormous sin which its enemies represent it to be. . . . We stand exactly where the Church of God has always stood—from Abraham to Moses, from Moses to Christ, from Christ to the Reformers, and from the Reformers to ourselves. We stand upon the foundation of the Prophets and Apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the Chief cornerstone. Shall we be excluded from the fellowship of our brethren in other lands, because we dare not depart from the charter of our faith? Shall we be branded with the stigma of reproach, because we cannot consent to corrupt the Word of God to suit the intuitions of an infidel philosophy? Shall our names be cast out as evil, and the finger of scorn pointed at us, because we utterly refuse to break our communion with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with Moses, David, and Isaiah, with Apostles, Prophets and Martyrs.

with all the noble army of confessors who have gone to glory from slave-holding countries and from a slave-holding church, without ever having dreamed that they were living in mortal sin, by conniving at slavery in the midst of them? If so, we shall take consolation in the cheering consciousness that the Master has accepted us. . . . We feel that the souls of our slaves are a solemn trust, and we shall strive to present them faultless and complete before the presence of God."

ANDREW JACKSON AND THE FEDERAL UNION

We have cited this famous document and its defense of slavery and the South in connection with the story of Andrew Jackson's religious experience because it will afford us clearer evidence to demonstrate how these acute and irreconcilable issues were settled in the crucible of history. There is a lot of fundamental truth in the argument for the entire and eternal separation of Church and State touching these vital problems of human life and liberty; and perhaps we should consider first how Old Hickory met the issue of Nullification and Secession. His biographer, Buell, leaves no doubt in any mind as to where General Jackson stood. It was at the famous Jefferson Day Banquet in Washington City during Jackson's first administration:

"The Jefferson banquet was a grand one. To the President was, of course, accorded the honor of the first volunteer toast. No one—except his private secretary and the members of his 'kitchen cabinet'—had the remotest inkling of what was to come. Only Benton, Hill, Lewis and Kendall knew the President's intention. The general drift of the regular toasts, as Benton describes the affair, and of the short speeches that accompanied them, had been that of an effort to identify Jefferson's teachings with the ultra State-rights theory and to make him, not the apostle of democracy, so much as the high priest of nullification.

"When Jackson rose to the privilege of the leading volunteer toast, he straightened to his full height, raised his right hand, looked straight at Calhoun and, amid a hush that was almost breathless, said—in that crisp, harsh tone that had so often been heard above the crashing of many rifles—'*Our Federal Union--it must and shall be preserved.*'

"Not long afterward Isaac Hill, who was present, said: 'A proclamation of martial law in South Carolina and an order to arrest Calhoun where he sat could not have come with more blinding, staggering force. All hilarity ceased. The President, without adding one word in the way of a speech, lifted up his glass as a notice that the toast was to be quaffed standing. Calhoun rose with the rest. His glass so trembled in his hand that a little of the amber fluid trickled down the side. Jackson stood silent and impassive. There was no response to the toast. Calhoun waited until all sat down. . . .

"Of course the issue involved then was upon a minor question as compared with the one that soon took its place. It was only an affair of customs; of a tariff. There was nothing in that to kindle the imagination or stir the hearts of the people. It was only when human slavery became the issue that the republic shook to its foundations. But all great things begin small. That Jefferson Banquet in Washington, April 13, 1830, set going a contest between two irreconcilable schools of thought; between two doctrines that could not live together under the same flag; between two forces that must fight until one or the other

perished. The contest begun at the banquet lasted thirty-five years and ended at Appomattox. In such a struggle it was a miracle of good fortune for the right side to have Andrew Jackson at its start and Abraham Lincoln at its finish."

A QUESTION OF SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

Upon the point of putting any test questions of social or political policy in the examination of anyone for admission to the communion of the church, the South contended that it was absolutely right, and within its rights, at that time. Take the case of General Jackson. Who for a moment, say they, would have imagined it necessary for his pastor, Dr. Edgar, to have questioned him, privately or publicly, with regard to slave-holding as a moral obstacle debarring him from the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper? That was a matter of the Social Conscience entirely. Men like Dr. Gideon Blackburn did indeed put such tests to men when the issue was directly involved, and they were right in so doing. But the biographer Buell tells us that as a master and slave-holder General Jackson was kind, gentle and indulgent to a fault:

"At any time during the last forty or forty-five years of his life the colored people of the region where he lived considered being sold or traded into the possession of 'Mass Andrew' the next best thing to freedom—if not better. But he was absent much of his time, and the plantation was managed mainly by Mrs. Jackson, while she lived, or by the overseer after her death. Both of them were wont to complain that whenever he was around home for any length of time, he spoiled the slaves so that 'it took quite a while to get them in good working order after he went away.' He habitually trusted his slaves with important business affairs, frequently involving travel as far from home as New Orleans or to points in the North where the soil was free. If any white man maltreated or insulted one of his slaves, he would call him to an account as swift and summary as he might exact on his own account."

It was this genial, humane attitude toward the slaves upon the part of the typical master of the Old South that justified Southern Presbyterian toleration and defense of the institution in their own eyes. But we shall presently see that the continued existence of the institution was utterly irreconcilable with the very life and progress of the nation itself; and the dread issue was joined in battle and settled in blood, without the shedding of which there is no remission. So that in the end John Rankin was right. Slavery was a social sin, a national calamity and crime. And abolition triumphed under God. But Andrew Jackson and the South saved the Union through the undying loyalty of the Border States.

We wish to close this chapter with a final reference to the death of Dr. Edgar, President Jackson's noble, eloquent and beloved pastor, November 14, 1860: "Rev. John T. Edgar, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church (Nashville, Tenn.) died of apoplexy at 8 a. m. yesterday. He conducted services as usual in his church on the previous evening, afterward attending a business meeting of the church officers, and entertaining company at his house until ten o'clock, and then retired. At one o'clock he was stricken, and did not regain consciousness.

“His long residence in our city, his eminent and distinguished services in the pulpit, his identification for so many years with every work of charity and benevolence, caused him to be regarded as belonging to no class or limited circle, but to the whole community. His death will be universally mourned as a public calamity. His great goodness of heart, his gentle and winning manners, his readiness and alacrity in responding at all times to demands made upon him, which were frequent and continuous, will be remembered with gratitude for many, many years.”

Cassius M. Clay, John G. Fee and Berea College

CASSIUS M. CLAY in his Autobiography gives a clear, vivid, and convincing account of his social awakening to the iniquity of the system of African Slavery in America, and especially in Kentucky, his own native State: "My father being the largest slave-owner in the State, I early began to study the system, or rather, began to feel its wrongs. Whilst I was yet a boy my sister Eliza being very fond of flowers and their culture, I had my miniature garden also; with great delight living close to nature, and feeling that serenity and passive happiness which she always lavishes upon those who love her.

"One day, whilst absorbed in my favorite pastime, I heard a scream, and looking up, what was my horror to see Mary coming into the yard with a butcher's knife, and her clothes all bloody. All the servants from every cabin, big and little, ran wildly around in tears, with exclamations of grief and terror.

"Who was Mary? A handsome mulatto girl, of about eighteen years of age, who had been engaged years ago as one of the flower-gardeners. She was a fine specimen of a mixed breed, rather light colored, showing the blood in her cheeks, with hair wavy, as in the case with mixed whites and blacks. Her features were finely cut, quite Caucasian; whilst her eyes were large, black, languid, and unconscious, except when some passion stirred the fires of her African blood, when they flashed as the lightning through a cloud. It was Mary who had assisted in laying out my garden. A peach tree, then planted by me, was in full bearing long after I was married, being more than a foot in diameter.

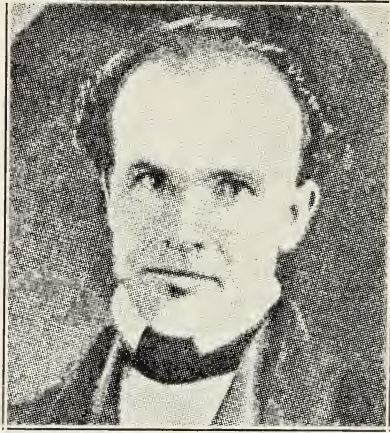
"After some years she was sent to the house of an overseer, at one of the separate plantations, to cook for the whites, the 'hands' and the overseer, his wife, and two or three grown daughters.

"Mary was very bloody, but not hurt. Payne, for that was his name, was a drunkard; and, returning home after sprees, made it his custom to abuse Mary by words, which was not submitted to in those days by any slaves, when coming from 'poor white trash,' as they called the non-slave-holders. And so she in turn used a woman's tongue in such a way as to arouse the anger of the whole family.

"Mary was sent into the kitchen or elsewhere, whilst the family, having made all preparations to bar up the doors, prepared to punish the woman severely, and, as the jury afterward decided, to kill her. They called her in, and sent her upstairs to shell the seed-corn for planting. All the field-hands were out at work.

"But Mary, suspecting mischief, knowing Payne's temper, secreted a butcher's knife in her bosom, and went sullenly to her work. As she anticipated, they soon came up and all attacked her. She attempted to run downstairs and out

of the house; but, finding the door securely fastened, she turned upon them and slew Payne, and at length succeeded in making her escape. She came home to the family. The whole community was in arms, and Mary was taken to jail in a few hours. But my father, being a man of fortune, and a 'long head,' Mary was finally acquitted and set free.



Rev. John G. Fee, founder of Berea College, will live in the history of human freedom with Rev. John Rankin and other great Southern Abolitionists. As preacher and pastor of the "Old Glade Church" at Berea he followed John Rankin in refusing church fellowship to slave-holders. This was an oft agitated question in the Synod of Kentucky, raised by the Concord Church near Carlisle in 1800, in evidence of the powerful Abolition movement in Kentucky at that time. Lane Seminary gave Mr. Fee a great vision.

1. In 1787 the Synod of New York and Philadelphia declared in favor of "universal liberty" in America and approved of "the abolition of slavery," but recommended the gradual emancipation plan of education and preparation for freedom.

2. In 1793 a Quaker Memorial handed to the Moderator of the Assembly on the subject of slavery occasioned the republication of the Minute of the Synod on the subject. And in 1795 a question came up from the Presbytery of Transylvania as to a conscientious Abolitionist holding Christian communion with slave-owners. The Assembly answered that it was wise and scriptural 'to live in charity and peace' with such persons, but expressed the concern and conviction of the Church that slavery must be abolished. On the committee was Father Rice of Kentucky.

3. In the Assembly of 1815 slave-holding and the slave traffic were again disapproved and deplored. The Assembly of 1816 favored the baptism of slave-children, and in 1818 Dr. Ashbel Green was chairman of a committee which made a memorable report on the whole subject of slavery; and this document became historic as an Emancipation utterance. The Assembly answered a Resolution which declared that a man who sold a Christian slave against his will ought to be refused church fellowship. The whole system of slavery was declared utterly contrary to the gospel, and "the total abolition" of slavery was set forth as an ideal to be attained.

4. In 1836 the Synod of Kentucky adopted one of the greatest Emancipation reports in American history, written for a Committee of Ten by President John C. Young of Centre College, Danville.

"Sidney Payne Clay, our oldest brother, who had been educated at Princeton College, New Jersey, and had returned home, was an Emancipationist as well as Presbyterian. By my father's will he was appointed chief executor. As was the custom in all the Border Slave States, Mary was, by his will, ordered to be sent South, I suppose to make murder odious. Now the most astonishing fea-

ture of the slave system was the delusion that, as it was legal, it was morally right; whilst all the sentiments of the soul and the force of the mind proclaimed it wrong. 'For the greatest of all rights,' said the eloquent Robert J. Breckinridge, 'is the right of a man to himself.' This doctrine, joined to some passing remarks in the Bible, written in an age when slavery was the result of a common barbarism, confused the strongest intellect and led to the most conflicting results.

"Never shall I forget—and through all these years it rests upon the memory as the stamp upon a bright coin—the scene, when Mary was tied by the wrists and sent from home and friends, and the loved features of her native land—the home of her infancy and girlish days—into Southern banishment forever: and yet held guiltless by a jury, not of her 'peers,' but her oppressors.

"Never shall I forget those two faces—of my brother and Mary—the oppressor and the oppressed, rigid with equal agony. She cast an imploring look at me, as if in appeal; but meekly went, without a word, as 'a sheep to the slaughter.'"

We can readily imagine the maturing convictions of this powerful Kentucky youth as an undergraduate in Yale College some years after the tragedy enacted under his burning eyes at home. Let us again hear his own impressive recital: "There were quite a number of Southerners then in Yale; so I soon felt at home, and entered upon my studies with good heart. I joined one of the college societies, and took a leading part in the debates; but as I soon entered upon an exciting political career, I do not now remember to what society I did or do now belong. I believe it was the Alpha Beta Phi.

"President Day was silent, dignified, and amiable. He never said anything, but we all loved him. All the other professors had their admirers and their critics. Benjamin Silliman, the chief figure, was then in the height of his eminence as a chemist, and inventor, and experimenter, in all the civilized world; of large stature and of large brain, and 'as happy as a big sunflower;' full of vanity, but of that pleasant sort which, running over, allows his friends to share the intoxicating fluid; and so he, too, had no enemies. . . .

"The Rev. Leonard Bacon was then the leading preacher in the Independent Presbyterian Church at Yale, a cold, technical, dogmatic Puritan. He was always an uncompromising defender of slavery; bolstering it up, when it could only take a stand in the Jewish Scriptures, after it had been driven for centuries from the hearts of all true Christians. Perhaps he found it his interest to be on the winning side for the Union when he saw it was inevitable, and that slavery and all its defenders would go down. But I pass the learned doctor to consider a character worthy the admiration and gratitude of all mankind.

"One of the peculiarities of the ante-bellum times was the isolation of thought between the Liberals of the South and the North. Such was the policy of the South. So, when I entered Yale, with my soul full of hatred to slavery, I had never known anything of Garrison or his history. Soon after I entered college, before I had noted the situation, it was announced that Garrison was going to speak in the South Church that night—the church, at least, nearest the south of the city, and, I think, so called.

CASSIUS CLAY AND WM. LLOYD GARRISON

"'Who is Garrison?' I asked. 'Why, Garrison is the Abolitionist. Don't you know? So, as I had never heard an Abolitionist, nor the name hardly, I

went to hear Garrison. Every accessible place was crowded; so I pressed on determinedly to the front, so far as to see and hear him fully. In plain, logical, and sententious language he treated the 'Divine Institution' so as to burn like a branding-iron into the most callous hide of the slave-holder and his defenders.

"This was a new revelation to me. I felt all the horrors of slavery; but my parents were slave-holders; all my known kindred in Kentucky were slave-holders; and I regarded it as I did other evils of humanity, as the fixed laws of Nature and of God, and submitted as best I might. But Garrison dragged out the monster from all his citadels, and left him stabbed to the vitals, and dying at the feet of every logical and honest mind.

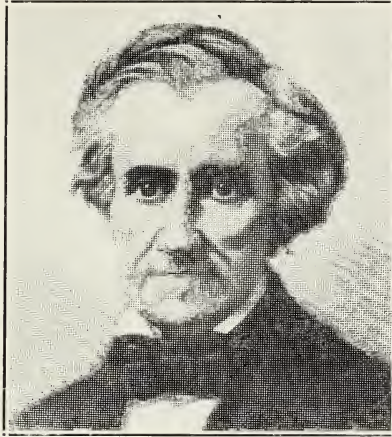
"As water to a thirsty wayfarer, were to me Garrison's arguments and sentiments. He was often and boisterously hissed; but I stood silent and thoughtful in the depths of my new thought. Another meeting of the citizens was called for the next night, to answer Garrison. I do not now remember who were the orators; but the 'Liberal' Dr. Bacon ought to have been, if he was not, the man to answer such broad logic of truth, and justice, and religion, and humanity; for he had that temperament and technical training which best fitted him to make the worse appear the better cause.

"I once more got a good place to hear; and, as sophism after sophism and false conclusions from false assumptions followed, in chain-like succession, they were greeted with thundering applause. This aroused me from my apathy. I felt the greatest indignation. I never, in all my life, was so agitated in a public assemblage. I first thought I would interrupt him, and deny his assumptions of fact; then I concluded to answer him in order; and was preparing to do so, when another sprang up, and gave me time to reflect, that I had come to Yale to learn, and not to teach. So I returned to my room as full of tumultuous emotions as on the night before. I then resolved, however, that when I had the strength, if ever, I would give slavery a death struggle."

This social awakening to the iniquity of the slave system was very closely allied to his religious awakening. Being chosen as the class orator of the Seniors for the Washington's Birthday celebration, he made a ringing Anti-Slavery address. All his family except his brother Brutus and he were connected with some church. And he not only had the satisfaction of making this dedication of himself to the Abolition cause in the presence of all that impressive throng of friends and loved ones, but he adds: "So the good seed which Garrison had watered, and which my own bitter experience had sown, aroused my whole soul."

During a revival in his Senior year at Yale Cassius Clay professed his faith and was baptized by immersion in New Haven Sound. His mother was a Calvinistic Baptist, but, remembering the pro-slavery logic of the Reverend Leonard Bacon, he turned his back on the upper-class Christians and sought out what he called "a common-place Baptist preacher, and was baptized in the sea, and received into his church." Upon his return home he did a lot of general reading on religious history, evidences, and the like, and became so unsettled in his faith that he had his name stricken from the rolls of the little church back in New England. But what gave his soul its shock was "the fruits of Bacon's theology," as he termed it, "which I had seen in the Old South Church; for I saw all around me the whole clergy, with the exception of John G. Fee (now of Berea College, Madison County, Kentucky), standing for slavery as a 'divine institution.' I had no fellowship with men with such a creed; and I preferred, if God

was on that side, to stand with the Devil rather; for he was silent at least. So, if I said and wrote hard things against the Scriptures, and especially the preachers, it was because they were the false prophets which it was necessary to destroy with slavery."



REV. JOHN C. YOUNG, D. D.

Successor of Dr. Gideon Blackburn as President of Centre College in 1830. Author of a masterly and noble Paper and Plan for Gradual Emancipation, prepared by a Committee of Ten for the Kentucky Synod in 1835. The historian of Berea College speaks of this paper as "one of the cleanest, strongest, and wisest deliverances on slavery ever made;" and says that this anti-slavery movement and memorial gave a powerful impetus to the "Birth of Berea College."

Dr. John C. Young was in some respects a more gifted and national character than Dr. John Finley Crowe. Dr. Young was a native of Greencastle, Pa., August 12, 1830. His father was an Associate Reformed Church pastor, and John C. was educated at Columbia and Dickinson Colleges. In 1823 he refused the most tempting offers in law from his uncle, who was Clerk of the House of Representatives in Washington City. Instead he studied for the ministry at Princeton with Drs. Hodge, Dod, and the Alexanders. Licensed to preach in the year 1827, he traveled through several large Eastern cities and declined tempting pastoral locations. He then set out for the Ohio Valley and visited Kentucky. In 1828 he accepted a call to the McChord Presbyterian Church in Lexington. He was such an eloquent and brilliant pulpit orator and personality that his choice as successor to Dr. Blackburn over Centre College was unanimous. Princeton gave him the highest praise and for nearly 27 years he was one of the great educators of youth in America. He was also pastor in Danville till his death, June 23, 1857.

As Moderator of the Old School General Assembly at Philadelphia in 1853 he attracted international attention of Old World Presbyterians by his matchless eloquence and gracious personality. Dr. Young's wife was a daughter of Senator John J. Crittenden, and his son, Rev. Wm. C. Young, D. D., became the successor of his revered father in Centre College and the Presbyterian Church. Born in Danville in 1842; educated at Centre College and the Danville Seminary, he was pastor at Covington 1862-'70; First Church, Madison, Ind., 1870-'72; Chicago, 1872-'79; Louisville, 1879-'88, when he was chosen President of "Old Centre." His inauguration in 1889 at the 70th anniversary of the College was one of the most memorable occasions and gatherings of notable men in the history of Kentucky.

In May, 1892, the General Assembly met in Portland, Oregon, and Dr. Young was chosen Moderator—the first man South of Mason and Dixon Line since the Civil War. He not only made an epochal presiding officer in the conciliatory and gracious spirit of his service to the Church, but his sermon as retiring Moderator at Washington City, in 1893, gave an impetus to faith and fellowship throughout all branches of the Presbyterian Church of America and the world that will never be forgotten. Dr. Young measured up to the great fame of his noble father, as a Leader of Truth and Peace-maker of the highest order.

BEGINNINGS OF BEREА COLLEGE

The abiding monument of the Abolition Movement in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky is Berea College. General Clay tells the story of its origin after he became the mighty leader of Abolition in his native State back in the years before the Civil War: "When I converted mechanics, tenants, and laborers to my liberal views, the Slave-Power either bull-dozed them, or starved them into emigration to Ohio, Indiana, and the West. So I set about finding a remedy for this exhausting evil. I saw that a large portion of the State was mountainous, where there were but few slaves, and the people courageous; so that, if they were once committed to liberation of the slaves, we could have a permanent nucleus of political and physical force

"I owned a considerable tract of land at the 'Glade,' in Madison County—the present site of Berea—and at the foot of the mountains of Kentucky. I had already given Hamilton Rawlings a tract of land, worth about one thousand dollars. He had been my ardent and intelligent friend for years, and had at once adopted my liberal views.

"When John G. Fee, a native of Bracken County, and a preacher of the Presbyterian Church, stood openly on our side, his father, a slave-holder and churchman, was alienated from him, and ultimately disinherited him. I saw in Fee's heroic and pious character a fit man for the service I projected. So I wrote him to come on to Madison and help us. This he did, bringing with him his intelligent wife, a Miss Hamilton, the daughter of a plain and sensible farmer of the same county. I remember also her sister Laura as a fine woman.

"I gave my friend a small lot of land—as much as he wanted for his profession—as a homestead, which is now a part of the town of Berea; and a small tract for the church and school, when it became practical to move in that direction. I also sold several lots of land at nominal prices to our most courageous friends for self-protection."

Looking back in historic retrospect to this foundation of human freedom, General Clay said: "I can say at least that 'we builded better than we knew.' It served a great purpose in my political career; but I had not then anticipated its present growth, and the co-education of blacks and whites, males and females, for liberation itself was then too uncertain for such project. The honor of this last patriotic and Christian work belongs to John G. Fee alone. The political differences of opinion between us is fully set forth in these volumes (of autobiography)—so that all the world may judge us.

"He has always been free to criticise my course, but my friendship for him has never abated. Any other man saying what he has at times said of me would have brought on him my greatest indignation. But as I know his sincerity of purpose, and his idiosyncracies of thought, I have not believed it necessary to defend myself.

"At the late commencement at Berea, where several distinguished strangers—among others Roswell Smith of the Century Company—were present. I took occasion to refer to the higher law of controversy. I hold and have held from the beginning, that there is an inborn sentiment of justice and humanity which is the base of all human laws, and to which they should be conformed; that the existence of slavery, though sanctioned by constitutions and laws, was in opposition to that higher law, and that it should be abolished—not by indirection, or slave-escaping, or by armed assault upon the master, but by free discussion and the ballot—to peaceably conform them to the higher law."

REV. JOHN G. FEE

The character sketch of Rev. John G. Fee as drawn by General Clay is an impressive one: "As I have known Fee long, and perhaps better than most men, it may be interesting to my readers to hear something more of the man, who has made so large a figure in the world. He is a classical scholar. In person rather below medium size, slender, with a head large in proportion to a rather delicate body. His features are not remarkable, being rather heavy than classical; hair once auburn, and skin fair but tanned. His expression is rather sad and earnest; but, when pleased, his face lights up into a very agreeable and sympathetic animation.

"His voice, like Horace Greeley's, is piping, but with little inflection or compass; so that he is a better writer than speaker, as his style is concise, terse, and earnest. His mind concentrates upon one truth, the subject at issue; but he lacks generalization, and he can hardly be deemed an eminent thinker. With such singleness of purpose and unselfish philanthropy, he cannot fail to have a touch of fanaticism, and consequent bigotry; but it is not of the ascetic kind, but full of tender passion and Christian love, when his ideas of right do not prevent. On the whole, he is the first great figure in the Southern Church, in the great struggle for Liberation. His work in Berea is fruitful of great good to the races; and the college is based on true ideas, and must live."

In the History of Berea College, published fifty years ago by the Prudential Committee of the institution, we find a most illuminating account of Mr. Fee's early life, his conversion, his social awakening, and his dedication of himself unreservedly to the sacred cause of human freedom and uplift. The story of this heroic man and his great work is hardly known to one in ten thousand, and yet no more typical and impressive example and experience exists in the history of the past hundred years right here in our own home land.

"Rev. John G. Fee," says this account, "was born in Bracken County, Kentucky, in 1816. His father, a farmer, was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and the owner of thirteen slaves. John early embraced religion, and commenced preparation for the ministry. He entered college at Augusta, Kentucky, studied two years at Oxford, Ohio, and graduated at Augusta. His theological course was taken at Lane Seminary, Ohio; where, after much discussion, with earnest prayer for light, terrible mental struggles and many tears, he became convinced of the great evil and sinfulness of American Slavery. With a full sense of the obloquy and danger he must meet, he consecrated himself to preach the gospel of impartial love in his native State."

This social awakening, which was part and parcel of his spiritual vision, as in the case of John Finley Crowe, of Hanover College, became the motive power of his entire life and work. Surely Dr. Lyman Beecher had no more devout disciple than this man. "He first labored several months with his parents; but failing to persuade them to liberate their slaves, with great sadness he relinquished the effort, and carried the gospel to others. His father, a severe man, disowned and disinherited him, giving him one dollar in his will. His mother wept over her deluded son. He continued to visit his parents, though twice the door was shut against him. Afterward he was invited in. Learning that his father was about to sell a female slave, wife of a slave man of the family, and a member of the same church with her master, he bought her at the price demanded, and liberated her. His father was very angry because he would not sell her back.

"Before he became an Abolitionist his father had given him a farm, in Indiana, which he sold for two thousand four hundred dollars, and spent the whole in buying this slave, in publishing an anti-slavery manual, and in self-support. His people, in Lewis county, promised him one hundred dollars for preaching, but being offended by an anti-slavery sermon, very mild and gentle, paid him but twenty-five dollars. For two years he received two hundred dollars annually from the American Home Missionary Society. But finding that this society was aiding fifty-two slave-holding churches, he felt that he could not conscientiously solicit contributions for it, and hence must decline to receive its support."

You have here the martyr type, and we are not surprised to read further: "On joining the Presbytery he made a full statement of his anti-slavery convictions. As these convictions ripened, his anti-slavery efforts multiplied. His church, in Lewis County, passed resolutions denouncing slavery as sinful, and refusing fellowship with slave-holders. The Synod reviewed this action, and censured Mr. Fee for disturbing the peace of Zion, and introducing a test of membership to the constitution of the Presbyterian Church. Assured by the Presbytery that 'repentance on their part was hopeless,' after fully stating his views, he withdrew, and received a qualified letter of dismissal.

"The publication of these facts in the New York Evangelist brought him to the notice of the American Missionary Association, and its aid was offered him. From that time to this, a period of twenty-six years, he has been supported wholly or chiefly by that society.

"In Lewis and Bracken counties he labored eight years, and organized three anti-slavery churches. At the request of Cassius M. Clay he sent a box of the anti-slavery manuals, which were scattered through Madison county. The result was the people invited him here (to Berea) where, after preaching nine sermons, he organized a church which refused fellowship with slave-holders, and after one year he became its pastor. This relation he has now sustained twenty years (1855-1875). There was little to encourage when he came. The place was a wilderness. It was inviting chiefly because it was central.

"The same reason which led to the organization of anti-slavery churches demanded an anti-slavery school. This was organized in 1855. Its first teacher was William E. Lincoln, who came from England to pursue his studies in Oberlin College. He was one of the Wellington rescuers, and has since been a preacher in Ohio, and is now (1876) in the State of New York. Its next teacher was Otis B. Waters, also a student of Oberlin College. He has for several years been a professor in Benzonia College, Michigan.

"In 1856 Mr. Fee experienced a series of mobs in this region. He had before this been mobbed in Lewis, Mason and Bracken counties. The first of this series was at Dripping Springs, the next near Mr. Vernon, the third, and most violent, was near Texas, in Madison county."

The story of these mobbings is a thrilling one, a revelation of the direful situations in which this man of conviction and courage found himself, and yet how supremely he sustained his purpose to witness for the truth as he saw it. He did not go armed, nor did he make resistance to his persecutors, as did Cassius M. Clay. He justified General Clay in defending himself in the exercise of the right of free speech; but General Clay did not deem it wise or expedient or necessary to take the extreme Abolition attitude in the midst of a slave-holding community. He thought this brought exile upon Mr. Fee; but every man to his own convictions; and these two great Forerunners of Lincoln in our home State have no possible superior.

Dr. Samuel R. Wilson's Story of "The Declaration and Testimony"

ONE OF THE most famous and historic documents of the Presbyterian Church in America was "The Declaration and Testimony," written by the Rev. Samuel R. Wilson, D. D., of Louisville, under circumstances of peculiar peril and stress. This celebrated deliverance subjected its noted author to a cross-fire of hostile and terrific criticism at the time, occupying as he did a rather neutral and strategic position between the two extremes of North and South. But the occasion was a crucial one, and in the uttermost sincerity and with unflinching courage, Dr. Wilson and the strong men of God associated with him gave utterance to the principles and sentiments animating them and left to after generations the decision as to whether they were right or wrong. When the passions and animosities of the hour had somewhat subsided Dr. Wilson left on record his own careful account of the circumstances and incidents referred to; and from this account our own is derived.

AFTER LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

"In April, 1865, the Louisville Presbytery, *then undivided*, met in the City of Louisville, just after the fall of Richmond, and at the moment when the country was in an intense state of excitement by the assassination of President Lincoln. Various acts of the General Assembly, from the adoption of the Spring Resolutions in 1861, down through several years of ecclesiastical and civil strife, had produced such a state of conviction and feeling in the Presbyterian Church of Kentucky that some of the Presbyteries had almost come to the conclusion that they would not, until things were more quiet, send representatives to that body.

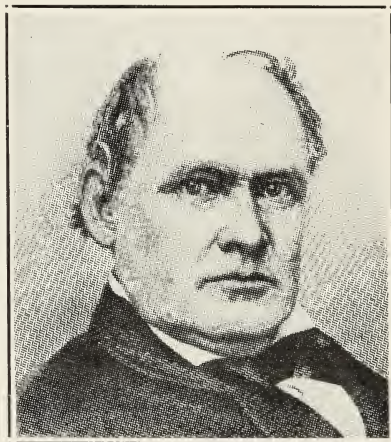
"Such was the prevailing feeling and sentiment on this subject in the Presbytery of Louisville, of which I had only been for a short time a member. During the sessions of that body at the above date, in the city of Louisville, brethren came to me and said in substance, 'If you will go to the coming Assembly at Pittsburgh, we will appoint you as our representative, but otherwise we will decline to appoint anyone.'"

Dr. Wilson replied that if they would appoint him and leave it to his discretion to go or not, well and good. They so assented. Then a letter from the Rev. Stuart Robinson, D. D., was received by Dr. Wilson under date of May 6, 1865, saying that now was the time to put on record a protest to future Assemblies, which, if disregarded, would justify the withdrawal of the Synod of Kentucky from the Church. He urged Dr. Wilson to go to the Pittsburgh Assembly despite attack and abuse.

AT THE PITTSBURGH ASSEMBLY

Accordingly, Dr. Wilson went to the Assembly. He said that it had been threatened before he went that if he appeared he would not be seated. This was the Assembly that adopted the "Pittsburgh Ordinances."

"These I opposed," says Dr. Wilson, "to the uttermost of my ability, earnestly pleading that if the Assembly could not at that moment hold out the olive branch to those brethren who had gone away from the Old Church under the excitement of a great revolution, they would at least say nothing, and do nothing, but allow a year to pass for the quieting of passion and the exercise of a calm judgment and mature reflection."



Rev. Stuart Robinson, D. D., of Louisville. One of the greatest Southern preachers and signers of "The Declaration."

Upon the floor of the Assembly Dr. Wilson said: "My brother (Dr. Lord) has said that we from Kentucky are not capable of judging in such a question as this, because of our sympathies. And if our sympathies, who come from a State where brothers and sons and fathers have fallen upon the same bloody field in fratricidal strife, incapacitate us from judging in this matter, how, sir, are brethren who come from other scenes of horror and sadness, with their sympathies, any more capable of judging?"

"The sentiment of the brother is founded in an utter fallacy, which would dehumanize a man as a condition of his being able to judge respecting the principles of justice and the claims of humanity. For my own part, as much as in me lies, I have from the beginning of this sad conflict aimed to rise above the fierce passions raging around me, and to avoid as a minister of the gospel of peace, being so indented with either of the contending parties as would preclude my ministering to the souls of either in the consolations of that gospel. And it has been my mournful privilege to sit by the side of mothers whose sons had fallen upon the same battlefield as foemen, and to speak words of comfort to them both from the same blessed Bible.

"I am loyal to my country and I am loyal to Christ; and it is because I am so that I am standing up here to speak thus in the presence of this venerable Assembly. It is because I am thus loyal that I now entreat them to pause, consider well what they are about to do; to stop before they take a step full of consequences so far-reaching and so full of peril. Brethren, take not this fatal plunge."

It seems that in one sense Dr. Wilson stood alone before that Assembly, under circumstances and dangers and difficulties not easy for us to imagine now. Yet some six or seven others fearlessly stood with him, "and uttered their entreaties and their protests against what seemed to us all"—quoting Dr. Wilson—"to be the giving way of the still venerable and beloved Assembly of our Church to the most unrestrained outbursts of passion against an erring and now prostrate people. And others there were who, though their voices were hushed under the terror of the hour, yet in their judgments and their hearts approved our course."

CONFERENCE OF BORDER STATE MEN

The church of Dr. Wilson at Louisville was seized by the military on his return home. A letter came from the Rev. James H. Brookes, D. D., of St. Louis, June 5, 1865, urging some form of action as a protest. Dr. Wilson advised as to what should be done, "wisely and without haste," to wait till the action of the Assembly was known throughout the Church and discussion of its nature and tendencies should get under way.

Dr. Brookes replied, under date of June 14, 1865, that there must be many in the Northern branch of the Church who deplored and looked with dismay upon the Assembly's action; and advised that a circular letter should be sent, feeling them out. On June 16, 1865, Dr. Brookes sent Dr. Wilson another letter proposing to meet him in Cincinnati and go on to Brooklyn together. He wanted two or three discreet Kentucky men, if Dr. Wilson could not go. The proposition was to meet in the pastoral study of the Rev. Henry Jackson Van Dyke, D. D., of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, who was known to be seriously and earnestly contemplating this same momentous problem.

There was not time to lose or to postpone action; and Dr. Wilson met Dr. Brookes, as agreed, and they journeyed to New York together. On June 29 and 30, 1865, the meeting took place in Dr. Van Dyke's study in Brooklyn. Those present were Dr. Van Dyke, Dr. Brookes, Dr. Wilson, Rev. Wm. B. Lee, of Brooklyn, and Mr. Edward Bredell, of St. Louis. Other brethren were asked but failed to appear.

MEETING IN DR. VAN DYKE'S STUDY

Dr. Van Dyke sat at his table and noted down the points made against the action of the Assembly and which seemed imperative to be framed into a "Declaration and Testimony." Dr. Wilson kept these notes and points and the main content was embodied by him in the document when it was produced. The conference adjourned to meet in the study of Rev. W. A. Scott, D. D., of New York City. Dr. Van Dyke was not present at this next meeting. Those present were, Dr. Scott, Dr. Brookes, Dr. Wilson, Rev. Mr. Lee, Mr. Bredell, Mr. Cyrus McCormick. The Rev. Dr. Nathan L. Rice was invited but did not appear.

At this next conference all were agreed together as to the purport of the deliverance, but there was discussion as to the timeliness and by whom it should be drafted. Dr. Wilson insisted upon an Eastern man; but Dr. Scott declined when he was suggested. They all then with one accord designated Dr. Wilson. He agreed to consider the matter prayerfully; and upon his return home to Louisville spent several nights and days putting together the "Declaration and Testimony."



Old First Presbyterian Church, Louisville, whose pastors, Rev. Samuel R. Wilson, D. D., and Rev. Stuart Robinson, D. D., were such stalwart defenders of "The Declaration and Testimony." Pastored now by the Rev. Edgar C. Lucas, D. D.

DR. WILSON FACES DR. BRECKINRIDGE

Dr. Wilson was on record in the Synod of Cincinnati in 1861 against political action and deliverances by that body in the crisis of war. In due season upon the floor of the Synod of Kentucky he met Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, his most powerful antagonist, in debate over this same "Declaration and Testimony." He defended its advocates with masterly and eloquent reasoning:

"These witnesses were actuated by the purest love to the principles of what they conscientiously understood as being true, free, scriptural Presbyterianism:

and were devoted still more sincerely to what they regarded the highest interests of the Church of their fathers, and were actuated by no designing schism, but an earnest desire to maintain the unity of the Church upon the basis of a scriptural and constitutional purity."

Continuing, Dr. Wilson said: "They were earnestly and prayerfully, and at great sacrifice both of personal feeling and comfort, endeavoring to bring back the Church to what they regarded as the basis upon which she had been founded and built up; and they also hoped to reclaim that portion of the Church in the South which had gone away in a similar manner from the same scriptural foundation.



Madison (Indiana) Presbyterian Church. A church of famous pastors and notable men and women organized in 1815. Went with the Old School Assembly in the division of 1837-8. Once pastored by Rev. Samuel R. Wilson, D. D. Now reunited with the Second Church (formerly New School) under the splendid ministry of the Rev. Jesse M. Tidball, D. D.

"It was not a question which came into the minds of the originators of the Declaration and Testimony with whom they were in 'affinity,' whether weak or strong, but simply who, in all their Church, whether North or South, East or West, were one with them in their convictions concerning the priceless views of those principles to which they were bearing their testimony. Toward all such they held out the right hand of true fellowship, and with all such their affinity was as strong as their love of Christ and His Church could possibly make it.

"Standing as they did in connection with the Old Church, and occupying, most of them, a position between the Northern and Southern sections of the

country, they felt that God had laid upon them the special duty, and assigned to them the high privilege of being mediators and peace-makers between those who, holding a like precious faith, had been alienated for a time by unnatural but almost irresistible causes."

ACTION OF THE KENTUCKY SYNOD

We learn from Dr. Wilson's account that at first those who were invited in this Testimony agreed to stand in their lot as independent bodies until the way opened for "the reuniting of Presbyterians both North and South on the basis of the old constitution." In this will be found the reason why, when some who had united in the Testimony were urging the precipitate union of the Synod of Kentucky with the Southern Assembly, "there were those, and prominently among them the author of the Declaration and Testimony, who endeavored to stay that movement and earnestly desired that it should not be effected, for the sake of preserving unobscured the light of their testimony."

When, however, it appeared useless and only calculated to produce strife to no purpose, to continue to oppose this union with the Southern Assembly, Dr. Wilson very reluctantly acquiesced in it. We should remember also that at this time overtures were under way for the reunion of the Old and New School Assemblies; and, now that the underlying issues of the whole civil commotion and conflict were practically settled by blood and revolution, namely, Secession and Slavery, Dr. Wilson's appeals for the stay of passion and the compromise of peace and reconciliation upon the old constitutional basis become the more impressive and historic. There is something of infinite pathos now in his statement:

AN OPEN DOOR TO PEACE

"But sooner than the most sanguine could have anticipated, and to as full an extent as can ever perhaps be reasonably expected, I now rejoice in the fact that so far as relates to the Presbyterian Church of the North, they have removed out of the way those barriers which had seemed to present an insuperable obstacle in the way even of fraternal intercourse between them and their brethren of the South.

"The Baltimore Conference, and several papers that passed between the Committees—one paragraph containing all that was necessary to the South as opening the door for them without dishonor, and in the spirit of brotherly love, to have entered upon the interchange of official fraternal relations:

"We declare that all the acts and deliverances of the Northern Assemblies of which you complain are wholly null and void and of no binding efficacy as judgments of the Church we represent, or as rules of proceedings for its Synods, Presbyteries and church sessions."

The Committee of the Northern Church said, furthermore, concerning the Assembly which delegated them that the Body they represented had confidence in the soundness of doctrine and Christian character of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and that if they believed them to be as charged by some—a church organization in the interests of the Rebellion and to conserve and perpetuate the institution of Slavery—self-respect would have prevented seeking fraternal relations with them.

"We did not deny," said the Committee, "that mistakes had been made, but

we asserted that if made they belonged to both sides, and that our earnest desire was to forgive and forget in the spirit of the Master; and we asked the same charity in return."

Upon his part, Dr. Wilson could not see what more the Southern Church could reasonably ask at the hands of their Northern Brethren as a basis, or as fully opening the way, if not toward organic union on the common standards, yet at least to coming together in the very closest bonds of brotherly love and ministerial fellowship—especially since the Southern Church had come to admit that some blame attached to her also on the same ground. It seems that the Southern General Assembly in session at St. Louis wished to clear her records upon this point, even as the Northern Assembly had already done.

DR. WILSON'S TRIBUTE TO DR. VAN DYKE

Dr. Wilson paid a glowing tribute to the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke of the Northern Assembly for his now historic action with the author of the Declaration and Testimony to maintain the content of that famous deliverance: "It is known that the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, for his noble, fearless, and eloquent utterances in the Synod of New York in defense of the principles of a non-political Church and Presbyterianism utterly free from all complicity in the affairs of the State, was exposed to the assaults of an infuriated mob, and only saved from the extremest violence of that mob by the interposition of those of his brethren who were esteemed to be more loyal to the Federal Government.

"And among all the men not living within the territory of the Southern Church, there are none whom that Church has seemed more to delight to honor than Dr. Van Dyke, he having been elected immediately after the close of the war to a professorship in the Theological Seminary at Columbus, South Carolina, and subsequently called to the pastorate of one of the largest and wealthiest Southern Presbyterian churches, the church at Nashville, Tennessee."

AND TO DR. SCOTT

In a passing tribute to another of this able coterie of Declaration and Testimony witnesses to a non-political Church, Dr. Wilson speaks of "The Rev. Dr. Scott, long the devoted and most deservedly honored pastor of the Presbyterian Church in New Orleans in which Dr. Palmer is now (1878) his successor, has felt compelled to leave San Francisco rather than yield in the least his commission as a minister of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, to preach the gospel to men of all classes and parties, or for a moment to descend from the high and divine sphere which he believed the Church ought to maintain, and to become a combatant in the arena of fratricidal strife concerning the things of Cæsar."

MAIN POINTS CONTENTED FOR

Let us now note a few of the fundamental principles of this famous Declaration and Testimony. The signers and approvers of its contentions bore witness:

I. Against the assumption on the part of the courts of the Church of the right to decide questions of State Policy.

II. We testify against the doctrine that the Church, as such, owes allegiance to human Rulers or Governments. (Allegiance or loyalty in respect to human governments, is alone predicable of persons as citizens. The Church owes her allegiance alone to Jesus Christ, who is sole King in Zion).

III. We testify against the sanction given by the Church to the perversions of the teachings of Christ and His Apostles upon the subject of the duty of Christians, as citizens. "To render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and to "be subject unto the higher powers." These and similar scriptures are cited to sustain the claim of the Assembly and other Church courts to decide upon political questions: to prove that the allegiance of a Christian, as such, is due to a particular Government; to warrant the exclusion of a minister from his office or a member from his church privileges because he does not believe his allegiance is due to this or that particular Administration; or that he is bound to obey every decree or law of the Government under which he may chance to live; and to bind the citizen, as a Christian, by the law of Christ, "to uphold, strengthen, and encourage a particular form of Government, or a present Administration of that Government."

These doctrines are contrary to the teachings of the Word of God, and are virtually the doctrines of despotism and unquestioning, unconditional submission and obedience to the commands of any actual ruler, no matter what those demands may be.

IV. We testify against the action of the Assembly on the subject of Slavery and Emancipation in 1864, and as confirmed in '65. . . . It omits altogether all reference to the uniform and most important declaration contained in its previous expressions of opinion, that immediate, indiscriminate emancipation of the Negro slaves amongst us would be injurious, and injurious to both master and slave. . . . There is laid down a new doctrine upon this subject of Slavery, unknown to the apostolic and primitive Church; a doctrine which has its origin in infidelity and fanaticism. . . . Nor has the Assembly been content with merely affirming these new doctrines upon Slavery and Emancipation, but has required a cordial belief and approbation of them as a condition of membership to the church and of the exercise of their official functions to the ministry.

* * * *

In the light of the foregoing facts of history as related by Dr. Samuel R. Wilson, a letter to Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Jr., of Princeton, requesting a statement of his distinguished and beloved father's thought and action throughout this memorable period of stress and trial in Civil War times, elicited a most candid, succinct and masterly summary of the convictions and principles for which his father fearlessly and faithfully stood. Their serious contemplation in face of our own times and perils and problems cannot but be profoundly fruitful.

DR. VAN DYKE SUMMARIZES THE CRISIS IN CHURCH AND STATE

Princeton, N. J., May 23, 1927

Rev. Lucien V. Rule,
Goshen, Kentucky

Dear Sir:

Your letter of May 21st recalls ancient and dim memories. In regard to the so-called "Declaration and Testimony" I cannot recollect facts, names and dates with sufficient accuracy to make a report of any value. But my honored father's position in the controversy in Church and State at that time is perfectly clear in my mind. He never changed it, and I can describe it clearly.

1. My father did not believe that domestic slavery was a sin *per se*. But he regarded it as a very great evil and desired our country to get rid of it. In his judgment, as in that of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and others, the best way to do this would have been by the gradual emancipation of the Negroes and by some plan of purchase and compensation for the former owners. If this line had been followed we should have had no Civil War.

2. My father was a strong "states right" man. He thought that the question of the possible withdrawal of States from the Union was not settled in the Constitution. But he considered that secession was highly undesirable, extremely dangerous, and that if it involved the seizure of federal property by seceding States, it would lead to an inevitable and dreadful civil war. This opinion he stated strongly in Charleston, after South Carolina had seceded, and in Richmond while the Virginia legislature was considering the question. He was against slavery, against "abolitionism," and against war. He was for union and peace.

3. My father believed firmly in the absolute separation of Church and State. He held that a free Church should exist under the protection of a free State. He did not hold what you state as the theory of the Southern Church, namely, "that social and political discussions have no place in the House of God." On the contrary, he always taught and preached that Christians should be guided by the principles and rules of Christ in all their conduct, in civil and social affairs as well as in religious matters.

4. My father deeply regretted the separation of the Southern and Northern Presbyterian Church. He thought there had been faults on both sides, and that these should be forgiven and as far as possible forgotten, and that the breach should be healed by the reunion of the two churches. For this cause he labored long and earnestly in conferences and committees of various kinds. When he was Moderator in 1872 he put forth his best efforts in this direction. But not long after that—I cannot recall the exact year—he returned from one of these conferences with leaders of the Southern Church under the sad conviction that reunion was impossible at that time; that to press it then would be to imperil its ultimate success; and that until there was a change of mind and heart in the Southern Church the best thing for the Northern Church to do was to let the subject alone, but not without expressing clearly a strong and lasting desire for reunion on the basis of the standards pure and simple.

I have tried to state his position clearly and accurately. He held it consistently throughout his life. As his years increased his orthodox faith remained simple and steady. But he believed more and more with advancing age that Christian liberty is the most precious of all things, and that without it there can be no true and genuine Christian orthodoxy. Very sincerely yours,

HENRY VAN DYKE.

So far as these questions are still living—slavery and secession being fortunately dead—I hold the same views which my father held. H. V. D.

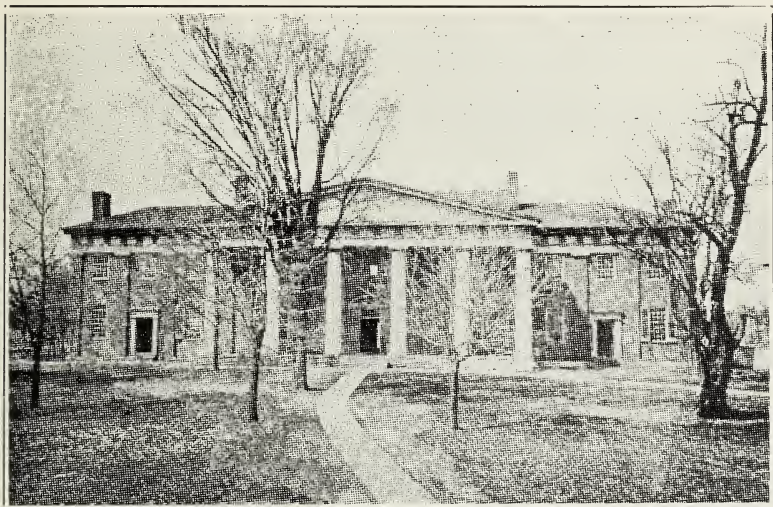
A Political Tragedy and Its Lesson

ON NOVEMBER 16, 1887, the John C. Breckinridge monument was dedicated on Cheapside Square, in Lexington, with an oration by Senator Blackburn, blood-kinsman of Gideon Blackburn, the great pioneer Presbyterian pulpit orator. They were both my ideals of human eloquence and exerted a lasting influence in my own public speaking. There is no question but what Senator Blackburn upheld the historic traditions of his time and state in forensic eloquence and debate; and in dedicating the Breckinridge monument he measured up to public expectation. But as time has dimmed the luster of political and military glory, typified by Blackburn and Breckinridge, the great pulpit orator and educator, Gideon Blackburn, has loomed larger and grander to me on the horizon of history. He was known in every quarter of our country as the Western Whitefield; and he was unquestionably a greater orator than Senator Blackburn. He was the opponent of slavery, of duelling, of intemperance, of injustice to Indians and weaker nations by the great world powers; and he stood at the fore with the progressive New School Movement in the Presbyterian Church, with such men as Albert Barnes, Charles G. Finney, Lyman and Henry Ward Beecher. There was substance to his oratory; and as a teacher of youth he advocated and founded a real manual labor college in Illinois, like Berea in Kentucky, which is today his most enduring monument. In grace of person and presence, in descriptive power and impassioned utterance he was a veritable Patrick Henry, and established at Old Centre College a century ago a type and school of oratory that has given the State of Kentucky world-wide renown.

The same day the Breckinridge monument was dedicated, an incident occurred in Lexington that had a transforming influence on all my after life. I was proud of the honor of enrollment and participation with the cadets that day, though the gray uniform of the old State College did not appeal to me as did the Union blue. But I was a loyal Kentuckian and a devoted admirer of Senators Beck and Blackburn, Congressman Breckinridge, and other great men assembled. Mrs. General John C. Breckinridge visited next door to my aunt's and was told of my boyish hero worship of her noted husband. She was pleased and amused. John C. Breckinridge was reared and trained in the classical school of political eloquence at Old Centre. The sculptor Valentine depicted him in bronze as he was shortly after 1850 when he first appeared in the halls of Congress from the famous Old Ashland District. He was then one of the finest looking men in America, and the grace and music of his oratory soon made him a national figure. The flowing mustache of the bronze figure was an addition of the sculptor Valentine to make a composite of the orator and the Civil War soldier.

Owsley Stanley, afterward United States Senator from Kentucky, was a cadet commander at the dedication of the monument. We had stacked arms and were

at rest during Senator Blackburn's oration. Stanley was only a little way from my company. I knew him well. He was a brilliant and eloquent speaker and debater at the Old State College. He gave every promise of future distinction. Suddenly I saw Stanley with his arms raised before his face, shaking with sobs. It alarmed me. I asked what was the matter and the boys told me that just a brief half hour before one of Stanley's bosom friends had been shot down in a street duel in front of the Phoenix Hotel. From that moment it seemed as though a film of blood obscured the sun and sky.



Old Centre College, Danville, Kentucky

HOW THE TRAGEDY CAME ABOUT

Col. Thomas M. Green, of Maysville, and Col. Lewis D. Baldwin, of Nicholasville, were the principals in the tragedy just precipitated. The trouble dated back to the August election in Col. Baldwin's home county of Mercer. Fraud was charged. Certain poll books had disappeared, which were said to contain the names of 400 illegal ballots. The books were not recovered. It became a matter of partisan dispute, and Col. Green, correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, was sent to Nicholasville to write up the affair. He investigated and intimated certain damaging complicities in his article. Col. Baldwin sent a letter to the paper indignantly denying this accusation. Col. Green replied with data and taunted Col. Baldwin with sponsoring the poll-book thief. He said it was worse because Col. Baldwin was employed in the American Civil Service, being deputy internal revenue collector in his home district. These allegations brought Baldwin to the newspaper office in Cincinnati without delay, demanding to see Green and settle the matter forthwith face to face.

The editor wired Green at Maysville, and Green answered that he would come by boat or train at once; but he did not. Baldwin waited until he was worn out with impatience and then departed for home. He told the editor to tell

Green he would fight him on sight with pistols or tooth-picks! This was in September. They did not meet for a couple of months, but mutual friends knew it was to be a deadly encounter. They had never seen each other; nor would they have known each other by sight. They came to the unveiling at Lexington on the same day. They were told of each other's presence. Baldwin said to his friend that since Green was in the city he proposed to find him and have it out with him.

Just a half hour before noon the two men met in front of the Phoenix Hotel. Green was pointed out to Baldwin, who accosted him with the demand for an apology. Green answered: "I do not know you, sir; who are you?"

"My name is Baldwin."

"Oh, no: I don't owe you any apology."



Hutchinson Memorial Presbyterian Church, New Albany, Indiana

"You are a liar! You do!" cried Baldwin with a burst of passionate and profane epithets. Green was very deaf and put his hand to his ear saying, "What was that?"

Baldwin repeated his demand with the epithets for emphasis; but Green shook his head and said he would not apologize, nor would he have trouble with a blackguard like him. Green then started away but Baldwin reached for his pistol, and Green closed in on him. Baldwin's right hand was free, holding the weapon, with which he struck Green savagely over the head. Green let go of Baldwin and stepped backward, drawing his own gun.

W. H. Polk, a warm personal friend of Baldwin, had been standing across the street from the Phoenix as the men approached, and anticipated the tragedy. He rushed up and appealed to the bystanders to separate them. In thus exposing himself he received two pistol wounds, either of which came within a hair's breadth of his own life. Green fired twice and Baldwin three times. Green's first shot passed through Polk's hand and penetrated Baldwin's heart. Baldwin cried out, "Oh, my God," and fell to the pavement, expiring in three minutes. Green rushed to his room, pistol in hand, summoned a physician and had his own wounds dressed after the ball was removed.

A coroner's jury quickly returned a verdict and Green was put under arrest. Baldwin's body was taken to Nicholasville at 7 p. m. He was 38 years old, handsome, brave and popular. He left a young wife and six children. He had been noted for hunting down moonshiners. Green was a widely known newspaper correspondent of the old school partisan, political type; and the encounter and tragedy were typical of Kentucky politics.

It seems that Col. Green was cleared at the trial which followed; and we saw him a number of times in Danville afterward, with his charming family, during our college days. The events of that year at the Old State College instinctively turned our feet toward Old Centre, where the tradition and atmosphere were far more congenial to young men seeking success and renown at the bar or in the pulpit. Owsley Stanley came down to Old Centre to graduate. He was the son of a Christian minister, and one would have imagined him a promising preacher of "the gospel; but, like Sam Wilson, at the same school about that time, his aspirations were to practice law and go to Congress.

THOMAS B. TERHUNE

Among the outstanding ministerial students at Old Centre when we arrived was Thomas B. Terhune, a tall, slender, rather delicate-looking young man. He dispelled our homesickness with his genial cordiality and took us to the Deinologian Literary Society, of which he was a member, and which upheld the Gideon Blackburn tradition of oratory. We were told that the society name meant "Great Speaker," and in reasoning power and graceful utterance, Thomas B. Terhune speedily became our ideal. Sam Wilson and Owsley Stanley were also ideals to us in the high art of public speech; but Terhune could hold his own with any of them. He was born in Perryville some years after the Civil War. His father lived there and was a miller. He was a widower during the Battle of Perryville and married again. He was a Union man and a member of the Home Guards. When his son Tom came to Old Centre it was with the dream of studying law and going to the United States Senate. He had exceptional opportunities with Milton Durham and other leading attorneys of Central Kentucky, and he was brought up amid the ideas of the classic old school of Southern oratory. He had the grace and elegance of manner and conversation, the personal charm of that brilliant generation, a keen and unerring valuation of human nature and an abounding sense of humor. But Terhune came of an old line of Huguenot Presbyterians, and was endowed with unusual intellect, a profound spiritual instinct, and a pervading social vision. After some passing contact with the wild oats crowd at college he came under the spell of the gospel and was converted. This was no mere emotion or mood with him but a real

awakening of the whole man. It was the changed and regenerated viewpoint and spirit of a young man whose heart God had touched. It was a typical and epochal experience, just as great in his day and generation as in olden time. Bound up in it was his decision to study for the gospel ministry. He relinquished his dream of law and the National Senate.

THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS

This may seem a rather astonishing and disappointing decision to any young man of such possibilities and expectations; but Terhune says the call to preach the gospel was with him an overpowering experience. Owsley Stanley was in those days a school teacher down in Terhune's home neighborhood. He was a real teacher in the sense of making the youth think; and he said to Terhune one day, "Tom, what are you going to do in life?"



REV. THOMAS B. TERHUNE, D. D.
Pastor Hutchinson Memorial Presbyterian Church

"Preach the gospel," answered Tom; and Stanley replied, "Well, Tom, the pulpit is the only place left now for real eloquence." Terhune backs up his decision and Stanley's statement today by saying that the great political leaders of the world get the ear of mankind only when they become preachers of righteousness. Bryan, Roosevelt, Coolidge, appeal most when they are non-partisan and spiritual. Terhune insists that the men of God are the greatest messengers to humanity of our own and of all time.

With regard to Stanley going to Congress and the Senate, Terhune says that success in law and politics in Old Kentucky was not such a difficult thing as it may appear. Men of alert brain and brilliant gifts of speech like Stanley set before them the practice of the law and participation in public affairs; so that when the time came to select leaders, they were the available men. It was a consistent and logical success.



Old-time Presbyterian Sacramental Camp-meeting in the Forest

The Mt. Tabor Camp-meeting originated in the weekly religious services held every alternate Tuesday night at a home near Mt. Tabor, in November, 1835. In the spring and early summer of 1836 the Rev. Samuel K. Sneed, pastor of the First Church, New Albany, who was conducting these services, had seen such results from the Tuesday night meetings, and a Sunday afternoon Bible Class of young people, that he encouraged the formation of a camp-meeting at Mt. Tabor. This was an immediate success. It was held both in summer and fall for a number of years.

It was in the summer of 1836 that a few members of the First Church purchased three acres of ground at Mt. Tabor and a farmer donated another, which was set apart as a camp-meeting and solemnly named Mt. Tabor for the Mount of Transfiguration. The first camp-meeting was in June, 1836, with numerous conversions, including the man who gave the acre of ground. The meetings were continued twice a year until 1843.

The Second Church was organized in the fall of 1837, and the Mt. Tabor Camp-meetings passed under its auspices and the continued direction of Mr. Sneed. A house of worship was erected at Mt. Tabor in 1838. The Second Church was connected with the New School Assembly, but was always friendly with the First Church; and in 1853 the Third Church was organized. Mr. Sneed continued with the Second Church until 1843. The camp-meetings were very popular with the churches at that time; and in the green groves of Mt. Tabor many souls were converted who came into church fellowship.

But men like Terhune, who chose the gospel ministry thirty years ago, had no path of flowers nor bed of roses. In fact, when Terhune went to McCormick Seminary in Chicago in the early nineties, that memorable gestation period of American social and economic history, the period of panic and unemployment and social upheaval, the period that once for all terminated the Civil War times and practices and ideals—he experienced a tremendous shaking up of soul and body,

and upheaval of spirit more terrible and testing than when he was first converted and made his decision to study for the ministry. God was calling him to be a preacher of righteousness and regeneration, in the midst of a great modern Ninevah; but like Jonah, he lost his nerve and ran away from both God and the call.

He was in the hot water of mental readjustment from the old secluded, cloister idea of God and man to the new and trying ordeal of consolidated, social, industrial, business life. He had several calls from churches round about; and one from far away Montana. He had prepared himself by street preaching and mission work in the City by the Lake. He had accepted the call to Montana and made all arrangements to go; but at the last moment wrote them a candid letter telling them he would not suit their needs and expectations. They replied in good spirit, releasing him, and he took the train home, feeling like a bird out of a cage. He had made up his mind to go back to law and to politics!

EVADING THE CALL OF GOD

But it was Jonah running away! He staid around home with great release and relish for a while; but in time it proved to him the whale's belly. Finally he told his wife he was going West to find God's place for him in the pulpit. He had the Pacific Coast in view; but this time he was not running away from God and duty. He landed in Missouri and was invited to preach in a certain town. He was called and accepted the charge, which proved to be one of the most memorable in all his life. He found a loving and appreciative people. He realized his dream of human brotherhood and became a Freemason. Here, too, he planned to settle down and write the story of his terrific spiritual struggle and triumph. But he was taken down suddenly with a dread disease and made his preparations to die. He was calm and unafraid in face of death. One faithful friend and his devoted wife refused to give up hope when he was all but dead. Finally, during an interval of consciousness, he rose up and told his wife and friend he was going to get well; that he had a super-natural assurance from God as to this; and that he had been close to the Borderland and knew of a truth the existence of a living God and Life Eternal. From that hour he began to mend and to improve. He came up out of the Jaws of Death and back from the Valley of Shadows. His healing and release were pronounced almost, if not actually, a miracle, by the physician.

THE RETURN AND TRIUMPH

Terhune traced back the tradition and history of education and eloquence to the Old Log College of pioneer days in the New West. This primitive institution found boys and youth hungry for light and education; and their teaching and training fell on ready soil. It was not every youth who could go to academy or college in those days. They were the exception. Terhune says that even in his day, while there was a free school, it was men like his father who subscribed and made it possible for the local school to become an academy, and for the man who taught it to prepare promising youth for the professions by a college foundation. Today, after thirty years even of Terhune's life, education is far more widely disseminated. The average high school lad knows more than

boys did graduating from college in those days, or far back in the time of the Log College of the New West. Democracy in education is fast becoming a fact; and the youth of our time, in town and country, is familiar with facts of science and life that the youth of long ago, or thirty years ago, was an utter stranger to. The teacher and preacher of our generation have a much harder task to win the attention and hold the interest of the student body and the congregation; and as pastor of the big Hutchinson Memorial Presbyterian Church, New Albany, Indiana, he is pre-eminently a man's minister.

The interview with our old schoolmate, Terhune, in which he told us these things so near to his heart, was at the hotel in North Vernon, Indiana, after an address to our Men's Brotherhood, an address full of vision and humor and great human understanding. He insists that the church has undergone a great change. In the days of Wesley and Whitefield, William Tennent, Gideon Blackburn and Charles G. Finney, the American people lived amid a background of the primitive American forest, close to Nature and were highly sensitized and spiritualized. God was a very real person and presence as in the days of Moses and Elijah and the old prophets. These pioneer men of God on our continent had but to speak and they commanded instant attention. Sometimes by their very presence alone, like Charles G. Finney, they struck down the souls of men and women under deep conviction of sin; and conversions were startling and inevitable. It was an age of great orators and spiritual eloquence. They accomplished marvelous things and remain the wonder of their age and of after generations. They were trained in a school of oratory associated with the names of Gideon Blackburn, the Breckinridges, and other great pulpit leaders, which has given to Kentucky a fame almost world-wide.

But our task is very different today, in the midst of a complex commercial civilization. We can no longer hide behind barriers of doctrine and fight our religious neighbors, like Campbell and Rice, who were champions to their time and following. We can no longer herd off our congregations so that they will not mingle and fellowship with peoples of other faith, as did the denominational leaders of long ago. No, the preacher of today has the biggest and greatest task of all time committed to the man of God. It is a task so much larger than the political partizan conceives, that they are not to be mentioned in the same breath. On it world issues and destinies hang. And no apology is offered by Terhune today for giving up his dream of the law and the Senate to become an humble preacher of the gospel. The moral is that the statesman must himself measure up to a standard and ideal infinitely higher and nobler than in days of old. From our own personal life and experience we realized the truth of every word he said. Religion is today in the Melting Pot; and just as the panic period of the nineties moulded anew in the crucible and fiery flame of suffering our own individual vision and devotion to God and man, so the times through which we are now passing are as sure to remould and remake the conviction and vision of Christian Citizenship, local, national and international. In the light of such a conception the selfish partisan is almost an enemy to humankind.



President Wm. A. Millis of Hanover College. Moderator Synod of Indiana, 1926-7. Author of a "History of Hanover College." A central figure in the movement to make education democratic. Son of a brave Civil War veteran who was wounded at the Battle of Richmond, Ky. Dr. Millis incarnates the best in the old classical and the new scientific and vocational college systems. Reared at Paoli, the son of the home church and school, he carries in his heart the welfare of the small town and country boy and girl of limited means seeking an education. Came to Hanover with a splendid reputation as a High School educator and restored the college to front rank efficiency in its service to the masses of Christian people all over Southern Indiana. Has made Hanover the center of training youth for social and religious leadership. A master of the small town and country church problem. Takes the position that they are spiritual producers of the choicest youth; that go away to the larger towns and cities, and hence must be maintained at all hazards. Dr. Millis was ordained to the ministry in 1911 at the old Mt. Lebanon Church near Henryville at a memorable meeting of Presbytery (New Albany). The superb Centennial Pageant of Hanover College history, written by Mrs. Millis, and produced in June, 1927, told the story of Christian education in a way never to be forgotten.

The Forerunners

*Forerunners of the Better Time to be;
Love Voices in the Western Wilderness;
Pathfinders in whose footsteps still we press,
Climbing the perilous steeps to Liberty.
Teachers of Truth they set the people free—
Co-workers in the Old World House of Toil.
They braved the deep to find a virgin soil
And Promised Land beyond the sundown sea.
Their Church and Altar were the cabin home,
The open wood, and God's unbounded dome.
Without a thought of glory, self or gold,
They fed the flock within the forest fold;
And we, their children, in a New Crusade,
Must lift the Cross and follow unafraid!*

The Beauty of Lincoln

By ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

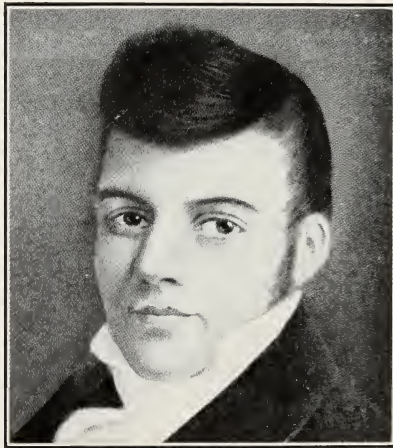
GEORGE GREY BARNARD, the sculptor, studied the Lincoln mask ten hours a day for one hundred and twenty-five days. Yet the passing citizen, who has gotten his education in art from a study of advertised merchandise or the pictorial appeal of Jones' Soups glancing at Barnard's statue of Lincoln, feels entirely competent to pronounce with finality upon its truth, definition and power.

It is no trivial thesis I have advanced. The beauty of Lincoln is a tremendous thing—a tremendous thing in science, in art, in America's contribution to the sum of life. I have said he was democracy made flesh. This is no rhetorical flourish. Written in his face and figure, his stride and gesture are all the authorized symbols of democracy. They are as clearly carved as the symbols of religious worship upon some ancient monument. There are patience with human error, sympathy with human suffering, indignation against human wrong. There are the light of exuberant hope, the far-away melancholy of unfulfilled dreams, the utter reliance upon self coupled with the grace of selflessness, the forgiveness of folly, and the touch of copious undying humor.

And what are all these but the adequate and abiding characters which enable men to co-operate with one another toward the great ends of a self-governing civilization? And in symbolizing and formulating these immense facts of life Lincoln fulfills the requirements of the sublime and beautiful. If the beauty of Lincoln were taught in our schools by those who understand it, it would do as much at least, to Americanize Americans and democratize foreigners as all our flag-waving and singing out of tune to wheezy organs our nationalistic shibboleths.

THE ROMANCE OF JONATHAN JENNINGS AND ANN HAY

(Somewhat in the background of the story of heroic struggle to make Indiana and the Northwest Territory Free-soil, from 1809 to 1816, lies the fascinating love tale of Jonathan Jennings and Ann Gilmore Hay. He it was who made good the pledge and purpose of Thomas Jefferson in this deliverance, and she typifies "Democracy" in her glorious young girlhood. She is thus described by Mabel C. Morrison in an exquisite brochure biography: "Jonathan Jennings came to John Hay's home (in Charlestown) in 1809, to enlist his support and influence for his candidacy for territorial representative. It was at this time he first saw Ann Hay. The Kentucky maid had bloomed into a beautiful young woman, with large brown eyes, reddish brown hair, a fair skin and a graceful carriage. Her manners were most pleasing. Her voice had an enticing, soft Southern accent. Mr. Jennings, while exerting every effort for his election, found time to keep in touch with Ann. On his return from his first year in Congress he brought her a miniature of himself, which Ann wore as a locket. It is from this miniature that the portrait in the Indiana State House was made.")



JONATHAN JENNINGS

*A boyish and unbearded youth,
 Who held aloft the Torch of Truth,
 And in the cause of Freedom gave
 His soul to serve the shackled slave.
 A child of Home and School and Church,
 Brought up by brains and not by birch;
 And when he came to man's estate,
 Democracy became his mate.*

*He met her in the Western wild,
So beautiful and undefiled,
That to her altars still we turn,
And in her lovely temple learn.
Equality for one and all,
Without their backs against the wall;
Lending a kindly, helping hand
To every lad within the land.*

*Even for those who sinned and fell,
He had a heart that wished them well,
And left a trail of genial light
Backward to Reason and to Right.
Yea, on the Level and the Square
He daily lived, and everywhere
Men called him comrade, as they do
The brave and good, sincere and true.*

*So while the centuries come and go,
Their ashes, sleeping here below,
Will hither summon pilgrim feet,
Who still find Human Freedom sweet.
And so in song and storied stone
Their noble memory men enthrone,
Tribute unto the great and free
Who live and die for Liberty.*

CHAPTER LI

The Gideons and Hamaliels

WITH A WORD FROM DOCTOR VAN DYKE

Avalon, Princeton, N J. June 4, 1927.

My Dear Mr. Rule:

This is just a line to thank you for your letter of June 2nd, and for your courtesy in sending me your excellent summary of Dr. Wilson's story of "The Declaration and Testimony." While the controversy itself belongs to the past, it has, as you say, a direct bearing upon the problems which we are facing at present in Church and State. I still hold to the principles which my father held, of ecclesiastical non-interference in political matters; the duty of the State to protect religious liberty; and the duty of the Church to promote by moral means social welfare.

With best regards,

Faithfully yours,

HENRY VAN DYKE.

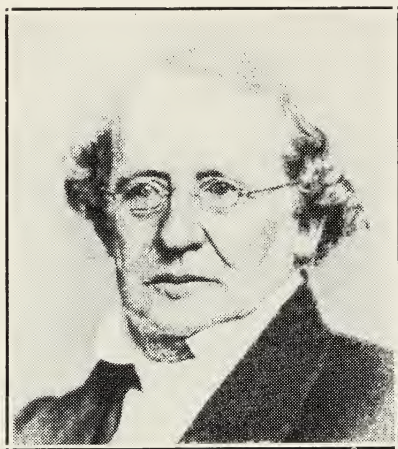
Rev. Lucien V. Rule,
Goshen, Kentucky.

* * * *

EVER since the days of Samuel Davies and John Witherspoon historic Old Princeton has occupied a peculiar and impregnable position in the controversies and revolutions of Church and State. She has been the arbiter of truth in contention, the moderator of passion in dispute, the interpreter and dispenser of constitutional law and liberty in the Kingdom of God. Samuel Davies was foremost in defending the rights of American freemen as British subjects; and John Witherspoon moulded the mind of James Madison in the principles that compose the American Constitution. Charles Hodge followed after as a true Princetonian, for while he furnished Robert J. Breckinridge the points of difference between Old and New School theology, Princeton did not lend herself to forcing the Division of 1837-8, and Dr. Hodge fearlessly led the opposition in the General Assemblies of Civil War times to the political tests of loyalty advocated by Dr. Breckinridge.

President Lincoln said that he liked the preaching of Dr. Phineas D. Gurley, his Washington pastor, "because he kept so far aloof from politics in the pulpit," thus sanctioning the very principle of constitutional Presbyterianism here emphasized. It was in the Columbus Assembly of 1862 that Dr. Samuel B. McPheeters, a trained Princetonian, challenged Dr. Breckinridge in so masterly a manner upon this very principle and brought down upon himself such severe condemnation. Even President Lincoln was baffled and worried and troubled how to

settle so fine a point in the heat of war time, when the attitude of Dr. McPheeters seemed to everybody a concealed Southern attachment. But time has proven the sincerity of Dr. McPheeters' loyalty to the Union and his integrity of defense of the most precious legacy of the Reformation—A Free Church in a Free State. Dr. McPheeters sealed his signature to "The Declaration and Testimony" with his life.



Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton Seminary, a great and historic character in Presbyterian annals. The most beloved religious teacher of his time and country. In his classes at Princeton were numbers of Baptist students for the ministry. Rev. James P. Boyce, D. D., of South Carolina, founder of the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, was for two years a pupil of Dr. Hodge. Associated with Dr. Boyce was Rev. John A. Broadus, D. D., who as a teacher and preacher was known and beloved like Dr. Hodge; and the Baptist Seminary at Louisville was a powerful factor in national reunion and social progress. Drs. Boyce and Broadus were bosom friends, men of the Gamaliel mould, and gave their institution a fame like Princeton's.

April 23d, 1873, the jubilee of Dr. Hodge's coming to Princeton, was celebrated by the presence of 400 former students and representatives from every Presbyterian Seminary and body in the world. The Episcopal, Methodist, Congregational, Lutheran and Reformed churches sent representatives also. It was a forecast of a reunited Protestantism; and June 19th, 1878 the venerable and beloved master in Israel fell asleep in Jesus as the summer sun sank to rest.

It was a great satisfaction, therefore, to crown this story of a hundred years of struggle and controversy in the Presbyterian Church of the Ohio Valley during the mighty age of Abolition and Civil War with such a Historic Summary as Dr. Van Dyke has written to supplement Dr. Samuel R. Wilson's story of the famous "Declaration and Testimony." There are Gideons and Gamaliels in every such crisis of Church and State. The Gideons are raised up of God to smash our idols and to attack the hoary wrongs entrenched amongst us. The great Abolition preachers of the foregoing pages were the Gideons of their time and country. "The Man With the Hammer" must do his work and deliver his blows. He always seems fearless, unfeeling and fanatical; but he has his place in human progress. He incarnates the Social Conscience of his age. His vision is that of revolt and revolution.

Yet we must all admit that the mission and spirit of Gamaliel is the final solvent of social ills and wrongs because it is Love fulfilling the Law. It is Justice tempered with Mercy. "The Man With the Hammer" in this case is the Moderator with his gavel from session to General Assembly, representing at all times the ultimate triumph of order and equity, of forbearance and good will, of patience, unity and peace. Few men in all our hundred years of history as a Church herein portrayed have so perfectly typified the spirit and power of Gamaliel in two generations as have Dr. Van Dyke and his revered father.

It is the glory of our communion that it has always embraced the Gideons and Gamaliels. They are the pillars of Truth and Love in the Temple of Freedom and Faith. Perhaps the conception of a great Mother Church unprejudicial, impartial, dispassionate in times of terrific social upheaval and fratricidal strife seems utopian and poetic only. Yet the Masonic Lodge of America was precisely that during our Civil War and never divided asunder. It was the Foster Mother of the American Red Cross whereas the Abolition Movement was Anti-Masonic.

Ordinary human nature seems capable only in rare moments of those inspiring principles of impartial justice and those deep sentiments of human compassion and brotherhood which underlie our very spiritual and social existence. It is to the eternal honor of Dr. Breckinridge that in time of uncertainty and dissention he stood like a Gibraltar Rock for Lincoln and the Union. Says his biographer: "In 1861, and throughout the Civil War, the same unwavering and determined faith in himself and in the justice of his cause—which characterized him in the courts and councils of the Church from 1831 onward to within a year of his death—found gradual development and then full and vigorous sway. He was a Union man decidedly, from the beginning of the contest to its close; but more actively and intensely so than his writings in 1861-2 gave earnest of—sustaining many of even the most extreme war measures in Kentucky, where his influence with the military authorities, as also with the Administration at Washington was commanding if not controlling. He was one of the giants of the intellectual and religious world and the power of the Government was strengthened by his co-operation and support."

This same biographer remarks of Dr. Breckinridge that "he encouraged the Church to make deliverances on the 'state of the country,' in which it left its true sphere to intermeddle with things civil;" but he, with equal truth, declares that in 1860 the measure of Dr. Breckinridge's fame was full—as a statesman, as a writer, as a preacher of the gospel, as a theologian; and without the slightest evasion or equivocation he sacrificed everything upon the altar of loyalty to the Union. He had powerfully defended the rights of the South in the controversy over Slavery; but when it came to the crucial hour he stood out like Andrew Jackson and other mighty Southern leaders, for all that Abraham Lincoln lived and died to see endure among men.

All men, however, have their limitations. Dr. Breckinridge's biographer records that "firmly and consistently he opposed, to the day of his death, the Reunion of the Old and New School Presbyterian Churches: never consenting to 'go back upon,' or acknowledge as wrong the Old School action in which he took so prominent a part in 1834-38." It was even so with Dr. Charles Hodge, and the Reunion had to come about without them. Dr. Lyman Beecher deeply deplored the prejudice of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians toward New England.

It was due to an old race animosity between the English Puritans and the Scotch-Irish Covenanters; and this hostility animated the war waged against Dr. Beecher. Yet it was Henry Ward Beecher who, in 1873, made his triumphal lecture tour of the South and paved the way for the restoration of good will and reciprocity between the sections of our once divided Union of the States. In Louisville his lecture, February 21st, on "Manhood and Money" to an immense and enthusiastic audience, kindled the soul of leaders like Henry Watterson; and in due season Henry W. Grady arose like a star to declare "The New South" a reality.

A JUBILEE VOLUME

It has long been the custom in the Presbyterian Church to celebrate its jubilee occasions by the publication of a notable book of history and by a consecration or endowment offering to some great cause or benevolence. At the Reunion of 1870 such a book was published, and the gifts to the cause of home and foreign missions totaled nearly seven million dollars. The present centennial time of Presbyterianism in the Ohio Valley has centered especially in the Synod of Indiana at Vincennes (1826-1926), and at Hanover College (1827-1927): and the Historical Committee of the Synod of Indiana has published a beautiful brochure. President Millis has published a fascinating "History of Hanover College." And the present volume has followed by a peculiar force of circumstances that transformed it from a historic record of our pioneer heroes in the Old Louisville, Salem and Madison Presbyteries into a chronicle of the "Forerunners of Lincoln, in the Ohio Valley." The contemplation of these heroes of the Cross in our Western country the past hundred years, many of whom closed their lives of service upon the mere pittance of poverty and charity, should do more than anything else to justify the wonderful provision made by our new Pension System against the rainy day and the evening of life for the disabled and retired veterans of the gospel evangel. And not only are we proud of the work of Will H. Hays, as a member of the Synod of Indiana, in this achievement; but the return of the spirit of faith and fellowship between all branches of the Presbyterian Church in America bids fair to hasten the day of a closer unity and federation in the Kingdom of God on earth.

Other histories have been written to show the influence of our Church and her heroes in the Colonial and Revolutionary Periods; but this is the first attempt, so far as we know, to vision and evaluate the tremendous spiritual contribution of our Church to the entire Civil War and Lincoln Period—which was our second great Revolution.

It would require another volume to chronicle the story of the Restorers and the Great Reconciliation that followed after the Civil War. This beautiful story is suggested in the Historic Summaries of Dr. Charles R. Erdman and Dr. Thornton Whaling. Especially does Dr. Whaling live and work in a city, seminary and state where these things have already come to pass. Himself one of the great statesmen of the Presbyterian Church, U. S., and Moderator of her General Assembly in 1924, he has stood at the wheel in perilous times and places, like Dr. Erdman, and heartens every true lover of God and man by his message. It is only the matter of a few years when the Southern Church too, will have completed her Pension Endowment system; and already in the city of

Louisville she has (in the John Little Industrial School) created and established a work of Negro Missions that Dr. Warren H. Wilson says is the model for the entire Church. A spiritual campaign for its endowment, in the autumn of 1927, has enlisted the hearty co-operation of all related Presbyterian and Reformed bodies in the city, and will demonstrate once more that when we work together for the glory of God in the good of our fellowmen, the Kingdom of Heaven is at our very doors. The very presence of the noble and noted African missionary, Rev. Wm. H. Sheppard, D. D., with Mr. Little has made the years memorable; and one by one the dreams of the old Liberators are coming to pass.

CHAPTER LII

Spiritual Trail-Blazers

HISTORIC SUMMARY OF WARREN H. WILSON
(An Interview)

To Dr. Wilson

No braver man of God in all the years
E'er called the recreant Church to serve her time.
From dull, dead days to faith and work sublime,
Her desert blooms, and Hope's sweet spring appears.
Her balm to others dries her own sad tears'
And in long silent towers the Christmas chime,
With pilgrim penitents of sin and crime,
Restored and trusted where each scene endears.
The barren countryside and little town
To fruitful effort turn and settle down;
And songs of Harvest Home now fill our ears.
Eye hath not seen, nor hath the heart yet heard
The glory hidden in His Holy Word
For war-torn worlds that wear His Cross and Crown.

AT THE Centennial Meeting of the Synod of Indiana at Vincennes in October, 1926, we discussed at some length and with the utmost candor and critical analysis the entire scope, purpose, and subject matter of the present volume with Dr. Warren H. Wilson of New York, another outstanding authority and man of vision in our communion on so great a subject as that herein attempted.

Dr. Wilson agreed at once that a book was sorely needed to describe the religious movements and social migrations of the Ohio Valley between Louisville and Cincinnati—a section of country rich in material yet unused and demanding a competent, conscientious, discriminating and unprejudiced historian. But he asked with penetrating insistence:

“Why single out the Presbyterian Forerunners when there are Methodist Forerunners, like Peter Cartright, and Disciple or Christian Forerunners, like Thomas and Alexander Campbell? I came upon Cartright's' tradition with great satisfaction, and it is partial and prejudicial not to include him or any Baptist Forerunners. It might gratify our Presbyterian pride and complacency to imply that the Forerunners were more typical of our own Church and people;

but, as a matter of fact, they are not. On the contrary they were present in these other churches and communions, for Emancipation and Abolition were spiritual conceptions and social movements confined to no one church or community of people. In a word, the Social Conscience was a possession of certain souls highly sensitized to the appeals of justice and human sympathy, no matter what church or communion they were found in.

"Again, the sentiment of liberty was not so much an over-sea importation of our pioneer forefathers as it was a necessity and practice of their isolated and individualized lives. What was once a necessity became a habit of mind that remained after the isolation was gone.

"Furthermore, can we really say that these men whom you designate as 'Forerunners' were possessed by a prophetic preconception or anticipation of the tragedy of Civil War and the martyrdom of Lincoln the Liberator? Why connect these spiritual dreamers and pioneer prophets with Lincoln, whose mission and accomplishments for Liberty were wholly political? Were they not worthy in their own right to be considered and described? Why magnify a bridge or a ferry unduly because Lincoln once crossed it, when hundreds and thousands no less obscure than he at that time, and no less worthy as pioneers of the great Northwest Territory, crossed the same bridge or ferry?

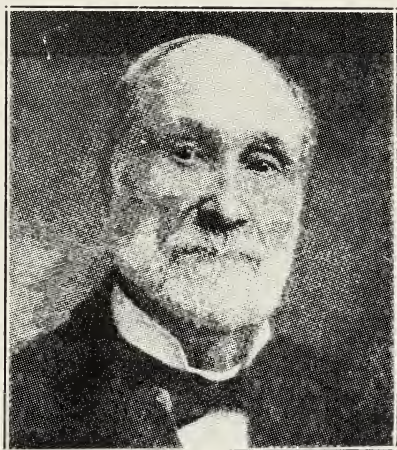
"Can you not imagine that the pioneer 'Forerunners' themselves might have resented or objected to being thus connected with a political Emancipator and Movement when their dream and mission were wholly spiritual? Can you not imagine also that Lincoln himself would have disliked being magnified and glorified above the common people he loved so well?

"In a word, had we better not be trying to get toward a reawakened religious conscience in our own time and section and social problems by rediscovering the religious consciousness of the pioneer people and describing it in a simple, illuminating, and helpful manner?

"The 'Forerunners' as educators were by no means all Presbyterians. The Methodist and Baptist educational movements were just as early on the ground, and worthy in their own way, and of course can not at all be ignored or left out. The Presbyterians do have a few dominating and dynamic characters like McGready, 'The Son of Thunder,' whose flaming denunciations of sin struck terror to the hearts of evil-doers in the forest wilds of Kentucky and Indiana at the primitive camp meetings; but let us seek and describe other 'Voices in the Wilderness,' be they Methodist, Baptist or Christian.' "

As a partial reply to these very suggestive and forceful comments of Dr. Wilson, we insisted that the Social Conscience as a part, product or experience of a spiritual rebirth is so unusual and startling to the average, casual, or conventional convert that the Church has never in any age recognized or acknowledged it at all. We might almost characterize it as bastard and taboo. At least to the priestly and time-serving type it is always and forever beyond the pale of spiritual legitimacy. That is why the Social Conscience has so often, alas, been deemed and dubbed the child of Atheism and Anarchy! The saying of M. Taine in his "History of English Literature" rings eternally in our soul: "Beyond this universal sympathy that gathers mankind about the oppressed there is the working of the religious sentiment." And President Millis, of Hanover College, insists most emphatically that the Anti-Slavery Vision of John Finley Crowe, for which he was exiled from Kentucky to Indiana, was part and parcel of his evangelistic

and missionary conviction and passion. Hence, it seemed to us most timely and important today, when we are passing through a period and experience identical with the social awakening of one hundred years ago, to interpret for Presbyterians especially their own prophetic social pioneers of the past, to give them vision and anticipation of the impending future.



REV. JAMES K. PATTERSON, D. D.

Hanover graduate in the class of 1856, who became the founder of the Kentucky State College and University when the Morrill Bill for the land endowment of scientific and vocational education by the State universities became a law in Lincoln's Administration. A terrific struggle ensued between the old classical colleges and these new State institutions. It was a tremendous move toward democracy in education; and in Kentucky President Patterson made a heroic stand, unaided and alone, to prevent the defeat of the appropriations for the university in the State Legislature. Arrayed against him were the combined forces of the old classical system. A cripple on crutches, he appeared on the floor of the Legislature as the sole attorney for his cause, and pledged every dollar of his own private resources to keep the university alive. The writer was a pupil under President Patterson in those heroic days and witnessed the Scotch intelligence and courage that so signally triumphed. Ranking with President McCosh of Princeton, and President Fisher of Hanover, as a reconciler of the conflict between science and faith, he became, like them, the instructor of scores and hundreds of youth in the modern day who have adorned every human avocation and blessed their race and time. President Patterson, like President McCosh, spent the evening of an advanced age, vigorous and unimpaired, at the great university to which he gave his life. The small college has readjusted its curriculum to meet the demands of modern education and is now addressing itself nobly to the task of Christianizing the social and industrial order.

Dr. Wilson made answer thus: "The pioneer Forerunners' were not troubled so much about the future. They were grappling with the day and conditions under which they lived; and so are we. Hence, it will be a tremendous service to give us social vision and spiritual courage to meet the tasks and toils that await us just ahead. The Emancipation and Abolition Movements were indeed supreme expressions of the Social Conscience, as you say; but your treatment of this life and period of the early pioneers should not confine itself to that one

phase or experience, however picturesque or arresting. It should be thorough and consistent, even as life itself is manifold and wonderful. For the production of such a book you should gird yourself as one of God's anointed—having lived in the midst of your historic material from your youth up."

It is needless to add that we have taken to heart every injunction of this candid critic and faithful friend of many years. We have thought and toiled over these pages day and night to make them conform in some measure at least to the needs and demands existing. Dr. Wilson insisted further that no just and accurate interpretation of Lincoln in relation to those "Forerunners" who preceded him could possibly evade or leave out some account of the mighty men of God on the other side, south of Mason and Dixon Line. He pointed out with unerring truth that the modification of the Abolition extremists, the "justice tempered with mercy," the "charity for all and malice toward none," that so nobly characterized Lincoln, originated in the heart of the South, his Motherland.

So then, as to the "Forerunners," Dr. William Chalmers Covert, in his dedicatory address at the unveiling of the Centennial Tablet at Vincennes, expressed in brief and forceful sentences the scope and purpose of our own historic portrayals:

"We are compelled to say that there can be no conquering Church today, no dominant Christian leadership in our social life, no supreme note of godliness in our education, no sacrificial giving or serving in our great philanthropies, if the men of the pulpit and pew today in anywise lose out of their lives these old time principles that gave power, victory and immortality to those pioneer preachers. While we write their names in bronze let us write their principles in our hearts. They have been personalized conspicuously in the lives of these founders. They brought joy, peace and spiritual power into this wilderness, one hundred years ago. They are as necessary and effective today as they were then.

"These men of the wilderness reveal the pastoral urge at its maximum.

"They register evangelism as the major emphasis in their work.

"They held the gospel to be the only moral dynamic capable of regenerating the social order.

"They insisted that education and Christian culture were essential to sound religion and sane leadership.

"These are principles that are so fundamental to our healthy spiritual life as a Church today, and so essential to any kind of a worthy saving program in a sin-ruined world, that we had better let go some of our controversial enthusiasms and rigorous logic and give our attention to the elemental principles that undergird the very foundations of the Church."

“The Fruit of the Family Tree”

MR. ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM prefaces his famous book, “The Fruit of the Family Tree,” with a chart of the Edwards Family of New England. The intellectual, moral and spiritual heritage of this remarkable family he regards as “God’s wealth of heredity stored in the germ cells,” which, “if lost, can never be reproduced.”

Pointing out the indisputable facts, he says, “Let the frontispiece chart tell the graphic story, Elizabeth Tuthill was a marvelous girl, nearly three hundred years ago at Hartford, Connecticut. She married Richard Edwards, a great lawyer. They had one son and four daughters. They have all left their mark upon American blood. And when anything marks a nation’s blood, it marks for weal or woe its ideals, institutions and history.

“Later in life Richard Edwards married Mary Talcott. She was an ordinary, every-day, commonplace woman. She had ordinary, every-day, commonplace children. The splendid heredity of Richard Edwards was swamped by the mating. But the union of two streams of great blood of similar character begets great blood. The son of the first marriage was Timothy Edwards, one of the founders of Yale University. He was the father of Jonathan Edwards. From Jonathan Edwards, who married also a wonderful woman, Sara Pierpont, have descended 12 college presidents, 265 college graduates, 65 college professors, 60 physicians, 700 clergymen, 75 army officers, 60 prominent authors, 100 lawyers, 30 judges, 80 public officers—state governors, city mayors and state officials—3 Congressmen, 2 United States Senators and 1 Vice President of the United States.”

It was in the light of such facts that Mr. Wiggam suggested a tabulation of the descendants of Rev. Thomas Cleland of Kentucky, the first pioneer Presbyterian preacher in Indiana Territory. This remarkable man of God belonged to the period of the Log Cabin and the Log College. He was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, May 22, 1778. He speaks with great modesty of his parentage, and that in the third person, thus:

“In regard to his ancestry he knows but little. His father was an humble mechanic; his principal calling was that of making spinning wheels, but could do almost anything in wood or iron, that anyone else could do. He was very poor as to this world’s goods, and withal very feeble in physical constitution. He had an ordinary English education; but he possessed a good share of common sense, and his intellect was rather above the common order. Beyond my father I have no knowledge of my paternal ancestry.

“My mother’s maiden name was Richards. She was a plain woman, a kind mother, and in domestic life rather excelling than otherwise, in regard to economy and good management. Father and mother were both highly respected by

their neighbors and all acquaintances. Neither of them ever publicly professed religion. They were very moral and friendly toward religious people, and raised their family in good repute."

This modest and simple mention of his parentage reminds us of the brevity and force of Bible genealogy: "And there went a man of the House of Levi and took to wife a daughter of Levi." But from this first Thomas Cleland, in one hundred years, were descended 34 ministers of the gospel, not to mention other professions and avocations that have been adorned by men and women of the same blood and birth.

There were three Thomas Clelands, ministers, in three generations. Thomas Cleland, Second, was born December 12, 1816, and died in January, 1892, at Lebanon, Ky. He was the biographer of his father. The third Thomas Cleland was a son of John W. Cleland, brother of Rev. Thomas H. Cleland. John W. was born February 24, 1814, and died September 6, 1856. His son was born March 13, 1843, and died August 26, 1916.

Mrs. Annie Cleland Barbour of Louisville, sister of the third Thomas Cleland, has graciously furnished us with valuable facts and pictures of the Cleland family. We may mention in passing that in several instances the Clelands intermarried with other notable Southern families, such as the Wickliffes and Lapsleys. Robert Wickliffe Cleland, a minister of California, was a son of the second Thomas Cleland. He had a son who was a most promising young student volunteer at Princeton and died at the threshold of service. Samuel Lapsley, the famous missionary hero and martyr of the African field, was a near cousin of the Clelands.

Thomas Cleland, the pioneer, made his cabin home in Mercer County, Kentucky, a home and seminary for young students for the ministry. He thus established one of the earliest Log Colleges and Seminaries in the Kentucky wilderness. Thomas H. Cleland, Second, in the biography of his father, speaks of "his manhood and force of character, and much that was attractive in him: his vigorous constitution, the resolution with which he met difficulties and opposition. The primitive structure of his dwelling and its appointments. His frankness and honesty; the simplicity of his manners, dress, and mode of thought and expression. The familiarity of his intercourse with all classes of people; his genial humor; his fondness for the implements of frontier life—the axe and the rifle. His hearty and unostentatious hospitality at home, and his exemplary patience with what his younger brethren find intolerable—bad roads, bad weather, and rough fare when on duty abroad."

Thomas Cleland belonged to the second generation of the pioneer preachers of Kentucky, his son tells us, and was the first Presbyterian Home Missionary to Vincennes, Indiana, in 1805. Governor Harrison's wife was a Presbyterian, and the welcome extended the young preacher was cordial indeed. John Scott Harrison, the infant child of Governor and Mrs. Harrison, was the first Protestant child baptized in Indiana Territory, during this visit of the young Kentucky missionary. Governor Harrison held the candle while he read the Bible, lined out the hymns and gave his sermon. Mrs. Harrison was a communicant of the first church group at Old Vincennes. When they removed to North Bend, Ohio, General Harrison was a Sunday School teacher for many years, and from there was elected to Congress. One of the sons was the son of a President and the father of another. These young men were devout Presbyterians.

It is interesting to record that in 1809 a young Methodist Circuit Rider on the Vincennes group appeared, supposing that he was the first Protestant preacher to visit the town. But Thomas Cleland had already preceded him twice. Nevertheless, General Harrison and other government officers, a few English and French settlers, and two or three red men, constituted a very respectable audience in the fort. Tallow candles lighted the room and General Harrison again held the candle for the young preacher to read his scripture and line out the hymns: but he spoke extempore with great acceptance, as Thomas Cleland had done.

During the Reminiscent Hour of the Centennial of the Indiana Synod at Vincennes, in October, 1926, the Rev. E. P. Whallon, D. D., had this to say of the Harrisons and the Old Vincennes Presbyterian Church. "The church was organized in 1806, during the Governorship of Wm. Henry Harrison, who was Governor from 1800 to 1813; and it was in his home and in the Council Chamber where he exercised that Governorship that the early meetings were held; and the first sermon that was preached was made possible by Governor Harrison holding the candle in order to lighten the page read from the Word of God.

"The first child baptized in Indiana was a Presbyterian, John Scott Harrison, the son of Wm. Henry Harrison. That child grew up, and as the years went by Governor Harrison moved from this place and went to North Bend, Ohio, where, as Major General and as Congressman, and as United States Senator, he passed on to the Presidency of the United States. His son, John Scott Harrison, the child baptized here in Vincennes, grew up in the Cleves Church, in which Wm. Henry Harrison was a Sabbath School teacher and a trustee. In the Cleves Church, of which I am the present minister, there is a Bible which was presented by Mrs. Anna Symmes Harrison to that church. John Scott grew up to be an elder, Sabbath School superintendent, Congressman, and eight of his grandchildren were baptized in that Cleves Church, one of them being Benjamin Harrison, who from Indiana, went to the Presidency of the United States. He was the son of a President and the father of a President. So we can not know the position which one of these children may yet occupy. The Bible still rests in the pulpit from which I read the lesson on last Memorial Sabbath. I was once pastor of this church where the Harrison family worshipped one hundred years ago; and I now minister to the Ohio congregation with which for five generations the Harrisons have worshipped."

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