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J. M. Pendleton

REMINISCENCES

OF A LONG LIFE.

BY J. M. PENDLETON.

"*But call to remembrance the former days.*" — *Hebrews* x: 32.

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DEDICATION.

This volume is dedicated to his children by their loving father, THE AUTHOR.

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REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY—CHARLES THOMPSON, HENRY PENDLETON—MY FATHER A PUPIL OF ANDREW BROADDUS—MARRIES FRANCES J. THOMPSON—REMOVES TO KENTUCKY—WAR WITH ENGLAND.

My information concerning my ancestors goes back no farther than to my grandfathers, who were natives of Virginia and of English descent. They were worthy citizens and honorable men, on whose characters there rests no blemish. My maternal grandfather was Charles Thompson, who had a number of children, the most prominent of whom was William M. Thompson, who, for some years, filled official positions, at Washington, under the Government of the United States. He was the father of Hon. Richard W. Thompson, for many years a member of Congress from Indiana, and Secretary of the Navy under the Presidency of Mr. Hayes. He is now an old man and the most conspicuous member of the Thompson family. In his palmy days he was a captivating orator and a special friend of Hon. Henry Clay.

My paternal grandfather was Henry Pendleton, whose name is mentioned in connection with an important meeting of the freeholders of Culpeper County, Virginia. I quote as follows:

"At a meeting of the freeholders and other inhabitants of the County of Culpeper, in Virginia, assembled at the Court House of the said county, on Thursday, the 7th of July, 1774, to consider of the most effective method to preserve the rights and liberties of America." * * * * * "*Resolved*, That importing slaves and convict servants is injurious to this colony, as it obstructs the population of it with freemen and useful manufacturers; and that we will not buy any such slave or convict servant hereafter to be imported. HENRY PENDLETON, ESQ., Moderator."

I make this extract, second-hand, from "the first volume, 4th Series of American Archives, published by order of Congress." It shows that there was in Virginia, in 1774, a decided anti-slavery feeling and a purpose to oppose the policy of the British Government in the matter referred to. It is to the credit of my grandfather that he presided over the Culpeper meeting and gave his influence in condemnation of the wrong and in approval of the right.

My grandfather afterward became a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and I have before me a letter written by him, dated "Oct. 2, 1780, Guilford, North Carolina." The beginning of the letter is in these words: "My ever Dear and Loving Wife," showing that the spirit of the soldier did not interfere with the affection of the husband. He expresses his gratitude to God that while others had fallen he

had been preserved, and he says to his wife, "I hope the Lord has heard your prayers for me." This is a suitable recognition of dependence on God, and there is something beautiful in the thought that while the husband was fighting in the cause of liberty the wife was at home, not only caring for small children, but praying for the success of that cause and the safe return of her husband. Many wives in times of war have done the same thing, and we shall never know our full indebtedness to their prayers. At what time my grandfather returned to his home I am not able to say, but it was an occasion of great joy to himself and family. He then devoted his attention to the pursuits of agriculture during the remainder of his life, and died an honest farmer and a devout Christian. His posterity need not blush in thinking of his name, but should strive to be like him in his patriotism and in his piety. When such men die earth suffers loss, but they are infinitely better off. They are "taken from the evil to come" and enter into the blessedness of "the dead who die in the Lord."*

My grandfather had four children, one daughter, Mary, and three sons, Benjamin, Henry and John, the last of whom was my father. While his brothers devoted themselves to the occupation of farmers, he had literary aspirations and resolved to acquire an education. He became a pupil of the celebrated

*As the letter to which I have referred is signed Henry Pendleton, Jr., and the signature to the Culpeper meeting has not this distinction, it is possible that it was my great grandfather who presided at this meeting. It cannot certainly be known.

Andrew Broaddus, of Caroline County, Va. Mr. B. was a popular teacher and the most distinguished pulpit orator of his time. His eloquence was often charming and irresistible. His sermons were long remembered by his hearers and regarded as precious treasures.

My father ever felt his indebtedness to Mr. Broaddus for the assistance he received from him in his educational pursuits. He learned from him to appreciate knowledge more highly than ever before and became a respectable scholar for that day, though education was not then what it is now. His intelligence gained at school and from diligent reading in subsequent years gave him an influence far greater than that of most of his associates. This influence is no doubt felt by his posterity and has had a beneficial effect on their destiny.

After leaving the Academy of Mr. Broaddus my father taught school for some years, and in teaching others added to his stores of knowledge. Tuition fees were then meager, but by rigid economy he saved some money every year, which he invested as judiciously as possible. He looked to that period in the future when his expenses would be necessarily increased; for he had decided that it was not best for "man to be alone."

It was while my father was teaching that he became acquainted with Miss Frances J. Thompson and was enamored of her charms. She was an orphan and was living in the family of relatives. She had a bright, active mind, but her education

was imperfect, for she labored under the disadvantages of orphanage. These disadvantages, however, did not eclipse her excellences of character, and her amiable qualities strongly attracted the admiration of her suitor. Admiration ripened into love and proposals of marriage were made. Judging from some things in a diary kept by my father at the time, I may say that he was greatly troubled with doubt and fear as to the acceptance of his offer. The question he had submitted to her was, "Will you marry me?" and when the time for the answer came, he said, "Is your response favorable or not?" She timidly, and with a throbbing heart, replied, "Favorable." He was thrown into such ecstasy that he wrote in his diary the word "FAVORABLE" in glowing capitals. It was, as subsequent years indicated, favorable for him and for her.

In "the course of human events," John Pendleton and Frances J. Thompson were united in marriage in the year 1806. They were very happy in their new relation, and hope painted the future in roseate colors. It is a significant fact that marriage was instituted in Eden before the Fall. It was therefore, in the judgment of God, essential to the perfection of human blessedness ere sin cursed the earth. He said, "It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make a help meet for him." Man was alone among animals of beauteous form and birds of brightest plumage and sweetest voice. Alone amid thornless flowers and richest fruits, shady bowers and limpid waters! Yes, alone, and

why? Because woman was not there. There was a vacuum which neither the inanimate nor the animate creation could fill. There was a want to be supplied.

> "Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
> And still the stranger wist not where to stray—
> The world was sad! the garden was a wild!
> And man the hermit sighed — till woman smiled."
>
> —*Campbell.*

Conjugal bliss was no doubt enjoyed in its highest perfection by Adam and Eve in their state of innocence; but their descendants may well rejoice that while it was diminished it was not destroyed by the Fall. There has been much domestic happiness in all the centuries, and still conjugal joy cheers the family circle and brightens the world.

The marriage union between my father and mother was a happy one in its beginning, and so it continued for many years till sundered by the hand of death. Each was specially concerned for the comfort of the other, and this is the best recipe for happiness in married life.

Why my father abandoned teaching after his marriage, I do not know, but he engaged in mercantile pursuits. He rented what was then known, and, I am told, is still known, as "Twyman's Store," in Spottsylvania County, Va. He bought his goods in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and I have the impression that he sometimes rode to those cities on horseback. There were few traveling facilities

in those days, and the present generation does not sufficiently appreciate its advantages.

My father's success as a merchant was encouraging, but after a few years he sold his stock of goods, and decided to seek his fortune in what was then the new State of Kentucky. By this time (1812) there were three children around the hearth-stone, and their presence no doubt suggested the necessity of providing better for his family than he could do in Virginia. He and my mother consulted on the subject, deliberated long, but finally concluded it was best to seek a new home. They had many sad thoughts about leaving their native State. They loved Virginia, considered the best place to be born, and wished it could be the best place in which to live and die. It was painful to leave their many friends and the graves of their ancestors.

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> That never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?"

When I remember that my parents left the land of their birth, encountered the perils of what was then called the "wilderness" on their way to Kentucky, suffered the inconveniences and hardships of a sort of pioneer life — all this that their children might enjoy better advantages than they had enjoyed — no language can express the grateful admiration I feel for them. If it is unmanly for the heart to palpitate with emotion, then I am unmanly, and make no apology for it, but rather glory in it.

If I forget those to whom I owe so much, may "my right hand forget her cunning, my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth," and my name be blotted from the recollections of men.

It was but a short time before my father and mother left Virginia that they made a public profession of their faith in Christ and were baptized by Elder Zachary Billingsley. They had been led to see their lost condition as sinners against God, they repented of their sins, trusted for salvation in the Lord Jesus, and openly espoused his cause.

My father sometimes doubted his acceptance with God, but my mother was not troubled with doubts. She could say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." Her Christian confidence and cheerfulness had much to do with her usefulness in the cause of God. She was an unspeakable blessing to her husband and to her children.

As already stated, my parents before their removal from Virginia, had three children, two daughters, Mary and Frances, and one son, and I was the son, born at "Twyman's Store," November 20, 1811. It was during Mr. Madison's Presidency, and as my father greatly admired him as a statesman I was named for him. Whether the name has been of any advantage to me I am not able to say, but probably not, as there is not much in a name. After their removal to Kentucky there were born to

my parents seven children, namely : John, Caroline, Juliet, William, Waller, Emily, and Cyrus.

It was during Mr. Madison's first term that the encroachments of England on American rights became too flagrant to be borne, and Congress, under the leadership of Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, declared war. The British government claimed what was called "the right of search"—the right to search American vessels on the high seas, to see if British subjects were on board ; and, it is said, that American seamen were sometimes "impressed." This was regarded an indignity to which American self-respect and honor could not submit. War was waged for two years, from 1812 to 1814, when, on December 24th, a treaty of peace was concluded at Ghent. There were no telegraphs and steamships then, and it required a long time to receive news from the other side of the Atlantic. It therefore so happened that General Jackson fought his celebrated battle in New Orleans, January 8, 1815, *after* the treaty of peace was made. Men are, in some respects, very much like children. This is seen in connection with the war under consideration. England claimed "the right of search ;" we denied it, and the issue was joined. After two years' fighting peace was agreed upon, but the question which brought on the war was ignored in the treaty of peace. England did not relinquish the right she claimed, and the United States did not insist that she should. This was like children's play. "The pen is mightier than the sword." In the corre-

spondence connected with the treaty of Washington, negotiated in 1842 by Lord Ashburton and Daniel Webster, the latter so exposed "the right of search" theory that British statesmen have said that it can be plausibly advocated no longer. The matter stood thus: England claimed the right to exercise jurisdiction over her subjects. The United States acquiesced, but said the jurisdiction could not extend beyond British territory. England, however, insisted that the high seas were embraced in her jurisdiction. Webster said no, but that the high seas are the property of all nations, and "the flag of a vessel is the protection of the crew." England does not, of course, in time of peace, claim the right to invade the territory of the United States in pursuit of her subjects. The existence of an extradition treaty shows this; but every part of the high seas covered by vessels floating the United States' flag is, for the time being, as much the territory of the United States as is the soil of any State in the Union. It follows, therefore, that as England has no right to invade our permanent territory on the land, she has no right to invade our *protempore* territory on the sea. This is the way I argue the case, not pretending to give Mr. Webster's argument, for I have not seen the Ashburton treaty for more than forty years.

England must have modified her views in regard to "the right of search," and hence, in the beginning of the late civil war, when the Captain of a United States' vessel took from a British ship

Messrs. Mason and Slidell, agents of the Southern Confederacy, it was regarded by the British government as a flagrant outrage on its dignity. The release of the two captured gentlemen was at once called for, and a suitable apology demanded. That is to say, England wished the United States to apologize for doing what she had often done without making any apology. Secretary Seward, supreme in diplomatic skill, was equal to the occasion. He said, in substance, that in accordance with the English doctrine of "the right of search," Messrs. Mason and Slidell had been taken from a British ship, and in accordance with the American doctrine they would be surrendered.

This may be thought a digression, and so it is, but it has been suggested by my reference to the war with England during Mr. Madison's Presidency. Then, too, as I am writing for my children and grandchildren, I have attempted to place in small compass facts with which they could not become acquainted without examining many pages of history.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD AND BOYHOOD—GOING TO SCHOOL—SCHOOL HOUSE—GOING TO MILL—TAKING MEDICINE—FOND OF PLAY—BASHFUL—HUNTING.

It was in the Autumn of 1812 that my father and mother left Virginia never to return. With sad hearts they bade adieu to the scenes of their youth, parted with friends, and looked for the last time on the graves of their kindred. Those only who have had an experience of this sort know how painful it is to pronounce the word *farewell*, break up the associations of an old home, and seek a new residence in a distant land. Kentucky was then considered a distant land, for the point of destination was seven hundred miles away. There was an intervening "wilderness," so-called, to be passed through, and it was infested by Indians. The "red men of the forest" were objects of terror even to grown persons, and the most effectual way of quieting the noise made by children was to tell them that Indians were probably near. Emigrants were often plundered and some were killed. It may well be supposed therefore that passing through the "wilderness" excited gloomy apprehensions.

I do not know how many wagons were provided by my father for the accommodation of his family,

but they were under the general superintendence of a cousin of his, Robert T. Pendleton, a young man determined to make Kentucky his home. In after years he often told of the difficulties of the way and of the almost impassable roads. I remember hearing it said that it was sometimes necessary to descend hills so steep that the ordinary locking of wheels was not sufficient, but that branches of trees were fastened to the wagons to make their descent safe. This always impressed me as a strange thing, and it will so impress all who are familiar with good roads.

After a wearisome journey the travelers reached their new home in Christian County, Kentucky. Their number was nine, and among them were three young servants — slaves — for nobody then thought that there was anything wrong in slavery. My father had bought a tract of land, three hundred acres, with an unfinished dwelling house, and his farming operations engaged his attention for some years. I was only a year old at the end of the journey, and the servants gleefully told me afterward that I had been knocked down by the wagging of a dog's tail. They thought it something to laugh at, and I had no recollection of it. My memory goes back no farther than to my sixth year. That date (1817) is indelibly impressed on me by a visit of Rev. Andrew Broaddus (already referred to) to my father. Mr. Broaddus was then considering the question of removal to Kentucky, and was elected Principal of an Academy in Hopkinsville.

He, however, decided to remain in Virginia. I remember his walking the floor and calling the attention of my mother to a "shirt" which he said had been "spun and woven and made at home." He referred with evident pride to the fact. While sojourning with my father, Mr. Broaddus preached at the only regular preaching place in the neighborhood. It was then, and I believe is now, called Salubria Spring. I remember nothing of the sermon, but I distinctly remember that at its close was sung the old hymn beginning, "How tedious and tasteless the hours." There was but one line in the hymn that riveted my attention. It was this, "Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers." The "sweet birds" struck my fancy, and if I had known the language of modern childhood I would have thought, if I had not said, "splendid." Mr. Broaddus came out of the pulpit and passed through the congregation "shaking hands"—a thing much more common then, even in the South, than now. He shook hands with my mother, but of course he did not notice so small a child as I. Little did he think that more than seventy years from that time I would be writing about the matter, with tearful eyes, in thinking that of all who composed that congregation only two or three are now living. On all the rest the stroke of mortality has fallen.

After some years my father resumed his former vocation of Teacher. The neighbors built a schoolhouse about a quarter of a mile from his own residence on his own land. It was one of the typi-

cal school-houses of that day. It was built of rough logs, the chinks between which were imperfectly filled and daubed with red clay. There were no windows worthy of the name, but parts of logs were cut out to let in the light, and panes of glass were so adjusted as to keep out the cold. The floor was of dirt and the chimney had a fire-place six feet wide and four feet deep. The benches were made of slabs, and these were the outsides of sawed logs. There were no backs to the benches, and everything seemed to be so arranged as to keep the feet of small children from reaching the floor. This, though not so designed, was the refinement of cruelty. Not less than six hours a day were spent in school, and during that time the small children had no support for their backs and feet! I know of no epithet that can describe the injustice of this arrangement, and I say no more about it.

I think I must have been nine or ten years old when I first went to school, though I had learned a little at home. I was required to devote special attention to spelling and reading. Noah Webster's "Spelling Book" was used, and when I got as far as "Baker" I thought my progress considerable, but when at the end of the book I was able to spell and define from memory, "Ail, to be troubled," and "Ale, malt liquor," I supposed myself very near the farthest limit of scholarship. The course of reading embraced Murray's "Introduction to the English Reader," the "Reader" itself, and then the "Sequel" to it. No other book was read in

the school. In due time Arithmetic, as far as the "Rule of Three," "Geography and Grammar" were studied, but not thoroughly. My studies were often interrupted, for, when necessity required, I had to work on the farm. I, too, was the "mill boy." I remember well that about three bushels of corn were put into a bag, the bag thrown across the back of a horse, and I lifted on the horse. The "mill" was four miles distant and I sometimes thought I had a hard time of it. If I had only known that Henry Clay was called the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," it would have seemed quite respectable to go to mill. When the mill stream failed, as it did in the Summer, it was necessary to go to more distant mills on larger streams. Then my father would send his wagon, and his servant "Ben" was the driver, while I went along. I remember how Ben cracked his whip, and I thought if I ever became a man, the height of my ambition would be reached if I could drive a wagon and *crack* a whip. I saw nothing beyond this.

I had very few difficulties with my fellow-students, though some of them were irritable, and so was I. My temper was bad in my boyhood, and when mad, the appearance of my face, as I once happened to see it in a glass, was frightful. It was sometimes necessary for my father to whip me, though I believe he never did so in the school. I richly deserved every whipping I ever received. I remember well my last whipping, when I was thirteen years of age. It happened one day that my father wished to avoid

the necessity of teaching in the afternoon, and he protracted the forenoon session rather unreasonably, as it seemed to me. When we went home I was mad and hungry, and when my mother asked, "Why are you so late?" I replied, "Because father was so bad." It was an outrageous thing for me to say, and justice human and divine demanded my punishment. I was whipped and for the last time, but it might have been better for me if I had received a few subsequent chastisements.

I was a very bashful boy. In company I was greatly embarrassed and was almost startled at the sound of my own voice. I can remember when I would go out of my way rather than meet a person to whom I would have to speak. No one will ever know how much I suffered from foolish embarrassment, and it was a long time before I recovered from it. When I first gained courage to ask a neighbor about the health of his family I thought the achievement wonderful, and reflected on it with satisfaction for some days. I was much afraid of thunder and lightning, so that when there was a storm at night I would get out of my bed and go into the room where my parents were asleep, and there I would remain till the storm was over. Meanwhile I would pray for divine protection, but when the thunder and lightning ceased I thought no longer of my dependence on God. I see now how inconsistent and wicked I was in the days of my boyhood.

My children may feel interested in knowing that

there is a section of country about six miles long and three miles wide, embracing parts of Christian and Todd County, in which Jefferson Davis, Roger Q. Mills, J. B. Moody, and myself spent some of our childhood years. How different has been our destiny! All the world knows about Mr. Davis and Mr. Mills has been for years and is now (1890) a member of Congress from the State of Texas. For almost sixty years I have been preaching the gospel of Christ, and I to-day "thank God who counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry." Mr. Moody is also a preacher.

In looking back to my boyhood, I think of spells of sickness I sometimes had. There was no doctor in less than ten miles, and my mother administered medicine. The two prominent remedies then were "Tartar Emetic" and "Calomel." They were both nauseous, especially the former. It required an effort to swallow it, and I had to take it in several portions, draughts of warm water intervening, and O! how offensive it all was! The object was to produce vomiting, and this followed every portion of the medicine I took. My mother held my head as I threw up the green bile, and when she thought my stomach in a proper condition she gave me a little chicken soup, which was highly exhilarating. Afterward came warm water with toasted bread in it to allay my thirst. However much I suffered from fever, I was lectured as to the danger of taking a swallow of cold water, and was told of a boy who brought on his "death by drinking cold water."

No one then thought it possible for cold water to come into beneficial antagonism with the hottest fever, but blood-letting was the resort. I am glad that many changes, in the practice of medicine, have taken place since the days of my boyhood.

My children have sometimes expressed the opinion that I, like Adam, was never a boy. This is a mistake. I was a boy fond of play and fun and frolic, with sufficient perception of the ludicrous to call forth many a laugh. I always appreciated and enjoyed a good joke, even if it was at my own expense. I was usually cheerful, but sometimes had melancholy hours. I thought but little of the future and enjoyed the present. I did not neglect my studies at school, but anticipated with pleasure what was called "playtime." It was delightful to sport and romp with my fellows, and I thought it no little thing that I could outrun most of them, and was quite adroit in avoiding balls that were thrown in some of our plays. But enough: my children will now believe that I was once a boy.

It was in my boyhood that I went with my sisters to a "singing-school." I remember the teacher well. He was a large man and enjoyed in a high degree feelings of self-satisfaction. His musical abilities were not of the first order, but he thought they were and made his pupils believe it. The different parts of music he called "tenor, treble, and base." To show us what he could do, he sometimes sang what he termed "counter." Seats were so arranged that he could stand and walk between

them. I thought it the wonder of wonders that he could sing any part he pleased. He could help the tenor bench and in a moment go to the failing treble, giving it more life, and pass to the drawling base which badly needed assistance. We had small "singing books," which contained what were called "patent notes," and we sang four tunes, "common, short, and long meter" with "sevens." Sometimes there was discord, and the teacher would stop everything by stamping the floor. Having explained the cause of the discord, he would require us to try again. I do not think we learned much, and to hear such sounds as we made would now excite the risibilities of every musician on either side of the Atlantic. Within the last sixty years there has been, perhaps, as much improvement in music as in anything else. Many changes have taken place in human affairs, but all changes are not improvements.

It may be proper for me to say something of myself as a boy-hunter. My father had a shotgun which I learned to use, which would not be used now, for it had a flint lock and was not attractive in appearance. I often killed squirrels, and this was remarkable, for I could not, in taking sight, shut one eye and open the other, nor can I yet. In a moonlight night I shot an owl that was disturbing the chickens in a tree. On but one occasion did I shoot a wild turkey. There was a better way to capture these turkeys. It was this: A trench about eight feet long was dug, wide enough and deep enough for the turkeys to pass through it. Then a

rail pen was made one side of it, crossing the trench midway. The pen was covered and a little brush laid across that part of the trench that was inside. Corn, as bait, was scattered along the trench all the way. The turkeys would pick up the corn outside and then make their way inside, when, coming up, they found themselves in the pen. They looked up, anxious to get out, but could not, for they never looked down into the trench through which they had passed. Poor things, their lives were the forfeit they paid for not looking down. This fact is suggestive.

My way of catching partridges was by means of traps, which I set in suitable places on different parts of the farm. When I went to a trap and saw it down and the birds struggling to get out of it, my boyish heart was filled with joy.

My plan for hunting rabbits was peculiar. On moonlight nights, an hour or two before day, I would go into the woods with dogs, which would very soon find a rabbit and rush in pursuit of it. The rabbit would flee for safety to a hollow tree and go up the hollow. The dogs would stand at the tree and bark. I would go to the tree and run a switch up the hollow to see how far the rabbit was from the ground. Then with my ax I would cut a hole in one side of the tree, pull the rabbit down, and put it alive in a bag. I remember that one morning I caught four rabbits in this way, and carried them home alive that they might be more easily skinned as soon as they were killed. Their skins I sold for a trifle.

It was my business as a boy, between thirteen and fifteen years of age, to take care of my father's sheep. One of the ewes died, leaving a lamb which was given to me, and I raised it, feeding it with milk out of a spoon. When it grew up I sold the wool from it, and, with the money received, I made my first investment. I bought a Bible, and this was the first thing I ever bought. I prized it highly and found great use for it, as will be inferred from the following chapter.

CHAPTER III.

RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS AND CONVERSION — MY BAPTISM.

From my childhood I received as true the fundamental facts of the Bible. I never doubted the existence of God, nor the incarnation, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. I believed in an eternal heaven and an eternal hell. It was my purpose from my earliest years to become a Christian at sometime, but I thought length of days was before me and that I had ample time to prepare for eternity. My prominent conception of religion was that it is the means of escaping hell and getting to heaven. Of my obligation to love God and to serve him from the promptings of love, I seldom had a serious thought. My views were very selfish and very mercenary. My first impressions as to the importance of Christianity were made by my mother. She was more accessible than my father, who was somewhat stern and, whether intentionally or not, kept his children at a distance. I could approach my mother, and even when I had a request to make of my father, it was generally done through her. She talked to me about Christ and salvation, and expressed her desire for me to become a Christian. I always listened with respect to what

she said, but there was no fixed determination to seek the salvation of my soul. The evil spirit of procrastination had possession of me, but my purpose to be a Christian at sometime in the future was an opiate to my conscience and silenced its clamors.

When fifteen years of age I decided to give immediate attention to the subject of religion. The decision was brought about in a very strange way; I know of nothing stranger in connection with my life. I visited a boyish companion, older than myself, with whom I had enjoyed the pleasures of sin, expecting a renewal of those pleasures; but, to my astonishment, he told me that he wished to be a Christian. We talked on the subject of religion and as we talked, or rather as he talked to me, I made the decision referred to and adhered to it. Several years, after I met him, told him that I had made a public profession of my faith in Christ, and that my religious impressions had continued from the time of our conversation. He said in reply, "You have been more fortunate than I," and intimated that he was then a careless sinner. I have never heard of his becoming a Christian. How marvelous was all this! The sermons I had heard, the advice of Christian friends, the talks of my mother, and the reading of the Bible had failed to inspire the purpose to turn to God; but the conversation of one who, so far as I know, lived and died in sin, led me to a decision. I pretend not to explain this farther than to say that God's thoughts are not as our thoughts.

I resolved to read the Bible regularly and to pray every day, and I expected to reach the point of conversion within three weeks. Why I fixed on this time I never knew, but I thought it would be sufficient to enable me to ingratiate myself into the favor of God. Never was there a Pharisee in Jerusalem more self-righteous. At the expiration of the three weeks I saw no improvement in my spiritual condition, and, indeed, I was much discouraged by my inability to control my heart and life as I had determined to do. Still I persevered in seeking salvation, or, I may say, in seeking to save myself; for self-salvation was the idea that occupied my mind. When the thought at times presented itself that I might not be able *fully* to save myself, my plan was for God to do what I could not do. I supposed it would be well for my defects to be divinely supplemented.

As time passed on I saw more and more of the wickedness of my heart. This wickedness showed itself in my rebellious murmurings that I was not saved. I thought God ought to save me, or rather let me save myself. I had been what was called a "moral boy," had never used a profane expression; but now I cursed God in my heart and felt that I would be glad to annihilate Him. I wonder that He did not strike me with some thunderbolt of His wrath. I have that period of my life vividly in my memory and my soul is humbled within me. I was led gradually, month by month, to see myself a great sinner without a shadow of excuse for my

sins. My outward sins appeared as nothing compared with the deep depravity of my heart. I saw myself justly condemned by God's holy law and richly deserving His displeasure. I fully justified God in my condemnation and heartily approved the holiness of His law. I loved the righteousness of the divine government and wished to be saved if my salvation could be in accordance with law and justice; but how this could be I had no conception. I thought it impossible and concluded that I must be forever lost. I expected to go to hell and fully determined there to justify God and vindicate His proceedings. I thought I would say to the inhabitants of that lost world, "God is in the right and we are in the wrong, we deserve all that we suffer, we have no reason to complain, and let us think well of God." I was resolved to say this, was never more resolved to do anything. Visionary purpose, it will be said; yes, but the purpose was fully formed. Meanwhile I felt what I may call the calmness of despair and the tranquility of hopelessness, and expected so to feel until I dropped into perdition. Weeks and months passed slowly away and not a ray of light shone on my path. There was no promise in the Bible that I could apply to my case. My prayer was, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" but I did not see how he could have mercy on such a sinner. I have intimated that I did not wish to be saved unless God could save me consistently with His glory and the claims of His righteous law. I thought it would be far better for

me to be damned than for God to compromise the honor of His government in saving me. The union of justice and mercy in salvation was what I wished to be possible; but I despairingly said, this cannot be. While in this state of mind I read a sermon by Rev. Samuel Davies from I Cor. i: 22–24: "For the Jews require a sign and the Greeks seek after wisdom; But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness," etc.* This sermon, delivered in 1759, which I have recently read, is an excellent one, and Mr. Davies was an admirable sermonizer. In the discourse now referred to I was specially impressed with his remarks on the union of mercy and justice in the salvation of sinners through "Christ crucified." This is shown to be happily possible through the atoning death of Jesus, whose obedience and blood "magnified the law and made it honorable." Having read this sermon I went into a forest to pray, and while kneeling by a tree I had new views of the way in which sinners could be saved. I saw that mercy could be exercised consistently with justice through Jesus Christ. I felt a lightness of heart to which I had been a stranger for about two years. Strange to say, the joy I felt was not on my personal account. I was glad that other sinners could be saved, but did not think of myself as a saved sinner. I knew faith in Christ was indispensable to salvation, but I ignorantly thought that to

*Davies' Sermons, in three volumes, my father had taken with him from Virginia.

believe in Christ was to believe myself a Christian. The latter thing, with my views, I could not do, and, therefore, for some weeks considered myself out of "the pale of salvation." I was amazed and at times alarmed at my peace of mind. I began to fear that my "conviction" was gone, and that I was worse off than ever. I tried to bring my conviction back. I wished to feel again my sense of guilt and condemnation. I indulged in soliloquy, though I knew not the meaning of the word: "Am I not a sinner? Yes, but Jesus is a Savior. Am I not a great sinner? Yes, but Jesus is a great Savior." Thus there was something in Christ as the Savior which prevented the return of my conviction, kept off my sense of condemnation, and rendered impossible the anguish I had felt and was anxious to feel again.

A few weeks passed away and in the providence of God I had an opportunity of conversing with one of the prominent preachers of that day, Rev. John S. Willson. He explained the nature of faith in Christ, defining it as a personal and an exclusive reliance on Jesus for salvation. He asked me if my only reliance was on Christ and I was obliged to answer in the affirmative. He told me and convinced me that I was a believer in the Lord Jesus. He also told me that to believe myself a Christian I must examine myself and see if I found a correspondence between my character and the Christian character as delineated in the New Testament. Thus I saw the difference between believing in

Christ and believing one's self to be a Christian, a difference I have never forgotten.

Very soon I was urged to make a public profession of my faith in Christ, and on the second Sunday of April, 1829, I went before the Bethel Church, Christian County, Kentucky, and related my "experience," telling the brethren and sisters how I had been led to exercise "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." I was received as a candidate for baptism, and as the pastor, Rev. William Tandy, was in feeble health, I was baptized by Rev. John S. Willson on Tuesday, the 14th day of the month. The ordinance was administered in the creek not far from the meeting house, and the place is sacred to my memory. If my descendants pass that way at any time, I hope they will pause and think of the import of the solemn and beautiful ordinance of Baptism, which commemorates the burial and resurrection of Christ, symbolizes the believer's death to sin and his rising to a new life, while it anticipates the resurrection of the Saints on the last day. I of course did not, as a boy, understand the rich significance of Baptism as I do now ; but I thought of my baptism as a profession of faith in Christ and a manifestation of my love for Him as shown in obeying one of His commandments. I remained for several years a member of Bethel Church. It no longer meets at the same place, but is now divided into two bands, the one worshipping at Pembroke and the other at Fairview, the latter retaining the name Bethel. The two

places are about equi-distant from Hopkinsville, the former on the Nashville and the latter on the Russellville road. All the associations of my boyhood, as well as those of subsequent years, cause me to feel a special interest in the two churches.

It is proper to say that in the Spring and Summer of 1829 the old Bethel Church enjoyed a precious revival, so that the baptismal waters were frequently visited and the church received an addition of about sixty members.

CHAPTER IV.

Licensed to Preach — Taught School for Some Months.

As stated in the preceding chapter, a precious revival was enjoyed by the Bethel Church during the Spring and Summer of 1829. I was numbered among the earliest converts and took a deep interest in those whose conversion followed. It was a source of the sincerest pleasure to me to see my associates convicted of sin, and to hear them inquiring, "What must we do to be saved?" I had never seen a revival before and tried to do something in directing "inquirers" to Christ. The substance of what I said to them was that as Jesus had saved me, he could and would save them. I remember when first called on to pray in public for anxious souls. I was greatly embarrassed, and even alarmed. I trembled at the sound of my voice, and after a few petitions, incoherently expressed, I closed my prayer with the words, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." Some brother followed me in prayer, and when the meeting was over I was ashamed to look at those who had witnessed my poor attempt to pray.

As my young companions found peace with God by faith in Christ they united with the church and

were baptized. Those were precious occasions when converts in the ardor of their earliest love went down into the baptismal waters, professing their death to sin and their resurrection to a new life. The countenances of many of them as they came up out of the water were radiant with smiles, and brethren and sisters, with extended hands, welcomed them to the joys of Christian service. The revival went on till the church received three score members. A feeling of sadness comes over me now when I remember that scarcely any of those sixty converts are in the land of the living. Nearly all of them have "finished their course;" and, I trust, their disembodied spirits are in the paradise of God. Why I have been spared till now to refer to them, I know not, but I hold them in loving remembrance.

There were no "protracted meetings" in those days and there was seldom preaching more than two days together, about every two weeks. Still the revival went on and results were certainly as favorable as those connected with "protracted meetings" at the present time.

During the greater part of the years 1829, 1830, and 1831 I was at work on the farm of my father, and manual labor did not interfere with my Christian enjoyment. I call up the fact that one of the happiest days I ever saw was spent in plowing "new ground." The roots and stumps made it very difficult to hold the plow in its proper place, but my soul was full of joy. My thoughts were

fixed on that supreme epitome of the gospel contained in John iii: 16, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I wondered that God could love such a world and that the proof of His love was seen in the gift of His Son. I stopped my horse and plow and retired to a secret place that I might pour forth my soul in thanksgiving to God for love so amazing, so infinite. From that day to this I have known that religious joy does not depend on any bodily environment.

I was in the habit of attending prayer-meetings, and sometimes led them. Not having much to say, I read largely from the Scriptures, believing that this was the best thing I could do. Some of my friends were kind enough to say that they were interested in my way of conducting meetings.

Time passed on till February, 1830, when, to my astonishment, the church licensed me to preach. I thought it quite uncalled for, and did not believe it possible for me to preach. Sometimes I reluctantly attempted to "exhort" at the close of a sermon, for it was the custom then for an "exhortation" to follow a sermon. Indeed, I often heard two sermons preached without intermission, and then came the exhortation. My exhortations were very short, consisting at times of only a few sentences, but when I had said all I could think of, I sought relief from my embarrassment in prayer. Strange to say, when I had done the best I could I had a tranquil

conscience, not because I had done my duty, but because I had *attempted* to do it.

Early in the year 1831 I began to teach a school in the western part of Christian County. It was a small school and I taught only three months. I learned that some of my patrons were dissatisfied because I did not teach longer than six or seven hours in a day, and I gave up the school. When I returned home with three dollars in pocket, which remained after my board was paid, my sisters were sad, and my father looked as if he thought I had been predestinated to fail at everything I undertook. But my mother, with a burdened heart, retired to her place of prayer, and while praying was impressed with this Scripture, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Her countenance became cheerful and she afterward said that from that time she did not doubt that the Lord would provide for me. I shall never know how much I owe to the prayers of my mother. O, that I could pray as she did. Her prayers on earth have given place to praises in heaven.

Months passed away, and on the fourth Sunday in September, 1831, I made my first effort at preaching. It was at a church called West Union, about ten miles west of Hopkinsville. The name of the church was afterward changed to Belle View. My text was Acts xvii: 30, 31. "And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: Because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in

righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained." I said something in a superficial way about repentance, and urged the people to repent in view of the judgment, that they might be prepared for the solemn day. To call what I said a "sermon" would be flagrant injustice to that term. The next time I attempted to preach the text was Hebrews ii: 3, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" I said a few things about the "great salvation" and the danger of neglecting it, but my performance was wretchedly imperfect. Then when I thought of preaching again it seemed clearly impossible; for I had exhausted my scanty store of theology and could think of no other subject on which I could say anything.

After a while, familiar passages of Scripture coming into my mind took some sort of shape, and I attempted to preach on them. But I did not believe I could ever be a preacher. I was sorely troubled. I desired the work of the ministry, but my sense of unfitness was appalling, and at times I dismissed the subject from my mind. I decided positively to give up the idea of preaching, but my decision was soon disturbed. Just as soon as it was made my mind would be shrouded in awful gloom, and I found that in giving up the thought of preaching I had to give up the hope of heaven. My refusal to preach was not compatible with a belief that I was a Christian. That was the predicament in which I was placed — utterly incompetent to preach, and compelled to give up my hope in Christ if I did not.

The agony of those days and nights will never be known. "My soul has it in remembrance, and is humbled within me."

After much thought and prayer, I resolved to transfer the responsibility resting on me to the church that had licensed me. I said within myself, I will try to preach, I will do the best I can, and when the brethren see that they have made a mistake, they will candidly tell me so, tell me that while they do not wish to hurt my feelings, they deem it their duty to say to me that I can never make a preacher. I thought if the church so decided I would be relieved of all sense of responsibility, and could with a clear conscience devote myself to agricultural pursuits. The church had monthly meetings for business, and I waited month after month to hear of their decision in my case; but the brethren failed to act. I was painfully tempted to doubt their fidelity because they did not stop my incipient ministerial career. They let me go on, and I have therefore preached for nearly sixty years.

During the years 1831 and 1832 I accompanied different ministers on their preaching excursions. Sometimes they gave me an encouraging word, and at other times what they said was not complimentary. One of them, in referring to my attempts to preach, said, "You certainly could do better if you would try." Another said, "You are scarcely earning your salt." The language of a third brother was, "You say some pretty good things, but your

preaching is neither adapted to comfort the saint nor alarm the sinner."

Of course those good men, now in heaven, did not know how depressing the effect of their words was, and how my spirit was crushed. I refer to this matter for the sake of expressing the opinion that old ministers should be careful as to what they say to young preachers.

But the most uncomplimentary and discouraging things were not said about me by ministers. It was a layman, of whom I heard afterward, that said, "As God is omnipotent he of course can make a preacher of that young man." This exhausted the language of depreciation ; for it made the possibility of my becoming a preacher entirely contingent on the omnipotence of God.

In October, 1831, I went to Russellville, Ky., and became a pupil of Rev. Robert T. Anderson, who had charge of a school there. I began to study the Latin Grammar, but it was a wilderness to me. I did not understand why nouns had so many cases, why adjectives were declined, and the conjugation of verbs was so complicated. I read a few pages from "Historia Sacra," beginning with extracts from the book of Genesis. It was not long before I was induced to take charge of a little school. I did this that I might make some money to meet necessary expenses. I had taught only a short time when Mr. Peebles, who had charge of a Female Academy, proposed to employ me as an assistant, agreeing to pay me fifteen dollars a month. I

taught with him four months, and when in the Summer of 1832, at the close of the session, I received sixty dollars I felt quite rich. While I remained in Russellville I was kindly treated and invited to board for a month with each of the following persons: Spencer Curd, George Brown, Thomas Grubbs, Edward Ragan, William Owens, and Hon. E. M. Ewing, whose wife was a Baptist. I have ever felt my obligations to these kind friends.

Having left Russellville in the Summer of 1832, I returned to my father's in Christian County, and in October of the same year I went with Rev. John S. Willson to the Baptist State Convention at New Castle. There I saw Messrs. Silas M. Noel, Ryland T. Dillard, George W. Eaton, U. B. Chambers and other devoted men. Eaton was at that time Professor in Georgetown College, and he impressed me as being a very lovely man. We went from the Convention to Frankfort, where Dr. Noel was pastor. It was arranged of course for Willson to preach, and, strange to say, Dr. Noel had me to preach. He told me, after hearing me, that I "ought to put more life into my sermons." He was no doubt correct in this view. We went to Lexington and there met, for the first time, Elder George Waller, who was one of our prominent ministers. While at Lexington we saw Henry Clay, at that time a candidate for the Presidency, and I trembled in approaching him, so deeply was I impressed with his greatness.

At Dr. Dillard's invitation we rode a few miles

in a horse-car on the railroad in process of construction from Lexington to Frankfort. This was a new thing, the first road of the kind in Kentucky, looked upon as a wonder marvelous to behold.

We returned, Willson to his home in Todd County, and I to my father's house, where I remained till the beginning of the next year.

CHAPTER V.

Settlement at Hopkinsville and Ordination — Sickness — Baptist State Convention.

Elder William Tandy, one of the best of men, had long been pastor of Bethel Church, but for some years his impaired health prevented his preaching with any regularity. To my surprise the church, in the beginning of the year 1833, invited me to preach two Sundays in the month. A similar invitation came from Hopkinsville and I went there, where I remained four years. The arrangement was for me to become a student of the Academy under the charge of Mr. James D. Rumsey, who had a fine reputation as a classical scholar. I was to make a special study of Latin and Greek. The two churches agreed to give me, each, a hundred dollars a year, a sum thought sufficient to pay for my board, clothes, books, and tuition. I never knew why it was, but at the end of the first year the Bethel Church added fifty dollars to my salary, so that I afterward received two hundred and fifty dollars a year as long as I remained in Hopkinsville. Some may think that this was poor pay; but my deliberate opinion is that the pay was better than the preaching. I knew hardly anything about the construction of sermons. I did not know there

was such a word as "Homiletics," and my expositions of Scripture were sadly superficial. I had to preach every Sunday and two Saturdays in each month, for it was the custom then for churches to have monthly Saturday business meetings preceded by a sermon. The Saturday sermons were addressed specially to church members, while the Sunday discourses were designed for promiscuous assemblies. With all this preaching I had to recite my lessons in the Academy five days in the week. It was more than any mortal man could do as it ought to have been done. All things considered, it is a marvel that the churches endured my preaching; but they were content for "patience to have her perfect work." If the brethren and sisters had been literal descendants of Job they could not have treated me more generously. At this late day I feel and acknowledge my obligations to them. The members of these churches, with very few exceptions, were "sound in faith" and consistent in practice. While they did not claim perfection, they "forgot the things behind, reached to those before, and thus passed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." In my long life I have not met with better men and women. I was fortunate in boarding for two years in the family of Dr. Augustine Webber, who had more theological knowledge than any layman I have known, while his general intelligence was quite extensive.

So far as I know there are only two persons now living to whom I preached the four years I resided

in Hopkinsville. The rest have passed away and have, I trust, found a home in heaven. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." They are free from all the incumbrances of the flesh and mingle with "the spirits of just men made perfect."

Another surprise was in reserve for me. The church at Hopkinsville, of which I had become a member, called for my ordination. I thought it premature, but with great hesitation gave my consent. The ordaining Council, consisting of Elders Reuben Ross, William Tandy, Robert Rutherford, and William C. Warfield, met November 2, 1833. The examination as to my "Christian experience," "call to the ministry," and "views of doctrine" was far from being thorough; but the Council seemed to be satisfied and decided in favor of my ordination. The sermon was preached by Elder Ross from Hebrews xii: 3, "For consider him who endureth such contradictions of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds." The impression the sermon made on me was, that ministers, to be preserved from discouragement in their work, must consider what Christ endured. How often have I had occasion to think of this in a ministry of almost sixty years! I here record my conviction that the "love of Christ" is the true inspiration to the preaching of the gospel, and that it is the highest wisdom to copy His example.

The men composing the Ordaining Eldership have long since fallen "asleep in Christ." Warfield, though the youngest, was the first to die, then

Tandy, next Rutherford, and last Ross. In these men of God were exemplified Christian and ministerial excellencies which commanded the respect and love of all who knew them. I was not present at the funeral of these ministers, but I have been told that Elder Rutherford, who had not been known to weep before in preaching, was so overcome by the death of his "beloved brother Tandy" that he was unable to speak, and left the services with Elder Ross, whose tears rather helped than impeded his speech.

These ministers of God served their generation according to the divine will, but Elder Ross was "easily chief." I have witnessed many impressive sights, but I can call up nothing so impressive as Reuben Ross, in tears, entreating sinners to be reconciled to God. Of commanding person, he exemplified in the pulpit a solemn and majestic dignity that I do not expeet to see again. "The fathers, where are they?"

Warfield died in 1835, Ross in 1860 and Tandy and Rutherford in intervening years. It would gratify my curiosity, but it cannot be, to know that the glorified spirits of these men of God, amid the employments of the heavenly world, have taken an interest in my ministerial career. There may be a closer connection between earth and heaven than we suppose; but how many things we do not know!

While living in Hopkinsville, that is to say, in the year 1834, I had the severest spell of sickness I ever experienced. I was taken with bilious fever in

August and it was November before I was able to preach again. I was reduced to such a state of emaciation and weakness that I was unable to raise my hands to my head. My friends generally thought I would die; but I did not think my case hopeless, and this may have had something to do with my recovery. Dr. Webber was my physician and did whatever medical skill could do. As August was the month in which my sickness came on me, I have ever dreaded it more than any other month in the year. I have often thought of the man who said that he had always noticed that if he "lived through the month of June he lived all the year." So it has been with me in regard to August.

The year 1835 brought sorrow to my heart: My special friend, Rev. John S. Willson, died in August, and, as already stated, Warfield departed this life. He died in November. Willson was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Louisville, Ky., then worshiping on Fifth and Green Streets. He had been for a short time Agent of the American Bible Society, and while performing his agency became acquainted in Louisville and was called to the pastorate of the church named. This was in 1833, and his labors were crowned with the blessing of God. He was "a burning and shining light," an attractive preacher, full of love and zeal, eloquent and transcendent in exhortation. When he died it was truly said, "A great man has fallen in Israel." The Baptist State Convention met in Louisville in

October, 1835, and during its session Dr. Noel preached a sermon commemorative of the "Life and Work" of Willson. It was an appropriate and able discourse, parts of which were very pathetic. Willson died at about forty years of age, and it has always appeared to me that he brought on his death not only by his unwearied labors, but specially by expending unnecessary vocal power in preaching. In the greater part of his ministry he indulged in vociferation, though his loud voice was by no means unpleasant. After his settlement in Louisville he attempted to change his manner of preaching, being convinced that the deepest feeling is not expressed in the loudest tones of voice. It would be well for preachers to remember this fact.

From the Convention in Louisville I went in company with John L. Waller (of whom I shall say more in another place) and others to the Western Baptist Convention in Cincinnati. We went up the beautiful Ohio and it was my first experience in steamboat traveling. I thought for a time of danger, but soon forgot it. The objects of the Convention were the promotion of acquaintance and union among brethren West of the mountains, and the more zealous prosecution of the work of Missions. Here I met for the first time such men as S. W. Lynd, John M. Peck, John Stevens, and many others. I never knew why, but the Organization was not permanent, and I do not think it had meetings except in the years 1834 and 1835. It was a failure rather than a success.

Returning to Louisville I again saw the bereaved family of my friend. Willson and I well remember how sad our parting was. Mrs. Willson's face was the picture of sorrow and the children were in tears. Who knows the crushing grief of a widow's heart? Who can adequately sympathize with children bereft of a loving father's care? But our God is the God of the widow and of the fatherless ones.

CHAPTER VI.

Removal to Bowling Green, Kentucky—General Association—Proposal of Marriage.

In the latter part of the year 1836 I was called to the pastorate of the church in Bowling Green, Ky. This call was made in consequence of the lamented death of the former pastor, Rev. William Warder, who died in August, at the age of fifty years. He was an able preacher, happily combining logical strength and hortatory power. He had been pastor of the church from its organization in 1818. He was often the companion of Jeremiah Vardeman and Isaac Hodgen in their tours of preaching; nor has Kentucky ever sent forth an abler triumvirate. Vardeman was eloquent, Hodgen was effective, but in argumentative ability Warder was superior to either of them. It is a pleasure to me to say that Joseph W. Warder, D. D., of Louisville, Ky., and William H. Warder, M. D., of Philadelphia, worthily represent the name of their honored father. They may well feel satisfaction in the reflection that they are the sons of a father whose character was unblemished, and the sun of whose life set in a cloudless sky. May blessings ever rest on his memory! In September, 1836, sermons occasioned by his death were preached, at Russellville, by Rev.

Robert T. Anderson and myself. Mine was the first sermon I ever published, and the text was I Thess. iv: 13, 14: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." I greatly desired to alleviate the sorrows of the bereaved widow by saying something consolatory concerning the pious dead.

I began my ministerial labors in Bowling Green the first day of the year, 1837, and continued them for twenty years, with the exception of a few months. It was considered by many as a phenomenon that the church offered me a salary of four hundred dollars a year. No Baptist minister in that part of Kentucky had ever received so large a compensation. It was John Burnam, Esq., who proposed that I should be paid this amount, and all the church thought it impossible to raise it; but when Brother Burnam subscribed one tenth of the sum it was then believed that the thing could be done. "Honor to whom honor is due;" and I record the fact that to John Burnam is due the credit of introducing this new order of things in the compensation of ministers in the Green River portion of Kentucky. He took large views for that day and advocated them with great earnestness. It is to be remembered, however, that I was the first man in Southern Kentucky who abjured all secular avocations,

giving myself wholly to the ministry of the word. It was customary for the churches, almost all of them, to have preaching but one Sunday in the month. With this arrangement, a preacher could serve four churches; and he was called, not ironically, but really the pastor of them all. My predecessor had supplied the Bowling Green church with monthly preaching, and his compensation was a hundred dollars a year. If any one should be curious to know how ministers lived in those times, the answer is, that some of them taught school, while the large majority of them were farmers. Thus five days of the week were devoted to secular affairs, Saturday and Sunday being set apart for preaching. There could of course be no such thing as regular, systematic study; and ministers labored under many disadvantages. Some of them had a great thirst for knowledge, but their books were few. Their reading was confined chiefly to the Bible, and they studied it during the intervals of manual labor. It would fill our eyes with tears if we could go back to those days, and see what was sometimes seen — a man of God, in Winter, having cut down a tree, sitting on its stump to rest, and while resting reading the word of truth with a view to the next Sunday's sermon; and, in Summer, after following the plow until his horse needed rest, stopping to open the blessed book of the Lord. We shall never know how much we are indebted to men of this class for our denominational prominence and prosperity. Their sermons did not illustrate the

rules of Homiletics, for the word was not known. They never thought of beauty and elegance of style, but they said wondrous things. They often, without knowing it, broke the rules of grammar, and at the same time they broke the hearts of their hearers. They were sometimes thrillingly eloquent, but their eloquence was not that of the schools. It was born of the inspiration of the Savior's love and melted the hardest hearts. I call to mind one who, attempting to show sinners that they need not perish in their sins, assigned several reasons why they need not, and then with a heavenly countenance and streaming eyes, exclaimed, "CALVARY SAYS NO!" I do not expect to hear anything in the language of mortals more eloquent than that. When I think of the disadvantages under which those good men labored, and that their noble spirits, by an irrepressible elasticity, rose above surrounding circumstances, I feel for them the profoundest veneration. Through my long life I have remembered them, shall remember them till I die, and hope to be with them after I die.

It was not long after I removed to Bowling Green, that is, in the Spring of 1837, that there was pecuniary trouble. There were no telegraphs then, and I remember that a post-boy came with all possible haste from Louisville, bringing an order for the suspension of "specie payments" in bank. This was looked on as a calamity of no little magnitude, for it disparaged the paper money in circulation and created a feeling of disquiet everywhere.

It was the first year of Mr. Van Buren's Presidency and he was thought responsible for the unsatisfactory state of things. This, however, was not the case. General Jackson had in the preceding year issued what was called the "Specie Circular," requiring the public lands, then selling rapidly, to be paid for in gold and silver. Paper money had been chiefly used in the purchase of these lands and the "Specie Circular" was unexpected and revolutionary. It was seen in a very short time that the demands made on the banks for gold and silver would be so great as to make it necessary to suspend "specie payments." Whether the policy of President Jackson was wise or just it is not for me to say; but it is certain that Mr. Van Buren inherited the unpopularity of the measure, so that in 1840 William Henry Harrison was elected over him by an overwhelming majority. Thus it was that General Jackson, to whom Mr. Van Buren was indebted for his election in 1836, virtually defeated him in his candidacy in 1840. So strange are human affairs.

In August, 1837, my friend, John L. Waller, who was on a visit to Bowling Green, proposed that I should go with him to Russell Creek Association, which was to meet at Columbia, in Adair County. We went and took Glasgow in our way. We spent a night in the family of Richard Garnett, Esq., and here I was introduced to his daughter Catherine S., of whom I shall have much to say in my Reminiscences. I was not very favorably impressed by her at first, but she and her brother Joseph, and another

gentleman went with us to the Association. We thought there was no risk in presuming on Kentucky hospitality and unannounced we, five of us on horseback, stopped with a friend to spend a night. It made no difference and everything in the family circle went on without a ripple. At Columbia my home was with William Caldwell, Esq., with whose family from then till now I have had a pleasant acquaintance. When the Association was over I parted with my friend Waller and returned with Miss Garnett and her brother to Glasgow. The ride of more than thirty miles gave me a fine opportunity of conversation with her and I was impressed with the excellences of her character and her general intelligence. When I left Glasgow I thought it probable that my admiration for her would result in feelings of a different kind; but more of this hereafter.

In October, 1837, I went to Louisville, where the General Association of Kentucky Baptists was formed. The Baptist State Convention had not been a success, and it was thought better to have a new organization. As introductory to the business of the meeting, a sermon was preached by that prince of preachers, Rev. William Vaughan, from Acts xx: 24: "To testify the gospel of the grace of God." It was the first time I saw and heard Mr. Vaughan, and my many years of acquaintance with him greatly endeared him to me and convinced me that there was no minister in Kentucky superior to him.

Spencer, in his History of Kentucky Baptists, says, "The meeting was called to order by Elder W. C. Buck, when, on motion, Elder George Waller was appointed Chairman, and brethren John L. Waller and J. M. Pendleton, Secretaries, *pro tempore.*" It was a day of small things, for only fifty-seven messengers were present. A Constitution was adopted which has remained substantially the same for more than fifty years.

Having performed my little part in forming the *General* Association I returned home by way of Glasgow, where I was specially interested in forming a *particular* association. My feelings of admiration for Miss Garnett had ripened into feelings of love, and I so informed her. I rather think my proposal of marriage took her by surprise, for she said nothing. I tried of course to construe her silence into a favorable omen, and insisted that she should not give an immediate answer, but take ample time for consideration. A suitor generally gains an important point when he can so present his case as to induce consideration. It was so with me as will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

MY FATHER'S DEATH AND MY MARRIAGE — RICHARD GARNETT — ROBERT STOCKTON — JACOB LOCKE — BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER.

My father died in January, 1838. He had suffered for weary months with inflammatory rheumatism. I had seen him several times during his illness, and on one occasion had a special conversation with him. I asked him what were his feelings in prospect of death? I well remember his answer: He said, "I am like Abraham, going into a country I know not, but willing to trust my Leader." He spoke of the plan of salvation through Christ as the only conceivable plan suited to the necessities of lost sinners. Referring to the Cross as his refuge, he repeated, amid tears and in broken accents, the stanza of Dr. Watts:

"Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that's my last defence,
If I must perish, there to die."

He died trusting in Christ, and the family withdrew, leaving kind friends to prepare the body for burial. I remember the countenance of my mother. Oh, what sadness! What bitter tears were hers! I made a great effort to suppress my feelings that I

might comfort her, and when duty required me to return to my field of labor, then sixty miles distant, no language can describe my grief in leaving my mother in the desolateness of widowhood. I rode alone, leaving my horse oftentimes to proceed in a way perfectly familiar to me, but which tears did not then permit me distinctly to see. Years have fled since then, the duties of a life not inactive have engrossed my thoughts, and yet the feelings of that sad morning return in a measure to-day, and my eyes not much accustomed to tears, will weep again. * * * * I stood by the grave of my father and prayed that I might follow him as he followed Christ, and hear at last those words of commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Years after, I saw by my father's resting place the grave of my eldest sister, in whose piety I had the fullest confidence. With more than telegraphic rapidity my thoughts ran back to the days of our childhood and youth, the time of our union with the church, the period of her last affliction, etc., etc. In looking at the grave of my father and that of my sister, one thing deeply touched my heart. I saw between the two a space reserved for another grave. How suggestive! It was not necessary to inquire why that space was left. I knew my mother wished it so; and after thirty-five years of widowhood she was laid to rest between the husband of her love and her first-born.

My father was a man of vigorous intellect, the distinctive peculiarity of which was its logical

strength. He had read much and possessed large information. He was distinguished for an ample share of common sense, a very sound judgment, and often expressed himself in sentences so remarkable for their wisdom as to remind me of the Proverbs of Solomon. I give but one of his utterances: "If a man has done you an injury he will be your enemy." In pondering these words I think I have seen the philosophy of the matter. He who has done you an injury will ordinarily have feelings of shame and mortification, and it is some relief to him for these feelings to be supplanted by those of positive hostility.

Miss Garnett having considered my proposal of marriage, was kind enough by the end of the year to give me a favorable answer, and it was arranged that we should be married during the month of March. It is proper for me to say something of her parents. Her father was one of the most respected citizens of Glasgow, and for many years filled the office of Clerk of the Barren County Circuit Court. When he became a Christian his predilections were in favor of the Presbyterian Church. His mind, however, was not settled on the subject of baptism, and it was arranged for Dr. Lapsley, of Bowling Green, to visit Glasgow and preach a sermon on Baptism. The effect of the sermon was not according to expectation. Dr. Lapsley was a learned man and the ablest Presbyterian preacher in the Green River country. He was unfortunate, or rather fortunate, in saying in the early part of his

sermon that he believed Jesus was immersed in the Jordan; but he went on to say that sprinkling would do as well, that it was more convenient, etc. Mr. Garnett took hold of the fact that Christ was immersed and said to himself, "I ought to copy His example. Why should I do what he did not do?" The question was settled at once and forever. He joined the Baptist Church in Glasgow, of which he remained a member till his death, which occurred when he was ninety-seven years of age. He was baptized by Rev. William Warder, and was the most influential member of the church as long as he lived. Dr. Lapsley, in conceding that Jesus was immersed, laid the Baptists under many obligations.

Mr. Garnett some years before had married Miss Theodosia Stockton, daughter of Elder Robert Stockton, a Baptist minister, who had been imprisoned in Virginia for preaching the gospel without "Episcopal orders." His imprisonment for such a reason was a greater honor than to wear a monarch's crown and sway a monarch's sceptre. Peace to the memory of Robert Stockton. His daughter was a lovely woman with a heart full of unselfish love. She died at sixty years of age and was the mother of twelve children, only two of whom are now living. William Garnett, Esq., deacon of the First Baptist Church, Chicago, is one of the two, and she whom I proudly call my wife is the other. The ten children whose names were John, Robert, Reuben, Joseph, Benjamin, James,

Richard, Fanny, Elizabeth, and Maria, have all passed away. Children as well as parents must die.

It was on the 13th of March, 1838, that Miss Catherine S. Garnett and I were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Elder Jacob Locke, who was a kind of patriarch among the Baptists in his wide sphere of labor. I was very slightly acquainted with him, but he must have been a remarkable man. It is said that his wife taught him to read, but he rose to eminence in the ministry. In proof of this I need only say that Judge Christopher Tompkins and Joseph R. Underwood, after being in Congress for years, in its palmy days, said that Jacob Locke was the most eloquent man they ever heard. It was untutored eloquence, the outburst of love to God and to the souls of men. "The fathers, where are they?"

The married pair, after a day or two, left Glasgow for their home in Bowling Green and spent a night on the way with special friends, Edmund Hall and family, whose cordial hospitality was all it could be. We often shared their kindness in after years. When we reached Bowling Green we were heartily welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Curd, who had prepared for us an elegant dinner. We never had better friends than they, and we boarded with them for more than two years, until we were ready to go to "housekeeping." We have never forgotten their many acts of kindness to us.

We of course visited my mother in Christian County, who reeeived her daughter-in-law with

much affection and continued to love her as long as she lived. My brothers and sisters were much pleased with the addition I had made to the family, and they thought me very fortunate in my choice.

We visited Hopkinsville and I was delighted to see my friends there so favorably impressed with my bride. They thought I had reason to be a happy man.

We returned to Glasgow and then took our principal "bridal tour," on horseback, to Louisville. This was our only way of traveling, till in a short time I bought a buggy. It will amuse young people now to hear that a bridal trip of several hundred miles was taken on horseback; but we were very happy and had much pleasant conversation. At Louisville we stopped with our friends, the Willson family, and were made to feel perfectly at home. We spent an evening with Rev. W. C. Buck, then pastor of the First Church, and heard him preach an evangelical sermon. He was a strong man in the pulpit, and some thought stronger on the platform. It was very inspiring to hear him in debate with "a foeman worthy of his steel." His sermons were generally able presentations of divine truth, but at times his ideas were rather nebulous, and on one occasion they suffered so total an eclipse that he could say nothing, and he sat down. This I learned from Dr. Vaughan, who was present. The Baptists of Kentucky are greatly indebted to Mr. Buck for his arduous labors. He was for several years Editor of the *Baptist Banner*. He improved

as a writer, though there was in some of his editorials a tendency to prolixity. When he left Kentucky he became Secretary, at Nashville, of the Bible Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. After two or three years he sojourned for a time in Alabama, editing a small paper which he called *The Baptist Correspondent.* He went from Alabama to Texas, where, after reaching his four-score years, he died of cancer and found a grave, where he had found a home, at Waco.

During the visit to Louisville, just referred to, I was invited to preach. My text was II Cor. vi : 2 : "Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation." I thought it a poor, inanimate sermon, but learned, years afterward, that a man in the congregation was convicted under it, who subsequently became a church member and a deacon. I mention this to emphasize the fact that we sometimes do good when we are not aware of it. Probably the revelations of eternity will develop many instances of this kind.

Returning to Bowling Green I gave myself to my work as pastor, preaching twice on Sunday and attending prayer-meeting during the week, visiting the people and especially the sick. My wife aided me in every suitable way and became a favorite with those who made her acquaintance. Nothing remarkable occurred during the year 1838, though the General Association met with us in October. It was not very well attended.

January 8th is celebrated in commemoration of the battle of New Orleans in 1815. The victory achieved there was decisive of General Jackson's destiny. It made him President and was far-reaching in its influence. On this date in 1839 an event occurred which makes it impossible for us to forget the 8th of January. Our first child was born. We named her Letitia after a dear friend. She was a weakly child and we feared she would not live. The Lord preserved her life and in the days of her youth she became a Christian and received baptism at my hands. She did not go to school till she was fifteen years of age, but was taught by her father and mother at home. Here I may say, parenthetically, that her mother was very competent to teach, for she had been educated by Elder P. S. Fall at his "Female Eclectic Institute," near Frankfort, Ky., and graduated with the highest honor. When Letitia was fifteen years old she entered the Mary Sharp College, at Winchester, Tenn., under the Presidency of Z. C. Graves, LL.D., and graduated at the expiration of four years. There was at that time, if there is now, no Woman's College with a curriculum so extensive and so thorough.

Letitia returned to our home, which was then in Murfreesboro, Tenn., and remained with us till February, 1860, when she was married to Rev. James Waters. Their married life now embraces a period of more than thirty years and they have lived in Tennessee, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New

York and Delaware. They are now (1891) in Denver, Colorado. Mr. Waters is an able, impressive preacher of the word, and I hope he will accomplish much good in his present field of labor.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT GIDDINGS — REVIVAL — J. L. BURROWS — BIRTH OF A SON — SECOND DAUGHTER — T. G. KEEN BECOMES PASTOR AT HOPKINSVILLE — VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA — CANAL TRAVEL — TRIENNIAL CONVENTION.

The General Association met in Shelbyville in October, 1839. There was a feeling of sadness in the hearts of the brethren, for Rev. Rockwood Giddings was on his dying bed. He was a short distance from the town at the home of his father-in-law, Mr. Hansborough. I visited him and saw him for the last time, and saw the power of Christianity in supporting while "flesh and heart failed." Mr. Giddings was a young man full of promise. He was for a short time President of Georgetown College and infused new life and hope into the Institution. The friends of the College looked for a long and prosperous administration of its affairs. But he died October 29, 1839. From then till now his death has been to me one of the unsolved mysteries of Providence. A thousand times I have wondered why I was not taken and he left to fulfil what seemed so bright a destiny. But God is often pleased to remind us of what he said by His prophet long ago: "For My thoughts are not your thoughts,

neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord." (Isa. lv: 8.) We must adjourn dark problems to the last day, and then they will receive a solution so bright as to call forth rapturous hallelujahs in heaven.

About the first of March, 1840, we began a protracted meeting in our church at Bowling Green, which continued for a month. Rev. J. L. Burrows was the preacher. He was at that time pastor in Owensboro, and was in the full enjoyment of his young manhood. He exhibited pulpit talents of the first order, as he has continued to do. His sermons were profound in argument and persuasive in exhortation. He showed his sanctified common sense in preaching first to the church to reclaim it from its backslidden state and to inspire it with zeal for the glory of God in the salvation of sinners. Not till the church was revived did he preach to the impenitent. Then he earnestly urged on them the claims of the gospel, and the Holy Spirit made his sermons effective. Sinners were convicted and began to ask, "What must we do to be saved?" Conviction was followed by conversion, and the songs of rejoicing converts were heard. The meeting went on day and night until the church had sixty members added to its number. We had no "baptistery" then and the ordinance of baptism was administered in Big Barren River not very far above where the Louisville and Nashville Railroad now crosses the river. I remember one Sunday morning that Bro. Burrows and I were in the water together, alter-

nately baptizing, as the candidates were presented. As we "went down into the water" and "came up out of the water" it seemed to me then, and it seems to me yet, that we did just what Philip and the eunuch did. (See Acts viii : 38, 39.) There was a large crowd to witness the administration of baptism, and there was suitable solemnity, as there should be on such occasions. Bro. Burrows, I think, baptized more gracefully than I, for I have never had the talent to do things gracefully.

There were more than twenty sermons preached during the meeting, and not one of them was mediocre. Bro. B. was a fine specimen of a gospel preacher, and when the time of his departure came it was with sad hearts that brethren and sisters bade him adieu. It was not long after that he visited his friends in the East, and while there was called to the pastorate of the old Sansom Street Church, Philadelphia. After some years of ministerial labor in the city of "Brotherly Love" he was called to Richmond, Va., where he served the First Church for twenty years. After this he became pastor of Broadway Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky. He is now pastor in Norfolk, Va.* He is feeling the infirmities of age and the First Church, Richmond, has most gracefully offered him a home, promising to care for him the rest of his days. God bless him as the beneficiary of such a church!

In the early part of the year 1840 my wife and I went to Glasgow to be present at the marriage of

*He has resigned since this was written.

her brother William to Miss Eugenia Tompkins, daughter of Judge Tompkins. The occasion was a pleasant one, and the two who became husband and wife were congenial spirits, and have enjoyed a happy life. Chicago has been their home for many years. I returned home soon after the wedding, but my wife, on account of her mother's feeble health, and for other reasons, remained. Her mother had been the marked victim of consumption for some years, but the disease had not been rapid in its progress; but now it became evident that death was not far distant. Mrs. Garnett died in the month of April and found her final resting-place in the family "burying ground." Her memory is most fondly cherished by those who knew her best.

My wife being with her sick mother, was not in the revival at Bowling Green, and before her return, that is, on the 5th of May, 1840, our second child was born. We named him John Malcom, after my father and our friend Rev. Howard Malcom. He was a bright, promising boy and, at a suitable age, became a student of Bethel College, Russellville, Ky. There he remained till my removal to Murfreesboro, Tenn., in 1857. He entered Union University at that place and graduated in 1860. It is was in the latter part of the year 1859 that he gave satisfactory evidence of conversion, and was baptized in what has since become the historic "Stone's River." I had baptized him before, when he was very young, but he and I were soon convinced that he labored under a mistake in

supposing himself a Christian. I therefore did not hesitate to baptize him a second time, considering his first baptism, so-called, a nullity.

In the fall of the year 1860, my son went to West Tennessee and opened a school at or near Brownsville, employing the intervals between school hours in studying Law. He was thus engaged till rumors of war in 1861 unsettled every thing. Young men were urged to enlist as soldiers in the Confederate cause, and my son yielded to the advice of his legal preceptor and exchanged civil for military life. He became a Confederate soldier. We were on opposite sides of the question that convulsed the nation. Why I was on the side of the United States will be shown in another chapter. The different views held by my son and me made no difference in our relations of love. We kept up a correspondence as long as we could, and there was not an unkind word in any of our letters. I refer to this because the supreme slander perpetrated against me in my long life had connection with my son. It was even published in a newspaper that I had pronounced a curse on him, expressing the hope that he might be killed in the first battle. Satan himself never instigated a more flagrant falsehood, though in so doing he availed himself of a professed Christian and a preacher, whose name I in mercy withhold.

My son acted as commissary for some time and was never engaged in a battle, though he was a private in the ranks when General Bragg made his expedition into Kentucky in 1862. While Bragg

was at Glasgow my son obtained leave to visit his mother, who was with her sister a few miles in the country. He spent a night with her and with two of his sisters and his younger brother. Nearly the whole night was spent in conversation, and when in the early morning he had to return to his regiment there was a very sad, but a most affectionate farewell. It was the last time his mother saw him and I had not seen him since he left Murfreesboro in 1860. The two armies (Bragg's and Buell's) made their way to Perryville, Ky., and while they were seeking favorable positions and my son was reclining on the grass, the fragment of a shell struck his classic forehead, and in a moment the bright hopes of his parents were extinguished forever. Language has no epithets to describe the calamitous event. It is a mournful satisfaction, however, that my son the day he was killed sent a message to his mother by one of his comrades. The message was this: "Tell my mother, if I die, that I have died trusting in the same Savior in whom I have trusted." We therefore believe that his active spirit, escaping from the mutilated tabernacle of the body, ascended to the heavenly mansions where all is peace. This blessed assurance has been a balm to wounded hearts till now, and will be till these hearts cease to throb with the pulsations of life. My son died October 8, 1862.

It was in 1842 that I did what has always afforded me great satisfaction. My special friend, Rev. T. G. Keen was teaching a Female School in Russell-

ville, and while so engaged was called to the pastoral charge of the Baptist church in Hopkinsville. He wrote to me informing me of the fact and adding: "I leave the matter entirely in your hands. You know the church and you know me. I shall be guided by your decision." I wrote by return mail, "Accept the call by all means," and thus I brought into active ministerial work one of the best sermonizers that has ever filled a Kentucky pulpit. After a comparatively long life of usefulness, Mr. Keen died at Evansville, Indiana, in the home of one of his daughters in September, 1887. He was buried in Hopkinsville by the side of the wife of his love. I with many others was at his funeral and thousands remember him with fond affection.

On the 11th or March, 1844, our daughter Fannie was born. She was about perfect in bodily form and brought sunshine into the family circle. She grew up and was greatly beloved by her parents and and sister and brother. Her education began at home, and she did not go to school till we removed to Tennessee in 1857. She was for a time in Murfreesboro schools and was then sent to the Mary Sharp College, at Winchester, where she remained till the war disturbed everything in 1862. A diploma was subsequently given her. When we went to Ohio (an account of which will be given in another place) she went with us, but afterward returned to Kentucky and was employed by Mr. Charles Barker to teach his children. When through with her engagement she rejoined the family then at Upland,

Va. June 27, 1867, she was married to Prof. Leslie Waggener, then connected with Bethel College, Russellville, Ky. She found in him a congenial spirit and theirs has been a happy married life. They have seven children, as bright as any that could be found in a long summer day.

After a number of years devoted to the interests of Bethel College, of which Mr. Waggener was President, he was called to a professorship in the University of Texas, at Austin. He was recommended as suited to the position by scholars of distinction, one of whom was Dr. John A. Broadus. He has been for several years Chairman of the Faculty, and is recognized as having a special talent for the management of students. The University is prosperous and will, no doubt, be well endowed, as it owns two million acres of Texas lands. Mr. and Mrs. Waggener and their three eldest children are members of the Baptist church in Austin.

On April 11, 1844, I started to Philadelphia to attend the old Triennial Convention for Foreign Missions. It was the last meeting of the body, as it was afterward superseded by the Baptist Missionary Union. This was my first visit to the east, and my leaving home to go such a distance was thought to be an important event. My wife therefore suggested, and she has made many good suggestions, that the deacons of the church be invited to our house (for we had been house-keeping since the Summer of 1840) to hold a little prayer-meeting. They accepted the invitation and were present, six

in number, John Maxey, John Burnam, J. C. Wilkins, F. Vaughan, W. D. Helm and John L. Shower. They all prayed. So fraternal were their allusions to me, so eloquently did their voices falter when they mentioned my departure, so earnestly did they ask God that I might return in safety, the whole scene made an indelible impression on my mind. This was the night before I left, and the afternoon of the next day I called my family together, read the forty-sixth Psalm, called on God in prayer, commending ourselves to His care during our contemplated separation. Then taking leave of my wife, kissing our sweet children, and giving a word of religious advice to the servants, I took passage in the stage for Louisville and reached there in *twenty-eight* hours. The next day, which was Saturday, after calling on some friends, I took passage at 11 o'clock A. M. on the steamer "Pike" for Warsaw, where I was to preach on the morrow. I was met at the wharf at 8 P. M. by Mr. Hawkins and his sister Mildred, who conducted me to their mother's residence to enjoy her hospitalities. She was the mother of Col. P. B. Hawkins, then and now of Bowling Green. I preached at 11 o'clock and at 4, then at 8 stepped on the steamer "Ben Franklin," went to my state-room, committed myself, my family and friends to God in prayer, and slept sweetly till morning. When I awoke I found myself in Cincinnati and took passage on the boat "Clipper" for Pittsburg. I had as companions in travel Drs. Sherwood, Lynd, Cressy, Brisbane, and

Robert. We of course talked and read on our way, but nothing impressed me so deeply as the fact that our steamer, instead of doing justice to its name, ran aground and remained stationary for some hours. We had need of patience, but bore the disappointment as well as we could.

When we reached Pittsburg we found that Dr. Lynd's brother, living there, had secured seats in the stage for the Dr. and two others, but Dr. Sherwood, Robert, and myself were left to go by a canal boat. We had to stay in what was then the "smoky city" from 9 o'clock A. M. to 9 P. M before the boat would start. Determined to utilize the day, we visited "glass works," "coal mines," and "iron works." It is wonderful into what forms liquid glass can be blown. Bowls, tumblers and bottles are made sooner than some persons get money out of their pockets to throw into a contribution box. We went into a coal mine five hundred yards, stooping all the way. There is a railroad on a small scale, and the coal is hauled out in little cars drawn by mules. Dr. Sherwood gave the miners some good advice and expressed the hope that we all might meet above where there is no darkness, but unclouded light.

But to our boat. It was drawn by three horses and we went four miles an hour. It required some philosophy to bear this cheerfully. We went, I think, through thirty locks and one tunnel before we reached the foot of the Alleghany mountains. The railroad car was in readiness, we took our seats,

and up and up we went. By means of five inclined planes we ascended to the summit, and the same number of planes took us down to the level again. The scenery on the mountain, some of it at least, is majestic. Tall cliffs raise their heads magnificently and straight pines point to the heavens. I enjoyed the descent from the mountain exceedingly. A strange exhilaration of spirit seized me and I thought of Longinus' definition of the sublime.

Descending from the mountain, at Hollidaysburg we took the canal again and we were well prepared to draw a contrast between its slow progress and the rapid descent of a car on an inclined plane. Sunday came and brethren Sherwood and Robert stopped on the way, but advised me to remain on the boat and preach. I did so and was heard with respect by most of the passengers, though some read papers. Monday morning I awoke at Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, and had a welcome view of the railroad to Philadelphia. It was an exquisite pleasure to turn away from the canal with the firm belief that I would never travel on it again. Still canal traveling furnishes some good opportunities of learning something about human nature. It is soon seen that there are among men, and especially among women, different dispositions and different wishes. It is next to impossible to please all passengers. Elder Alfred Bennett told me this anecdote: There were two women on a boat, one of whom wished fresh air and the other did not. The name of the chambermaid was Tabitha. In the

night the cry was heard, "Tabitha, raise the window; I shall be suffocated." Tabitha obeyed, but in a little while the other woman cried, "Tabitha, let down that window or the fresh air will kill me." Thus the thing went on with alternate demands that the widow be opened and shut, till an ungallant man, not willing longer to have his sleep disturbed, cried out, "Tabitha, close that window till one of those women dies, and then open it till the other dies, and let us have some peace."

We passed through so many locks between Pittsburg and Harrisburg that I will not mention the number, lest somebody may doubt my veracity.

Leaving Harrisburg on the railroad it was not many hours before we reached Philadelphia. The city was beautiful to behold, but it is much more beautiful now and very much larger.

I met my friend Burrows at the Publication Rooms, 530 Arch Street, and he took me to his home to share his hospitalities. His other guests were men of mark, J. B. Jeter, Daniel Witt, and Cumberland George, all from Virginia. The anniversaries were held in Dr. Ide's church, then, I think, about two squares from the Delaware River. The American and Foreign Bible Society held its meeting first, and Dr. Spencer H. Cone presided. He was a very competent presiding officer, familiar with parliamentary rules. I have seen no man in the North his superior in this respect, but do not think he was equal to Dr. Boyce or Dr. Mell. Dr. B. T. Welch, of Albany, New York, preached the

Annual Sermon before the Bible Society. I was specially impressed with one thing in his sermon, namely, that his illustrations were drawn from the Bible. I wish some other preachers were like him.

The Triennial Convention for Foreign Missions met April 24. Dr. W. B. Johnson, of South Carolina, was in the chair. He called the meeting to order and it was found that four hundred and fifty messengers were present — more than ever before. Nothing of special importance was done after the organization. The next day Dr. Francis Wayland was chosen President, and Dr. J. B. Taylor, of Virginia, and R. H. Neale, of Massachusetts, Secretaries.

Rev. Eugenio Kincaid, returned Missionary from Burmah, and Dr. Richard Fuller, of South Carolina, made interesting addresses. Kincaid made no effort to be eloquent, but gave a simple account of what he had seen in his missionary life. A plain statement of facts, as he gave them, brought tears to many eyes.

Dr. Fuller was one of the best looking men in the Convention and made a capital speech. He was tall and commanding in his person, graceful in his manner, and impressive in his elocution. Nature did much for him and education supplemented the work of nature, while piety placed its sanctifying impress on both.

The Home Mission Society met on the 26th, and it was the occasion of great excitement. Hon. Heman Lincoln, of Boston, was President, and he

found much difficulty in maintaining order. The question of slavery was introduced and the Abolitionists urged that the Society should not appoint any slaveholder as a missionary. Dr. Colver was the leading speaker on this side of the question. He was a man of talent, but exceedingly discourteous and rough in his remarks. He utterly failed to exemplify the amenities of Christian debate. He used a number of *ad captandum* arguments, but did not meet the question with fairness and magnanimity. Dr. Welch said that he considered it inexpedient for slaveholders to be employed as missionaries. Dr. Jeter and Dr. Fuller were the principal speakers on the opposite side. Dr. Jeter stood up straight as an arrow and said, "Mr. President." Attempts were made to interrupt him, but he stood immovable. Mr. Lincoln interposed, crying with his peculiar voice, "Order, brethren, Dr. Jeter, of Virginia, has the floor." Some one replied, "He always has it." He made an able speech. Dr. Fuller spoke with great power and his gentlemanly bearing made its impression on every body. He was logical and eloquent.

The slavery discussion continued at times till the 29th. On this day the excitement and interest were so great that there was no adjournment at noon and Deacon Wattson had a barrel of "crackers" rolled in, that brethren might partially satisfy their appetites. The aisles of the church were pretty well filled by Friends (Quakers), who, being anti-slavery, were much interested in the discussion. I well re-

member the expression of their countenances. When the final decision came it was resolved that ministers in slave-holding States were eligible to appointment as missionaries. The vote stood *a hundred and thirty-one to sixty-one.* Thus was the matter disposed of for the time.

On Sunday most of the Protestant pulpits of the city were filled by Baptist ministers in attendance on the Anniversaries. To my surprise I was appointed to preach, at night, at the North Baptist Church. Dr. J. B. Taylor, of Virginia, having his lodgings near this church, and having been appointed to preach in the Presbyterian church on Tenth Street, kindly proposed an exchange with me. I therefore preached to a Presbyterian congregation, not a person in which did I know. I gave them sound doctrine, for I preached on the value of Christ's sacrifice. The Elders were pleased to express their approval, and their courtesy led them to express a desire to hear me again. There was in the congregation a remarkable man, whose face was expressive of intelligence and studious habits. He was a voluminous writer, and some of his views in his "Notes on Romans" were not satisfactory to many of his brethren, and he was charged with heresy, but the Philadelphia Synod acquitted him. That man was Rev. Albert Barnes, who died suddenly more than twenty years afterward. Calling to see a family, he was invited to take a seat, and as he sat down his spirit left the pale clay and soared upward to its God.

CHAPTER IX.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN PHILADELPHIA — INDEPENDENCE HALL, GIRARD COLLEGE, FAIR MOUNT, LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, ETC. — MR. CLAY NOMINATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY — DISTRESSING STAGE RIDE FROM CHAMBERSBURG TO PITTSBURG — DOWN THE OHIO TO LOUISVILLE AND THENCE HOME BY STEAMER GEN. WARREN.

Every one who visits Philadelphia must of course see Independence Hall, so called because there the Declaration of Independence was adopted in 1776. This is thought by many to be the grandest uninspired document ever published. It required Mr. Jefferson's best ability to write it, and it required the sublimest moral courage to adopt it. The men who voted for it placed themselves in advance of the civilized world and showed their superior knowledge of the philosophy of liberty. They levied a large contribution on the gratitude and admiration of succeeding generations. The building in which they deliberated and acted has in itself no special attractions. What was done in it gives the structure a sort of earthly immortality.

The Anniversaries being over, my friend Burrows kindly procured a horse and buggy and we rode to Girard College. This was at the time said to be the

finest building in the United States. It is of marble, four stories high. The roof projects several feet and rests on magnificent columns, which cost $14,000 a piece, and there are thirty-four of these columns. The roof is covered with marble slabs four feet wide. The distance from the eaves to the comb of the roof is fifty-six feet. It is said that Girard in his will expressed a desire to have a plain and substantial building erected, gave a plan, and added, "let it be according to this plan or any other that good taste may suggest." The Philadelphians have availed themselves of the latitude given in the phrase "good taste," and have already expended one million eight hundred thousand dollars, and the building is not yet completed. They, however, justify themselves in this extravagant outlay in the following manner: They say that Girard knew that he would soon be forgotten unless he did something extraordinary, and that he wished a splendid edifice reared out of the most durable material, that his name might be handed down to posterity.

Fair Mount, with its large reservoir, was well worth seeing. The water is thrown up from the Schuylkill and thus the city is supplied with an indispensable article. Some other cities, no doubt, now have more attractive "water works" than Philadelphia, but at the time to which I refer Fair Mount reservoir was considered a great affair. It may perhaps admit of debate whether the Schuylkill in supplying the city with water is not of greater utility than the Delaware on which the shipping

rides so majestically. I do not enter into the discussion, but simply express the opinion that the Delaware might furnish better water, as it now does to Chester.

Laurel Hill Cemetery was the most beautiful repository of the dead I had then seen. It was a most enchanting place. The trees waved their branches, the grass carpeted the ground, the shrubbery was tastefully arranged, and everything was in perfect order. Along how many gravel walks we made our way I know not, for who in admiring the monuments could think of numbers? The specimens of sculpture are very fine, some of one form and some of another, exhibiting beautiful diversity. One monument I noticed with much interest. A fond husband and father had it erected in memory of his wife and seven children. There was on it a very impressive representation of an open rose and seven buds. Ah, how does that bereaved man feel when thinking of the rose and the buds!

I saw a column most elegantly finished and most naturally broken about six feet from the ground — an affecting symbol of the broken hopes of the parents who had there deposited the remains of a dear child. One tomb I saw and long did I gaze on it. The marble out of which it was constructed was beautiful, and on the slab was the exact image of a little boy—pale, emaciated, his eyes closed in death, his hair lying in graceful ringlets on his neck, and his head resting on a pillow. Nothing in the cemetery affected me so much as this. I began to

think how I should feel on seeing my own dear boy motionless in death. There is an inexpressible tenderness in a father's feelings when a thousand miles from his children.

I visited the monument erected to the memory of Charles Thompson, a prominent man in our Revolutionary struggle, Secretary to Congress, and Translator of the Old Testament from the Greek Septuagint into English. He was a native of Ireland. After his arrival in America he received many marks of kindness from Dr. Franklin.

But I must not enlarge on these objects of interest farther than to say that we visited the House of Refuge, and the Philadelphia Library, which contained a hundred and forty thousand volumes Doubtless it has been greatly enlarged since then, for "of making many books there is no end."

It was my full purpose to go to Washington, that I might for the first time see the capital city of the nation; but I was told that there would be great difficulty in getting a seat in the stage from there to Wheeling in less than two weeks. This was owing to the large number who, it was supposed, would be returning from the great Whig Convention in Baltimore. So I abandoned my purpose to visit Washington.

By the way, that Convention met May 1, 1844, and it was well known beforehand that Henry Clay, of Kentucky, would be nominated for the Presidency. No other man was thought of. The nomination was unanimous and enthusiastic. I found

that Mr. Clay was almost idolized in Philadelphia. His praises were heard in all parts of the city. I remember that in going into a bank to cash a check, the teller, learning that I was from Kentucky, said, "You are from his own State." He seemed to think that everybody would know who was meant Orators declaimed on Mr. Clay's greatness and his transcendent fitness for the Presidency and poets made songs. All of these songs were not perfect in poetic merit, and some of them were not much above doggerel. This made no difference. They were sung with the greatest zest and with enthusiastic vociferation. I cannot now call up a single one of those songs, but I well remember the refrain of one. It was this:

> "Get out of the way—you are all unlucky;
> Clear the track for old Kentucky."

These lines, in ordinary times, would hardly create even moderate excitement, but in 1844 they stirred the staid city of Philadelphia. Circumstances are often material things.

Having decided to return home without visiting Washington, I took leave of Bro. Burrows and his family. There was a railroad as far as Chambersburg, but from there the public way of travel was by stage and I had the most distressing ride of my life. There were nine inside passengers who had an accidental advantage over me; that is, their names were first on the list. I had of course to ride on the outside. Some of the inside passengers,

four of whom were preachers who had attended the Anniversaries, told me that they would exchange places with me from time to time, and that everything would be pleasant. One of them took my place soon after we left Chambersburg late in the afternoon, for he said he would like to have a good view of the scenery. The sun was shining then and everything looked beautiful ; but soon it began to rain and my friend called for his inside seat. I surrendered it and taking my seat by the driver, and owing, no doubt, to the almost continuous rain, I heard no more about an exchange of seats. We were forty-eight hours from Chambersburg to Pittsburg, and for a considerable part of the way I was wet to the skin. I became so tired and weary and sleepy that I was obliged to nod, and in the nodding process my hat fell off, but the driver was kind enough to stop and let me pick it up. I was roused up and kept my eyes open for a time, and I cannot forget that in the midst of a heavy rain the stage broke down. The driver said he would have to go a short distance to get the damage repaired, and asked if some passenger would stand before the horses till he returned. There was a man from Boston on the top of the stage who was protecting himself as well as he could. He generously offered his services on condition that some one would lend him an umbrella. There was only one umbrella not in use and that belonged to one of the preachers. I suppose he had bought it in Philadelphia ; but however that was, he refused to lend it, and gave

as his reason that "it had never been wet." This made the Boston passenger indignant and he said the horses might do what they pleased. I do not remember all his words, but some of them probably were not strictly evangelical. From that day to this I have regarded the refusal to lend the umbrella as the most striking proof of selfishness I ever saw. During our delay I went to some iron works not far away and tried to dry my wet clothes by a glowing fire. The damage being repaired we proceeded on our way, and after a little more than forty-eight hours, two days and two nights, we reached Pittsburg at 9 o'clock P. M. Friday, having left Chambersburg a little before sundown on Wednesday. I have no pleasant memories of that ride, and hope that no one, saint or sinner, will ever be subjected to the calamity of suffering as I suffered.

From Pittsburg I descended the Ohio on the steamer "Majestic" and at Wheeling many who had been to the Baltimore Convention came on board, full of patriotic zeal, and perfectly assured of Mr. Clay's election. Some talked eloquently of what his administration would be, and some sang Whig songs, not forgetting the lines quoted:

> "Get out of the way — you are all unlucky;
> Clear the track for old Kentucky."

I reached Louisville May 7th and visited the families of my friends, Halbert and Heth, who had married into the Willson family. On the 8th, in the afternoon, I left Louisville for Bowling

Green on the steamer General Warren, and found several acquaintances on board, among them Judge E. M. Ewing. The boat reached the mouth of Green River early on the 9th and passed through two locks during the day. These locks are incomparably better than any on the Pennsylvania Canal. Green River is a very fine stream, though not very straight. The distance from where Big Barren River empties into Green River to Bowling Green is not great. I therefore arrived at home on the 10th, after an absence of twenty-nine days. My family had just returned from Glasgow. There was no concert between us, for there was no certainty then as to the time of a boat's arrival, but we all reached home about the same hour — a very agreeable coincidence. We devoutly thanked God for his preserving goodness during our separation, and for our re-union amid favorable circumstances.

On a review of my journey I feel glad that I attended the Triennial Convention. It gave me an opportunity of seeing many men of whom I had often heard, but whom I had not seen. Among these were Spencer H. Cone, Francis Wayland, Daniel Sharp, William R. Williams, Bartholomew T. Welch, Richard Fuller, George B. Ide, Jeremiah B. Jeter, J. B. Taylor, William Hague, Rufus Babcock, William W. Everts, Adiel Sherwood, Daniel Dodge, Nathaniel Colver and many others. Concerning a few only of these I record my opinion: I think Dr. Wayland was the most profound man among them. I had studied his "Moral Science"

with no little interest and felt a great veneration for him. He had a wonderful power of analysis, and could easily show the component parts of a subject. When introduced to him I inquired concerning his health: He replied, "I am as stiff as a cow," and I thought if the President of Brown University knows about cows I need not be afraid of him.

Dr. Williams was no doubt the most learned man I saw. He was a student from his boyhood, and being lame he could not play at school, and spent "playtime" in reading. This may have had something to do with his life-long love of books. He was the most diffident man I have ever seen. I heard him make a speech and it was some minutes before he could raise his eyes and look at his hearers, who were eager to catch every word that fell from his lips. His sentences were beautiful rhetoric, but at times somewhat artificial. I think this may be seen, too, in his books. His style is by no means so clear and forcible as Dr. Wayland's. Other persons may not think so.

I have already referred to Dr. Fuller as eloquent. He easily bore away the palm of pulpit oratory in his best days. He was well versed in logic and at home in rhetoric, apt in illustration and pathetic in appeal. His person was commanding, his voice charming, his elocution impressive, his gesticulation natural. It was in the year 1845 that he and Dr. Wayland had their written discussion on slavery. Published at first in the *Reflector* of Boston, it was afterward published in book form, and everybody

ought to read it to see with what dignity a discussion can be conducted, and how men can differ and still respect each other.

Alas, of the brethren I have named not one of them is now in the land of the living. They have all fallen under the stroke of death. They had their trials and sorrows while here, but they are free from them now. They had their struggles with temptation and sin, but they have gone where temptation does not assail, and where there is no sin.

> "Part of the host have crossed the flood,
> And part are crossing now."

Of all the distinguished brethren I met in 1844, I know of no one now alive except Dr. Robert Ryland, of Lexington, Kentucky — venerated and beloved by all who enjoy his acquaintance. His hoary head is a crown of glory.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Polk's Election — Texas Annexed — War with Mexico — Treaty of Peace — The Question of Emancipation in Kentucky — John L. Waller — Western Baptist Review.

The general impression had been that Mr. Clay would be elected President. So confident was Judge Ewing that he thought it doubtful whether Mr. Polk would receive the electoral vote of a single State in the Union. He did not carry his own State of Tennessee, but he was elected, to the astonishment of the nation and of the civilized world. Mr. Clay had had Presidential aspirations from 1824, when he, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, and William H. Crawford were candidates. There never was a time when he could have been elected except in 1840, when William Henry Harrison was the successful Whig candidate. Mr. Polk was a man of respectable talents, had been a member of Congress for some years, was Speaker of the House of Representatives, but was not to be compared, in ability, with Mr. Clay. He, however, received a majority of the electoral, and also of the popular vote.

It is the impression of many, even to this day, that as the result of Mr. Polk's election, Texas was

annexed to the United States. This is a mistake, for the annexation took place just before the expiration of Mr. Tyler's term of office. Mr. Tyler became President on the death of General Harrison. In the latter part of his administration he made Mr. Calhoun Secretary of State, and thus he had a very able man to engineer the annexation of Texas. This was done not by treaty, but by a joint resolution of both Houses of Congress. It could not be expected that Mexico would quietly submit to this, and soon were heard rumors of war. Whigs and Democrats differed very widely as to the origin and even the righteousness of the war. Whigs considered the river Nueces the boundary between the United States and Mexico, while Democrats made the Rio Grande the dividing line. Mr. Polk ordered General Taylor, with the army under his command, to the Rio Grande, and there was not found a Texas family between this river and the Nueces. This fact is stated by General Grant in his "Personal Memoirs," and he was with General Taylor. The Whigs therefore believed that Mr. Polk was quite unreasonable in assuming that the territory of the United States extended to the Rio Grande. While General Taylor's troops were opposite Matamoras a few Mexicans crossed the river and in a little skirmish a little blood was shed. This was enough for Mr. Polk and he issued a proclamation in which he declared, "American blood has been shed on American soil." This statement was believed by Democrats and earnestly denied by Whigs. Hon. J. J. Crit-

tenden applied to it the plain Anglo-Saxon term "lie," for he did not believe that there was any "American soil" between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. War with its attendant horrors came, and I think now, as I thought then, that the two political parties exemplified the two kinds of insanity, mental and moral. That is to say, Democrats were *mentally* insane in believing that the territory between the two rivers belonged to the United States, and Whigs were *morally* insane in voting for and urging the prosecution of a war which they pronounced unjust. While Whig members of Congress, with Democrats, voted supplies for carrying on the war, such men as Cassius M. Clay, Thomas F. Marshall, Henry Clay, Jr., and many others, belonging to the Whig party, volunteered their services and made their way to Mexico. General Taylor was of course ordered to cross the Rio Grande and to engage the Mexican forces. He was very successful in his battles, became the idol of the army and very popular in the United States, so that he was in a short time heir *apparent*, and afterward *real* heir to the Presidency. Mr. Polk was annoyed for fear the glory of the war would not inure to the Democratic party, and for a time he was anxious to put Col. Thomas H. Benton in command of the army; but this could not well be done. General Scott was first in military authority and was ordered to Mexico. He sailed for Vera Cruz, bombarded and captured the place, and then proceeded without very much fighting to the city of Mexico. By this time it was

known that the army of the United States was victorious and Gen. Scott rode on a high horse into the capital city of the enemy with all the pomp and display of which he was childishly found.

In due time a treaty was made in which the Rio Grande was named as the boundary line (although Democrats said it was the line before) and New Mexico and California were ceded to the United States.

The consequences resulting from the treaty were unexpected and far-reaching. The purpose of Mr. Polk and his party was that the territory ceded should enlarge the area of slavery; but in this they were disappointed. When the matter came before Congress for discussion and decision, California was admitted into the Union as a *free* State, and there was a failure to establish *slavery* in New Mexico. The discussion was earnest and even vehement. Mr. Jefferson Davis in the Senate insisted that there should be a recognition of slavery in New Mexico; but Mr. Clay said that no earthly power could make him vote to send slavery where it was not. Mr. Webster argued in his celebrated speech of March 7, 1850, that it would be needlessly offensive to the South to declare New Mexico free, because God in the physical conformation of the territory had virtually made slavery impossible, and that no action of Congress was called for. For this speech Mr. Webster was denounced by many of his former friends, but at this day we can see he was patriotic and wise. The oil of vitriol so copiously poured on

his head was out of place and posterity will do him justice.

General Taylor was at this time President, having been elected in 1848, but he died July 9, 1850, leaving Mr. Fillmore to take his place.

One of the results of the treaty with Mexico was the discovery of gold in California, and this affected the condition of things not only in the United States but throughout the world. Many persons went in hot haste to California in pursuit of gold, the city of San Francisco was built up, and railroads reaching the shores of the Pacific have been constructed. There has been a Divine providence in all this which reminds us that God can bring good out of evil. A war, unjustifiable on the part of the United States, has resulted in many beneficial consequences. We need not now speculate as to what the state of things would have been if California had not been admitted into the Union.

The year 1849 was an important year in Kentucky. A new Constitution was to be formed, and the friends of Emancipation hoped that some provision might be inserted in it for the gradual abolition of slavery in the State. Mr. Clay wrote an able letter on the subject which was extensively circulated. The plan he advocated was that all slaves born in the State after a certain time should be free at certain ages — males at twenty-eight years and females at twenty-one. I was not satisfied with these numbers, for, in my judgment, they deferred the period of freedom too long. Having business in upper

Kentucky in the Summer of 1848, I visited Mr. Clay and conversed with him on the subject. He insisted that without a large concession to the pro-slavery feeling of the State nothing could be done, and he was right in this view. Indeed, it was afterward seen that no concession would have been satisfactory to the advocates of slavery. During the canvass for Delegates to the Constitutional Convention in 1849, the Emancipation party thought it wise to vote for men in favor of what was significantly called the "open clause." By this it was meant that if the Convention failed to adopt any measure of Emancipation, the adoption of the "open clause" would enable the Legislature at any time to submit the question to the people, untrammelled by any other question.

I was deeply interested in the subject of Emancipation, for all the pulsations of my heart beat in favor of civil liberty. There was an Emancipation paper, called *The Examiner*, published in Louisville, and I wrote for it more than twenty articles signed "A Southern Emancipationist." I incurred the ill will of many, and an old friend said to me, "I do not see how an honest man can be in favor of Emancipation." I bore it quietly. It may surely be said that some of the ablest men in the State were on the side of Emancipation, such men as Henry Clay, President Young of Center College, Dr. Malcom of Georgetown College, Drs. R. J. and W. L. Breckinridge, Dr. E. P. Humphrey, Dr. Stuart Robinson, Judges Nicholas, Tompkins, Underwood,

Graham, and many others. But the influence of these strong men was unavailing. The pro-slavery party was triumphant at the election of delegates by a very large majority. My spirit sank within me and I saw no hope for the African race in Kentucky, or anywhere else without the interposition of some Providential judgment. The thought did not enter into my mind that a terrible civil war would secure liberty to every slave in the United States. That God brought slavery to an end I shall attempt to show in another place.

It was in the Summer of 1849 that I resigned the care of the church in Bowling Green. I thought it best to do, as I supposed that my views of Emancipation were not acceptable to some of the members. The church, however, was unwilling to receive the resignation, requested me to remain pastor, and I did so remain till the end of the year. Persons at this day cannot easily imagine how strong the pro-slavery feeling was in Kentucky before and at the election of Delegates to the Constitutional Convention. When it was known that Dr. Malcom had voted the Emancipation ticket, some of the Trustees of the College gave him to understand that his resignation of the Presidency would be acceptable. He did resign and went East. There was some discussion in the papers concerning the resignation and I think the Trustees regretted the treatment Dr. Malcom received. I defended him in some newspaper articles, and it is a satisfaction to me now that years after he said to me, "You are the man

who defended me in Kentucky." I think I may say that I have always had a propensity to defend my friends when unjustly assailed.

After the result of the election was known those opposed to Emancipation, being in an overwhelming majority, felt that they could afford to be courteous and magnanimous toward their opponents. I attended the General Association in October of that year, at Lexington, and was treated with great kindness. It was arranged, too, for me to attend the ordination of Rev. J. W. Warder at Frankfort in November, and preach the sermon. I saw clearly that there was no intention to ostracize me. Most of the men of that time have passed away. I am left to pen these lines.

I have failed to say, in the proper place, that in the year 1845, Rev. John L. Waller, editor of *The Baptist Banner*, began the publication of the *Western Baptist Review*, a monthly magazine. It was published at Frankfort, Ky. I had written occasional articles for the *Banner* for some years, and Mr. Waller was pleased to ask me to become a contributor to his *Review*. I did so, and find from an examination of the four volumes before me that if I did not have the pen of a ready writer I had a pen that was often in use. My articles are rather numerous, and I may say that in writing for the *Review* I learned to write with greater care than I had exercised in writing transient pieces for newspapers. I found this an advantage, by way of concentrating my attention on a subject, and I have

tried to write carefully ever since. I may have carried this thing to a greater length than most writers, for I have written nothing a second time. All my books have been written *once* and then printed. It is impossible to write with requisite care if a writer knows that he is going to re-write his manuscript, or make any important interlineations in it. Some of my descendants may profit by these views after I am gone.

Mr. Waller was probably the ablest writer among the Baptists of Kentucky. He wielded a vigorous pen, and on the chain of his logic he often hung festoons of beautiful rhetoric. Many of his productions in this *Review* exhibit transcendent power and, though written more than forty years ago, may be read with profit now. There are, however, but few copies of the *Review* in existence. Mr. Waller did not preach very much, but his sermons were very instructive. There was one, easily first of all his discourses. Its title is, "The Bible Adapted to the Spiritual Wants of the World," and it was preached before the Kentucky and Foreign Bible Society, Danville, October 16, 1846. It is published in the second volume of the *Review*, and is Mr. Waller's masterpiece as a sermon.

As a debater Mr. Waller was quite celebrated. He had a discussion, afterward published, with Mr. Pingree on Universalism, and with several Pedobaptists on Baptism. Among these was Rev. N. L. Rice, and when these two champions came together they were foemen worthy of each other's steel. I

have heard that Dr. Rice pronounced Waller abler than Alexander Campbell on the baptismal question.

Mr. Waller did in 1849 what I and many of his friends regretted. He became a candidate, in Woodford County, for a seat in the Constitutional Convention and he was elected over the brilliant Thomas F. Marshall. I am sorry to say that the pro-slavery element decided the election. Mr. Waller made a pro-slavery speech in the Convention which I reviewed, anonymously, in the *Louisville Courier*. Our friendly relations were not disturbed.

Mr. Waller was a strong advocate of the revision of the Bible, and it was through his influence that I was appointed to deliver an address before the American Bible Union, in New York, in October, 1854. Having performed the duty, I returned by way of Niagara, and on reaching Louisville I learned that Waller was dead. He died October 10, 1854, and the funeral sermon was preached by Dr. W. W. Everts. There is no protection from the grave.

CHAPTER XI.

MEETING AT GREEN RIVER CHURCH, OHIO COUNTY — REMOVAL TO RUSSELLVILLE — BIRTH OF OUR THIRD DAUGHTER — RETURN TO BOWLING GREEN — REVIVAL UNDER THE PREACHING OF J. R. GRAVES — BIRTH AND MARRIAGE OF OUR SECOND SON.

My pastorate at Bowling Green ended for a time with the end of the year 1849. I had promised my friend Rev. Alfred Taylor to aid him, as soon as I could, in a meeting with his church at Green River, Ohio County. I therefore complied with my promise early in January, 1850. Brother Taylor and I had been for many years on terms of intimate friendship. I regarded him one of the best men I ever knew. He was a sound evangelical preacher and great success attended his ministry. It is said that he baptized more young men who became preachers than any other minister in Kentucky.

In the meeting referred to I was required to do the preaching, and in three weeks I preached twenty-one sermons. The Lord was pleased to grant His blessing. The church was revived and sinners were converted. I do not remember how many were baptized, but the number was considerable.

After the meeting was over Brother Taylor told me of a compliment paid me by a plain farmer,

which I have prized more than anything of the kind ever said about me. Men of learning and distinction have sometimes said favorable things concerning my preaching; but I have appreciated nothing so much as the remark of the farmer. He said, "Any one who cannot understand that preaching will not be held accountable at the judgment." However this may be, every preacher should make it a point to preach plainly as well as earnestly, faithfully and lovingly.

I cannot say certainly whether I ever saw Brother Taylor after this meeting. He died October 9, 1855, leaving three sons in the ministry. Happy man, to go up to heaven with three lineal and spiritual representatives to plead the cause of Christ on earth!

After the meeting at Green River Church I visited different parts of the State, but was thinking all the while about removing North of the Ohio River. Having this matter under consideration, friends at Russellville requested me to make no engagement, and in due time I was called to the pastorate there. I accepted the call and was settled the latter part of July. While at Russellville, that is to say, on the 25th of August, our third daughter, whose name is Lila, was born. She was a delicate child from her birth and for some years was a great sufferer, so that she could not enjoy the pleasures of other children. In consequence of the calamities of the war we could not send her to college, as we had done with our other daughters. She was therefore

taught at home. She made very respectable proficiency in English under the instruction of her mother, while an older sister gave her lessons in French, and I took her through the Latin course.

In the year 1868 she professed conversion and was baptized at Upland, Pennsylvania. By mingling in the best society she has overcome the disadvantages of her childhood and youth, and acts well her part in any circle in which she is called to move. On the 9th of November, 1876, she was united in marriage with Mr. Benjamin F. Procter, of Bowling Green, a prominent lawyer, who has been very successful in his profession. They are congenial spirits and enjoy as much domestic happiness as falls to the lot of mortals. Mr. Procter has served for several years as Superintendent of the Sunday-school of the First Baptist Church in Bowling Green, and Lila has been a zealous teacher. A Presbyterian preacher has pronounced her the best teacher he ever saw.

My sojourn at Russellville was pleasant, so far as the church and congregation were concerned, but the "parsonage" was not at all comfortable, and we were anxious to get some other house, but could not. It was while I was at Russellville that the Bethel Association decided on the establishment of a High School, which some years after became Bethel College. No one at the time thought of a college, and there are many now who think Georgetown the only Collegiate Institution needed by the Baptists of Kentucky. But Bethel has done, and

is still doing a good work, and it is useless to talk, as some do, about transferring its endowment to Georgetown. This will not be done.

All the time I was in Russellville the Church at Bowling Green was without a pastor, and my house there was not rented. In thinking of the discomforts of the "parsonage" we naturally thought of the comforts of our home and wished to be in it again. While occupied with these thoughts, I was invited to resume my former place in Bowling Green, and accepted the invitation.

Everything went on in the ordinary style till February, 1852, when Rev. J. R. Graves, of Nashville, held a meeting with us. The prospect was, at first, by no means bright. The truth is, the church was not far from a state of Laodicean lukewarmness. Brother Graves at once saw this, and his sermons for the first week of the meeting, were addressed exclusively to the church. He said he "could not preach to impenitent sinners over a dead church." Brethren and sisters were awakened from their spiritual apathy, and the spirit of prayer took possession of them. They called mightily on God, confessed their backslidings, and sought a restoration of the joy of Salvation. When this joy was restored, and not till then, they were prepared to labor for the salvation of sinners. This is in perfect accordance with the language of David: "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free Spirit. Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways and sinners shall be con-

verted unto Thee." (Psalm li: 12, 13.) Brother Graves well understood the true philosophy of a revival of religion. By the time saints were revived, sinners were awakened and began to inquire, "What must we do to be saved?" There was a sense of guilt and danger. Inquirers felt that sin had proved their ruin, that they were justly condemned, that they could not save themselves, and that, if saved, it must be by the grace of God. The way of salvation through Christ was presented and one anxious soul after another saw it and rejoiced in it. The seats of inquirers, vacated by happy converts, were filled again and again by anxious souls. Thus the meeting went on from day to day and from week to week until about seventy-five persons, young and old, were baptized and added to the church. Truly it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Our old meeting-house was not large, but the members of the church now filled all the seats at the Lord's Supper, and we began to plan for a new house of worship. It was not long before a lot was bought on Main Street at what now appears a marvelously cheap price (seven dollars a foot) and a building was erected, into which we entered in 1854. This house is still occupied.

I may say of Brother Graves that no man ever conducted a meeting more judiciously. His sermons were able and instructive, his exhortations were powerful, and his advice to inquirers and young converts just what it should be. There was

considerable excitement among Pedobaptists on the subject of Baptism and several sermons were afterward preached by Methodist and Presbyterian ministers. Before the excitement subsided I was called on to preach a dedication sermon at Liberty Church, Logan County, and I gave my reasons for being a Baptist. These were afterward expanded into a little book styled "Three Reasons Why I Am a Baptist." This book was published in 1853 and was my first attempt at authorship. It had a good circulation, and I subsequently sold the copyright and stereotype plates to Graves, Marks & Co., of Nashville. After twenty-eight years, when the copyright had fully expired, I revised and enlarged the book, and it was published in the year 1882 by the American Baptist Publication Society, with the title, "Distinctive Principles of Baptists." I wish my descendants and others to consider this volume as my testimony in favor of Baptist Principles.

From the time of the meeting above referred to, I became a regular contributor to the *Tennessee Baptist*, a weekly sheet published in Nashville, J. R. Graves, editor. I wrote on various subjects and was requested to write several articles on this question: "Ought Baptists to Recognize Pedobaptist Preachers as Gospel Ministers?" I answered in the negative, and wrote four articles which were afterward published in pamphlet form under the title, "An Old Landmark Re-set." Bro. Graves furnished the title, for he said the "Old Landmark" once stood, but had fallen, and needed to be

"re-set." So much for the name. This tract had a wide circulation, for the copy now before me has on the title page the words, "Fortieth Thousand." The position I had taken was most earnestly controverted by a large number of brethren. Drs. Waller, Burrows, Lynd, Everts, and Prof. Farnam, among Baptists, took part in the discussion, and Drs. Cossitt and Hill, who were Presbyterians. I replied to them all in an Appendix to the "Landmark," and after more than thirty years have passed away, I still think that I refuted their arguments. I do not wonder therefore, that Dr. N. M. Crawford, of Georgia, said that I had never been answered. The "Old Landmark" has been out of print for many years and it would be very difficult to obtain a copy, but the discussions connected with it have modified the views of many Baptists in the South, and of some in the North.

The controversy was and is a strange one: In one sense, all Roman Catholics and all Protestant Pedobaptists are on the side of the "Landmark." That is to say, they believe, and their practice of infant baptism compels the belief, that baptism must precede the regular preaching of the gospel. This is just what Landmark Baptists say, and they say, in addition, that immersion alone is baptism, indispensable to entrance into a gospel church, and that from such a church must emanate authority, under God, to preach the gospel. All this is implied in the immemorial custom, among Baptist churches, of licensing and ordaining men to preach. But I will

not enlarge: I have said this that my children and grandchildren may know what the "Old Landmark" was, and why I wrote it. Baptists can never protest effectually against the errors of Pedobaptists while the preachers of the latter are recognized as gospel ministers. This to me is very plain.

The birth of our second son, the last birth in our family, occurrred on the 24th of May, 1855. We called him Garnett that he might preserve the maiden name of his mother. He was a healthy, good child and soon became a favorite in the family. We of course took him with us when we removed to Tennessee in 1857, and to Ohio in 1862, and to Pennsylvania in 1865. An account of these removals will be given in future chapters. Garnett, like our other children, was taught by his mother for several years, and then went for a time to the academy of Mr. Aaron, at Mt. Holly, New Jersey. This was with a view to his preparation for college, but he was very imperfectly prepared. Before he left home, at a time of some religious interest, he made profession of his faith in Christ and was baptized with his sister Lila the 12th of January, 1868. They both went down into the water together and it was a happy time for their father. It has so happened that I have baptized all my children and married them all, except the one who died unmarried.

My exalted opinion of President M. B. Anderson decided me to send my son to the University of Rochester, New York. He was there four years, and though he did not take the "first honor," so-

called, he had a respectable standing in the graduating class of 1875. On his return home, he became a student of law in the office of E. Coppee Mitchell, of Philadelphia. Here he remained three years, attending, in the meantime, the Lectures in the Law School of Pennsylvania University and graduating at the expiration of that period. His purpose, at first, was to open an office in Philadelphia; but on due reflection he decided to settle in Chester, Pennsylvania, where he now lives (1891) and has a respectable practice. There is no lawyer of his age who prepares his cases more laboriously and exhaustively, and there is no one who has a better faculty of analysis, or can make a stronger logical argument.

Garnett was married in the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia, December 30, 1879, to Miss Helena Ward, daughter of Rev. William Ward, D. D., Missionary to Assam. She was born on the Island of St. Helena, and hence her name. One bright child, Emma, now six years old, whom her blind grandmother has taught to read, is the fruit of this marriage. Where the great Napoleon found a prison, and Mrs. Sarah B. Judson a grave, Helena first saw the light. Years afterward she saw in Philadelphia the light of salvation and was baptized by Rev. Mr. Rees, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church.

There is nothing pertaining to Garnett that gratifies his parents more than the fact that he is a useful member of the Upland Baptist Church and the

teacher of a Bible class of about seventy grown persons. He is highly appreciated as an expositor of the Sunday-school lessons. May there be long years of Christian usefulness before him! It will probably devolve on him to write at the end of these Reminiscences the date of the death of their author.

CHAPTER XII.

REMOVED TO MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE — UNION UNIVERSITY—THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT—PRESIDENT EATON AND WIFE — TENNESSEE BAPTIST AND SOUTHERN BAPTIST REVIEW — CHARGE OF ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENTS BROUGHT AGAINST ME—A LITTLE DISCUSSION WITH ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

On the first day of January, 1857, I left Bowling Green and removed to Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Nothing had been more unexpected by me. The explanation of the matter is this: The Trustees of Union University decided to establish a Theological Department in the Institution, and, to my amazement, they appointed me professor. When informed of the fact I promptly declined the appointment and told the Trustees that I was utterly incompetent, having never been to a theological school, and knowing nothing of theology except what I had learned from the Bible. I thought this would end the negotiation, but the Trustees said they wanted a man who had learned his theology from the Bible. I then replied that preaching the gospel was my business and that I could not give it up for any thing in the world. I supposed that this would settle

the matter, but the Trustees were ready to meet this state of the case. They said that the Baptist church in Murfreesboro was without a pastor, and that I would be chosen to the pastorate, so that I could preach every Sunday and teach theology during the week. They argued that in this way my usefulness would be increased, and this consideration alone induced the acceptance of the professorship offered me. I thought it my duty to God to place myself in a position promising greater usefulness. I therefore, with a sad heart, resigned my pastorate at Bowling Green, and, in broken accents, preached my last sermon, which was heard by many whose eyes were filled with tears. It was a day of sorrow.

It is proper to say that, at that time, the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary had not been established, and it was thought wise to have theological instruction in colleges. Thorough teaching was, of course, out of the question, and the plan was for instruction in theology to be interspersed with literary pursuits through the collegiate course. This was the best that could then be done, but the work of the Seminary now supersedes this arrangement.

While connected with Union University I had, first and last, between forty and fifty ministerial students under my instruction. The different classes could not be so arranged as to give me more than an hour a day for my class in theology ; and it was not long before other classes were given me, so that I had to teach five hours a day. Marvellous to say, I had to teach many things of which I knew abso-

lutely nothing, except what I had learned myself without the aid of any one. I had therefore to go ahead of the classes, and it is a wonder to me to this day how I was able to conceal my ignorance so as to avoid the ignominy of its exposure. In the Theological Department, the text-books I used were Horne's Introduction, Ripley's Sacred Rhetoric, Dagg's and Dick's Theology. One brother, rather more candidly than encouragingly said that the department was a "one-horse concern." Even so; but the students had to learn what they could from one teacher, as they could not go to a regular theological seminary. The greatest improvement I saw in the young preachers was in the art of sermonizing. They studied Ripley to great advantage, and listened attentively to my extemporaneous explanations. I trust they received some benefit, and some of them became useful.

Dr. Joseph H. Eaton was President of the University. He was a man of intellectual power and broad scholarship, not inferior, as I think, to his brother George W., who died President of Madison, now Colgate University. Dr. Joseph H. was a very laborious teacher, enthusiastic in his work, and almost compelled by the cares of the Presidency to do overwork. When I first knew him he was a fine specimen of manly beauty, and his sermons and addresses were replete with vigor and eloquence. But his noble physical frame succumbed to disease and he died in the prime of his life, January 1859, leaving a bereaved University, a bereaved church,

and a more bereaved family. It devolved on me to preach the funeral sermon and the text was, "Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit." (Acts vii: 59). The general feeling was, "A great man has fallen in Israel." Mrs. Eaton, left to feel the desolateness of widowhood, was a remarkable woman, equal in intellectual and spiritual qualities to her husband. She spent many years of her life in teaching, and left her impress on the minds of many young ladies. She lived a widow more than twenty-five years and died in Louisville in 1886. I preached her funeral sermon also, from Rev. xiv: 13: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," etc. Two children survive, Rev. T. T. Eaton, D.D., and Mrs. J. E. Peck, who are worthy representatives of their parents, and who are occupying positions of usefulness.

After President Eaton's death the faculty consisted of Professors George W. Jarman, Paul W. Dodson, and A. S. Worrell, with all of whom my relations were specially pleasant. For two years I acted as Chairman of the faculty and therefore presided on commencement occasions, and handed to the graduates their diplomas in testimony of their scholarship.

Rev. J. R. Graves had long been editor of the *Tennessee Baptist*, published at Nashville, and in 1858, Rev. A. C. Dayton and I became joint editors with him. Dr. Dayton (not a D.D. but an M.D.) is best known as the author of "Theodosia Ernest," a book of great celebrity, having had a wide circu-

lation, and which was written, as I know, to show that there is, in the republic of letters, a realm which sanctified fiction should claim as its own.

My becoming editor did not impose on me the necessity of writing more than I had done; for I had been for several years engaged to supply two columns a week for the paper, and was one of the editors of the *Southern Baptist Review* for the six years of its existence, immediately preceding the war. It may be inferred that mine was not an idle life in Tennessee. My body would probably have sunk under the mental strain if I had not taken active exercise on my little farm. I often plowed by way of recreation in the afternoon, and did other work which needed to be done. Usually I finished my editorials by nine o'clock Saturday night. I did too much for any mortal man to do. I advise no one to copy my example except in part.

While engaged in performing these onerous duties, I was charged with being an "Abolitionist." The charge, so far as I know, was first made by Dr. Dawson, then editor of the Alabama Baptist paper. In justice to him it is proper to say that he had, as he stated it, no feeling against me "*personally*;" but he declared boldly that no man of my anti-slavery views ought to belong to the faculty of any Southern college. I suppose he made no distinction between an "Abolitionist" and an "Emancipationist." The latter was in favor of doing away with slavery *gradually*, according to State Constitution and law; the former believed slavery to be a

sin *in itself*, calling for immediate abolition without regard to consequences. I was an Emancipationist, as I have said, in Kentucky in 1849; but I was never for a moment an Abolitionist. The application of this term to a man was, at the time referred to, the most effectual way of creating hostility to him. I suppose one fact intensified the hostility in my case. In 1859 John Brown made his raid into Virginia, and, as Greeley says in his "American Conflict," "The fifteen slave States were convulsed with fear, rage, and hate." The excitement in Tennessee was great and, farther South, still greater. Then it was that articles which I had published in Kentucky in 1849, in connection with the Emancipation movement there, were republished in a Nashville paper to excite prejudice against me, with a view to my dismissal from the faculty of the University. The thing was as cruel as the grave, and I did not know till the war was over who furnished the articles for publication. Then I learned that they were furnished by a brother who had delivered a course of lectures to our theological students, and whose traveling expenses had been paid in part by me. This was the poetry of the case. He was, in spite of his strong pro-slavery feeling, a good man, a just man, and his recent death has no doubt released him from all earthly imperfections and introduced him into the blest region where "the spirits of just men are made perfect."

The Trustees did not dismiss me. As an honora-

ble man I told them that if my views of slavery were unsatisfactory to them, and they thought my influence was injuring the University, they could have my resignation at any time, and that there was no earthly power that could compel me to remain in my position. The Trustees did not wish me to offer my resignation, and I did not. I therefore continued in my place till the Institution suspended in April, 1861.

It was while I was in Murfreesboro, that is, in my forty-ninth year, that I began to feel the need of spectacles. I first detected my failure of sight by my inability to see the figures opposite to the first lines of hymns in the Psalmist, which book we then used. I wondered why figures could not be as plain as letters, not thinking that there was anything the matter with my eyes. From my forty-ninth year till now (1891) it has not been necessary to change my eye-glasses. This, I suppose, is something unusual, and my children may be interested in knowing it. They need not be told that I have used my eyes by day and by night.

It was during my residence in Tennessee that I had a little discussion with Alexander Campbell. He was a celebrated man and quite adroit in controversy. I wrote an article for the *Tennessee Baptist*, in which I argued the priority of repentance to faith. Mr. Campbell published a long reply in his *Millennial Harbinger*. To my astonishment, he treated me with marked respect, a thing he did not always do with his opponents. He insisted that

faith must precede repentance. In proof of my position I quoted such Scriptures as these: "Repent and believe the gospel," "Testifying repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." (Mark i: 15; Acts xx: 22.) Mr. Campbell said that the mention of repentance *first* was a matter of no significance. I insisted that in explaining Scripture it is often indispensable to take things first that come first. In proof of this I quoted I Timothy v: 14, "I will therefore that the younger widows marry, bear children," etc. The point I made was of course that younger widows should marry before bearing children. There was, there could be no reply to this.

Mr. Campbell was a great man, had a high reputation for scholarship, but this reputation was somewhat impaired by his Revision of the Acts of the Apostles for the American Bible Union.

Having referred to Mr. Campbell, I will now quote a long sentence from him in his written controversy with a "Clergyman," as published in the *Harbinger*. Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, was no doubt the "Clergyman." The Bishop contended that the validity of gospel ordinances depends on their administration by men Episcopally ordained. Mr. Campbell in reply used these words, which made such an impression on my memory that I have not forgotten them in thirty years. I quote them that my children may have an unsophisticated laugh. The long sentence is as follows:

"If my salvation depended on a pure administra-

tion of baptism, I would rather have a pure, godly man to immerse me, on whose head the hands of Romish or British prelate were never laid, than to be baptized by any Bishop under these heavens, whose sacerdotal blood has run through ecclesiastic scoundrels ever since the flood which the fiery dragon issued out of his unsanctified mouth to drown the apostolic church in its early youth."

A premium may well be offered for any sentence equal in all respects to this.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CIVIL WAR — THE STATES' RIGHTS DOCTRINE — THE POSITION OF THE UNITED STATES — THE OVERTHROW OF SLAVERY GOD'S WORK — SLAVERY IN KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE.

The election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860 was the occasion of the secession of most of the Southern States from the Union. They did not wait to see how he would fill his high office, but with impatient haste decided that he should not preside over them. The Southern Confederacy was organized at Montgomery, Alabama, in February, 1861, and adopted measures to maintain its separate existence. The Confederacy wished to do this without war and asked to "be let alone;" but this was impossible, especially after Fort Sumpter was fired on. The sound of the first gun was heard in every part of the nation, for it reached every nook and corner of the land. The people were roused as never before since the Revolutionary uprising. Some, even in the North, were willing for the "wayward sisters," as they were called, to "go in peace;" but the great majority of the nation were zealous for the integrity of the Union. It is proper to refer to the differences of opinion which were antagonistic, hostile, and implacable. In the South the doctrine of "States' Rights" was espoused and

earnestly advocated. All that vigorous logic and fiery rhetoric could do was done. It was urged, in accordance with the "States' Rights" view, that a State could, at its option, withdraw from the Union. The celebrated Resolutions of 1798–99, adopted by Virginia and Kentucky, were appealed to in support of this view. It is the part of candor to admit that these Resolutions embody a theoretical justification of secession, though in the history of the Government they had received no practical indorsement. Many Southern Democrats had been for years in favor of them, but no National Convention of the party declared its adherence to them till 1856, when Mr. Buchanan was nominated for the Presidency. After that it was natural for Democrats of the South to believe that, in case of their secession from the Union, they would be justified by the entire party. Had this turned out to be so, the result of the secession movement would probably have been very different; but Northern Democrats failed to act in concert with their brethren of the South. Indeed, many of them were not only on the side of the Union, but fought under the "star-spangled banner."

The Resolutions referred to declare that when there is a difference of judgment between a State and the United States the State may decide for itself as to its course of action. On this point my friends Dayton and Graves differed from me most materially. They believed the Government of the United States was oppressive and tyrannical, and their conclusion

was that the Southern States should secede from it. The argument of Dr. Dayton amazed, and would have amused me, if the times had not been too serious for amusement. He insisted that as the "people" made the Constitution of the United States, they could alter or abolish it. This is doubtless true of the whole people; but Dr. Dayton said, *therefore* the people of Tennessee have the right to revoke their allegiance to the Government of the United States. I need not say that neither logic nor common sense authorizes the use of the particle *therefore* in such a connection.

My friend Graves visited me and spent hours in trying to persuade me to declare myself in favor of the Confederacy. He thought my influence and usefulness would be greatly increased if I would do so, and would be ruined if I did not. I told him that if the Confederacy established itself I would either obey its laws or remove from its jurisdiction. This was not satisfactory, and after saying many things he asked me if I could not say that I preferred the Confederate Government to that of the United States? My answer was, "I can't lie." This closed our interview.

I make all allowances for the anxiety of Graves, Dayton, and others on my account; for they honestly believed that the Confederacy would be a success, and that I would occupy the place of a "Tory" of the Revolution. The only question with me was, "What is right?" Having settled this question in favor of the United States, I took

my stand, and there were very few who stood with me. Those were dark days. Tennessee, in the year 1860, was largely on the side of the Union, but the next year espoused the Confederacy.

I had no difficulty in deciding my allegiance to the United States superior to any allegiance that could be due to a State. It was only necessary for me to read in the Constitution of the United States the second section of Article VI: "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

This is what the Constitution says of itself, and it is absurd for any State government to assume an attitude hostile to "the supreme law of the land." This the Confederate States did and vainly attempted to justify themselves. There were individuals in the South who, denying the right of secession, claimed what they called "the right of Revolution." I think Hon. John Bell belonged to this class. That he was wrong I have no doubt.

Against the right of Revolution, when the masses of the people are oppressed under monarchical and aristocratic forms of government, I have nothing to say. I recognize sovereignty as inherent in the people and revolution is sometimes the only way in which down-trodden humanity can throw off its

burdens. But I deny that the right of revolution can exist under a Republican form of government. This view, so far as I know, is original with me. In a Republican government the majority must rule. This is its foundation principle. Very well. Then if the majority wish to make any change in the method of government, they can do so peaceably, and without the violence which the term revolution implies. The right of revolution, then, does not belong to the majority, and if it did it would be superfluous, for the reason indicated, to exercise it. But can the right belong to the minority? Not unless the minority has the right to govern, which is absurd. Contemplate, then, the right of revolution in connection with either a majority or a minority in a Republican government, and it has no existence; for the people have adopted their form of government and can change it, if they please, without any revolutionary violence. The matter seems too plain to need elaboration.

Believing the Confederacy, whether regarded as secession or revolution, had no right to exist, I had no sympathy with it, and heartily wished its overthrow by the Army and Navy of the United States. I am no advocate of war, but I say this, that with the exception of wars waged by command of God, of which we are told in the Old Testament, history contains no account of any war more justifiable than that waged by the United States against the Confederacy. The South had as much to do as the North in making the National Constitution, but re-

fused to abide by the provisions of that Constitution when a President, whom the South disliked, was elected under it. For no one denied that Mr. Lincoln was Constitutionally elected, and his oath of office certainly required him to put forth the power of the government to maintain the Union in its integrity, and this was done. So much concerning the position of the United States.

It was about midsummer in 1861, when the Confederate flag was hoisted on the Court House in Murfreesboro, and there it waved for nine months, but I seldom saw it. I was unwilling to look at it, because it was usurping the place of the flag of the United States — the flag of my heart's love. The "stars and bars" were utterly distasteful to me. I was known to be a Union man, and it was no advantage to me that nearly all my family connections, by blood and marriage, were on the other side. I suppose I was in greater danger of personal violence than I thought at the time. It is said that a citizen offered to head any company that would undertake to hang me, and that my name, accompanied by no complimentary remarks, was sent to the daring John Morgan. I knew not what might happen. I supposed that if measures of personal violence were resorted to, it would be done in the night; and how often, before going to bed, did I arrange a back window and shutter, so that I could escape in a noiseless way! My wife would put up a parcel of something for me to eat; and I remember well how

sad her tones were when she said, "You may need this."

I do not know how long I suffered from fear, but I know well how I was relieved. Everything being disorganized by the war, my means of support were cut off, and I went to work on my farm. I knew of nothing else I could do; so I worked during the week and preached on Sunday to the very few that were willing to hear me. One day, while at work, there occurred something of which I have not often spoken. I do not claim that it was a vision, I do not believe it was, but my imagination was deeply impressed. I thought I was standing in the midst of a circle of demons incarnate, and that they were rushing toward me to tear me in pieces; but they seemed to stop, and with gnashing teeth stretched forth their murderous hands to seize me, and could not. Amid the exciting scene, I thought that God was sitting in serene majesty above, and that He spoke to the demons, saying, "You can't touch him unless I permit." When I returned from the field members of my family said that my face, though covered with sweat, was *shining*. I know not as to that, but I know that I was relieved from fear, and could afterward sleep as sweetly as a child. I was fully satisfied that God would suffer no one to injure me unless it would be for the glory of His name, and then I was ready to endure anything, even death itself.

After the Confederate flag had floated over the Court House in Murfreesboro for nine months, Gen-

eral Mitchell, with his magnificent division of the Army of the Cumberland, entered the town. Very soon was the flag of the Union unfurled, displaying its starry glory. When I first saw it, my eyes filled with tears of love and joy. I do not expect ever again in this world to see anything so beautiful as that flag appeared to be. How I admired its "red, white, and blue!" From that day, it has been no wonder to me that patriotic soldiers are willing to follow that flag into any danger and to die for it; for it is the symbol of greater glory than Greece or Rome ever saw.

I now anticipate one of the results of the war to emphasize the fact that the overthrow of slavery was God's work. I mean by this that in the early part of the war there was no reference to the extermination of slavery. The South of course had no such object in view, nor had the North. Mr. Lincoln's supreme purpose was to preserve the Union without interfering with slavery. When he issued his Proclamation, September 22, 1862, he offered the seceded States the opportunity of coming back into the Union. In proof of their coming back they were to send members to Congress. Had they done this there would have been an end of the conflict. The opportunity was not accepted and the war went on. The Emancipation Proclamation of January, 1863, was made because the Proclamation of September, 1862, was disregarded. That is to say, it was seen that the preservation of the Union required the abolition of slavery by a successful pros-

ecution of the war. It was an overruling Providence that permitted things to reach this point. It was reached in opposition to Mr. Lincoln's wishes and purposes in the first years of the war, and it disappointed the expectations entertained in all parts of the country. This being the case, it is evident that the overthrow of slavery was not man's work. There was a God in heaven, presiding over all, and causing "the wrath of man to praise Him," accomplishing His purpose by thwarting the designs of men, and even using them as instruments in His hands. The overthrow of American slavery was an epoch in the world's history, and it is the providence of God that creates epochs. Now, that slavery is abolished, there are no regrets, but rejoicings rather, both in the North and in the South. The North is glad that an institution in conflict with the Declaration of Indedendence no longer exists, and the South concedes that hired labor is better than slave servitude. Being pretty well acquainted in the South, I may be permitted to say that I know no man who would have slavery re-established. It is true that some of the emancipated slaves, perhaps many, have had a worse time in the early years of their freedom than when in slavery, but brighter days are before them. Then, too, they have the proud satisfaction of knowing that liberty, with its priceless blessings, will be transmitted as a rich legacy to their posterity. For all this God deserves the glory and it should be given to Him.

It is appropriate for me in closing this chapter to

say something of slavery as I saw it in Kentucky and Tennessee before the war. No doubt it existed in these States, particularly in Kentucky, in its mildest form. I knew slaveholders who sustained this relation for the good of their slaves rather than for any personal profit. They were willing to set their slaves free if it would improve their condition, but on this point they doubted. They did not see that the free colored people were any better off than the slaves. In addition to this, there was, as the result of the Abolition excitement, a law passed in Kentucky forbidding emancipation. This was, I think, between 1850 and 1860.

As to the sinfulness of slavery in itself, Southern slaveholders did not believe the doctrine. They generally held the view expressed by Dr. Richard Fuller in his discussion with Dr. Francis Wayland, though some thought that view too moderate. Dr. Fuller showed very clearly that a distinction was to be made between slavery and the abuses of slavery. This distinction was certainly recognized in Kentucky. The law gave the master the right to separate husband and wife, but no master did this without injury to his reputation; for it was considered an abuse of slavery. There was a class of men called by the odious designation, "negro traders," but they were not received in the best circle of society. They bought slaves, conveyed them farther South, and sold them to cotton and sugar planters. They were an odious class.

The opinion of slaveholders generally was that

they were not responsible for the existence of slavery, because it was introduced into the country before they were born. For its introduction the North was as accountable as the South, and the South felt that it must adjust itself to the circumstances of the case. There was always an Emancipation party in Kentucky, and if in making the second Constitution in 1799, the sagacious policy of Henry Clay had been carried out, the State would have been free before the war.

As to the negroes, I saw among them in the days of slavery as pious Christians as I ever saw anywhere. They attended church, occupied the place assigned them in the meeting-house, and partook of the Lord's Supper with their white brethren.

I take pleasure in testifying that slavery in Kentucky and Tennessee, and I was not acquainted with it elsewhere, was of the mild type. When I went North nothing surprised me more than to see laborers at work in the rain and snow. In such weather, slaves in Kentucky and Tennessee would have been under shelter. It will astonish some of my friends to learn that at the death of my mother in 1863, I by the will of my father became a slaveholder. In the distribution of the estate a young girl was assigned to me. The law did not permit me to emancipate her, and the best I could do was to hire her out. I paid her the amount for which she hired and added to it ten per cent. When slavery was abolished I rejoiced in the severance of the relation I had sustained to her. I was not a

slave-holder *morally*, but *legally*. My children may be interested in knowing these facts, and the additional fact that my conscience is clear.

There is hope for the African race in this country. Its improvement, since the abolition of slavery, has been, all things considered, wonderful. The improvement has not of course been universal, but history records no such progress as has been made by the race since the war. In proof of this I may refer to a volume before me, styled, "The Negro Baptist Pulpit," containing sermons of which no white preacher need be ashamed. These preachers were slaves till the Emancipation Proclamation gave them liberty. The elevation to which they have risen is "the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes."

CHAPTER XIV.

LEAVING MURFREESBORO — EXPOSED TO DANGER IN GOING INTO KENTUCKY—SETTLEMENT AS PASTOR AT HAMILTON, OHIO — DEATH OF MY MOTHER— DESIRE TO GO WEST—THE END OF THE WAR— MR. LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

I remained in Murfreesboro till General Bragg left Chattanooga on his Kentucky expedition, and General Buell moved his forces from near Huntsville, Alabama, to thwart General Bragg's plans. I concluded that by the time two such armies passed through Middle Tennessee it would be a desolation, and rapid preparation was made for our departure.

Strange to say, United States' soldiers had something to do in making our departure a necessity. They began to appropriate the little crop that I had raised, and they did this, I have no doubt, without official authority; but, in one sense, it was the same to me. But there was official authority at a later day. After the battle of Stone River General Rosecrans' army occupied Murfreesboro and must have fuel. My farm was fenced with valuable cedar rails and the soldiers were ordered to take only the *top* rail. They obeyed and took the top rail till there was not a rail left. The United States Government in compensating me put the rails in the category of

green cord wood. This was a little business for a great nation. How I was to support my family became a serious question.

Here I may record some things, a few of which, so far as I know, have not been published in any "History of the War," and probably will not be published, as they are not very creditable to two United States' Colonels.

During the Summer of 1862, two regiments, 9th Michigan (Colonel Parkhurst) and 3d Minnesota (Colonel Lester), were stationed at Murfreesboro. The two regiments were encamped for a time near my house; but it was said the Colonels disagreed about something, and one of them removed his regiment more than a mile from the other. This fact was naturally communicated to the Confederate General Forrest, who was not far away. He took advantage of the circumstances, and, with his "Texas Rangers" and others, dashed into Murfreesboro at day break Sunday morning (the second Sunday in July) and captured the regiment near my house. There was some fighting, not a great deal, and a few balls struck the house. General Forrest, having captured this regiment, moved on the other, which surrendered. Now, the fact not creditable to the Colonels is this: If their regiments had been together, General Forrest could have done nothing, for his success grew out of the disagreement of the Colonels. Who can tell how many of the disasters of the war may be traced to quarrels among officers? This may be considered an episode in my narrative.

The last day of August, 1862, we left our home in Murfreesboro to occupy it no more. As the Federal forces had possession of the railroad to Nashville, it was deemed safer for me to go on the train. My family went in a barouche in charge of Rev. G. W. Welch, a theological student. The horse was well-known in and around Murfreesboro and not much progress was made on the way before a "halt" was called by one of a guerrilla band. He made inquiries of Mr. Welch and finally said, "You are not the man I thought you were," and permitted him to proceed. My wife heard all that passed, and has never had a doubt that the man supposed that I, as usual, was driving my horse, and intended to capture me. Providence ordered that I should be elsewhere. We reached Nashville in safety and there Mr. Welch took the stage and I took his place in the barouche. I could go by the railroad no farther, for Gen. John Morgan had destroyed the tunnel near Gallatin. In going by private conveyance to Bowling Green I was exposed to danger of which I learned more afterward. I was intrusted at Nashville with more than thirty letters from officers and soldiers, to be mailed at Bowling Green for the North. As we passed along we sometimes had a view of men whom we took to be guerrillas, and if they had obtained possession of the letters, I know not what would have been the consequence; but we were not molested. In passing through Franklin, Simpson County, we met our friend Judge Ritter, of Glasgow, who was holding Court. We

had a short conversation, and to our consternation we learned afterward that guerrillas dashed into Franklin the next morning, captured the Judge, and conveyed him to some unknown place. Surely I was mercifully preserved.

At Bowling Green we met old friends, but none of us could feel as in other years, for a pall of gloom rested on the country. We tarried a day or two and then my wife, under the protection of Mr. Welch, proceeded to Barren County to sojourn for a time with her only sister, Mrs. Eubank, near Glasgow. My friends said it would not be safe for me to go, for General Bragg's army was about passing through that county, and it was thought important for me to get North of the Ohio River as soon as possible. Fortunately for me the railroad to Louisville was in possession of the United States' forces, and I found no difficulty in reaching the city. National flags were flying, which cheered a heart considerably depressed, for the parting with my wife was very sad, and she, to this day, refers to it as one of the saddest partings of her life. I saw a few friends in Louisville, among whom was Hon. J. J. Crittenden, who inquired if I knew anything about his son, the Federal General.

From Louisville I went to Indianapolis and called on my friend, Rev. Henry Day, formerly professor in Georgetown College, Kentucky. It was arranged for me to preach on Sunday, and I did so. During the week I visited my cousin, Hon. R. W. Thompson, of Terre Haute, whom I had not seen from my

boyhood. He is a man of extensive information and fascinating in conversation. He told me a great many things about Mr. Clay and others, which occurred when he was in Congress. He was very fluent and words came out of his mouth with such graceful volubility that I was tempted to ask him if he ever lacked a word? His wife said, "I can answer, *never*." I have not met with a man of more fluent speech, and when years afterward, while Secretary of the Navy, he lectured at Chester, Pennsylvania, on "Adams, Jackson, and Clay," I was confirmed in my impression that no man had command of language more forcible, more elegant, more beautiful. He yet lives, several years older than I. His accomplished wife is dead.

From Terre Haute I returned to Indianapolis, preached the next Sunday, then made my way to Cincinnati, where I first saw Mr. Lincoln's preliminary Proclamation. From Cincinnati I went to Lebanon, a place I had visited years before, and where something had been said to me about the pastorate of the Baptist church. I then discouraged a call, but now I was willing to be called, for above all things I wished a quiet place in which to labor, and I knew no place more quiet than Lebanon. The church was without a pastor, but I was not called, because there was some suspicion on the part of one or more of the influential members as to my views of slavery. From Lebanon I went to Hamilton, the county-seat of Butler county, to attend the meeting of the Little Miami Association.

The brother appointed to preach the introductory sermon did not make his appearance, and I was requested to take his place. This church, too, was without a pastor, but I did not suppose that a call would be given me. I remember waking the next morning before day and bursting into tears, under the impression that the Lord had nothing more for me to do, and that there was no place for me in his vineyard.

I remained in Hamilton a few days and preached several times. It pleased the church to call me to the pastorate, and I accepted the call. I have never regarded this pastorate as a success. It seems more like a parenthesis in my ministry. My predecessor left me a legacy of trouble. There were two parties in the church, almost equally divided. The difference between them involved considerations of great delicacy, and it was not advisable for matters to be talked about. Many imprudent things had no doubt been said privately on both sides, which had given mutual offence. The question arose: How can the breach be healed if it will not do to talk about what caused it? The general opinion was that nothing could be done. I suggested a plan of settlement, and one brother thought that God must have put it into my heart, for nothing like it had ever been heard of before in the adjustment of church troubles. The plan was this: For the church to meet at a certain time and for the members to take certain designated seats, in doing which it was to be understood that they retracted everything they had said

offensive to any brother or sister and asked forgiveness, pledging themselves to hold their peace in future as to the matters about which they had differed. The plan was a success and I refer to it because I had never known anything like it before.

It was while in Hamilton, that is, on the 2d of November, 1863, that I received from my youngest brother a startling dispatch, which read, "Mother is dangerously ill—come by first train." The message reached me on the morning of the 3d, and in less than an hour I started for the home of my childhood. What a time for reflection! The place of my destination was three hundred miles distant. There was a crowd of passengers most of the way, strangers, to whom I could not tell my tale of grief. Thought I, how little they know of the sadness of my heart, and how little would they care, if they did know! The hours passed slowly away, and the revolutions of the rattling wheels were too tardy for me. Alas! what mode of travel is fast enough to satisfy the desires of one who wishes to reach a dying bed? At length I had gone as far as I could go by railroad, and still I was fifteen miles distant from the place then of all places most replete with solemn interest to me. Night was coming on and I could get no traveling conveyance till morning. There was not a moment's hesitation. Thankful to God for strength to walk, I went on foot, hoping to be in time to hear that voice which had so often sounded as music in my ears. For a time hope predominated, and then fear, and between the two

there was a short, but a sharp conflict. The conflict was soon ended, and *such an end!* "She died yesterday," were the first words that terminated my painful suspense. I sat by the motionless form of my mother, and looked and looked at her pale face. It seemed as if the death-sealed lips would open and speak to me as in other days. They did not open, and spoke not a word. I never saw my mother's countenance more pleasant than it was in death. The spirit appeared to have been so joyous in making its exit from the body as to leave a placid smile on the pale clay. The body lay in serene dignity, as if it could well afford to yield to the temporary dominion of death and the grave, in prospect of a triumphant resurrection.

I wish I could do justice to the character of my mother. She was distinguished for common sense, sound judgment, and earnest piety. She was not an educated woman in the present acceptation of the words, for thorough female education was unknown in the days of her youth. But when I remember how she, amid the disadvantages incident to a newly settled country, exerted herself that her children might enjoy privileges which she never enjoyed, no language can express my admiration and love for her, and my deep sense of obligation to her.

My mother was a praying woman and enjoyed nearness of access to the throne of grace. She prayed much and had power with God. I doubt not I am receiving blessings to this day in answer

to her prayers. Truly I can say, in the language of Cowper:

> "My boast is not that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth:
> But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
> The son of parents passed into the skies."

Becoming convinced that Hamilton ought not to be my permanent residence, I was anxious to go West, and hoped to be called to the pastorate of a church in a flourishing town in Illinois. But I was disappointed and the disappointment was clearly providential. I therefore remained at Hamilton till the latter part of the year 1865. It was in April of this year that the war ended in the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. It was arranged for the surrender to be celebrated at Hamilton, and I will be excused for saying that this was the only time in my life when I gave a dollar to be used in buying powder to be used in firing cannon. I was jubilant in view of the fact that the "old flag" was to wave in triumph over an undivided people.

I sympathized with General Lee in the humiliation of his surrender, but my joy very nearly extinguished my sympathy. In the beginning of the civil conflict General Lee had written to his sister, "I recognize no necessity for this state of things;" yet his views of the pernicious doctrine of "States' Rights" led him to renounce his allegiance to the United States and identify himself with the Confederacy. If he had accepted the supreme command

of the Army of the United States, offered him by Mr. Lincoln, in how different a light would his name appear on the page of history! In that case, General Grant would scarcely have been heard of, and General Lee would have been the favorite and the President of the nation. His name would have gone down to posterity in honorable conjunction with that of Washington. But he made a fatal mistake and General Grant reaped the honors of the war. What strange things affect the destinies of men! General Grant, in his tour round the world, received from more nations greater honors than were ever conferred on any other man from Adam to this day.

Not long after General Lee's surrender, an event occurred which threw the nation, and indeed the civilized world, into consternation. Mr. Lincoln was assassinated at Washington on the 14th of April. The fatal shot was fired by J. Wilkes Booth, of whom it is best to say nothing more.

During his Presidency a thousand things were said by his enemies in disparagement, and even in ridicule, of Mr. Lincoln, but he was a great man with a heart full of kindness. No one could more truly than he use the words which have become immortal: "WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL." His name will go down to posterity clothed with glory, historians will record what he did, and the millions of the African race in the United States will thank God that he lived.

CHAPTER XV.

REMOVAL TO UPLAND, PENNSYLVANIA—THE CROZER FAMILY—THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY—MEETING HOUSE ENLARGED—GREAT REVIVAL.

As intimated in the preceding chapter, my desire and purpose to go West were not carried into effect. I therefore directed my attention to the East, hoping there to find a suitable field of labor. This led me to attend the Philadelphia Association, which met October, 1865, with the Fifth Church on Eighteenth and Spring Garden Streets.

At that time Rev. William Wilder had resigned the pastorate of the Upland Baptist Church, which he had filled for eleven years, and Dr. Griffith arranged for pulpit supplies. He invited me to preach and I did so on the first Sunday in October, attending the Association during the week. On the second Sunday I preached in Camden, New Jersey, and on the third, at Upland again. The church, at the evening service, was requested to remain after the congregation was dismissed. I of course did not remain, though I did not know what business would come before the church. That night, as I retired, the venerable John P. Crozer put a letter in my hands informing me that I had been called to the pastorate. I remember well kneeling down and

thanking God that in His gracious providence He had indicated that there was still work for me to do. As there was something peculiar about this call, I may explain. Mr. Crozer was not in favor of electing a pastor at that time, but wished to wait till his eldest son, Samuel A., reached home from Europe; for he, next to his father, was the most influential member of the church. Mrs. Crozer said to her husband (this she told me years after) that it would be necessary to act at once if my services were secured. Her favorable opinion of my preaching led her to believe that some other church would give me a call, and that with the Upland Church it was *now* or *never*. She carried her point with her husband, and thus I was indirectly indebted to her for the eighteen happy years of my pastorate at Upland. My opinion of Mrs. Sallie L. Crozer I need not here express; for in the dedication of my "Christian Doctrines" to her, I have told the public the estimation in which she was held by me. Her husband, John P. Crozer, was a remarkable man. He had risen from comparative obscurity and poverty to prominence and wealth. He had great energy and was the architect of his own fortune. His life, as written by J. Wheaton Smith, D. D., shows what he was from his boyhood till his death. At fourteen years of age he heard a funeral sermon, preached by the celebrated Dr. William Staughton, and was led to see himself a sinner in need of salvation. After his conversion he united with the Marcus Hook Baptist Church, of which he

remained a member till the Upland Church was constituted in 1852. A house of worship was indispensable and one was built at his expense and afterward enlarged. He was very successful in his business, which was the manufacture of "cotton goods," and he early learned to give as the Lord prospered him. His contributions for Missions, Education, the American Baptist Publication Society and kindred benevolent objects were large, and his hospitality knew no limit. He was Superintendent of the Sunday-school, filled his place in the prayer-meeting, and was in the sanctuary on the Lord's day. It is a fact worthy of notice that he and his gardener, Mr. John Pretty, were for years the only deacons of the church. They acted in harmony, and their last interview, when Mr. Crozer was on his dying bed, was very affecting. Mr. Pretty often spoke of it with deep feeling.

Mr. Crozer lived but a few months after I first knew him in 1865, for he died in March, 1866. His death created a deep sensation, not only in Upland, but in Philadelphia and the surrounding country. The general feeling was that a benefactor of his race had been taken away. His funeral was largely attended and was very solemn and impressive. It devolved on me to preach the sermon, and the text was II Timothy iv: 7, 8: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not

to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." Appropriate remarks were made by Bishop Lee, of Delaware, and Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, of Philadelphia. The body was buried in the Upland Cemetery to await the resurrection of the last day.

Mr. Crozer, at his death, left seven children, four sons and three daughters. The names of the sons who still live (1891) are Samuel A., J. Lewis, George K. and Robert H. His daughters were Margaret (Mrs. Bucknell), Elizabeth (Mrs. Griffith) and Emma, who afterward became Mrs. Gustavus W. Knowles. Mrs. Bucknell died a few years after her father and was buried near him. The children now living are worthy representatives of their father and mother, and though the inheritors of wealth, it is to be said to their credit that they never assume airs which some rich people take on themselves. They do not boast of their wealth, but they use it to promote benevolent objects. This reminds me that after Mr. Crozer's death, his family, by a donation af fifty thousand dollars to the American Baptist Publication Society, established what is called "The Crozer Memorial Fund," in honor of the husband and father. The interest on this fund is used year by year to promote the religious welfare of the colored people of the South, and the good it is doing will not be fully known till it is disclosed by the revelations of eternity.

In the year 1868 "Crozer Theological Seminary" was established. The large building which it

occupies had been put up by Mr. Crozer for school purposes, but for some reason those purposes had not been satisfactorily carried out. The best thing to do with the structure was not determined on till there was a family consultation. Then it was decided to make the building the seat of a theological school. To endow it Mrs. Crozer and her seven children gave twenty-five thousand dollars each, and Mr. Bucknell added twenty-five thousand dollars. This endowment was ample at the beginning, for the faculty consisted of only three instructors, Henry G. Weston, D.D., President, and Drs. Howard Osgood and G. D. B. Pepper, Professors. In the course of human events changes have taken place, and Dr. Weston is the only man who has been identified continuously with the institution till now (1891). The faculty has been enlarged, so that it now consists of the President, George R. Bliss, J. C. Long, E. H. Johnson, J. M. Stifler, B. C. Taylor and M. G. Evans. Something has been added to the original endowment, but it needs to be augmented, and I have reason to know that this will be done while some of its founders live, or when their wills are executed.

As I have been for a number of years one of the Trustees of the Seminary, it would not be in good taste for me to be profuse in its praise. I may say, however, that it has done, and is still doing a good work. The members of the faculty are men of God, sound in faith, and apt to teach. The number of students is increasing year by year, and many of

its graduates are filling important places in this country and some are Missionaries in Foreign lands. The Crozer Seminary is in friendly relations with other Seminaries, and while it does not ask to be compared with them, it does not recoil from a comparison. Its motto is ONWARD, UPWARD; onward to larger attainments in the knowledge of the Bible; upward to brighter heights in spirituality.

The location of the Seminary is all that can be desired, fourteen miles from Philadelphia, one mile from Chester, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Thus it escapes the severity of Northern winters and the enervating effects of Southern climes.

In the year 1873 it became necessary to enlarge the meeting-house in Upland, and an addition of thirty feet was made to it at an expense of fourteen thousand dollars. A new baptistery was constructed and everything was made attractive. It was gratifying to see that the house, though enlarged, was not too large for the congregation. By the end of the year there was an increase of interest in the services of the sanctuary, and early in the year 1874, there were promising indications of a revival. These indications were first seen in cottage prayer-meetings held in different parts of the village. The spirit of prayer came upon the church, parents became interested for the conversion of their children, and meetings were commenced in the Sunday-school chapel. These meetings were held every night of the week except Saturday night and continued about two months. They were chiefly devoted to prayer

and exhortation, and a few sermons only were preached, though there was regular preaching on the Lord's day. Soon many were inquiring, "What must we do to be saved?" They were the old, the middle-aged, and the young. They were convicted of sin, they felt their lost condition, and earnestly cried to God for mercy. It was not long before anxious inquirers became rejoicing converts, telling what the Lord had done for their souls. Thus the meeting went on for weeks, and wintry weather, at times severe, did not keep the people away. An opportunity was given each week for persons who had found peace with God to unite with the church. Old-fashioned "experiences" of the grace of God were related, and some of them were very affecting. The ordinance of baptism was administered nine consecutive Sunday nights, and the additions to the church were about two hundred. In my long life I have never seen a revival equal to this. I do not claim that I had any special agency in it. My preaching was as it had been for years, though more earnest. The same gospel was preached. The revival was God's work, in answer to the prayers of brethren and sisters. It is prayer that brings down the blessing of heaven. The keynote of the meeting was, perhaps, struck in the beginning by the pastor's remarks on the words of Jesus, "Father, glorify Thy name." The glory of God was referred to as the supremely important thing to be aimed at during the meeting, and the salvation of souls was to be sought as promotive of that glory. I never saw

church members more forgetful of everything not immediately connected with the glory of God. Of the number baptized a hundred and twenty were over twenty years old, eighty were thirty years of age, twenty-five over forty, twelve over fifty, nine above sixty, and two above seventy. The remainder were between ten and twenty years old with the exception of one who was nine. Twenty-five husbands and wives were baptized, twelve husbands whose wives were members before, and six wives whose husbands were members before. I have never heard of a revival in which so large a proportion of the converts were over twenty years of age.

This meeting modified my views as to what are called "Protracted Meetings" and "Evangelists." I think there should never be a "protracted meeting" until there is a spiritual interest in a church and congregation, that calls for it. To appoint such a meeting "in cold blood," as the saying is, cannot be justified. I may say also, that where a church has regular preaching every Sunday, and prayer-meeting during the week, a protracted meeting is unnecessary. Nor has such a church need of the labors of an "evangelist." It is better to look for the blessing of God on the ordinary means of grace. As to "evangelists," it is their special business to labor where there are no churches, with a view to build up churches. This seems to be forgotten by most of them.

Though I shall refer to Upland church again, I may take occasion here to say that it has an honor-

able history. During my connection with it there went forth two colonies which became churches, namely, South Chester and Village Green. At an earlier date it furnished constituent members for the First Church, Chester, which sent out as her daughter, North Chester Church, so that the latter is the grand-daughter of Upland. All this is an honor not to be despised.

Upland's liberality is known far and near. It is impossible to ascertain certainly what sums of money the Crozers give away, for they do not tell. For the first ten years of my pastorate I tried to find out the amount of their pecuniary gifts, but I made only an approximate estimate. I decided that they gave a hundred thousand dollars a year, making a million for the ten years. It is a great thing to have money to give, but, as I once heard Mr. Samuel Crozer say, "It is a greater thing to have the disposition to give it."

CHAPTER XVI.

BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY — MINISTERS' CONFERENCE—FIFTY YEARS IN THE MINISTRY—AUTHORSHIP—DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD AND EX-PRESIDENT GRANT.

When I went to Upland in 1865 the American Baptist Publication Society was not what it is now. Its headquarters were at 530 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and it was plain enough that there was not sufficient room for the convenient transaction of the business of the Society. No one was more fully convinced of this than Dr. Griffith, the Secretary of the Society. He therefore began to agitate the question of a new building. He was the man who engineered the whole matter, and in doing so was fortunate in availing himself of the pecuniary liberality of the Crozers and of Mr. William Bucknell. Without their aid it is evident that there would have been no new building. Dr. Griffith's connection by marriage with the Crozer family has been an inestimable blessing to the Publication Society. The site selected for the new edifice is 1420 Chestnut Street, and the structure extends from Chestnut to Sansom Street. It is worthy of the important objects of the Society. I was placed on the Board of Managers, and for about eighteen years rendered

some service, chiefly on the Committee of Publication. This Committee had a laborious work to perform in the examination and recommendation of manuscripts. The plan was for a manuscript to be referred to two members of the Committee, and if reported on favorably it was ordered to be published; if not, it was declined. If the two members differed in opinion the manuscript was given to a third brother, whose opinion decided the matter.

I think I can safely say that I read ten thousand pages of manuscript, and I often wished that some persons could write more legibly. The Publication Society has done, and is doing a great work in the publication of books and Sunday-school literature. Its issues embrace a Commentary on the whole New Testament and the tiny leaflet, with all intermediate publications. Baptists may well thank God for the operations of the Society. Their principles are ably discussed and advocated.

"The Baptist Ministers' Conference," of Philadelphia and vicinity is an important and interesting organization. It meets every Monday, and ministers fatigued by the labors of Sunday enjoy rest and recreation. Some brother is appointed beforehand to prepare and read an essay, which becomes the subject of discussion and criticism. The essays are generally good and the discussions edifying. Sometimes the themes written on are not very suitable and excite but little interest. Still the Conference is the means of doing much good in bringing to light views which are discussed in a fraternal spirit.

Dr. Wayland, the editor of the *National Baptist*, is generally present and gives in his paper a synopsis of what is said, though he does not report the wit with which he often enlivens discussions.

At the expiration of my "Fifty Years in the Ministry," the conference was pleased to request me to prepare an essay on the subject. This I did, and read it November 21, 1881. It was a day of solemn interest to me, and the brethren said some very kind things. I copy, for the satisfaction of my children, the following:

"P. S. Henson, D.D., said: I have witnessed many scenes of interest in this room, but none so august as that we have just witnessed. I have felt as though we were looking on the face of Moses as he came down from the mount.

"I have heard it said that reverence for age and wisdom is decaying among us. I am glad that the spectacle of to-day puts the brand of falsehood on that libel. When I see the tribute paid to our brother, I say, 'There is hope for us, if we keep our hearts young, as he has done.' For myself, while I touch my hat to the young lieutenant in the ministry I take off my hat and bow in reverence to the Captain of the Lord's host, who has served for three score years and ten. I offer the following:

"*Resolved*, That the Conference has listened with the deepest interest and pleasure to the review of 'Fifty Years in the Gospel Ministry,' which our honored brother and father, J. M. Pendleton, D.D., has read at the invitation of the Conference, a paper marked alike by wisdom, ripened experience, and good taste: we thank God who has granted to our brother the distinguishing privilege of preaching Christ for half a century, and who has crowned his labors with a rich blessing to the Church of Christ; it is our earnest prayer that the Lord will be pleased long to spare to us his counsels, his prayers, and his example of matured piety and unswerving patriotism, and that the evening of a day

so full of beneficent labor may be made bright and glorious by the softened effulgence of the Sun of Righteousness."

The Minutes state that "The resolution was adopted by a unanimous rising vote."

I may add that I would be much less than a Christian man and minister not to appreciate these kind sentiments of brethren with whom I had met for many years. May the blessings they invoked on me fall richly on their own souls.

My children and grand-children will also read with interest the following letter from President Anderson:

"ROCHESTER, December 1, 1881.

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—I have just read with the greatest interest your paper reviewing your life as a pastor and teacher. I beg leave to congratulate you on this protracted and efficient service rendered to Christ and His people. The difficulties which you have overcome in your long career have given you a vigor of mind and character, which has made you respected by the entire Baptist denomination in the United States. Your fidelity to our Union in the time which so tried the souls of loyal men in the South, is worthy of remembrance for all time. Your fidelity to your convictions, whether moral, religious, or political, has won for you the profoundest respect wherever you are known. It matters little what I think of your honorable career; but I have felt an impulse which I could not restrain to write as I have; and I pray God to give you still many years of life to defend Christian truth by your voice and pen, and to illustrate it by your example. Very truly yours,

"M. B. ANDERSON."

What I read in my "Fifty Years in the Ministry" was copied by several papers, and I have made ex-

tracts from it in other portions of these Reminiscences.

It was while I lived at Upland that I became more of an author than I ever expected to be. My first book, as I have said elsewhere, was written at Bowling Green, Ky., and bore the title, "Three Reasons Why I Am a Baptist." In 1868 I wrote my "Church Manual" which bears the imprint of the Publication Society. It is of course gratifying to me that it has attained a circulation of more than thirty thousand copies, and that it has been translated into the German language. My best and most important book, as I think, was published in 1878. Its title is, "Christian Doctrines," containing a "Compendium of Theology." There is something singular as to the origin of this book. I was urged by Dr. Howard Osgood to write it, and he was almost the only person who encouraged me to undertake it. He was pleased to say that I had command of a clear, simple style, easily understood, and that I could make many Bible truths plainer than they are sometimes made by theological writers. I wished to write a book suitable to the comprehension of colored ministers in the South, and at the same time acceptable to other classes of readers. I knew that simplicity of style, while important for colored ministers, would be no objection with white ministers.

I supplied myself with materials for my task and attempted to arrange chapters and a table of contents. I was utterly unable to do this and gave up

the matter for a whole year. Then I undertook it again, and the result is before the public. When the book made its appearance I asked Dr. Griffith what he would consider "a success." He said, "If there are a thousand copies sold within a year, that will be a success; and if two thousand are sold in all time that will be a success." Not a year ago he told me that he would have discouraged the publication if I had not been his pastor. In view of all this I need not say that it is specially gratifying to me that the circulation of the volume has reached about eleven thousand copies, and that it is used as a text-book in most of the colored Theological Institutes of the South. Nor is this all; for I have reason to know that Doctors of Divinity, when they wish to refresh their memories on theological topics, and have not time to examine larger works, are accustomed to refer to "Christian Doctrines." The smallness of the volume, in connection, I trust, with its merits, has had something to do in making it acceptable.

In the year 1881 Dr. John W. Ross, of the United States Navy, informed me that his father, James Ross, recently dead, had left a manuscript styled, "Life and Times of Elder Reuben Ross." His descendants were anxious for its publication, and the Doctor said it would never be done unless I would consent to edit it and see it through the press. I hesitated to assume the task, for I knew something of the labor it would impose on me, but at last I consented. The book was published in

1882, fifteen hundred copies, but the sales were slow. It was expected that it would be in great demand in certain parts of Tennessee and Kentucky, where Elder Ross had been well known. This expectation was not met. He had been dead more than twenty years, and a generation had risen up that "knew not Joseph." When the book had about ceased to sell, Dr. Ross authorized me to dispose of the copies remaining (about one-half) as I thought best. I gave them away to institutions and to individuals. I sent quite a number of copies by mail to Maine and Oregon and intervening States. Though my labor was all gratuitous, I am gratified to know that I have had something to do in sending the name of a good and great man down to posterity. The memory of Elder Reuben Ross is blessed.

Another book which I published is styled "Distinctive Principles of Baptists," which is, as I have said, an enlargement of my first book, "Three Reasons Why I Am a Baptist." The object of this work is to show wherein Baptists differ from other religious denominations and to demonstrate that their principles are identical with those of the New Testament. This book has not had so large a circulation as I expected, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been translated into the Swedish language and is useful in the propagation of Baptist principles among the Swedes. No one can tell how much good may result from the circulation of one book.

In the year 1883 George W. Clark, D. D., of New Jersey, and myself were appointed to write "Brief Notes on the New Testament." The arrangement was for Dr. Clark to furnish Notes on the Gospels, and for me to write on the remaining portion of the New Testament. We did our work, and the volume published, the cheapest of the Society, has had a satisfactory circulation. The object of Dr. Clark and myself has been to furnish, in small compass, the results of our studies on the New Testament, and we hope our labors will do good while we live and after we are dead.

In the Winter of 1884–'85 I wrote a book on "The Atonement of Christ," which I of course think presents that subject in its proper light. It treats of the "Nature," "Necessity," "Value," "Extent," and "Results" of the Atonement, with "Concluding Addresses to Ministers of the Gospel, to Christians, to Awakened Sinners, and to Impenitent Sinners." The New York *Examiner*, in noticing this volume, has been pleased to say that there is no better book of its size on this great subject. Its circulation is not what it should be.

In 1886 the Publication Society issued my last book, entitled, "Notes of Sermons," which I wrote with a view chiefly to aid young preachers in the construction and arrangement of their discourses. Kind friends are of opinion that the themes discussed are naturally deduced from the texts, and that the language used is full of simplicity, so that everybody can understand it.

I have now referred to all that I have done in the line of authorship. In my early life nothing was farther from my thoughts than that I should ever write a book. I do not now see how I could ever have attempted it but for my large experience in writing for newspapers. I trust it is not vanity that makes me hope that some persons, while I live, and others, after I die, will thank God that I employed my pen.

During the period reviewed in this chapter two important and solemn events occurred, namely, the death of President Garfield and that of Ex-President Grant. The former was shot in July, 1881, by a disappointed office-seeker, who had a badly balanced mind, and who said that his name would go "thundering down to posterity." I choose not to mention his name.

President Garfield was an able statesman, and began his Presidency under favorable auspices. What would have been the results of his administration, had he lived, it is impossible to say. His death shrouded the nation in gloom and called forth many expressions of sorrow.

In August, 1885, General Grant died, beloved by his friends and admired by his political enemies. His name and deeds will fill a large space on the pages of history. I have referred to him in another place.

The names, Lincoln, Garfield, and Grant, remind us that in the United States of America, citizens may rise from obscurity and poverty to the most

exalted station. This fact exhausts encomium on our Republican form of government, showing that there is no barrier in the way of eligibility to the highest office.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. JOHN P. CROZER'S DEATH — RESIGNATION OF PASTORATE — LAST SERMON — WINTER OF 1883 AND 1884 IN NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE — WIFE'S BLINDNESS.

In August, 1882, Upland was made sad by the death of Mrs. John P. Crozer, who, as she was born in the year 1800, had reached her four score years. She was a remarkable woman, with sound judgment and a large measure of good sense. In all the relations of life she acted well her part. As a wife her devotion to her husband was beautiful, and he felt her influence in amassing his fortune. He ever consulted her as his safest counselor. As a mother she was loving and judicious in training her children, and they thought no other mother equal to her. They were devoted to her while she lived, and her death intensified their reverence for her character. Their memories have a fond place for her. As a neighbor she was kind, and gave many proofs of her thoughtful consideration. She was dignified and ladylike in her manners, commanding the respect of all who knew her. Her Christian character was lovely in youth, in middle age, and supremely lovely in her old age. For many years she taught the large infant class in

the Upland Sunday-school, and "even down to old age" she was present at the prayer-meetings and at the public services on the Lord's day. During the years of her widowhood she gave thousands and tens of thousands of dollars to benevolent objects. I have known no woman her equal in pecuniary liberality.

Mrs. Croxer's death was preceded by protracted and painful disease, but her mind was clear and peaceful. I saw her not long before her death; it was Sunday morning, and I repeated the text I was going to preach from, "These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace." (John xvi: 33.) She added, "I have that peace," and these words are on her tombstone. Her funeral was largely attended on a beautiful Saturday afternoon; remarks were made by Dr. Bliss and others, and the sermon by the pastor the next day was commemorative of her life and character. It was from Rev. xiv: 13: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," etc.

I gratefully recognize my obligations to Mrs. Crozer, for she had much to do in making my Upland pastorate of eighteen years a pleasure and a joy. Her long life, full of good deeds, is ended, and she rests by her loved one. Being for many years united in the busy activities of life, they now have the silent companionship of the grave. This concerns their bodies only, and we think of their spirits as among "the spirits of just men made perfect."

In the month of June, 1883, I resigned my pastorate. I knew that judicious ministers had expressed the opinion that a man should not be pastor after reaching seventy years of age. I had transcended the limit by nearly two years, but I feel no special regret that my resignation did not bear an earlier date, in view of the fact that, after I had reached my "three score years and ten," there was a quiet revival, in which I baptized more than forty persons.

The following is my letter of resignation:

TO THE UPLAND BAPTIST CHURCH:

Dear Brethren and Sisters—I now have to perform one of the most painful duties of my life. I have more than reached my "three score years and ten," and the weakness of old age is coming on me. You need as a pastor a man of greater physical, mental and spiritual vigor, and I therefore resign my pastorate, the resignation to take effect the last of October. I fix on this rather remote date that you may have ample time to select my successor, and that I may complete eighteen years of service among you. I ask that my resignation be quietly accepted, and that no "resolutions" be passed. I know that your kind feelings for me will not permit you to vote resolutions of censure, and I have done nothing which calls for resolutions of commendation. I leave you as I came among you, nothing but a poor sinner, "saved by grace." I trust you will cast the mantle of your charity over the many imperfections you have seen in me, and if my ministry has been a blessing to any of you, to God belongs the glory.

I have received uniform kindness at your hands, and if any one of you has done or said anything with a view to hurt my feelings, I have never known it.

Whatever becomes of me in the short space of life that remains to me, I shall ever rejoice in your prosperity, and my prayer is that God will give you in my successor a better

man, a better Christian, a better minister. My dear brethren and sisters, the Lord abundantly bless you, and grant you the consolations of that gospel which, for nearly a score of years, I have preached to you. As your names come into mind tears come into my eyes, and you will please think of these tears as proofs of a love which words cannot express. Most affectionately yours in the Lord,

J. M. PENDLETON.

The resignation was accepted, and in spite of my request that it should not be so, commendatory resolutions were adopted.

The months passed away, and the fourth Sunday in October came. What a day was that!—a day of sadness and sorrow to my heart. I number it with the days when I saw my father and my mother buried, and heard of the death of my first-born son. Ties were to be broken that touched the nerve of the heart. It was painful to leave the friends of my love, but I say without hesitation that the supreme sorrow of that day grew out of the fact that I was closing my work in the ministry of the gospel. I knew that in future I could only expect to preach occasionally; for not many congregations are willing to hear an old man. I was therefore obliged to consider my work of preaching *virtually* done. This thought with its excruciating power agitated my soul. Language was not invented to express the feelings of my heart on that day of sorrow. No miser ever loved his gold more than I have loved my work of preaching. This love has not wavered for more than half a century. I have not seen the day during that time when, if the option had been

given me to go over life again, I would have chosen any other calling but that of a minister of God. I think I have proved my love for my work. For the first twenty-five years of my ministry my salary ranged from two hundred to six hundred and fifty dollars, and often I had to study, as hard as I studied theology, how to meet my pecuniary obligations, knowing that nothing but positive immorality more cripples a minister's usefulness than debt. I preached regularly during those twenty-five years when my support was a scanty one ; I have preached since when my support has been ample ; and I preached during the war with no prospect of support. The greater part of my ministerial life, my salary did not enable me to educate a child or to bury a child, though I did both in another way. I mention these things to emphasize my love of the work of preaching the gospel of the grace of God.

In view of all this, it is not strange that my heart was crushed with sorrow when I preached for the last time as pastor at Upland. It seemed that the burden resting on me would sink me into the earth. But I remembered the words, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." (Psalm lv : 22.) I think I have often proved the truth of the declaration, "He shall sustain thee." It is not said what will become of the burden, and this is a matter of little consequence, while it is said, "He shall sustain THEE."

I survived the day of sorrow and the next day departed, bearing with me the generous gifts of the

Crozer family, to whom I shall ever feel my indebtedness. My wife and I, with sad hearts, left dear Upland for Nashville, Tennessee, to spend the approaching Winter with our son-in-law, Rev. James Waters. After reaching there, one of the first things I did was to baptize three of my granddaughters into the fellowship of the Edgefield Baptist Church, of which Rev. Wm. Henry Strickland was then pastor. The ordinance was administered in the presence of a large and deeply interested congregation. I remember well my feelings in saying to the eldest of the three, "My grand-daughter in the flesh, but my sister in the Lord, I baptize thee," etc. Not often does a grandfather enjoy such a privilege as this. I spent the winter chiefly in writing my "Brief Notes on the New Testament," and finished them March 4, 1884. As I began the work on the patriotic 4th of July, I completed it in precisely eight months. As my health was feeble, and as I had heard of the death of several brethren in Philadelphia, I began to fear that I might die leaving my task unfinished. I therefore wrote with great industry and energy, even to the disadvantage of my health.

There was another sorrow before me. My wife's eyes were failing, and it was necessary to see an optician who, we had no doubt, could furnish suitable glasses. The optician advised that an oculist be consulted, and to our dismay he, on examination, said that there was a cataract on each eye. The information penetrated the depths of our hearts and

excited the deepest grief. My wife soon became tranquil and expressed her gratitude to God that the affliction had not come on her during my pastorate. Having been a Sunday-school teacher for more than fifty years, she took a class in the Edgefield school and taught for some weeks before the class knew she was blind. Her way of preparation was to have one of her grand-daughters, Lila Belle, read over the lessons to her, and then she was competent to teach. What woman of a thousand would, in these circumstances, have persevered in attending a Sunday-school? I record this fact to her credit and for the gratification of her children and grand-children.

In 1885 we made a visit to Professor Irby and family in Jackson, Tennessee. Dr. Savage, now of Vanderbilt University, was recommended to us as an accomplished oculist. He removed the cataract from the left eye, thinking that the more hopeful of the two. He was very skilful, and everything seemed to be going on well, but inflammation set in and the eye was lost. We have never attached the least blame to Dr. Savage. In 1888 we were advised to engage Dr. Risley, of the Pennsylvania University, to remove the cataract from the other eye. He did so and pronounced the healing process "perfect." The eye appeared as natural as ever, but the sight did not return. There is only a glimmer of light which makes a little difference between day and night, but does not avail to the recognition of the face of the dearest friend. The Doctor thinks there is some weakness in the eye, the cause

of which cannot be found out. Thus hope is gone, and she who once gazed with delight on the works of nature and of art will never see them again. In this dark providence we find the only recipe for comfort in the words of Jesus: "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

The wise man said, and the foolish man knows it, "Truly light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun." No one enjoys the pleasures of vision more than would my wife, if it were the Lord's will, but I have heard from her no murmuring word on account of the deprivation she suffers. Her spiritual vision seems more distinct and clear, and I trust that "beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, she will be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

It would be an unpardonable omission in these Reminiscences if I did not record my high appreciation of my wife. She has been more than all the world to me. In times of prosperity and times of adversity, in days of joy and days of sorrow, I have ever heard her voice encouraging and blessing me. We have trodden together the path of life for more than half a century, and I trust that we shall walk the streets of the New Jerusalem together.

I shall have more to say of her when I refer to our "Golden Wedding."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AUSTIN, TEXAS—STATE HOUSE—MONTEREY—JUBILEE OF THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF KENTUCKY—GOLDEN WEDDING.

The Winter of 1884–85 I spent in Austin, Texas, and while there wrote my book on "The Atonement of Christ." The time passed pleasantly, for I was in the family of my son-in-law, Prof. Leslie Waggener. He and his wife did everything necessary to the comfort of my wife and myself; and their seven children contributed not a little to our pleasure.

Austin, the capital of the State, is a beautiful place of fifteen thousand inhabitants, on the Colorado River. It does not appear to advantage from every point; but when I went into the University building and, from the third story, took in all the surroundings, I pronounced it the most beautiful city I ever saw, nor have I changed my opinion. It will be gratifying to some for me to say that Bowling Green, Kentucky, as it appears, with its environment, from its reservoir is, in my judgment, next to Austin in beauty. What I think of the two places is, however, a matter of little importance.

While I was in Austin, that is in the Spring of 1885, I witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of

the State House. The ceremony attracted a large crowd. The building is now complete, and is thought superior to any State Capitol in the Union. Texas may well be proud of it.

In April, 1885, the energetic Dr. O. C. Pope arranged and superintended an excursion to Monterey, to attend the dedication of the Baptist meeting-house in that city. This was the first house of worship erected by Baptists in the Republic of Mexico. I was in the excursion, and Dr. Pope generously met all the expense incident to my going, and I also went by request of Dr. H. L. Morehouse, Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society.

I was greatly disappointed on the trip when I reached Laredo and saw the historic river Rio Grande. I was looking for a large stream, not as wide as the Mississippi, but comparable to the Ohio or the Cumberland. It is much smaller than the Cumberland at Nashville. Soon after leaving the Rio Grande I thought we would encounter terrific storms, for very dark clouds seemed to be rising in different directions. I learned that what I thought clouds were dark mountains, and I saw neither storm nor rain in Mexico.

Rev. Thomas M. Westrup, pastor of the church in Monterey, arranged for the dedication services, which were full of interest. Dr. Powell preached the sermon in Spanish, not ten words of which did I understand. Several of the visiting brethren made addresses in English, which were translated

by Mr. Westrup into Spanish. My topic was, "Through Christ to the Church," and when I spoke a sentence I paused, and Mr. W. translated it. I was told afterward that a Presbyterian Missionary criticised what I said; but I still think that Baptists alone can truly say, "Through Christ to the Church." Pedobaptist denominations must say, "Through the Church to Christ."

Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, of Tarrytown, New York, was present at the dedication, and we, having been sent to the same hotel, occupied the same room. I have ever since regarded this as a very fortunate thing for me. I thus became acquainted with a very intelligent Christian gentleman, from whom, if I did not learn many things, it was my fault. Dr. Wilkinson has acted a prominent part in the preparation of a number of volumes for the Chautauqua course of reading, and he has an enviable place in the republic of letters.

We of course heard a good deal about the capture of Monterey by General Taylor's forces in the Mexican War, and some memorable places were pointed out. The excursion made a visit of a few hours to Saltillo, the headquarters of Dr. Powell's missionary operations. Everything seemed hopeful and prophetic of success.

The civilization of Mexico is strikingly different from that of the United States. The houses are different, and their flat roofs give them an Oriental appearance. In leaving Monterey I felt almost as

if I were leaving some city in Syria. My imagination was at work, as I never saw Syria.

Returning from Mexico to Austin, I enjoyed for a few days the company of kindred and friends, among whom were Dr. William Howard, pastor of the church, and Drs. J. B. Link and O. C. Pope, editors of "*The Texas Baptist Herald.*"

Early in May I left Austin with my wife for Murfreesboro, Tennessee, where we spent the Summer with Mr. and Mrs. Waters, and the next Winter with Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, Bowling Green, Ky. Here I wrote my last book, "Notes of Sermons," which was published during the year 1886. It has had a respectable circulation. In January of this year there was at Bowling Green the coldest weather I ever felt. That is to say, the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero, and the snow was *twenty-seven* inches deep. I had never seen the thermometer so low, by a number of degrees, nor the snow so deep.

In May of this year we returned to Pennsylvania, spent the Summer with our son and family, and saw many old friends. In the absence of the pastor, Rev. Willard H. Robinson, I preached for the First Baptist Church, West Philadelphia, five Sundays, and was frequently at the Minister's Conference.

In November, 1886, we returned to Austin and passed the Winter very pleasantly.

The Summer of 1887 found us again at Murfreesboro, where we remained till we went to the Jubilee meeting at Louisville, Kentucky, in October. Here

an explanation is necessary. The General Association of Baptists was formed at Louisville, October 20, 1837, and at the approach of its fiftieth year, it was decided to hold a Jubilee October 20, 1887. The arrangement was for all who were Messengers in 1837, to be guests of the Association at the Jubilee. The number of survivors was small, namely, J. L. Burrows, E. G. Berry, George Robertson, M. W. Sherrill, John Handsborough, and myself. We only had lived through the fifty years that had just expired.

The meeting was held in the Walnut-street Church, and Rev. Green Clay Smith presided. Dr. John A. Broadus made an address of welcome, to which it was expected that Dr. T. G. Keen would respond, but he had died the month before. The response was therefore made by Dr. Henry McDonald, of Atlanta, Georgia, formerly a resident of Kentucky.

Instructive papers were read by Drs. J. H. Spencer, William M. Pratt, D. Dowden, J. L. Burrows, and W. H. Felix; and interesting addresses were made by Drs. A. D. Sears, R. M. Dudley, George C. Lorimer, and Brother Thomas C. Bell.

I had been appointed to prepare and read a paper on "The Condition of the Baptist Cause in Kentucky in 1837." It was rather adventurous in me at the close of my paper to refer, as I did, to my wife, and I felt some anxiety about the matter. When, however, the Moderator and Dr. Broadus told me I was justifiable, I was relieved. Another brother said that it would not do for every preacher

thus to refer to his wife, but that in this case "there was a WOMAN behind what was said." I regarded this as a high compliment. I quote in part what I read, as follows:

"She, the wife of my young manhood, of my middle age, and of my old age, is here to-day to enjoy these exercises. Deprived of sight, she can only hear your voices. How glad she would be to see your faces, and specially the face of the Walnut-street pastor, whose father and mother she so much admired and loved thirty years ago. But it cannot be. Still, there is comfort unspeakable in the thought that there is in reserve what the 'old theologians' called the 'beatific vision.' The Saints are to 'see God:' they are to serve Him and 'see His face.' They are to behold the Lamb in the midst of the throne, His head once crowned with thorns, now wearing a crown of glory brighter than the sun; His hands, once stretched forth in quivering agony on the Cross, now swaying the scepter of universal empire, while all the hosts of heaven shout His praise. To see Him of Calvary enthroned in majesty, what a vision will that be! How will it compensate for all the disabilities and privations of physical blindness!"

When I read this, it was grateful to my feelings to witness the sympathetic emotion excited in the audience.

After the Jubilee was over we went to Bowling Green, where we staid till the 13th of March, 1888, the time of our "Golden Wedding." This day would probably have passed unnoticed if the editor of the *Western Recorder*, Dr. T. T. Eaton, had not suggested the propriety of celebrating it. Arrangements were made for its celebration. Cards of invitation were sent to many friends, and more than

a hundred responsive letters were received. The celebration occurred in the Baptist church in Bowling Green. Prayer was offered by the pastor, Rev. M. M. Riley, and the opening address was made by Dr. Eaton. In referring to other days at Murfreesboro, when his parents were there, his feelings became so much excited as to impede his utterance and to make it evident to all that he could not say what he intended to say. His broken accents and his silence were eloquent. Inability to speak is sometimes more effective than speech.

I had to respond, and the following is the substance of what I said:

I am embarrassed, and yet much obliged by the kind things Dr. Eaton has said. It is appropriate that the son of Joseph H. and E. M. Eaton should speak on this occasion. They were our friends of other years, and we cannot better express our estimate of them than by saying that when they died earth was impoverished and heaven enriched. We are gratified that their son is here to contribute so much to the interest and pleasure of this fiftieth anniversary of our married life.

Fifty years ago the two persons most deeply interested in this occasion had no expectation of living to see this hour. We did not enjoy vigorous health and did not anticipate long life. God has been pleased to disappoint us, and we can look back to twenty years spent here, five in Tennessee, three in Ohio, and eighteen in Pennsylvania. The last four

years have been spent in four States in which our four children live.

In looking back for half a century we see a thousand things to be thankful for. We have found comparatively few thorns in our pathway and many beautiful flowers. Over our heads birds of bright plumage have sung their sweet songs. With delight we have heard these songs, though one of us in recent years has not been able to see the lovely flowers. But there is no murmuring on this account. We prefer to think of our mercies rather than of our privations and afflictions. We have found life a blessing, not a curse; a joy, not a sorrow; a privilege, not a misfortune; a benediction, not a calamity. For all this we give devout thanks to God; nor are we less thankful that we have been permitted to tread together the path of life for fifty happy years. We know that only a short space of time is before us, but from this fact we extract the precious consolation that when one of us is called away, the survivor will have to weep only a little while, a very little while, at the grave of the dead. Yes, we must both die, but we do not wish our children, grand-children, and friends to think of us as dead, but rather as having gone from the land of the dead to the land of the living. Through riches of grace in Christ Jesus the Lord we expect a home in the bright realms of immortal glory.

Now, dearest one, it is fitting that I speak a word to you. There is no earthly object so dear to my heart. You are not as you were fifty years ago

to-night. Then with elastic step you walked with me to the marriage altar, and we pledged to each other our vows of loyalty and love. I do not recognize that elastic step now. Then your face was fresh and blooming; now the freshness and bloom are gone, and wrinkles have taken their place, while gray hairs adorn your head. Then, and forty-six years afterward, the expression of your mild blue eyes was always a benediction; now that expression is no longer seen, for blindness has taken the place of sight.

But, with these changes in you, my love has not changed. Bodily affliction has not eclipsed the intellectual and spiritual excellences of your character. You are the same to me, and no kiss during half a century has been more deeply expressive of my love than the one I now give you.

At the close of my remarks, the program required a song from the choir; but deep feeling made music impossible, and not a note was heard. I do not know how it was, but it was stated in a paper the next day, that when I kissed my wife, the audience was dissolved in tears.

CHAPTER XIX.

RETURN TO UPLAND—ANNIVERSARIES AT WASHINGTON—AMERICAN BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY—MR. CLEVELAND'S RECEPTION—WAYLAND SEMINARY—COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY—VISIT TO DR. OSGOOD—BIBLE CLASS OF MY SON—DEATH OF MRS. S. A. CROZER—CONCLUSION.

In May, 1888, I returned to Upland, but remained only a short time before going to the Anniversaries at Washington, held the latter part of the month. They were numerously attended and were full of interest. Many persons will go to the capital city when they would go nowhere else. This is not strange, for everybody wishes to see the head-quarters of the nation. Congress was in session at this time, and it was a matter of interest to look at the lawgivers of the people. They deserve respect, and always have it, when they act worthily of their station. I saw and heard some of the leading men of both political parties. Among Democrats were such men as Samuel J. Randall, W. C. P. Breckinridge, R. Q. Mills and others, while T. B. Reed and W. McKinley were prominent among Republicans. All these were in the House of Representatives, and Edmunds, Sherman, Ingalls, Hoar, Hampton, Vance, Harris, and Cole figured in the

Senate. But the Senate is not what it was in the days of its glory, when the eloquence of Clay, Webster and Calhoun not only electrified its Chamber, but was felt in the remotest parts of the nation. Who can tell the influence of great statesmen?

I must not forget the Anniversaries: The Missionary Union, the Home Mission Society, and the Publication Society, all held their sessions, made their annual reports, and transacted important business. In addition to all this, "The American Baptist Education Society" was formed. There was a difference of opinion as to the necessity of this Society. The majority of the brethren thought it necessary, and it was organized. A minority was of opinion that we already had societies enough. I was in the minority and voted accordingly, but the success of the Society has convinced me that I was wrong, and now I am its friend. It has accomplished great good, and the prospect of much greater good is bright and cheering.

During the meetings President Cleveland was pleased to tender a reception to the many Baptists who were in attendance. They went in large numbers, and the hand-shaking must have been a burden to the President. After getting through with my part of it I found myself in front of the White House, and the crowds were still coming. I saw so many personal friends to whom I spoke, that I facetiously told them I was holding an opposition reception.

Mr. Cleveland's face did not strike me as being

intellectual, but this shows that we ought not to judge according to appearance. Mr. Cleveland is a man of ability and honesty. He acts from principle, and certainly did so in assuming his position on the tariff question, with the majority of his party, at that time, against him. He deserves credit for his patient investigation of "pension cases," and his vetoes of unjust "pension bills." In short, his administration has promoted the interests of the country.

While at Washington I visited Wayland Seminary and was pleased to see its prosperity under the wise management of President King. He has done a great work in the education of colored ministers, and has much cause for satisfaction with the results of his patient labors. It is no longer a question whether the negro intellect can be improved. The fact has been demonstrated.

Washington is now a beautiful place, and it is thought by many, that when all the plans for its improvement are carried into effect, it will be the most beautiful capital city of the world. It is becoming more and more attractive. Columbian University is a very important institution, and if it could receive an addition of two millions to its endowment it would then be able to avail itself of Government facilities worth fifteen millions of dollars. It is to be hoped that this object of earnest solicitude will be realized in the near future.

Returning from Washington, I spent the Summer with old friends at Upland, with the exception of the

time occupied in a visit to Dr. Osgood's, at Rochester, New York. My wife and I have ever found it delightful to be in the family of Dr. Osgood. Our frequent visits have been *oases* in the desert of life. Dr. Osgood, though a close student and a learned man, is versed in all the proprieties and amenities of the first circle of society; and Mrs. Osgood is our ideal of an accomplished and lovely woman, while their children have had a training nearer perfection than we have seen in any other family. The Lord bless the attractive household.

In November, 1888, we went again to Austin, Texas, to spend the Winter, and to be present at the marriage of our eldest grand-daughter. She was married to Mr. Alexander S. Walker, son of Judge Walker, a prominent man in Texas. The marriage took place November 27, in the First Baptist Church, and was witnessed by a crowded audience. Everything passed off with the utmost propriety and dignity. It is not often that a man marries his grand-daughter, but I officiated at her request. May heaven's selectest blessings rest on the happy pair while they tread the pathway of life.

Remaining in Austin till the middle of January, 1889, and not finding the weather sufficiently wintry, we made our way to Bowling Green, Kentucky, in pursuit of Winter, but we did not find it and have not yet found it; for to this day (January 19, 1891) we have had no really cold weather.

We enjoyed the affectionate hospitalities of Mr. and Mrs. Procter till May, and during our sojourn

with them saw a few of our old friends, and the children of those we knew forty years ago. This has been the case whenever we have been here, within the last few years. The friendships of fathers and mothers have been inherited by their descendants, and we are treated with considerate kindness. My feelings prompt me to say that I have had pleasant ministerial intercourse with brethren M. M. Riley, M. F. Ham, J. G. Durham, and R. Jenkins. They are men of God and are useful in his cause. The church and congregation here have greatly increased during the pastorate of Brother Riley, the house of worship has been made very attractive and a beautiful parsonage has been built.

Elders Ham and Durham are advanced in life, and their work will soon be done; brethren Riley and Jenkins are in the vigor of manhood, and there are probably many years before them.

From Bowling Green we went early in May to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and enjoyed the kind attentions of Mr. and Mrs. Waters till October. I went to the Southern Baptist Convention at Memphis and saw many of the brethren whom I had known in other years, and some whom I had never seen before.

We returned to Bowling Green in October and remained till April, 1890, when we went to Upland for the fourth time since the resignation of my pastorate. Our son and his wife made us more than welcome, friends called to see us, and we were glad

to worship where we had so often worshipped in years past. We were pleased to hear persons of all classes speak in terms of commendation of the pastor, Rev. C. L. Williams. He evidently holds a high place in the esteem and love of the people.

The Twenty-first Anniversary of Crozer Seminary took place in June. Dr. E. G. Robinson preached the Baccalaureate Sermon, so called, and it was an able discourse. Dr. Robinson, though considerably over "three score years and ten," shows no sign of intellectual decadence. His mind is bright as ever and he expresses his thoughts in vigorous language. Nothing of very special importance came before the Board of Trustees except the election of Mr. Evans to a place in the faculty. His professorship has to do with the study of the Bible in English. There were fifteen graduates, nearly all of whom made speeches that did them credit and reflected honor on their teachers. Dr. Weston, with his usual dignity on such occasions, presented their certificates of theological scholarship to the graduates, and Dr. Long made a parting address rich in thought and full of sound advice.

Dr. Weston is to be congratulated on having presided, without interruption, at the Crozer Anniversaries for twenty-two years, even from the establishment of the Seminary. He has much to be thankful for when he considers what has been done under his administration.

During this sojourn at Upland I was honored, as I had been twice before, by the Bible class taught

by my son. The class numbers about seventy, all adults, and meets in the Sunday-school chapel in the afternoon of Sunday. The honor referred to was a call by the class to see me, and it was arranged that I should be taken by surprise. This had been done before, but I did not believe it could be done again, nor did I think that it would be attempted. But the thing was done, and the surprise was complete. I suppose nearly every member of the class was present and I was found in my slippers with an old coat on. By the way, I would like to know what element in human nature it is that makes one person enjoy the surprise of another. I do not understand the matter. My wife knew the purpose of the class, as did my son and his family, but all were charged to keep it a profound secret from me, and they really seemed to enjoy my embarrassment and confusion. There was an abundance of ice cream, and cakes of various kinds and sizes. There was a short speech made to me by the pastor, Rev. C. L. Williams, who was invited to be present. He spoke very appropriately, but my response was a poor thing. Much of the time was spent in conversation and singing, and the occasion was a happy one. I have a suitable appreciation of the honor conferred on me, and may those who bestowed it be blessed for time and eternity.

It is a great gratification to me that my son has charge of this Bible class. It furnishes him an opportunity of doing good, and I may say, great good. It will never be fully known in this world what

beneficent results follow a judicious exposition of Scripture. The effect of the exposition is not only felt by those who hear it, but it may be transmitted through them to coming generations. This suggests the idea of solemn, yet delightful responsibility on the part of Bible class teachers.

While in Upland this Summer, that is, on the 13th of July, an event occurred which created a deep sensation and spread a pall of gloom over the community. Mrs. Samuel A. Crozer died on that day. It was a day of sorrow and mourning. Sad faces, symbolic of sad hearts, were seen everywhere. On the day of the funeral appropriate remarks were made by the pastor, and by Dr. Weston and Dr. Wayland. The pastor suggested that I say something, but I preferred reading the Scripture, and pouring forth my heart in prayer for the bereaved husband, the motherless children, and a large circle of relatives and friends. The time of sorrow is emphatically the time for prayer. God says, "Call on me in the day of trouble."

Mrs. Crozer was a remarkable woman, with bright intellect, of fine conversational powers, literary taste, and a capacity to entertain both old and young in the social circle. But it is the sphere of her Christian activities to which I wish to make special reference. She had charge of the church music and performed on the organ for more than thirty years. She taught a large class to sing by note and made them accomplished singers, so that they lead the congregation in the music of the

sanctuary. I may say, too, that in all my travels from Pennsylvania to Texas, I have heard no congregational singing equal to that of Upland. There is a spiritual heartiness in it that I have not witnessed elsewhere.

Mrs. Crozer also, for several years, taught the infant class in the Sunday-school. She loved children and was at home in her class of between one and two hundred. She required each child to give a penny every Sunday, and thus she directed attention to the great cause of Foreign Missions.

Mrs. Crozer had pecuniary means at her command, and used them for the benefit of the needy. Many shared in her benefactions, and in her the poor found a friend. Even since her death some of her deeds of kindness, of which she said nothing, have come to light.

Mrs. Crozer was in feeble health for months before her death, but she was bright and cheerful, and filled her places of usefulness as long as she was able. Indeed, her energetic spirit seemed at times to compel her body to do what it had not strength to perform. When the last hour drew near and she knew she must die, her mind was calm, and among her last words were these, "Jesus is my Savior." What a blessed thing it is to have such an assurance in the dying hour! It is worth more than all the honors and riches of the world.

In August, 1890, my wife and I went on the broad Delaware to Cape May Point to spend a week. We found "old ocean" as grand as ever, rolling its

majestic waves to the shore as in all past years. This is a sight of which one never tires. The Christian hears the voice of God in the waters of the mighty deep and thinks of the day when the "sea will give up its dead."

While at the Cape, we were near President Harrison's Cottage and I saw him several times. He went in bathing, and attended church, as every man should do. The President is a man of very respectable talents, though he is not entitled to a place among the first of statesmen. He is honest and is striving to use his great office for the benefit of the people. I could but be struck with the fact that he is not magnetic as Henry Clay was, and as James G. Blaine is; but magnetism is a rare quality.

Returning from the Cape, we remained at Upland till November, when we came to dear old Bowling Green, where we now are (January, 1891) and where we find our friends as kind as in other days.

Conclusion.

In closing these Reminiscences, written at the special request of my son, I wish to say that the affectionate kindness of our children renders the old age of my wife and myself bright and cheerful. We divide our time among them and are obliged, from the treatment we receive, to believe that each one of them would like to have us all the time. We have everything to be thankful for and nothing to complain of.

It may be a satisfaction to the children to know that I began to write these Reminiscences on my seventy-ninth birthday, November 20, 1890, and that I finish them in two months.

Bowling Green, Ky., January 20, 1891.

CHAPTER XX.

Last Illness — Death — Funeral and Memorial Services.

The pen has fallen from the hand of him who wrote the preceding pages, and it now devolves upon me to chronicle the fact and the date of his departure. This is done at his request; but filial devotion will not suffer the simple mention of an event that forms an epoch in so many lives.

It will prove of interest to his absent children and his friends to know something of the last months and the last days of his earthly existence.

Upon his arrival at Upland, in the Spring of 1890, his appearance was such as to awaken in the hearts of friendly observers a fear that his days on earth were numbered. He was evidently in failing health. As the summer advanced he seemed to grow weaker. At times, his sufferings were acute and intense. He bore them, however, with an almost sublime patience. While the ills of the flesh weighed heavily upon him, his spirit showed a peacefulness and serenity that indicated a ripening for heaven.

In view of the manifest approach to the closing of this eventful life, his friend, Dr. John C. Long, who had previously more than once made the sug-

gestion, now again urged that Father should reduce to some permanent form the scenes and incidents of other days, many of which he had witnessed, and in many of which he had participated. Because of his habit of close observation and of his remarkably retentive memory, it was felt that he must possess a fund of information, which, unless thus imparted by him, would be lost to history. Absorbed as he was in his duties as a student and a teacher of Divine truth, he yet found time to feel and to express, throughout all the years of his active life, an eager interest in current politics. By profession a theologian, he yet possessed a knowledge and a grasp of public affairs that would have secured for him no mean rank as a statesman or constitutional lawyer.

It has been remarked by some of his friends that he knew nothing but theology, but knew that, well. It is true that he ever declined to lay claim to scholarship or breadth of culture; but, whenever induced to enter upon the discussion of a given question, whether political, social, moral, metaphysical, or linguistic, it was generally discovered that his ignorance, if such it may be termed, was more blissful to himself than to his opponent. The secret of his success as a debater was the perfect accuracy of his information and his absolute mastery of the subject in hand.

Possessing such qualities of mind, he could not fail to throw valuable light upon the burning questions, the momentous issues, and the wondrous

achievements of the era in which he lived. Such was the opinion of those who desired him to add his contribution to the history of his times.

But, urgent as was the request, so great was his fear of incurring the charge of egotism, that he repeatedly refused to undertake the work.

It was my good fortune to strike a responsive chord in his affectionate heart; and this was by the suggestion that such a sketch of his life of observation and experience would be a source of interest and of profit to his children.

It was then a labor of love on which he entered, when, on the 20th day of November, 1890, when just seventy-nine years of age, he set himself to the formidable task of recounting, unaided by memoranda, the ample outlines of a not inactive career of four score years.

Having decided to write his Reminiscences, he applied himself to the work with characteristic energy — with a system and a regularity equally characteristic, devoting two hours a day to this particular subject. The last line was written on the 20th day of January, 1891.

This he called his Winter's recreation. It did not interfere with his literary activity in other lines, as the columns of the denominational press for the period will testify. His pen was in constant use, until the day when attacked by his fatal illness. After his death I found among his papers an unpublished article on "The Woman of Canaan."

While he felt that the Reminiscences would prove

the last of his extended literary efforts, he did not at first believe that his illness, contracted on the 10th day of February, would terminate fatally. It was pronounced by his physicians to be capillary bronchitis, and from the first, they offered no hope of recovery. When informed of his condition, he remarked, "Well, gentlemen, you may be right; but I do not feel like a dying man."

The progress of the disease was rapid, and he soon passed into a state semi-conscious and, at times, delirious. For the greater part of his illness he was mercifully spared acute suffering. Now and again, full consciousness would return. Then he recognized the different members of his family and exhibited perfect clearness and strength of intellect. It was upon two of these occasions, so precious to those hovering about him, that he gave his parting messages to family and friends, and, with all the solemnity surrounding the dying bed of a Christian, testified to the strength of his faith and hope and to the gospel's efficacy to support, when flesh and heart fail.

It is fitting that his words, uttered in this impressive manner, and taken down as they fell from his lips, should be recorded for the comfort of that devoted inner circle, now broken, and of that larger circle that loved him living, and now venerate him departed.*

"I have very little to say of myself. My letter

*It is thought best to omit special messages to the children and grand children, these having been preserved in another form.—ED.

of resignation expresses it. A poor sinner saved by grace. I have performed some labor in my day, but everything has been tinctured with imperfection and impurity. If God should speak to me and tell me that if I could find one sermon that I had preached in all these sixty years that was free from imperfection, I might depend on that, I would not listen to it for a moment. It is grace, grace, from first to last. I just expect to go into eternity, saying: Lord, here I am, a poor, weak, sinful creature, having no claim, and the only hope of being saved is that Jesus Christ died in the place of sinners. I know no other hope. I believe what I did sixty years ago, just exactly. Yes, it is the same old story, not one particle of change in my views. In March, 1865, when I thought I was going to die, I felt this way, and that is my feeling yet. Tell the other children the same. They may know that I think about them every day; pray for them every day; for years and years have done that. My prayers have been that my descendants to the remotest generations, may be found among the servants of God.

"I have published a great many things in my day. You may say that I have never had the first regret that I devoted myself to the ministry. I have had a good many trials, in one way and another, in connection with it."

Speaking to his daughter, Mrs. Procter, who had nursed him so faithfully, day and night, throughout his illness, he said: "You could not have done

more than you have done. If my death should occur here, it seems fitting that I should end my career where I began it pretty much — where I brought my bride, once so cheerful and happy, now so sad. She cannot see those she loves most. If I should die I would wish her to remain in this family. It will be but a little while. It is not worth while for me to say to any of you, be kind to your mother. I know you will be. Be kind, be kind, be kind."

"My object has been to be an accomplished debater; claiming nothing unjust, yielding to nothing unjust. My grand supreme purpose has been the establishment of truth. I have never attempted to disparage any other brother. My hope is as strong as it ever was. I do not know that my hope is as bright as, when a boy, I hitched my horse and went into the woods to thank God that He sent His Son into the world to die; but it is as strong as ever. You young people may lay too much stress upon the joy of religion. I do not suppose it is necessary for me to say more. I have written so much Give my love to Dr. Robinson, Dr. Weston, and the members of the faculty of the Seminary. Give my love to the pastor and church, and Sunday-school and Bible class at Upland."

As the days passed away, he seemed more fully to realize his condition. After attending to some little matters of business, and having expressed his desire as to mother's earthly future, his spirit was calm and peaceful. He seemed to have done with

the things of earth, save the evident enjoyment of listening to the conversation of the members of his family present, and the solicitous messages of the absent ones. It was a source of grief to his eldest daughters that they were unable, because of distance and ill health, to be with him. Yet it will comfort them to be assured that he fully appreciated the cause of their absence, and felt that they acted wisely.

He was greatly surprised and pleased by the visit of his brother-in-law and friend of more than half a century, Uncle William Garnett, of Chicago. He and mother are the survivors of a family of twelve. How deep and tender the solicitude of the brother as he ministered words of comfort to the sister entering the shadows of widowhood.

Father greatly enjoyed the seasons of prayer, and was interested in the Scripture selections. He asked, upon one occasion, for the one hundred and sixteenth Psalm, remarking: "They generally read the one hundred and fifteenth at such times, but I prefer this." He was the only one unmoved at the reading of the verse: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

At another time he suggested the reading of the seventh chapter of Revelation. His soul was then yearning for the land of the redeemed. He longed for a sight of that multitude come out of great tribulation. He wished to be with them. "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of

waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." This was a favorite passage with him, and more than once have I heard him say that Robert Burns, wicked man that he was, could not read the verse with tearless eyes.

Two hours before his death, he sent a message to his second daughter: "Tell Fannie, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee.' That is indefinite. It does not say what *kind* of trouble, nor *when* He will deliver." Highly favored one, to receive the last words of such a Father! With a heart ever throbbing with love and sympathy for his children, his ruling passion was strong in death.

He spoke not again, but from his eyes there shone a depth of affection more eloquent than words. The inevitable end was approaching. It was fitting that the faithful servant of the Prince of Peace should sink to rest in the presence of his loved ones. The family sat by the bedside and watched the ebbing away of that life so full of precious significance to them and to the world. There, in the background, in tearful silence, stood representatives of that race for whom he had done and suffered not a little. Close at hand were the friend and brother of his youth, and he whose devotion, as that of a son in the flesh, had brightened the sunset of life. Still nearer was a scene that must have moved the least impressible. Son and daughter supported the mother as her sightless eyes seemed to strain after even a passing glimpse of her loved one. The hand of the blind was clasped

in the hand of the dying—the eloquence of a voiceless, sightless grief.

Thus came the hour of departure. So gently did he pass away that mother knew not when his spirit fled. At high noon, on the 4th day of March, he closed his eyes, and peacefully and painlessly entered that land that is fairer than day.

To his two children who were present, it was a new and strange experience. Death is pictured as the King of Terrors. It is often attended by the most excruciating physical suffering, which, in the case of the godless man is aggravated by the most fearful spiritual convulsions. Death is to such the King of Terrors, but not so to him who serves the King of kings. So tranquil, so easy the exit of the soul from the body, we could but exclaim: Can this be death! Well might we inquire, "Where, O death, is thy sting; where, O grave, thy victory!"

The sun shone in noontide splendor. Nature gave glad response to its genial warmth. Stern Winter had melted into smiling Spring. Winter, emblematic of trials and bereavements, forever past; Spring, the foregleam of that restful vision on which his eyes had opened. Blessed closing! blissful opening! To the cares of earth, forever closed; to the joys of heaven, forever open.

Whatever the bereavement of those left behind, they possess this priceless consolation, that he has achieved the two-fold object of his sanctified ambition: He is like Jesus, for he has seen Him as He is. Blessed the pure in heart, for they shall see

God. He saw Him, on earth, even in the midst of dark providences. Now, in unbeclouded light, and with the problems of life made plain, he sees Him face to face.

When father crossed the Ohio River, in the fall of 1862, he had little idea of ever returning to the South. He had then reached middle age. The land was convulsed by a fratricidal war that bade fair to rend the nation into irreclaimably hostile sections. He feared that his usefulness was ended. Borne down by the grief of a patriot over the distracted condition of his beloved country, and overwhelmed by the sore bereavement in the loss of his son, he probably did not look for length of days.

Brighter days, however, came. The war closed. His usefulness had been re-established; but in a different climate and among new surroundings. As the years glided away and old age came on apace, it was his desire, when death should come, to find a resting place in the little cemetery at Upland, among those to whom he had devoted the latter years of his ministry.

But it was decreed otherwise. He resigned his charge in Pennsylvania, and he and mother found it congenial to their feelings to divide their time among their children. Upon her marriage in 1876, his daughter, Mrs. Procter, became a resident of Bowling Green, Kentucky, and still resides there.

Thus, by a succession of events, unforeseen and altogether improbable, at the date of his leaving Bowling Green, in 1857, he returned to his former

home, after thirty-three years of life in Tennessee, Ohio and Pennsylvania. There is a poetic fitness in the providence that turned the heart of the old man toward the scenes of his youth; that brought him back to the State of his first love, there to rest in the bosom of the land sacred with the precious dust of his kindred.

It was in January of 1837 that he began his ministry at Bowling Green. It was at Bowling Green, on the 25th day of January, 1891, that he preached his last sermon. His text was taken from the fourth verse of the fifty-first Psalm. His topic was "Sinning Against God." God was the center of his preaching. His first sermon treated of repentance; his last, of sin. Sin is sin against God. Repentance is repentance toward God.

The funeral services were held at two o'clock, March 6th, in the Baptist church at Bowling Green. It was appropriate that in this building, the scene of his faithful and efficient labors, should be gathered a multitude to do honor to his memory: fellow ministers of the Word; descendants of the friends of other days; his children in the faith; with here and there the whitened locks and streaming eyes of those who with him had borne the burden and heat of the day, and will soon again meet him in the Celestial City.

It was his expressed desire that Dr. T. T. Eaton, of Louisville, should conduct the services. For the parents of Dr. Eaton he had performed the like mournful duty.

The services were opened with the singing of the hymn, "Servant of God, well done." A Scripture selection (II Cor. iv: 6 to v: 10) was read by Rev. A. M. Boone. Rev. M. M. Riley, the pastor, offered a fervent and touching prayer in behalf of the widow and children. Mrs. Lucien D. Potter most effectively rendered the beautiful solo, "This Place is Holy Ground," being No. 1099 of the Psalmist. How appropriate the close of the second stanza:

"Life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality."

Dr. Eaton delivered an address drawn from the words of II Tim. iv: 7: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." He dwelt with special emphasis upon the last clause of the verse, and, defining "faith" in this connection, as the body of doctrine, illustrated the truth of the assertion as applied to Father, in that he had ever felt himself to be set for the defense of the Gospel; had ever proved himself the champion of orthodoxy; had ever contended for the faith once delivered to the saints, and had thus accomplished that "grand, supreme purpose" of his life, "the establishment of truth." It is impossible to furnish an adequate outline of the discourse. It can only be said that it was chaste in diction; vigorous in thought; eloquent in delivery; full of tender feeling and appropriate in eulogy; worthy of him who uttered it; just to its subject and grateful to the family and friends.

Then was sung that hymn, the comfort of the living and the dying saint:

"How firm a foundation."

It was a source of regret that because of the distance, no representative of Crozer Theological Seminary could be present to participate in the services.

Father had been a Trustee of that institution since its foundation, and had ever felt and shown a more than official interest in its welfare; ever rejoiced in its prosperity, and thanked God for the work accomplished by its faculty and graduates.

It had been the habit of Dr. Weston to ask him, when present, to offer special prayer for the graduating class at Commencement; and there are many who will remember how earnest were his petitions, and how more than once he expressed the regret that he was not again young, to join with them in the well-loved work of preaching the Gospel. How he loved that work, and how righteously envious of those who were going forth with physical and mental vigor, to toil in the fields white to the harvest!

It was, however, doubly gratifying that Dr. William H. Whittsitt could be present, and on behalf of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary as well as of Father's former students, offer his tribute of respect and veneration to his departed friend and instructor. Few, but touching and appropriate were his words. As to courage of conviction and stern fidelity to duty, the eulogist drew

a parallel between his subject and the prophet Elijah; and gazing into heaven, whither the spirit of God's servant had fled, could well exclaim with Elisha: "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

A memorial service was held in the Baptist church at Upland, on Sunday, the 22d day of March. Dr. Bliss and Dr. Weston offered special and earnest prayer for the widow and family. The choir sang the appropriate anthem, "Blessed Are the Dead Who Die in the Lord;" also the beautiful hymn, "It Is Well With My Soul." Rev. C. L. Williams, the pastor, delivered a memorial address, wherein he spoke of transparency of character, fidelity of friendship, tenderness of his wife and unflinching devotion to the Gospel of Christ as among the striking traits of his predecessor in the Upland pulpit.

The discourse was eloquent, able, polished, and was couched in language tender, beautiful and fully appreciative of the life and character of its subject. It was a just tribute to him who was devoted in his love to that church, and was a fitting chaplet to lay upon his grave.

In view of Father's long and intimate connection with that body, it will not be considered out of place to insert in this sketch the following minute, which was adopted by the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers, on the 9th day of March, 1891:

The Conference places on record the deep feeling with which it has learned of the death of James Madison Pendleton, D. D.

We recall with profound gratitude the high privilege of intimate intercourse with him during a quarter of a century, since he joined the Conference November 6, 1865.

We have loved and honored him as a man of exalted piety, of large scriptural knowledge, of undeviating fidelity to conviction, of tender and loving spirit.

He has been a pillar in the Temple of our God, in the Conference and in the Denomination, a pillar of strength, a column of beauty.

As we bid farewell to this good and great man, we look forward with hope and cheer to the renewed and endless union amid the Church of the First-born in the world that lies

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping."

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of The Crozer Theological Seminary, held on the 10th day of June, 1891, the following action was taken on the recommendation of Rev. George Dana Boardman, D.D., Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions:

"In making a minute of the death of our late colleague, James Madison Pendleton, Doctor of Divinity, we hereby place on record our deep appreciation of his eminent worth as a Christian, his reverent conscientiousness as a Bible student, his signal fidelity as a preacher and a pastor, his conspicuous loyalty as a Baptist, and especially his indefatigable devotion as a Trustee of the Crozer Theological Seminary."

In the midst of the family bereavement, our love and sympathy cluster about her who is the central figure in the scene of mourning. God gave her as a helpmate to her husband. Her unceasing devotion to him and to his work; her unflagging interest

and zealous efforts in the cause nearest his heart; her sympathy and her prayers, proclaim her the ideal wife. Nothing in their later years has been more touching or beautiful than the lover-like devotion of the old man to the one who, though stricken with blindness and the infirmities of age, ever remained to him the bride and the love of his youth.

To her has come the saddest day of earth. To him, the lifetime-keeper of her heart's profoundest love, she must say farewell. She sorrows, but in the sweetness and the assurance of her faith, sorrows not as they that have no hope. She must say "Farewell," but it is "Farewell, till we meet again." She misses the strong arm and the loving voice, but can say and feel, "The Lord is my refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble." He is the comforter of the widow. He is eyes to the blind. And so, she calmly waits by the riverside. It is the late afternoon of life. The sun is approaching its setting. She waits for the coming of the hour when the darkness of earth shall be exchanged for the clear light of heaven; when her heart and its great treasure shall again be united, and so shall husband and wife be ever with the Lord.

To our mother and her children very grateful have been the many kind and sympathetic words that have been spoken and written by those whom Father loved and honored. We rejoice to believe that his work has not been in vain; that the Lord

has prospered his preaching of the Word ; that in the crown which the Righteous Judge shall give him, will appear many stars as seals to his ministry.

The body of our Father sleeps in the beautiful cemetery, well called Fairview, a mile outside of Bowling Green. There the birds sing, the branches wave, the flowers bloom, and the summer breezes chant a requiem. But *he* is not there. He is absent from the body. He is present with the Lord.

To the heavenly visitants that stand guard over his consecrated dust, he speaks forth the language of that hymn, the comfort of his last hours, the consolation of his bereaved ones, and the prophecy of his resurrection :

Ye angels that watched round the tomb,
  Where low the Redeemer was laid,
While deep in mortality's gloom
  He hid for a season his head.

Ye saints who once languished below,
  But long since have entered your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
  To lean on Immanuel's breast.

O, sweet is the season of rest,
  When life's weary journey is done ;
When the blush spreads over its West,
  And the last lingering rays of the sun.

Though dreary the empire of night,
  I soon shall immerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
  Arise on the shades of the tomb.

Then welcome the last rending sighs
When these aching heart strings shall break,
When death shall extinguish these eyes
And moisten with dew the pale cheek.

No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave,
The sunbeam of life as it sets
Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.