





AUTOBIOGRAPHY

SAMUEL K. HOSHOUR, A. M.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

ISAAC ERRETT,

AND AN APPENDIX

BY

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ST. LOUIS:
JOHN BURNS PUBLISHING CO.
1884.

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DEDICATION.

TO MOTHER,
WHO STOOD SIDE BY SIDE WITH FATHER
FOR NEARLY FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS,
THIS BOOK IS
MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY HER DAUGHTER,
E. J. PRICE.

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INTRODUCTION.

To the popular mind there is a peculiar charm in a well written biography. It is true of personal history, as of the history of a people, that it is "philosophy teaching by experience." The number of those who delight in abstractions is comparatively small. The mastery of mental and moral science is a severe task. Great as are the advantages of such mastery, it must be acknowledged that if the moral and spiritual welfare of the human race were dependent on it, the regeneration of humanity must be indefinitely postponed. But, give to the multitudes *examples* of intellectual, moral and spiritual excellence; exhibit to them embodiments of culture and virtue — living demonstrations of goodness and greatness, wrought out on the plane of their own lives, in the face of the various obstacles that lie in every man's path — and they will at once seize with delight the assurance of the possibility of virtuous attainments, and welcome to their hearts the inspiration to noble endeavor and achievement derived from human experience. In a word, truth, virtue, piety, must be presented in the *concrete*, not in the *abstract*, to captivate the human heart. Hence, the grandest and most effective revelation ever made by heaven to earth — that on which is placed the final reliance for the world's regeneration — is made through a Life. God reveals Himself in humanity, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth; and the awful mysteries concerning God and man which philosophy could never unveil — which modern science has been compelled, in its utter imbecility, to designate as "unknowable" — are cleared up in the biography of one who, in his living personality, is the way, the truth, the life; and every bewildered soul may joyfully come to the Father by him. In the presence of this living revelation of the divine nature and character, man need no longer abide in darkness, but may enjoy "the light of life." Heaven's power to save comes to us through the channel of a divine-human life, in which is made manifest all of truth, and grace, and mercy, of righteousness, holiness and love, needful to redeem the soul from the bewilderments of ignorance and the burden of sin, and restore it to the enjoyment of the love of God.

There must, then, be more or less of captivating and quickening power in every noteworthy life, and biography must ever be, for good or for evil, a fruitful source of inspiration. The lives of really wonderful men are not the most valuable. We view them from afar. We contemplate them as wonders. They move in spheres out of our reach. We gratify our love of the marvelous in their contemplation, but derive from them little that can encourage us in our own humble and narrow sphere of action. The lives which should most interest us are those whose conditions and environments were so nearly like our own that we can find in them examples which we know we can imitate with more or less success.

Such lives may be essentially great, but they are not what the world calls great. There is thrown around them none of the glamour of superhuman achievement. They have no meteoric glare. They are only modest, steady lights, cheering the common paths of life. But they shine just where their light is wanted—where it is available to guide the feet of the hosts of earth's pilgrims in the paths of righteousness and peace. The value of such lives, and the benefits to be derived from an acquaintance with them, is recognized in the Scriptures, in such admonitions as this: "Remember them who had the rule over you, who spake unto you the word of God; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith." (Heb. xiii: 7.)

What we have said of biography is more emphatically true of autobiography, when it is truthfully written; because it brings us into contact not only with *actions*, but with the *feelings* and *motives* that prompted them. It gives us at least occasional glimpses of the inner man. It reveals to us the man, not only as the world sees him, but as he saw himself. It is too much to expect that any autobiography will fully reveal the inner life; it is not desirable that it should. But if written conscientiously, it may unfold much that will be helpful to the reader in the study of his own motives, and enable him to form a more profitable judgment of the character of the writer. A really honest autobiography ought to be, of all human compositions, the most helpful to us in the formation of character.

The life of Prof. Samuel K. Hoshour, as sketched by his own hand, will be prized by many on account of their personal knowledge and appreciation of the man. They will read it with delighted

interest, because they knew and loved him, and there will be revived in memory many scenes and events with which they were familiar. His pupils will live over again the years of academic toil, in which he skillfully led them through the intricacies of classic and scientific lore, and with fatherly gentleness and dignity, by precept and example, imparted to them their highest ideas of manhood and its duties. His brethren, who honored him as a leader in the eager theological strifes that raged when he was in his prime, will fight their battles o'er again, and recall the skillful achievements of this valiant soldier of the cross. His numerous converts will hear reëchoing in their hearts the words of wisdom that first enlightened them, and the tender entreaties that won them to Christ. For these, no words of introduction to this autobiography are needed. But for the sake of those who were not personally acquainted with this worthy man, we deem it needful to say a few words concerning the merits of the book that invites their attention.

1. Prof. Hoshour was not what would be styled, in popular phrase, a great man; nor can it be said that his life was, in any extraordinary sense, eventful. The lives of literary men are seldom eventful. But *this*, if it suppresses expectation of the wonderful, increases expectation of the profitable; for most lives are uneventful. What the multitude most need to learn is, how to make the monotony,—the tame routine of daily life,—cheerful and useful. How to brighten the scenes of daily toil; how to glorify the common events of life; how to be cheerful in poverty and hopeful in adversity; how to be strong in one's self, without the aid of wealth, or rank, or the gifts of genius; and how, against all odds, to make one's life a power for good: these are lessons of priceless value to the great majority of men and women; and it is such lessons as these that find their best illustrations in such a life as we are here called to contemplate.

2. Much interest is given to this autobiography by the marked change in the theological convictions which it records. A radical change in one's convictions, involving a repudiation of beliefs in which one has been educated from infancy; a forsaking of cherished associations; and perhaps such a loss of position as necessitates an exchange of honor for dishonor, of ease for toil, of plenty for poverty, causes mental suffering that words can feebly express,

and calls for a moral heroism of which not all are capable. Not only without worldly inducements, but in opposition to them; impelled solely by a love of truth, this man turned his back to the creed in which he had been educated, the church in which he had been reared, the associations which he had sacredly cherished, and the flattering prospects of honorable success that lured him, and went out among strangers in a strange land.

That this was no fitful impulse, no freak of an unstable mind, is proved by his steadfast adherence, through all discouragements, as long as life lasted, to the principles which he then accepted.

Nothing is more needed among men than shining examples of devotion to truth for truth's sake. No lesson is so invigorating to the soul as that which such examples afford. Among the men whom we delight to honor, and whose memories we desire to preserve ever fresh, the first place should be given to those whose lives have exhibited a supreme devotion to truth.

3. The strength of Prof. Hoshour's life was given to Western society in its formative period. When he came to the West, Indiana was comparatively a new State. The roughness of pioneer life was still prevalent. We shall never know all that we owe to the men and women who laid the foundations of our present political and social structure, amid toils and privations with which we are unfamiliar. Among these brave and patient souls our hero held an influential place. In the school-room, in the pulpit, and in social life, he brought to bear all the refining and sanctifying influences of an educated mind, a pure heart, and a righteous life. He formed the principles and manners of those who came under his instructions. There are to-day many in public life, and a great many more in private homes, who owe largely to him the inspirations of their lives. His influence for good will live for many generations. It cannot be known until the secrets of eternity are revealed, how far that one life has been a potency for good.

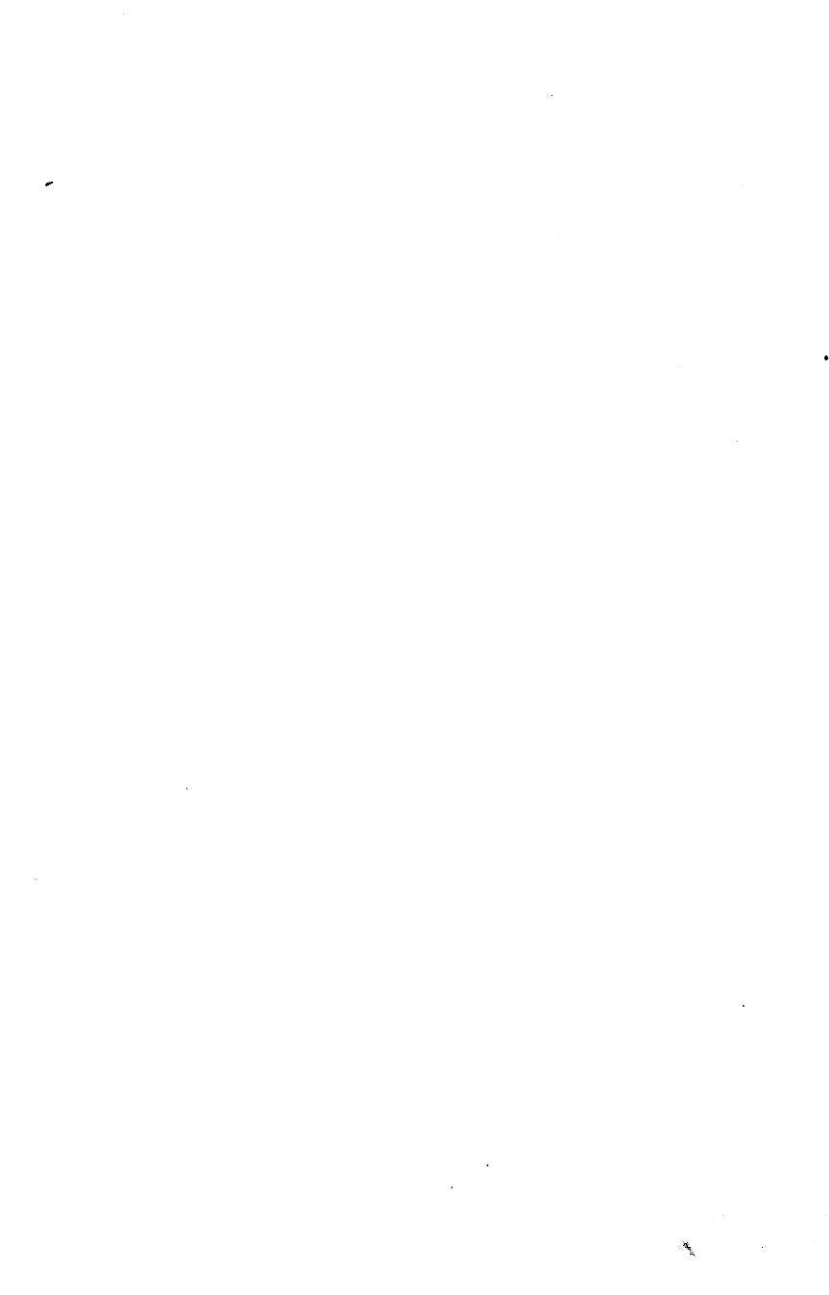
4. Those lives are noblest, and most deserving of admiration, which are dominated by moral and spiritual influences. They are the truest friends of humanity who, undeceived by the glamour of earthly wealth and fame, and gifted to understand and appreciate the true riches of knowledge and wisdom, and the fadeless honors of righteousness, are content with a moderate portion of this world's goods, if they may but be prospered in the ways of truth,

and be influential in leading others to enjoy with them the unfailing treasures of wisdom and holiness. Such a man was Samuel K. Hoshour. Many of his contemporaries, his inferiors in knowledge and ability, amassed fortunes; he lived and died a poor man. But he gave to society a life of honest and successful service in behalf of liberal education and a pure gospel, and enriched many with treasures of knowledge and wisdom whose price is far above rubies, the gain of which is infinitely greater than that of fine gold.

We therefore cordially recommend this record of a life which, though quiet and unobtrusive, was fruitful in good works, and widely influential as an illustration and example of faith and piety. By it, he, though dead, may yet speak to the living.

ISAAC ERRETT.

CINCINNATI, March 4, 1884.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF S. K. HOSHOUR.

WITHOUT assigning any special reason why I am disposed to write a short history of my life, I at once begin with the time and place where my eyes first saw the light of this life. Pardon the unavoidable *ego*. I was born on the 9th of December, in 1803, in Heidelberg Township, York County, State of Pennsylvania; not in Germany, as many of my American friends have been impressed.

The German phase of my birthplace is observable in the name of my native township, *Heidleberg*, as also the adjoining township, *Manheim*; and the *goodness* of the region, by another called *Paradise*! And the stability of the manners of the fathers is perceptible in its proximity to "Codorus" Township, in which the ancestral Democracy has come down so unvaried and unimpaired that out of five hundred votes cast at a gubernatorial election in 1864, the Republican candidate (Curtin) received only sixteen!

Many of my Western friends have entertained and still entertain the idea that Germany was my native land, arising, no doubt, from the fact that I usually report myself a German, which I am as to race, but not as to nativity. My transatlantic ancestors resided in Alsace, not very remote from Strasburg. It is not precisely known in what year my great-great-grandfather emigrated to this country. It was, how-

ever, in the early part of the settlement of Eastern Pennsylvania. My great grandfather located in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and was successful in business, and before the Revolutionary War had acquired quite an amount of real estate; but, misguided by the *apparent* value of the "Continental Currency," he disposed of it, with the intention of locating in a more western section of the State. The sudden depreciation of the currency before he made new purchases impoverished him.

My grandfather, John Hoshour, his eldest son, then married and in good business, filially and generously aided his father with means to emigrate to "New Virginia," where he again acquired property,—a respectable competency,—and died at an advanced age. My grandfather died in his thirty-fifth year, in York County, Pennsylvania, leaving one son—my father—and three daughters. My father acquired the trade of his father, that of tanning. He also died in the thirty-fifth year of his age, leaving six children, of which I was the eldest,—in my fourteenth year. The early demise of my beloved father brought almost insupportable sadness to my tender mother and a great loss to her orphan children. My father left property behind him, worth, after the indebtedness of his estate was discharged, a little over \$10,000; one-third of this belonged to the widow, and the remainder was put on interest for the benefit of the children,—myself, three sisters and two brothers, the youngest of the family.

The loss of my parent naturally brought me under the control of a guardian, who gave me the privilege to hire out to decent neighbors in the community, which was a solid "Pennsylvania Dutch" community. This circulation in the neighborhood as a hireling was not very conducive to my proper bringing up. No Sunday-school influence acted on me; and away from the maternal home I lost measurably my interest in going to meeting. Sundays were spent in fishing, playing ball, and kindred diversions. Up to my seventeenth year, I attended school about three months of the year, under teachers of very poor qualifications. This, of course, left me in some degree a stranger to books, and the love of reading. My father's library consisting of a few antiquated German volumes, written in almost utter imperspicuity, could not attract me. As for English books, there were none in the neighborhood, with the occasional exception of a Dillworth's Spelling Book or a New Testament.

Our regular winter teacher was a Swiss, by the name of Moudweiler, an old bachelor who spent the winter with us in teaching and thumping the junior portion of the community, and in the spring he set out on a tour of repairing clocks, mending the "tin things" of the different households, near and remote.

Under his tuition I readily acquired the art of reading German fluently; penmanship was successfully prosecuted; but arithmetic, the highest branch of the *curriculum*, presented a foggy realm! It was more pleasure to me to extract rabbits from their burrows,

and fishes from their watery deep, than to extract the roots presented in the current arithmetics!

In my seventeenth year, however, an apparently trivial circumstance placed me in a new position and imparted a new phase to my future! In the summer of this year (1819) I was in the service of a farmer, who was also the proprietor of a large and valuable grist mill. The miller who acted as foreman was much more skilled in making good flour for the Baltimore market than in keeping accounts and posting his books. Perceiving that I, the "hireling," could add, subtract, multiply and divide, and write a fair hand, he employed me on rainy days and other leisure time, to make entries for him and post his books, of course not according to the present improved method of book-keeping. This intercourse produced mutual regard and sympathy between us. As the term of my service on the farm ended with the close of September, arrangements were made to indenture me to the *tanning business*, the vocation of my father and grandfather, at this time somewhat appreciated! But as the proprietor of the tannery could not receive me until the close of the year, I performed the functions of a day laborer wherever work could be obtained. It may not be out of place here to say that I worked in the summer of my seventeenth year on the farm of the mill owner for four dollars a month and boarded! My readers might draw inferences from this compensation that I must have been a poor operator! Not at all. The population of my native region was dense; the farms gener-

ally small, and the *crop* of boys and girls abundant, so that each land holder had all the help he needed in his own family. Men would not hire unless there was an absolute necessity. Sometimes in my present ruminations on my past I almost come to the conclusion that it was fated for me to work for *too little* in the different spheres in which I, from that time until now, have labored; for too little in the pulpit, too little in the school-room, and in public services generally.

But to return. In the meantime, the Swiss teacher having gone into regions unknown, and discontinuing his periodical visits to "Heidelberg," to teach the young idea how to shoot, and no other one of the didactic profession offering himself to the community, the householders of the neighborhood began to entertain apprehension that they might be without a school during the coming winter. As the mill was the place where neighbors met, this apprehension was frequently expressed in the presence of the miller. He counseled as follows: "Here is Sam. K. Hoshour, who can read well enough, writes a fair hand, and can cipher so as to tell how much at so much comes to, and that is all that your children need to learn! Keep your larger ones at home, or make them behave themselves should they desire to go, and he will get along well with the school." The suggestion was received with approbation by several of those interested, but "some doubted." The school was to be taught in the neighborhood in which I was raised. As frequently in making presidents of the United States in the last

extremity, individuals who had not been previously thought of, Dark Horses, are brought on the tapis, and finally nominated for the high position, and the proclamation of the events obtains general *consent*, so in this case.

In the beginning of the ensuing December, 1819, the "hireling" of the summer was invested with the ferule and other insignia of the didactic profession, in the possession of the following literary qualifications: Reading German; reading the English Testament *a la mode German*; passable penmanship, and arithmetic to a point somewhere between long division and the "rule of three" in the province of compound reduction! The new position suggested to me the propriety of dropping some of my puerilities; of suppressing others, and of assuming and cultivating that gravity and assiduity that would establish my authority in the school-room, encourage my friends, and render the predictions of inimical doubters nugatory. The evenings were not now to be spent hunting opossums, in sleigh-riding, in aiding some neighbor in chopping sausage-meat, and closing the occasion with a luscious "metzel soup," and other diversions belonging to a non-reading rural community. Questions in arithmetic had to be wrought out, and some reading had to be done. As the family in which I boarded had a more extensive library than had formerly been within my reach, an opportunity of more extensive reading presented itself. Among the volumes composing the library of my host was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in German. I

read this with increasing interest and edification — *the first book I ever read through!* The nature of the narrative, the wisdom of the pilgrim's choice, his perseverance, and the glorious issue of his course, all interested and impressed me. I received impressions that are still abiding. The spirit of reading, and indeed, of religion became active in me. I obtained other volumes of a religious character, the perusal of which and that of the New Testament, by the blessing of God, produced such a state of mind as induced me to unite with the Lutheran Church in my eighteenth year. I attended a course of catechetical instruction which deepened my religious impressions — impressions not yet erased.

The session of my school closed with entire satisfaction to the community. As my indentureship to the tanning business was not greatly urged by my guardian, I appropriated the proceeds of my first school to the improvement of my qualifications for future usefulness. I went to a town school where English only was taught. Here I, a stalwart rustic youth had to sit in classes of saucy boys and giggling girls, much my juniors. Our reading book was "Scott's Lessons." When my turn came to read I went at it with a *will*, but the effort was so tinged with German tone and accent that the gravity of the otherwise imperturbable teacher was subverted, and the risible powers of the class evoked into almost uncontrollable action.

A damaging reluctance to try it again was the consequence. Reading *in class* was waived for awhile.

But arithmetic was prosecuted with an interest it never had been before, and startling progress was visible.

In proportion as books and schools became more attractive, the *scent* of a tannery became less so, and resistance to apprenticeship was strengthened. The guardian and the ward collided on this point !

Religiously impressed, strongly inclined to be useful in a public capacity, and encouraged by a maternal uncle, I aspired to the position of a *German* Lutheran preacher. My patrimony, about one thousand dollars, was under the control of a guardian, who was of that class of Germans who think that man's mission into this world, is to *labor and make money*; and fully under the influence of the following German adage: "*Wie gelehrten, wie verkehrten*," that is, the *more learned, the more perverted*, he positively refused to furnish me any funds for the purpose of extending my education — "not a dollar" for my war with ignorance !

Not to enter into a protracted contention with my guardian, and yet to attain my object, George Klinefelter, Esq., my mother's brother, a man of ample means, and for whom the initial *K* in my name stands, generously furnished me means until I obtained legal access to my own. On the 6th of June, 1822, I entered the "York Academy," York, Pennsylvania; commenced the study of Latin and some of elementary studies. I placed myself under the advice and "watch care" of the Rev. I. G. Schmucker, D. D., pastor of the Lutheran congregation of that place. He acted a parental part towards me — encouraged me in my

arduous task to ascend the hill of initial learning, for I was not yet at the *big hill*. The tone of the students of the institution was not exactly in accord with mine; they were mainly irreligious, and not reserved in ridiculing my verdancy. My fellow-boarders, at a widow Ebert's, a most excellent lady, were George W. Hinkle who turned out physician; Harry Meyers, a future "business man;" John N. Hoffman, a subsequent Lutheran preacher; and Augustus Wampler, who shaped into a physician and resided for many years in Middletown, Ohio. They were not absolutely bad, but studious to subvert my Christian gravity whenever an opportunity presented itself! As far as I know, they are now all in eternity.

The professor of the institution was James Steen, a graduate of Jefferson College at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, the handsomest man I ever saw. His temper was quick, his patience of medium length, and his discipline spasmodic. He never gave me a cross word, except once when he ratanned a refractory fifteen yearling; the subject of flagellation was naturally jerky, and the object of the professor was to repeat the castigation until he would quit shaking his head, which seemed impracticable by the lad — in short, the operation was so ludicrous that I involuntarily snorted out. That evoked from the teacher rather sharp words. I wilted. In a short time our mutual good will returned.

My school toils were onerous. I commenced the study of Latin with but a slight acquaintance with English. I had to study both languages simultaneously,

translate Latin into English without knowing what was proper English. My memory was good, which enabled me to keep a respectable standing in my classes. The smiles of teacher and class were awaked by the earnestness with which I conjugated the verb, *volo*, pronouncing it *wollo, wello, wolui*. Were I now to begin Latin that pronunciation, according to the "Roman," would be orthodox.

Although I had to study the Latin and English languages simultaneously, and endure the taunts and ridicule of the ruder portions of the class and the school, I attained a proficiency that commanded the respect of the teachers and those that attended the regular examinations of the institution.

I spent several years in the York Academy during which I read a considerable portion of the Latin and Greek classics, and mastered, to some degree the curriculum of mathematics belonging to the old fashioned Eastern academies.

In the spring of 1824 my health was so reduced that my clerical and medical advisers suggested the propriety of my entering an unchartered Collegiate Theologico Institute, under the control of Rev. S. S. Schmucker, D.D., at New Market, Shenandoah Co., Virginia. This transfer had a recuperative effect on me. The invigorating air of the Shenandoah Valley, the gorgeous mountain sceneries that were constantly in sight, and the new society into which I fell,—operated favorably upon my impaired tenement. My studies were not very onerous, and considerable margin

of time was given me for wholesome recreation. Under the direction of a very skilled hunter, familiar with the mountain retreats of all kinds of game, I with gun on shoulder plighted myself to him, to keep even pace with him through all the devious paths of mountain gorges; gymnastics most salutary — generator of an appetite that could revel on the coarsest contents of our *viaticum*!

Portions of leisure were also spent in visiting and peregrinating caves of good dimension in the vicinity, as also resorting to mineral springs existing in different parts of the valley. All this was very conducive to the invigoration of my physique, but did not relieve the emaciation of my form.

In the "Institute," I pursued the study of the ancient languages, rhetoric, moral and mental philosophy. The theological *curriculum* consisted of biblical and systematic Theology, hermeneutics, sacred and profane history and such other branches as usually pertain to a preparation for the ministry. My fellow students were Jno. G. Morris, of York, Pa., Jno. Rech, of Winchester, Va., Jno. P. Cline, of Shenandoah Co., George Schmucker, of the same county, and David S. Kyle, of Germany.

On the whole, we lived in amity, harmony and brotherly love. The native of Germany was inclined to be a little Ishmaelitish, but not persistent in ill will. We conducted worship, morning and evening in alphabetical order. The leader of the devotions was obliged to raise a suitable tune to the hymn used. That was

my cross. Peradventure, I could raise "Old Hundred" as a long metre, Aylesbury, as a short metre and one or two common ones. The Professor allowed no substitute in this part of worship; repeated efforts had to be made, or endure a failure!

My inability to raise tunes was not so much a lack of voice as a want of training in vocal music in my earlier youth. Proud in the middle of my "teens," I thought vocal music belonged to *women* and to men that had a deal of woman nature in their composition! Attendance on singing schools was undesirable by me. I have since, in a long ministry greatly deplored this deficiency. And here I would say to every aspirant to ministry; cultivate sacred music, and especially the staid and *standard* church tunes! Sometimes, *singing* the Gospel is more effective than *talk-ing* it!

I remained over two years in this Institute, and enjoyed the very valuable instructions of Prof. Schmucker. During this time I made my *debut* in preaching. There was a large school house in a well inhabited region, about four miles from New Market. This school house, well seated became the arena on which we unfledged theologians *entertained*, if not *edified* respectable audiences. The community required both English and German ministrations. I delivered my *first* sermon in this place, in the German language. Text: "God is love." I was rather even in my delivery; the people were attentive and apparently appreciative of what was said.

My first sermon in the English language was in another school house in the same region. My text was: "Pray without ceasing." I still occasionally see a Christian brother in Indiana, who was present on that occasion fifty-five years ago! We were then both Lutherans. Like most young preachers, I had more zeal than discretion! Had a misconception of the true object of preaching. I thought if I could occasionally burst out in tears myself and start them in the eyes of others, *substantial* good was done. In my earlier ministry, I laid all that was tender or moving in nature and revelation under contribution, to bathe, if possible, my audience in tears. But subsequently I found that tears may be shed, and the weepers yet remain unmended! An old stalwart sinner was wont to sit before me whose eyes I could unseal, but his known profanity remained uneradicated — on his return home he would season his commendation of the discourse with profane utterances! My conceptions of good preaching underwent a radical change. Instead of making the *sensational* the *basis* of my theory of good preaching, I made the *conviction* in my hearers, *to become* better Christians, better men and women, the fundamental matter in my sermonizing; to awaken the consciences of men, and educe in them resolutions to devote themselves to the glory of God and the good of men! And to this end, the word of God, the "*seed*" of all that is Christian in the human heart, must be honestly preached. Would that all preachers had *profound* convictions on this subject!

Of my fellow students at New Market, three have long since gone into eternity, Rev. David S. Kyle; John B. Reck, and J. P. Cline. The survivors of that school are Rev. J. G. Morris, D.D., of Baltimore, Md., Rev. Geo. M. Schmucker, of Virginia, and myself, residing in Indianapolis, Ind., — all septuagenarians!

I spent a little over two years in the Collegiate Theologico Institute at New Market. Our esteemed professor was elected Professor of Theology, in the theological seminary founded by the General Synod of the Lutheran Church at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in 1826. And so, like all mundane things, the institute met its end.

During our attendance on the instructions of Professor S., he frequently laid us students under contribution to fill some of his appointments. Besides, his labors in the institute, he ministered to three small congregations, in suitable proximity to his place of residence. It frequently occurred that Lutheran congregations at a distance desired his ministrations and counsel. Whenever he acceded to their requests, his remote pulpits were filled by his students of sufficient maturity. To be selected to perform such service was deemed an honor, but was sometimes followed by mortification. There was a divided church, about twenty-four miles from New Market south of the Massanutten Mountain on the "Big Shenandoah" River, which could not be reached except by laborious horseback travel. The professor undertook to heal the ailment. The difficulty in the church was this: The

congregation had existed for years and maintained a quiet, perhaps, a *formal* church life. A Lutheran preacher who had caught a good deal of the fervor of *primitive* Methodism, was their pastor, and, who tried what were then called "new measures." The process produced two factions, the *converted* and the formalists; the former were noisy in their worship, and the latter "set" in their ways, the ways of the "fathers." The rupture threatened the extinction of the church. The more reflecting part of the congregation invoked the aid of Rev. Schmucker. He undertook the task. His preaching could feed the converted, and at the same time tranquilize the feelings of the "old party," so called.

The effervescence of "the new party," in the main calmed down under his preaching with the exception of one or two who would occasionally "break out." Among these was a Bro. Reinhart, the father of the late Rev. Wm. R. Reinhart, of the United Brethren Church, whom some of my readers may have known.

Father Reinhart would, under warm preaching, "break out." On a time when the Professor officiated, toward the close of his sermon Reinhart gave a "shout." The preacher closed up immediately and dismissed the congregation. Circumstances made it necessary that I should fill the pulpit in that church the next time. It was customary with the Professor, when he made any of his students a substitute at any of his regular appointments, to call him into his room and give directions about what was to be done. He cited

me into his study, and told me what had transpired at his previous appointment at that church—that Reinhart had become vociferous, and that he (the preacher) stopped and dismissed the meeting, as in his opinion, the “old party” would have become demonstrative by going out! Now, said the Professor if at any part of your discourse Reinhart should “break out,” you must quit preaching and dismiss the congregation as becomingly as possible. This was earnestly *enjoined*. I set out for the objective point, *St. Peter’s Church*; met a large congregation, was ardent in my ministrations, and in the last fourth of my discourse Reinhart broke out in stentorian shouts! I myself was so animated that it seemed better to *obey my convictions* than the Professor’s *injunction*, and kept on to the end of my discourse!! Only one of the old party ran out. The people rather liked my discourse. I preached again in the afternoon without any disturbance. I returned on Monday, and, of course, had to report to the Professor. He earnestly inquired, did Reinhart “break out?” I said, yes; did you stop? Awful question; but I would face the music with a negative! Why did you not do as I told you?

You have *spoiled* more than can be *repaired* in six months! Your course was very indiscreet! I was never sent again to that place!

As stated already, the professor served three small churches in his immediate region which were reluctant to give him up after his election to the theological professorship at Gettysburg, Pa. They insisted that

he should furnish them a successor. The pastorate required preaching both in German and English. And as I was the only one of the students that could acceptably officiate in both these languages (some of his students officiated in German only, and others in English only) the professor's mantle fell upon me, and I became his successor.

Before he left for Gettysburg, he coaxed and pressed a considerable sum of money out of the pastorate as donations to the newly organized seminary, at Gettysburg, in annual subscriptions. Upon second reflection on the subject they became crabbed, and not a few declared they would pay little or nothing towards preaching until their liabilities to the seminary were disposed of. This affected my support in the parish considerably; necessitated me to connect academic teaching with my parochial duties! In 1827 I assumed the principalship of the New Market Academy. Here I came into contact with the spirited sons of Virginia slave-holders. My predecessor in the principalship was a lawyer, a gentleman of fine attainments, but a poor disciplinarian! He was small in stature, and the boys, refractory and sometimes defiant. I encountered them with more "brass" than they thought a young preacher ought to display. By tongue and *birch* I gained the mastery early in my connection with them, and a more respectful and docile class of pupils I never taught!

On the 7th of February, 1826, I was married to Miss Lucinda, daughter of Jacob Savage, Esq., of New

Market. Of this matter, I shall write more when I come to our "Golden Wedding."

During my connection with the New Market Academy, I had frequent interviews with a pleasant teacher of a county school in the vicinity of the town. In one of our interviews he told me he had an intellectual prodigy in his school by the name of Joseph Salyards, the son of a poor widow at the foot of the Massanutten mountain. The youth did not go to school before his fourteenth year. There was nothing striking in his person. In six weeks he learned to read fluently in the most elaborate style, — in two months he mastered Pike's arithmetic; algebra was a mere pastime with him; and English grammar was disposed of with almost lightning speed! I told my friend I should like to see his "prodigy;" he should send him to my house. He came; and in my first interview with him, he asked me whether I had any author on mental philosophy. I said I had. Would you lend it to me for perusal? Yes, if you take good care of it. I entrusted the book to him; he returned it uninjured. In looking over my library, he saw Virgil attractively bound. He took it down and requested me to read Latin to him, — he had never heard Latin. I read and translated a part of the first eclogue. After I was done he said, that is splendid!

In the spring of 1828, I received a call to a Lutheran pastorate at Smithsburg, Washington County, Md., which I accepted. This brought my scholastic and ecclesiastical labors at New Market, Va., to a close.

When it was understood that I was about to leave that community Joseph Salyards visited me and disclosed to me that that Latin I read for him was still "ringing in his ears;" that he was determined to learn the Latin language, but before he could do that, he had to earn money by teaching; and in order to obtain employment in that vocation he needed better attire. He was very destitute in that respect. A short time after this he wrote me a letter of gratitude for the interest I had taken in his case. The letter was unrivalled for beauty of style and appropriateness of sentiment.

I showed the letter to the gentleman that was to succeed me in the academy and urged him to take Salyards as his usher, and teach him Latin. The future principal took the letter up town and showed it to some of the leading business men of the place. It was decided among them that no man in the county could equal the production. Interest was gotten up in favor of Salyards, and in a short time in a new costume he became usher, acquired the Latin and Greek languages and some of the modern, and for half a century he has been the most distinguished teacher in the Shenandoah Valley. He is at this writing, in 1880, professor in the "Polytechnic Institute," at New Market.

He is the author of a volume of poems entitled "Idothea," that has received favorable criticisms from high authorities on "both sides of the waters."

Five years ago he wrote me the following letter:—

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, }
NEW MARKET, VA., April 20th, 1875. }


To the Rev. Prof. S. K. Hoshour:

MY FIRST AND VENERABLE FRIEND.—Many years have passed since I saw you last. I am now old, and you must be still more so. You read to me a part of Virgil's first Eclogue. You inspired me! I have since studied languages, and have cultivated some taste. I have written much, very much; but little of it will appear to the world. I now send you a little volume—a poem. I want you to read it critically. If you will condescend to do so, you may notice it in "Our Church Paper," condemn what you find worthy of censure, and praise, if you find anything worthy of praise. Be pleased to remember that silence is severer rebuke than censure, so please say something.

Ever most gratefully yours,

JOSEPH SALYARDS.

CHAPTER II.

N the 14th of April, 1828, wife, sister-in-law, myself and our then only child, now Mrs. Price, set out from New Market for Smithsburg, a village at the northern foot of South Mountain, about one hundred miles east from the place of departure. After a fatiguing travel through unmacadamised roads, we arrived at the point of our destination. Our household goods had preceded us. The aspect of things were by no means cheering to my young wife who left a pleasant parental home, and her neat, native town! The pastorate had just been formed, composed of two village, and one rural, churches. No parsonage was as yet erected; house accommodations in the village were scarce. The good people did the best they could for us; but that *best* put us into a log house with two rooms below and a large one on the second floor. The building was remote from spring or well water; but we had floods of tears from wife and sister-in-law. However, time and the kindness of the parishioners brought about a reconciliation to our circumstances. In the second year of my pastorate a very commodious brick parsonage was built, which we occupied until my connections with the Charge ceased. In this parsonage our second child was born, a son, on the 31st of March, 1830. We called him *Samuel Horace*

I was three years connected with this pastorate. Two events gave some variety to the usual monotony of rural, pastoral life. The first was my public effort against intemperance. I was induced to engage in this work through the pressure of the village doctor, by the name of Bishop, a graduate of Yale College, and also of a reputable Medical College. In his religious convictions he was an Episcopalian, a man of unblamable life and of marked philanthropy. His aversion to intemperance was intense. This prompted him to stimulate me, to deliver a discourse on this vice, which I did in fall of 1828. Being young and not well posted in the statistics of intemperance, I, of course, could not be very efficient in my attempt. Still the Doctor thought it availed. It waked up some opposition on the part of those who thought the preacher should preach the Gospel and let the temperance "*mania*" alone. This mania was just then coming into vogue. The Doctor's urging, and my own observations, Saturday afternoons, when seated on my portico, I saw men returning from village in not a very rectilineal manner, and on inquiry who the subjects were I found that not a few were my parishioners. This intensified my every desire to persist in my efforts against the evil. As three of the main members of my pastorate, owned large distilleries, I had to approach the *manufacture* of the ardent with some caution. They would cheerfully tolerate our efforts to reclaim drunkards, but were not ripe to endure reflections on *their business*! Some of the saloonists of that day — members of the church, told me that my

career and that of my coadjutors took the *bread out of the mouths of their children*. There was considerable commotion in the fold. My Lutheran clerical brethren were a little shy of agitating and ventilating the evil of the liquor business, as there were complications involved that might issue in disaster to their usefulness, but whenever I met a Methodist preacher I found a staunch "*radical*" against the nefarious traffic!

Gradually the ministers of all denominations in that region became public advocates of temperance in its technical sense.

And, as far as I know, the three Lutheran distilleries and others of that community have long since disappeared.

The proprietors of these distilleries were, in the language of society, good, moral, and sterling men, but their eyes at that early day were not fully open in regard to the iniquity of their avocation.

Another event disturbed the tranquility of my pastorate during these years. From 1827 to 1830 the Theological Seminary of the General Synod, and Pennsylvania College were founded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Then there was but one Lutheran congregation at that place, which, with two country churches, constituted the pastorate. It had become vacant. Prof. S. S. Schmucker wrote to me requesting me to visit Gettysburg and preach in that place, in order that it might be determined whether my ministrations would suit the congregation, students and community. I

wrote him that I would comply with his request. In the spring of 1830 I spent a "Sabbath" in the city, and officiated several times acceptably to those present. But as the pastorate was composed of two other congregations in the country, the Professor had made week-day appointments for me, and himself accompanied me and introduced me to those congregations. I preached both in English and German in each of the congregations before my esteemed instructor of former days. Well, the upshot of this visit and preaching was that a call to become the incumbent of the pastorate was given me after my return to Smithsburg. When it was known that I received a call from Gettysburg, and evinced a disposition to accept it, the elders of the different congregations of the Smithsburg "Charge" held a meeting of consultation about the propriety of my leaving them. They resolved to send two messengers to Gettysburg to expostulate with those that had extended the call, representing to them that my leaving my present field would affect the well-being of their pastorate very much, as I was its first incumbent. At last both parties referred to my arbitrament. In some respects I had a predilection for Gettysburg, — the school atmosphere of that locality was *à mougout*, — but the great amount of ministerial labor required in that pastorate, and my physical debility as well as my attachment to the people of the Smithsburg Charge, suggested that I better not go. The call was annulled, and tranquility restored.

During my connection with this pastorate I sprinkled many of its infant newcomers, among whom not a few were named Samuel Hoshour,—so named out of respect for their pastor; but after my secession from Lutheranism, there was no small amount of *regret*, on the part of Lutheran mothers, that such a *naming* did ever take place!

In 1831, I removed from that pastorate, to Hagerstown, the county seat of Washington County, Md. Here for the first year I taught a private academy and as Dr. Kurtz, who had been the pastor of the Lutheran congregation for sixteen years, accepted a call to Chambersburg, Pa., the pulpit at this place (Hagerstown), became vacant. The Council of the congregation engaged me to fill their pulpit *once* a Lord's Day, until they could get a new pastor. At the close of that year, 1831, I gave up my teaching, and the Council, with the ready concurrence of the congregation (about four hundred members), gave me call to be their minister. I served as pastor until September, 1834. My connection with this congregation was very pleasant; there was mutual cordiality, the congregation prospered; and this state of things might have continued longer, had I not obtained convictions in matters of faith, at variance with Lutheran views and formularies of doctrine.

I must detail a little. In the negotiation of the "Council" with me about becoming their pastor, one stipulation was, that besides preaching twice on Lord's Day, I was to lecture once a week at the prayer meet-

ing, on sections of the New Testament — a whole chapter or less, according to my judgment in the matter. A half an hour was allowed for this lecture; the balance of the duration of the prayer meeting was occupied by the praying members of the congregation in prayer and song. I addressed myself earnestly to this phase of my pastoral duties, which necessitated a sober study of the word in its proper connection, a thing which the so-called Theological Seminary instruction does not always fully impress, especially a half century ago, when I passed through the process. The Bible was a book of reference, not properly a text-book, except a book out of which students took texts to preach from, by means of a concordance. We studied “systematic theology,” with references to Bible passages which were deemed confirmatory of the dogmas inculcated in the text. In this way, a student can be made a respectable theologian without being a thorough scripturist.

And short and *curious* text-scrapes are not likely to conduce to an amendment in this respect.

I began my New Testament lectures with Matthew and after awhile alternated with the Acts of the Apostles; this became very instructive, and my hearers said it tended greatly to their edification and to my enlargement in Bible truths. In the progress of these ministrations I sensibly realized that the religion of the Bible and the *popular* religion of to-day, were two different things, the one *sober, sound, substantial* and *reliable*, the other generally wild, fitful and vapory.

My love for the *pure word* increased daily, and my interest in formularies of sectarian theology diminished proportionally.

Nearly forty years after my separation from the Lutheran Church, Mrs. H. and myself paid a visit to Hagerstown, and partook of the hospitality of a firm Lutheran lady. After dinner, I proposed that under her guidance, we would spend a few hours in visiting the members of the congregation with whom we were familiar during my ministry among them. The proposal was cheerfully accepted by our hostess. Those whom we met gave us such hearty receptions as to make us forget, for the time being, that we were not any more of "*the same faith and order.*" In the close of our round, we called on Mr. John Kausler, cashier of one bank of the place, a staunch Lutheran, with whom lived his widowed mother, the relict of Jacob Kausler, with whom and kindred spirits I was wont to enjoy sweet counsel during my ministry in the congregation. We were pressed to take tea with them, which we did. After tea, pleasantly seated in the parlor, our conversation turned upon things that many years ago interested us. In our interchange of thoughts and feelings, the old lady referred to the lectures on the Scriptures I gave in the lecture room, saying, that "*no such lectures*" had been furnished in that locality *since that day*, adding, too, that other old friends of mine who were in the habit of attending the lectures, often expressed themselves in the same way. I suppose my good old lady friend was not aware that

those lectures became ultimately the entrance wedge to my separation from her "beloved Zion," and made what *some* of her present preachers called a "heretic" teaching, in their language, most "*dangerous and ruinous errors!*" In the early part of my ministry, in view of the contrarieties in religion and in literature and science, I resolved, that in the former I would embrace that side of an important question which had the most incontestable evidence in its favor; and in the latter, I would hold to that theory which could adduce the best authority in its behalf. I had then no idea that the first of these resolutions would ever lead me out of the "Zion," in which I then glorified!

About six miles south of Hagerstown in a settlement called Beaver Creek, a populous and rich community, was a spacious and comfortable school house, also adapted for public worship. The religious phase of the community was diversified. There were in it Lutherans, Episcopalians, Methodists, United Brethren and Tunkers. The preachers, representatives of these various orders, had the privilege of preaching in it, provided they did not obtrude on each other's appointments. There was preaching every Sunday in that locality. I, as a representative of Lutheranism, preached frequently there on Lord's days in the afternoon. But seldom could any of those who officiated gain a proselyte to his fold.

Thus stood matters till in the spring of 1834. At that time a "proclaimer of the ancient Gospel" made his appearance in the community; not a scholarly

man, but who understood the New Testament pretty well, and had brass enough to enlist the attention of the whole community. He called attention to many neglected or overlooked passages in the "book;" indeed, made the Scriptures look almost *new* to reflecting minds. His boldness in proclaiming "the word," as also his persistence, made an impression upon some of the best minds about there. He immersed persons who peditors would not have thought would ever go under the water. In a short time he immersed some forty persons; some from different sects, but most of them from the "outsiders." It sometimes happens that an apparently insignificant circumstance becomes the cause of a revolution in the inner realm of a man. As I have already stated, a miller's suggestion to customers about my supposed ability to teach the elementary school diverted me from becoming a tanner. The "Campbellite proclaimer" produced quite a stir in the communities around. Wrapped up in my clerical dignity, I never condescended to resort to *his* meetings and listen to *his* crudities and supposed heresies! Various reports about his abnormal course among the people, of his saying, "there is no spiritual influence but that of the 'word;'" of his refusing to *ask* a blessing at the table, saying "the *blessing* is already here, let us give *thanks* for it."

At the end of his discourses he was in the habit of challenging the "sectarian" preachers to contradict his positions — was ready for a public debate at any time. But no preacher heeded him. He was espec-

ially annoying to a small "class" of Methodists in that community. Its "leader" encountered him, was defeated and finally immersed by him. This "fired" the Methodists. One of their leading men met me on the road as I went to solemnize a wedding, and related to me what havoc Webb was producing at Beaver Creek, and how insufferably arrogant he was; pointed out the necessity of checking him; and looking steadfastly at me, said: "You are the man that can do it, for I heard you once preach on baptism, and I thought you made it very clear that *sprinkling* or *pouring* is valid baptism; do authorize me to say to Webb when he throws out his next challenge, that there is a preacher that will meet him."

Inwardly I consented to meet the supposed giant, but reserved the outward demonstration until after my return home, when in proper time I would write my Methodist friend a note authorizing him to accept the challenge whenever it would come from the innovator. I solemnized the marriage and enjoyed a good dinner. On my way home I began to reflect on my interview with my friend, and the probable conflict with Webb. I had understood that he was quick at repartee, good at starting new questions, which I am not. My concentrativeness is not very good, and consequently my replies to new and unexpected questions are necessarily slow; and this slowness, in a debate, could indicate that I was unable to answer the questions, and that would damage my plea. I therefore resolved to prepare myself well, re-survey the whole subject of

“water-baptism,” and give the disturber a signal defeat.

In my theological training I had accepted the theory that sprinkling or pouring was valid baptism, and ought to be preferred, because they were less inconvenient than immersion. This was a *theological* theory, without much biblical substratum. In my re-examination of the subject of baptism I began with standards of my church, with the Fathers of my “Lutheran Zion.” Accidentally I got access to Luther’s whole works, twenty-four quarto volumes. In the tenth volume I found his sermon on baptism, preached in 1518, in which he speaks in the following manner: “Baptism, in the first place, in the Greek language is called *baptismos*, and in the Latin tongue *mersio*; as when a person dips something into water until the water closes over it. And, though it is in many places no more customary to push the children entirely into the font and dip them, but only to pour water on them with the hand, out of the font, it should, nevertheless, be so, and would be right, according to the meaning of the word *taufe*, that the child or person to be baptized should be entirely sunk into the water and again drawn out; as no doubt the German *taufe* comes from the word *tief*, as when a person sinks deep the object that is *getauft*. — See Luther’s whole works, published by George Walch, page 2593.

The next authority that I consulted was Dr. J. D. Michaelis (Lutheran), one of the most learned and celebrated divines of Germany, of the last century, who in

his "Dogmatic," represents the action of baptism in the following language: "The *action* which Christ *commanded* in his commission was *immersion* in water; for so signifies the word *baptizo*, as every one *versed* in the Greek language *must* admit. The Baptism of the Jews was performed by submersion, as also the baptism of John (John, iii: 23); and there is no *doubt* that the first Christians baptized in the above manner. There is proof of this in the circumstance, that baptism by *pouring* was allowed only to the sick in the third century, and even then received contradiction as an innovation, and against which Cyprian defended it, in case necessity required it. And the declaration of St. Paul (Rom. vi: 2, 3) in relation to baptism plainly indicates a *submersion*, and can in no wise be applied to *sprinkling* with water. This submersion was retained until the thirteenth century, and it is to be *lamented* the Latin (the Catholic) Church allowed itself to *deviate* from the institution of Christ. It took place, and at the reformation remained *unaltered*."—See his Dogmatic, 2d improved edition, *Fürbingen*, 1785, p. 596, sec. 182. (The italics in these quotations are mine).

Otto Von Gerlach, pastor of St. Elizabeth church (Lutheran), Berlin, Germany, and the author of a German commentary, now, at my present writing, very popular in Germany and among the German Lutherans in this country, in his comment on the fifth verse of the third chapter of Matthew, defines the German phrase *taufen* as follows: "*Ich taufe euch*, that is, I dip you into water is *always the signification of this term*. Also, the

German word *taufen*, properly *teufen*; *tiefen*, is derived from the word *tief*, deep."

From Luther's and Gerlach's definition of the German word *taufen*, we see at once that the German translation we have, has the Greek original *baptizo* rendered by a word that means to "*dip*," to immerse. When Alexander Campbell published the "*Living Oracles*," in which *immerse* and *immersion* are used instead of the *transferred baptize* and baptism; our pedo Baptist brethren called it a "*watery testament*." Why not call Luther's translation a "*watery testament*," for he undoubtedly meant "*dip*" by *taufe* and *taufen*? I also consulted Dr. Mosheim's Church History. He was a Lutheran. His history extends to 1755, and is a standard work in Protestant world. He gives us the history of the Christian religion by centuries. In his close of the first century he writes as follows: "*The sacrament of baptism was administered in this century, without the public assemblies, in places appointed and prepared for that purpose, and was preformed by immersion of the whole body in the baptismal font*." The above quotations do not contain mere guesses, but stubborn facts that challenge our serious considerations. In meeting them in my investigation of the subject of baptism, and my incipient preparation to meet the "*troubler*" of our Israel it would flash on my mind, that if my intended antagonist knew these *facts*, he would have an easy task in spiking my artillery.

My progress in this baptismal investigation, instead of strengthening me in my ex-cathedra theory, en-

feebled me from day to day, extinguishing all desire to send a note to my friend, signifying my readiness to encounter the theological pugilist on the subject.

Now began a combat within myself. My former resolution to adopt and advocate that side of a biblical question or subject, that had the most reliable evidence in its favor, I felt when sprinkling a child, or adult, and used the expression, "*Ich taufe dich*," that I uttered a falsehood, seeing the expression means I "dip" you, which can in no way of construing, be equal to "I sprinkle you." Nor was I better off when I used the Greek *transferred* word baptize. This word is Greek in every fibre of its composition; it means to "dip, to plunge, to immerse" none of which I did when I sprinkled the subject. The grave questions came up before me. Are you going to preach the Gospel all your life time? Have you ever plighted loyalty to the word? Will you faithfully preach the *unadulterated* word of God? Will you forever pursue these baptismal inconsistencies, or place yourself at once on the primitive platform, and make an end of all quibbling in support of the sprinkling theory? These questions inaugurated a contest within which only those ministers who made transitions from the sprinkling ranks to the ground of those that practice the primitive baptism, such as Judson, John Baptiste Noel, and others, no less distinguished as friends of Jesus. I was crippled in my Lutheran theory — was in a state of painful perplexity and disquietude. The esteemed pastor of a large congregation in whose friendship and good

will, I felt myself entrenched, and enjoyed an income beyond a mere competency—prestige that gave me weight in society, and enabled me to do much good. From all these, my convictions, if followed out, would separate me. To do an act (immersion) which would indicate a nullification of the six hundred acts (sprinkling) which I had performed as baptism in a ministry of nine years, cannot take place without painful exercises of mind. The grave question was, *What shall I do?* On the one side was a large kinship, all staunch Lutherans; hundreds, if not thousands of kind friends, in and outside of the Lutheran communion, who would give a verdict against me, should I be immersed; cords of the tenderest kind would be cut probably forever. Besides, I had a wife and three children to whose subsistence and comfort I was to see; means to do this lay in Lutheran ministry, whereas on the other side of my immersion all, as to pecuniary support, was uncertain. No one can understand the conflicts of mind I endured. I could not remain in this predicament all my days. One of two things was to be done; either to *suppress* my convictions and stay in my existing church fellowship, or follow them, and make transition to an unpopular position. I selected the latter, and on the last Lord's day of April, 1835, I was immersed in the vicinity of Hagerstown, Md. The anticipated results of this step were fully realized. My bosom companion was not aware of my intention to be immersed. She knew that I was unsettled in my theological views in respect to baptism. Her convictions were too slight to make it

appropriate on my part to disclose to her my intentions.

When I told her that I had been immersed she burst into a flood of tears, which continued nearly all night. She thought I had irrecoverably degraded myself. The report that "Hoshour had been ducked" ran rapidly through Hagerstown. Lutheran sisters visited Mrs. H. and expressed their tender sympathies for her in this terrible reverse. They looked askance at me as the foulest apostate. When on Monday morning "I went down town" none of my old Lutheran friends deigned to recognize me. People of other denominations showed "cold shoulders," especially their ministers; all except the rector of the Episcopal Church, Rev. Drane, with whom I enjoyed a cordial friendship during my Lutheran ministry in the city. He met me with his unfeigned courtesy—we shook hands, he inquired after my health and that of my family; but we made no reference to what had transpired the day before. He knew. We separated as friends. My immersion, of course, was an offence too grave to endure me in the fold. In a short time I received a brief letter from the secretary of the Synod to which I belonged, in these words: "Mr. S. K. Hoshour, it is understood that you teach and *practice* contrary to the doctrine and usages of the Lutheran Church, and that therefore it is hoped that you will peacefully withdraw from the Synod to which you hitherto belonged. J. G. M." My reply was: "How can two walk together except they be agreed." You will therefore

suppress my name at your next Synodical meeting. But my request, though in accord with the Secretary's communication, did not satisfy my quandom clerical brethren. My case was submitted to a committee of the Synod, which reported after some discussion on the matter as follows: —

“*Resolved*, That the Rev. Mr. Hoshour, having changed his religious views in some of the essential and fundamental articles of religion, as held and taught among us, has thereby *voluntarily* separated himself from all connection with the Lutheran Church, and can no longer be considered a member.

“*Resolved also*, That the Synod for that reason expunge the name of S. K. Hoshour from the list of its members; that it no longer considers him a member of the Lutheran Church, and that he may live to see, feel, and acknowledge his errors, is the prayer of all those to whom he was once so ardently attached.”

Such was the close of my separation from the “Lutheran Zion.” When I saw these proceedings in the *Lutheran Observer*, at that time the only paper of the denomination, I wrote an expostulatory letter to four of the leading members of the Synod, inviting them to point out “my dangerous and ruinous errors,” and in order that they and especially the editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, Dr. Kurtz, might do the pointing out effectively, I submitted, *seriatim*, the religious positions I then occupied. I requested them to expose the falsity in the *Observer* that its readers might see for themselves what my “*fatal errors*” were; that they owed this to me for my soul's salvation; that their profession was to reclaim the erring! I, of course, substantiated every one of my positions by Lutheran

authorities, which were of a troublesome character to them.

Two of the recipients of my letters never replied. One read my letter and after reading put it into an envelope and sent it back to me without one word on the subject. Unfortunately I did not prepay the one I sent to the editor of the *Observer* which gave him ground to say: "If Mr. S. K. Hoshour desires to write letters to the editor in which he *abuses* the church in which he had his 'bread and butter' for a number of years he better pay the postage on his letters!" That was all the reference made to my *expostulatory* letter.

The readers of his columns never saw my reasons for the steps I had taken or the views I entertained and advocated. It is now, 1880, a question with me whether I should have remained east of the mountains or come to the West.

I was married to Lucinda, the eldest daughter and child of Jacob Savage, Esq., of New Market, Va., who owned some valuable real estate around that town which he was disposed to sell (in 1835) and remove to the West, where he could lay out the proceeds of his possessions to a better advantage for his two sons and four daughters, provided they were all willing to go with him. As I was married to his eldest child, and had three children for whom some provision should be made, and as my prospects for much income from my *new* religious position were not very bright I consented to join in the Western enterprise. My father-in-law

meeting an opportunity to sell out in the summer of 1835, it was deemed proper that I should leave Washington County, Md., and sojourn a few months at New Market, preparatory to our removal to the West. I arrived with my family at New Market in the month of May of that year, where we remained until September. During my stay at New Market I was employed by the principal of the New Market Academy as teacher of Latin. On Lord's day I preached the "primitive" Gospel at such points as were accessible to me in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah. The rigidly orthodox of that region eyed me with suspicion as a "turn-coat" from acceptable orthodoxy to an unmitigated heresy.

Lutheran sanctuaries were, of course, closed against me. The Baptists liked my *practical* testimony in favor of immersion, but were afraid of my avowal of baptism "for the remission of sins." They opened their meeting house at New Market and generally attended my ministrations, and in the main approved of what was said. So, also, were a few Baptist churches on Lynville's Creek, accessible to me. On one occasion I had in one of these meeting-houses, a Baptist and a Tunker preacher in attendance. I preached on the conversion of the Eunuch; the attention of those present was profound. After I was through, I tendered an opportunity to any one who wished to add anything or exhort. The Tunker preacher (Peter Nead) arose and sanctioned much that was said, and as he had been sitting near the Ironside Baptist, it was convenient after

he got up and spoke, to lay his hand on the shoulder of the Baptist, and in an earnest strain he expatiated on "baptism for the remission of sins" (for the old Tunkers believe that doctrine), to the utter annoyance of the Baptist, and frequently his ponderous hand came down on the shoulders of the disciple Calvin with a vim that made the sight almost laughable! The Baptist kept his head down, as if he prayed for deliverance from the speaker and the doctrine! My Tunker brother stopped in season.

I have stated in this writing that Mrs. H. did not take kindly to my immersion. She felt the volleys of popular contempt for what I had done, more than I did. My love of the "truth," as it is in Jesus and the philosophy that I could command made me proof against all the missiles of contempt hurled against me. At first I made no special effort to convert her to my way of thinking or believing. Her mind, as it regarded baptism was as that of thousands of good people *indifferent as to the mode*. In her estimation sprinkling or pouring was as good as "dipping." As I believed that the word of God is the main instrument of conversion to the truth, I deemed it best to mark all the passages in the New Testament, with a lead pencil, and then ask her to read them all and consider their import. She accepted my offer and addressed herself to the assigned task. Towards the close of our temporary sojourn at New Market one Lord's day when I returned from preaching in the country, she met me in the hall of her parents' home with much

tenderness and said: I have read again to-day the passages you marked for me and now am satisfied that you were and did right in regard to baptism, and the next opportunity that offers I shall be immersed!! This was pleasant news to me. A few Lord's days after this I preached in the Baptist Church at New Market and at the close of my discourse, I invited any that might desire to make the "confession," and I would immerse them. A pious old Lutheran lady favorably known by every body in the town, came forward and made the confession that she believed in Jesus, the Son of God. I announced that early next morning I would immerse her in a stream in the vicinity of the town. As I returned to my father-in-law's home, he met me on the pavement, and observed, you are going to immerse "Aunt Polly Gore," to-morrow morning? I replied, yes. He continued, Mother (his wife, also Lutheran), is going to be immersed, at the same time. "She will make the confession at the water!" Mrs. Savage had read the Bible much, especially the New Testament, and for years was dissatisfied with her "sprinkling." On that morning, I baptized these two old ladies who had been on intimate terms with each other over thirty years! The next morning, I immersed my wife, one of her cousins, a worthy lady, and her son, a young man of fine promise! Three weeks before we set out from New Market for the West, I returned to Hagerstown and Washington County, Md., for the purpose of disposing of such furniture as we could not take with us. During our three

months' sojourn at New Market, about one hundred miles from Hagerstown, all kinds of solutions of my transition to another Gospel platform obtained among the knowing ones in the Lutheran and other ranks. The main "theory" was that I did it "in a crazy fit!" That I was subject to mental depression, and in one of these spasms I took to this "plunge." And this matter of craziness grew to a magnitude that the more imaginative ones, somehow, got the idea, and reported that my depression drove me further than into the water — it drove me into the "halter," and thence, into eternity! This report affected greatly my Lutheran friends in and around Hagerstown, who had not lost all their affections for me — indeed, they lamented the sad event!

On my return from New Market as already stated, the Hagerstown population clearly saw that one report was unfounded; that the "halter" business was a myth, and they obtained ground to make a great *discount* on all the other reports that had gained currency among them!

I remained three weeks in that region. During this time I did some preaching and immersed eleven persons; some Lutherans, some Methodists, and others from the world. The last morning spent in Hagerstown, I buried three Methodists in the now well known *Antietam*. One was a lady, who, as she emerged from the water, gave us "an old-fashioned Methodist shout." It was a lovely September morning and the candidates arose from the water, as the sun greeted them with his

rising beams! Before the close of that day I was on my way to New Market. My now *baptized* Methodist brethren had returned to their houses both of residence and church. They were old personal friends of mine, and requested me to immerse them, and as there was no Christian Church at Hagerstown at that time — there is now, forty-five years after their immersion, — they desired to worship with the Methodists, which was the best they could do under all the circumstances! So they and I thought.

On the 16th of September, 1835, my brother-in-law, Samuel Sevie, now residing near Dublin, Wayne Co., and myself, with our respective families, departed for the West, which neither of us had ever seen. Faith in the testimony of others stimulated us to endure the fatigues of a long journey. Every community has its “wiseacres” who are affluent in advice, in pointing out what is best. My programme was to get from the Shenandoah Valley, to the National, or Cumberland road, as it was then called, so soon as possible. But many of the *business* citizens of New Market, insisted that the Cumberland road had lately been coated with very coarse and sharp limestone, which would be very injurious and painful to our horses; that the “*New River*” road through the mountains of Virginia to the Ohio, would be vastly preferable! That was a mud pike which at that season of the year was very dry. We adopted the latter route. We passed through meandering valleys and occasionally over hills of no insignificant heights. The

entertainment accommodations along the road were often wretched. We had to pay high prices for provender and food, — had to drive late to get to places where to find shelter on rainy nights. Finally we arrived at the Ohio River four miles west of Gallipolis — crossed the river in a rickety boat at imminent danger to our lives ! Now, in Ohio, but among the hills of the La Belle Riviere ! Our course was westward over very steep and slippery hills, made so by almost daily rains. We were often compelled to splice our respective horses to one wagon and work it up to the top, and then go back and bring the other, and the carriage in which our families rode ! Our costumes were frequently anything but clean ! My usual clerical costume was often most *unclerical* ! Finally, we got out of the hills of Ohio, on the plains of Highland County, thence to Clinton County, and thence to Preble, etc. At last we struck *Indiana*, “the promised land,” and arrived at Centreville, the capitol of Wayne County. This was not our objective point. We aimed further west in the State, Terre Haute, or Lafayette. But the National road was simply graded through the State at that time, and the October rains had set in, and about 8,000 moving wagons had preceded us and as our wagons were heavily loaded, we deemed it prudent for the time being, to stop at Centreville, on the 16th of October, 1835.

The difference between Centreville and the towns we came from was notable. Most of its tenements were of a very primitive order, perched on beds of

profound and adhesive mud. Its population had "hoosier" simplicity, and was not indifferent to newcomers, especially if they brought a little money with them.

Its religious aspect was Methodistic, and its irreligious side rather coarse. We rented one house for both our families, hardly spacious enough for one. We accommodated ourselves to the exigencies of our new position in the West. After I had disposed of three of my horses and secured the necessities for winter, I began to look out for something to *do* that would bring me and mine food and raiment. This was not to be done by going out to preach the primitive Gospel, of which I was fully possessed. The best thing I could do for subsistence was teaching. The Wayne County Seminary was at that time under the control of a Mr. Giles Smith, a fine gentleman. I had letters of introduction to Western communities, given me by some of my scholarly friends in the East. I showed these to some of the leading men of Centreville, James Rariden, Martin M. Ray, Sat. Bloomfield and Sam Hannah. They expressed a desire that I should associate myself with Mr. Smith, saying that the number of scholars in the place would warrant such a step. I was introduced to Mr. Smith, and after discussing matters a while, we agreed to the following: That, as it was supposed there would be about eighty pupils in attendance during the winter, he should have the proceeds of the first forty, and I those of all above that

number. The good and indifferent payers should be justly distributed between us. The reader will perceive that I had the *fluctuating* end of the matter; when there were sixty pupils in attendance I had twenty for my services. The variation was greater at my end than my early advisers had conceived. I soon saw it would not "pay," and retired from the engagement. One day a trustee of an adjacent country school accosted me on the street as follows: "They say you have quit the seminary?" I affirmed. "How much would you ask to teach our school, three-fourths of a mile north of this?" I asked him what they had been giving. "Fifteen dollars a month." "I can not do it for that." "We never gave more." "How long will your school last?" "Three months." "I will teach for you at twenty dollars a month." After consulting with his neighbors, he informed me that my proposal was accepted. And in the first week of December I began my school administration in that locality. If any of our present teachers ever read this, I want them to consider how *short* the pasture was in the school fields of that day.

I had some pupils from town in my school among which was a fourteen-year darkey the first one I ever taught, as bright as any of the Caucasians. The school gave satisfaction to my employers. In the spring of 1836, Mr. G. Smith resigned his place in the "Seminary," and the trustees elected me as his successor. The following is the first advertisement by

the trustees of the institution in regard to my didactic career in it: —

EDUCATION.

The trustees of the Wayne County Seminary would inform the public that they have committed this institution to the hands of Mr. S. K. HOSHOUR, who, they have no doubt, will exercise a salutary supervision over the same. Mr. H. has been introduced to our community as a gentleman well qualified to conduct a school advantageously. And, so far as he has had an opportunity of evincing his qualifications to teach, and capability to control a school, he has given entire satisfaction. The trustees, therefore, hope that those heads of families who have a desire to have a solid education imparted to their children or wards, will not hesitate to place them under the supervision of the present Principal. The terms of tuition are moderate. The scholastic year is divided into two sessions of five months each. The first to commence on the first Monday of April next, and terminate with the month of August; the second begins with the first Monday of September and terminates with February. For the lowest branches, including orthography, reading and writing, \$4.00 will be charged; and at the rate of \$5.00 per session when the pupil does not attend a whole session; for arithmetic, English grammar, geography, and history, \$6.00 per session; mensuration, geometry, algebra, and surveying, \$8.00 per session; for the Latin and Greek languages, \$9.00 per session. The pupil will be liable to pay from the day he enters the school until he notifies the teacher of his discontinuance.

JOHN E. DUNHAM,

DANIEL STRATTON,

Trustees.

On the first Monday of April, 1836, the school opened auspiciously. It was four years under my supervision. During this period I had not only the youths of the immediate community, but many from abroad, representatives of the best families of the State of Indiana, and other States; such as the Governor's (D. Wallace) two sons — sons and daughters of

professional men; even the son of an Indian Chief, stalwart in form, submissive in temper, but tardy in intellect. In this school were embryo judges, governors, and a United States Senator — O. P. Morton. As I have always been committed to the Solomonian philosophy which is couched in these words: "He that spareth his rod hateth his son (or pupil) but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes," I had occasionally to apply that philosophy to some wayward and defiant natures. Did it seldom, but *effectively*. This phase of my administration awoke, at a time, the poetic spirit of a Tennessean who several times endangered his back to write a doggerel on the school, the last stanza of which was: —

' O, Lord preserve us every hour
From the birch of S. K. Hoshour.

✓ After a lapse of over forty years, after the close of my connection with that school, I have no painful reflections on my labors in the cause of education at Centreville, Ind. That my labors were not in vain is not my personal conviction alone. Others entertain the same views, as the following from the pen of one that was a member of the school, the Hon. Judge J. B. Julian, indicates. It is copied from the Richmond *Palladium* of January, 1879. Judge Julian wrote a series of sketches of the early history of Centreville: —

"Mr. Hoshour had come to Centreville, unheralded, and his name and fame unknown. To make a living he had opened a small book store, to which his wife gave the necessary attention, while

he taught a small school in the country, walking to and from it, to the town daily. In the meantime, having before he came to the place, espoused the doctrines of Alexander Campbell, he commenced preaching them (not Campbell's *doctrines*, but the gospel, S. K. H.) in the town, drawing to his meetings the people of Baptist leanings, and others in the place and vicinity, and building up a Christian Church, or as it was then called "the Campbellite" Church. His doctrines were opposed by the other religious denominations, and his usefulness and popularity as a teacher somewhat impaired. But the purity of his life, his ability, and proficiency as a teacher, finally overcame existing objections, and backed up and heartily sustained by the less sectarian sentiment of the people, and by the friends his ability brought him, he became the most popular teacher the old Seminary ever had, either before or since his time. Under his management there was a largely increased patronage of the school. His fame as a scholar and a teacher drew students from abroad. It not only drew students, but good ones; students, who under the inspiration of his advice, determined on making men of themselves, and who went out into the world to do it, and have done it. He can to-day count more real manhood among his students than any other living man.

During the winter, spring, and summer of 1837, I was one of his scholars, and now take great pleasure in bearing my testimony to his proficiency as a teacher, his zeal in imparting knowledge to those under his control, to the singularly, I might say the unapproachably, pure life he lived, and the kindred precepts which accompanied his example. He was a man of untiring industry; always at work, either as a teacher, minister of the Gospel, or engaged in literary pursuits."

The year 1837 was with me the busiest year of my life. I conducted the Wayne County Seminary, teaching languages and mathematics; edited the Wayne County *Chronicle*; preached nearly every Lord's day, and wrote the greater part of Altisonant Letters.

The preaching part of my labors was a wonderment to some of the editors of the exchanges with the

Wayne County *Chronicle*. One expressed his views on the subject as follows: "The vexations of editorial labors are so incessant that one on the tripod could hardly find time to put up a short mental prayer; but how one could find relaxation and tranquility enough to entertain a *Christian* audience for a moderately short time is above the ordinary plane of editorial piety."

My residence at Centreville for four years was, in the main, pleasant. I think it would have been fully so if my views of religion had been more in accord with the prevailing denomination of the place (Methodism). There was an undercurrent of bitter sectarian feeling to the simple gospel as I preached it. And that spirit was ever disposed to detect something in me and my ways that could fix on me ruinous reprobation in the community. The following explanation, which appeared in the Wayne County *Chronicle*, in September, 1839, may not be out of place at this point: —

EXPLANATION.

MR. EDITOR: I have for several years observed with no ordinary amusement, the repeated and vigorous efforts on the part of some of my *religious* fellow-citizens to ferret out some flaw or impropriety in my conduct which, in their estimation, would lower my standing in society and detract from my character as a professor of Christianity. On divers occasions they gave the yell as if they were sure of the game, but they soon lost the trail on the plains of surmise, and had to return with galling disappointments. Recently, however, they thought they had detected me in my *supposed burrow*. It quite refreshed them in the inner man; they became *nuclei* of listening groups at the corners of the streets and different public places of resort, pointing out to their fellow-citi-

zens, with illuminations of joy on their countenances, the *deed* which they thought should fix on me an ineffaceable odium. Nay, so important to them did they deem the discovery, that they beleaguered *you* with requests to spread it before the readers of the *Chronicle*! And what is the odious *deed*? Why, in a communication to the *Heretic Detector* I said that "three years ago, when I came here, there was not a believer in the *simple primitive* gospel in the place." This sentence was construed as conveying the idea that the population of this village had been entirely infidel before I came here. Such an idea I did not intend to convey. By a believer in the "*simple primitive* gospel," I mean a person who believes with all his heart that Jesus Christ is the son of God, and that by his sufferings and death he made an expiation for sin; who has such a sense and abhorrence of sin as will induce reformation of life; and who, with such a belief and state of mind, puts on Christ by immersion for the *remission of sins*, and who subsequently, aided by divine grace, practices the moral and other precepts of the New Testament without any additions by men. Now, if there were any such persons in the town before I came here, I was wrong in my statement. But I knew of none. I did not mean there were no believers in the Christian revelations here. And I am willing to have an appeal made to the readers of the *Heretic Detector* among the ten thousand Disciples in Indiana, whether they thought I meant in the above sentence that there were no believers in Christ in the place before. I never said publicly or privately, at home or abroad, that the professors of religion who lived here before my arrival, did not believe the gospel or the Christian revelation! The only regret I have is that they believe *in more* than what belongs to the gospel. They believe in infant sprinkling, mourning bench operations and the annexations of Discipline and Confessions to the "*Perfect Law of liberty*," about which the New Testament is as still as the grave, and for which you search in vain on the historic page of primitive Christianity. I wish the readers of this to understand that in the presence of our heavenly Father I disclaim the construction my enemies put on my communication in the *Heretic Detector*.

S. K. HOSHOUR.

CENTREVILLE, September 11, 1839.

CHAPTER III.

REMOVAL TO CAMBRIDGE CITY.

I HAD several young gentlemen from Cambridge City, the prospective commercial *emporium* of Eastern Indiana, in my school at C. These reported favorably to the enterprising men of the newly founded city. This induced them to appoint a commission to confer with me about my location in their midst, and my management of their school interest. They proffered to erect a spacious, attractive, and convenient academic edifice if I would consent to superintend the same for a series of years. I consented. And on the 16th of September, 1839, I became a citizen of the prospective emporium, ten miles west of Centreville; and in the beginning of November of the same year the "Cambridge Seminary" opened auspiciously. It now and then came to the surface that stringent sectarians expressed great satisfaction with me as a teacher, but they were suspicious of my *religion* and orthodoxy. Some months before my location in the place, a Presbyterian divine made a man of *straw* and called him "Campbellism," and dismembered him before his *evangelical* audience, and then exposed his unsound parts, to the horror of his

pious hearers ; fame had reported me as a representative of the mangled and dangerous entity.

There was only one man in the place who belonged to the Disciples. Bro. John Crum, a merchant in the city, or rather village. He apprised me of what had been done, and what the status of the public mind was. We both agreed that our religious interest must be cautiously advocated — with dignity and discretion — that we would not invite or encourage preachers streaking through the country — men wholly illiterate and of doubtful character, passing themselves off as *Christian* preachers !

I tried to approach the community gently, making it a main point, to teach them the “ Word.” My audiences were generally composed of non-professors, with a moderate infusion of the denominations. They gave me good attention and were indisposed to gainsay what I dispensed to them. Some eyes were opened to the beauties, claims, and consolations, of the “ *Word.*” Deep and earnest convictions took hold of some. I preached nearly six months, about every other Lord’s day, before I gave an “ invitation.” I dwelled much on the proper qualification for making a public profession of Christianity. Indeed, the first person I immersed in the place, sent me a note in which the inquiry was made, whether I would immerse the persons, if “ confession ” were made at my next preaching ; knowing well the character of the applicant, I replied, yes. The confession was taken, and the announcement made, that on the Lord’s day, which was

a very mellow September day, at about sundown the candidate would be immersed in the stream that runs through the town! As the setting sun kissed the Western horizon, when the banks of the stream were lined with people to whom the sight was novel, I immersed a matronly form in the presence of a multitude seemingly deeply impressed. The sight was so much like those detailed on the pages of the New Testament!

This was forty years ago. It was the beginning of a series of baptisms that occurred at the same place. As sinners "died to sin I buried them and raised them unto a new life." It is, perhaps, not out of place here to record a conviction that I entertained from the beginning of my connection with the Disciples, and that is, that the preachers insisted too much on an immediate baptism! Were too much in a hurry on that point, in a new community. After the lapse of more than forty years in the Christian Church I have the conviction, that too many came into our ranks whose knowledge of *personal* sin, of the natural waywardness of their hearts, and of the assumed responsibility was altogether too superficial!

The results of this want of a "*broken heart*" is only too visible in the *inertness* and *apostasies* within our bounds!

My utterances on this hasty baptizing were not kindly received by some of our resolute proclaimers and elders. I was more than once taken to task for my not giving an "invitation" after an impressive discourse on the "primitive gospel," in a community where what

was preached was new, and as yet not well comprehended! No one can rejoice more than myself in seeing the ranks of true Christian soldiers filled up and extended in length! But incessant efforts to increase *numbers* without regard to *quality* never cheered me much!

✓ In 1842, the Christian Church at Cambridge City was organized. The charter members of that congregation had commendable aims; indeed, it, at that time, embodied men and women of much moral worth. But in a *supposed* new cause, it is difficult to keep hasty discussions and indiscreet zeal at a distance! These generate uncalled for opposition and ineradicable prejudices. If some of the leading members had been less harsh in their intercourse with those that *could* not, or *would* not see Christianity in its New Testament simplicity I think another spirit, a kinder spirit would this day prevail in that community towards the Christian Church at Cambridge City. And if the church had exercised a more discreet discipline in regard to immoral members, she would now command more respect and influence in the community! I suppose I have now said enough in regard to my church labors in Cambridge City. I furnished pallel to these ministrations some at Centreville and Bentonville at the poor rate of "once, a month." I shall now turn the reader's attention to my school labors at C.; and as I am at this time somewhat tired of the ever-recurring "ego," I shall here simply insert what the historian of the

Public School, Dr. Lee R. Johnson, of Cambridge City, in the Annual Report of 1878, presents:—

“Of the four decades into which our educational history may be divided, our citizens may dwell with some degree of complacency upon the first and fourth; while of the intervening twenty years, but little can be said that redounds to our credit as a community. New as the fact will be to many of our people, it is nevertheless true, that nearly forty years ago Cambridge City was one of the educational centers of Eastern Indiana, and indeed, of the West. To this place young men and women from different parts of our own State, and from the adjoining States of Ohio, Illinois, and Kentucky, resorted for the purpose of procuring a liberal education.

Cambridge Seminary, as it was named, was erected during the summer of 1839, on the site of the present school-house in East Cambridge. It was a substantial brick building of two stories covering an area of respectable dimensions. The portico of some ten feet depth and four Doric columns, gave to the East front quite an imposing appearance, though the cupola was never completed. The lower story was intended to subserve, and did subserve for several years, the triple purpose of a town hall, primary school-room, and a church for all religious denominations. The principal school-room occupied the whole of the *second* story. Triple rows of desks of home manufacture, were arranged on each side, and facing a central aisle, at the eastern extremity of which was the teacher's rostrum and a semi-lunar desk.

In this room, Rev. Samuel K. Hoshour — *clarum et venerabile nomen* — opened the first permanent school taught in our city, in the month of November, 1839; and here he continued to teach for a period of seven years.

Properly speaking, his school was neither a common school, a select school, a high school, nor an academy, though possessing many of the elements of each. He has, himself, modestly termed it an “old field school,” and in many particulars it bore a striking resemblance to the schools so named of our Revolutionary period, where many of the prominent men of some of the Atlantic States were “grounded in the humanities” and other branches of a liberal education, along with the toilers in rudimentary English.

For the attendance embraced pupils of both sexes and of every age from five to thirty; and the course of study included all branches from the alphabet up to the Latin, Greek, French and German languages; and from the nine digits up to the higher mathematics.

As a necessary consequence, the methods of instruction were widely different from those now adopted. Some of these were quite unique and all of these were admirably adapted to the end in view. Indeed, in the ability to amuse while instructing, Mr. K. has been rarely equaled. As an instance, his mode of teaching the first principles of English grammar to quite young pupils may be cited. No pupil, old or young, we are very sure, can ever have forgotten *Grammar city*—a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants (words) residing that time in ten streets (the parts of speech). The class always entered the city on *Article* street, where none but little folk, named *A.* and *The* lived! Whenever *A.* went down street and met Mr. *A.*, Mr. *E.*, Mr. *I.*, Mr. *O.*, Mr. *U.*, or the mute Mr. *H.*, he put on his *N.* coat and became Mr. *An*! The next street was *Noun* street, where they told the *names* of persons and things. Then we came to *Adjective* street, where they told the *qualities* and *numbers* of things—then the class entered *Verb* street, where they learned the names of *actions*—a very active street;—adjoining this was *Adverb* street, when they were told, *where*, *when*, and *how* things were done. In *Preposition* street they were informed how the inhabitants of Grammar City were related to each other. In *Conjunction* street, the citizens conjoined or married. In *Participle* street the *ing* and *ed* families reside. In *Interjection* street, they are always crying *O!* or *Ah!* or something of the kind.

In Arithmetic, pupils, while learning the multiplication table, were taught *squares* and *cubes*, with their corresponding roots, by visits to the square, or cubic root garden, and inquiring into the number of *sprouts* to be expected from a given number of roots, and *vice versa*. In this way, the second and third powers of numbers up to twelve were fixed in the memory for future use!

But it was not merely by this method of teaching what was in the text-books that Mr. Hoshour demonstrated his ability as a teacher. It was his constant practice during recitations of every kind to impart information not contained in the books in common use. For instance, no common school book at that day explained why "*L*" was made to stand for pounds, and "*d*" for pence, in

table of sterling money. The writing of either of those characters on the black board, brought out the fact that L stood for *libra*, the Latin for pound, and "d" for *denarius*, the Latin for penny. So, too, "Webster's Unabridged" was then not much in vogue, and where accessible, it did not give the derivation of the word *dollar*; but Mr. Hoshour's pupils were made aware that Count Schliecken first made that coin in a valley of Bohemia; and that the German word for valley is *Thal*—that the Count's coins were in demand because they contained but little alloy—that they were called *Thaler* (pronounced *tahler*) or valleyers. This the Danes converted into a *Dhaler*, and the English into *Dollar*!

Whenever Mr. H. perceived lassitude invading the school, a matter that frequently occurs, he ordered all the books and slates to be laid aside; a complete cessation of labor was demanded. Then questions for solution were presented, as for instance, "Why is a certain kind of grain named "buck-wheat!" It was the privilege of each student to furnish a reason. Of course, various, and some singular, answers were offered. After the lapse of five minutes if no true answer was given, the teacher assigned the following solution: The buck-wheat grain and the beech nut are alike in shape; but *buche* is the German for beech, and the Danes use *ack* for *ch*, and hence *buck* in this connection means *beech*, equal to beech wheat.

After this kind of recreation studies were resumed with renewed vigor. Incidents of this character were of frequent occurrence. Almost daily the recitations of even primary classes were the means of conveying curious and valuable information to the more advanced pupils, and, indeed, to the whole school. For the query, "Can any one *in school* answer that question?" generally preceded its solution by the teacher himself. And as these questions, in the course of a school term, covered almost every variety of subjects, pupils who cared to learn were soon in possession of large additions to their store of knowledge, and had acquired habits of inquiry and of thinking to which they had before been strangers. To this end all the efforts of the teacher were directed. "Give or get a reason for everything you do," was constantly urged as a rule of action; and whether in the school-room, or in long walks to and from the "Seminary," surrounded, as he was sure to be, by a crowd of eager and admiring pupils, the importance of acquiring useful

knowledge was constantly impressed upon their minds. In this way a large proportion of his pupils were induced to make themselves familiar with ancient and modern history.

Once a week all pupils of proper age were required to write and punctuate, on their slates, paragraphs dictated by the teacher from some newspaper or book for subsequent correction, with a view to test the knowledge of the school in orthography, in the use of capitals, etc., etc. This exercise, now so frequently practiced in competitive and other examinations, was at that day a novelty, and all the more interesting on that account.

But the gala day of the school was "Altisonant day." The "Altisonant Letters" were "a peculiar institution" of the school, composed by the teacher himself for the purpose of impressing upon the minds of his pupils the meaning of the unusual words of the English language. In these, as in everything else, amusement was the handmaid of instruction. *Lorenzo Altisonant* (high sounding) details to his friend, *Squire Pedant*, the incidents of a pedestrian journey to the West, in words which are only occasionally used at the present day — their meaning being for that reason remembered with difficulty. There is also a plentiful sprinkling of words entirely obsolete, yet interesting as they show the tools with which our ancestors worked.

All pupils that could read fluently in Nos. 5 and 6 of McGuffey's series of readers were, once a week, exercised in reading these letters from printed sheets, and in spelling and defining the more difficult words. Few of his pupils can have forgotten the "spousal epulation" at the "commorance," where *Altisonant* "indulged in a permansion for the diuturnity of a hebdomad;" or the diseases which followed the "engorgement of multifarious cebarious substances, into inane jejune stomachs." The letters have since been published in a book form with a defining and pronouncing vocabulary attached.

A portion of every Friday afternoon was devoted to declamations and the reading of compositions. For a time a budget-box for anonymous communications, to be read at stated intervals, was a great source of amusement.

At the close of each week, after the younger pupils had been dismissed, an hour was spent in reading the New Testament — commencing with the gospel of Matthew — accompanied by exam-

inations and instruction in regard to the geography and topography of Palestine, and the manners and customs, as well as the religious and political history, of the Jews. This exercise concluded with prayer. The benefit derived from these lessons can be fully appreciated by those only who remember how poorly the Sabbath-schools of that period were supplied with facilities for the illustration of sacred history. No memoir of this school would be complete without reference to the cordial relations subsisting from first to last, between teacher and students. Many of the latter, as already indicated, were young men and women from other localities, who were regarded as friends and *assistants* of the teacher, and by their demeanor gave tone and character to the school, thereby materially diminishing his labors. These were permitted to go and come as they saw fit, the only condition being that they should be present at their recitations and furnish well *prepared* lessons. During the whole seven years of Prof. Hoshour's services as teacher at this place, not a single instance of insubordination can now be recalled.

Of the many hundreds whose education he directed here and elsewhere — embracing a large portion of the best and ablest men and women of Eastern Indiana, many of whom have since occupied prominent positions under the State and General Government, or in the learned professions, the writer of this sketch has never known an individual who did not hold his old teacher not only in the highest esteem, but in affectionate and grateful remembrance.

After some ten years' continuous service in the school-room and the pulpit, Prof. H. was compelled by ill-health to give up his school in the summer of 1846.

This year closed my *teaching* career in Eastern Indiana. My health was impaired in the school-room. The teaching vocation followed by me for eleven years in that region paid me but moderately. I could not raise my tuition fees above the plane common to all the "county seminaries" of that day, and that was entirely too low.

At this juncture my circumstances were not very encouraging. My body was enfeebled, my family had

increased to seven children, and the prospects of a business outside of school-houses, to secure subsistence for my dependants was somewhat somber! Upon preaching, as a support, I could not depend, as my tact for proselyting was below par; and yet that ability was the main magnet that could draw coins from Christians' pockets! "Indoor work" did not command much compensation. In the *eleven* years of my teaching, I lost but ten Lord's days that I did not preach, and two-thirds of that time I preached twice every Lord's day. And for all this eleven years' preaching I did not get over five hundred dollars,—not fifty dollars a year! What a decline in pulpit remuneration since my secession from Lutheranism. Let me specify a little. My last Lutheran pastorate was in Hagerstown, Maryland. My salary and perquisites then amounted to a thousand dollars a year, besides a cozy parsonage to live in. I am certain I did one-half as much preaching per year in Eastern Indiana in those eleven years as I did in Hagerstown, Md. *There*, that one-half would have brought me five hundred dollars; *here*, fifty! Was any sacrifice involved in this? What induced me to take such a theological position? *Truth and freedom* in Christ! In gospel *labor* I virtually gave four hundred and fifty dollars annually. I am not *egotistic*, although in this sketch of myself I use the "*ego*" much, nor am I vain in regard to myself, God knows. But that my readers may know that when I preached about making sacrifices for the "truth," I did not

devolve burdens on others which I would not "move with one of my fingers."

Although measurably under a cloud, I did not despair. I applied myself to such honorable and useful vocations as, with the assistance of my two eldest children, this side of their majorities, enabled me to secure a living for the whole household. Elizabeth Jane, our eldest daughter, now Mrs. Price, contributed to this end by teaching school, and Samuel H., next in age, by clerking in stores.

I had contrived a very simple but effective plan to teach the German language. In the winter of 1847-8 I taught this vigorous and useful language on my *new plan* in the Asbury University at Greencastle, Ind. It required four months for a course that would qualify the student to help himself in fully mastering the language. I had a large class, that made commendable progress and were well satisfied with the method of instruction. It was in the days of President, now Bishop, Simpson. In the summer of 1848 I taught a "course" in the State University at Bloomington, Ind. My class was respectable in number, and no less so in its proficiency. Dr. Wiley was then President of that institution, with whom I enjoyed some very pleasant hours in discussing scholastic, and, at times, theological subjects. We both were seceders; he from the *Presbyterians*, I from the *Lutherans*. This frequently induced us to compare notes and assign reasons for the step we had taken. He urged me to assign my reasons for abandoning the oldest Protestant

denomination. I consented to do so if he would be reciprocal in the exercise. He assented. As he was much my senior, I requested him to take the lead. He did so, and stated that accidentally the Common Prayer-book of the Episcopal Church came into his hands, and on the first page on which his eyes fell was the Apostles' Creed, which he had not read for a number of years. It seemed all new to him; he read with interest, and the conviction flashed upon his mind: This *creed* is *short* enough, — the Presbyterian creed is too long. I asked him about the "Thirty-nine Articles." "Oh," said he, "one can be an Episcopalian minister without accepting them further than the Apostles' Creed teaches." I replied that the Episcopal Liturgy and the tenor of his "Sectarianism is Heresy," were not exactly in accord. "Well," said he, "time can modify our views somewhat." When my turn came to assign reasons for my secession, I said the main ones were the *subjects* and *action* of baptism, and the *sufficiency* of the Bible as a rule of faith and practice, without any formulated creeds by Synods or Conferences. His objections to my positions were slight, — simply intimating that they were somewhat tainted with *ultraism*! He invited me to fill his place in his college ministrations on a certain Lord's day. I complied with his invitation. It was published that I would speak in his place on a stated Sunday in the University chapel. The audience was large and diversified in its religious affiliations; representatives of all the different sects of the com-

munity were present. Aware of this, I selected the one hundred and thirty-third Psalm as the basis of my discourse: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

After I had scripturally determined who are brethren, namely *obedient believers*, and pointed out some of the advantages that would naturally result from a cordial unity, I insisted that if it is good we may safely conclude that God had made some arrangement to foster it among his children. And to this end I quoted the seven units that the apostle Paul recorded in the fourth chapter of Ephesians: "One body, one spirit, one hope, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God, etc." This, said I, is a creed *short* enough for anybody. My emphasis on "short" did not strike my hearers as it did the Doctor, who sat behind me on the rostrum.

After the close of my ministration he shook hands with me and thanked me for the "*wholesome*" discourse.

I ought to have stated sooner in this somewhat irregular biographical narrative that in 1836 the Legislature of Indiana elected me as one of the Directors of the State University. In the fall of 1837 I visited for the first time that seat of learning, and formed very pleasant acquaintances with some of the chief men of the State, who were on the board, such as Robert Dale Owen, Howard Tilghman, Judge Law, ex-Governor Hendricks, and others. The Sessions of the Board, in connection with "commencement days," furnished me with no common enjoyment. I was three years on the

Board, which closed with the session of 1839. It happened that one of the speakers appointed to furnish entertainment by their public discourses during commencement week was unable to fill his engagement. When it was known that the speaker was sick, Dr. Wiley, on the morning of the day on which the speaker was to deliver his address in the evening, came to me to ascertain whether I would not take his place. I replied I could not furnish an address on any *literary* subject, as I had no notes of any kind on literary matters with me, but observed that if he could not succeed in getting a speaker, I would furnish a *sermon*. He replied that a lecture would be more acceptable, and went in search of a lecturer for the occasion, but after some time returned and reported that he could find no substitute; that the best that could be done was for me to preach. I observed: "Doctor, you know my religious position?" "Oh, yes. Christianity is an ample field, and furnishes subjects on which we all can agree." This was late in the forenoon, and before the dismissal of those present, the Doctor announced the illness of the appointed speaker, and the Rev. S. K. Hoshour would fill the vacancy by a *sermon*.

In the afternoon I selected my subject and pondered with becoming earnestness, entertaining at the same time some doubts about having much of an audience. But when, in company with the Doctor, I arrived on the rostrum, I saw the chapel well filled. When I inspected the portion of the audience in the immediate vicinity of the rostrum I found that the "magnates"

of the State were before me — the Governor, an ex-Governor, Judges of the Supreme Court and prominent politicians! Here was something at stake. The Doctor said to me: “Now, proceed in *your own way*, without any words from me except introducing you to the audience.” I opened the meeting without song, and announced these words: “Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.” I had prayed God to be with me. I had not spoken five minutes before it seemed that all that I ever knew in divine things was at my command; my mind was clear; my voice in proper tension, and my sensibility active. By the grace of God I held the undivided attention of that audience for a little over an hour! The text was comprehensive and important. It was the best sermon I preached in a ministry of fifty-four years. The points in the discourse were: God, the fear of God, the commandments of God, the reasonableness of keeping them, the prominence of those in the New Testament. The board, at its session, in 1839, conferred on me the honorary degree of A. M.; of course without my vote.

As I am touching an episode in this narrative I will here refer to something that transpired with me east of the mountains. After I had been nine years in the West I had a desire to visit relatives in Pennsylvania. Accordingly I wrote to my brother, twelve years my junior, that by Divine permission, I would be at his home, forty miles north of Baltimore, Md., on a certain

day, and that I would preach, if I could have access to Lutheran meeting-houses, or to any other *decent* places for meeting. My brother Josiah, after considering my proposal, went to his "pastor," Parson Berg, a gruff German, and asked him whether I could occupy any of the churches of the pastorate. His reply was an emphatic negative. "Your brother is not *now* a Lutheran, and don't you know that according to our church regulations, none but Lutheran and German Reformed ministers can occupy our pulpits? A Methodist preacher can not be allowed to preach in our churches. Your brother can not be admitted." On his return home my brother called on two of my maternal uncles, whose residence was between the parsonage and my brother's home. One of these uncles, the aged head of a family, the other, an old bachelor living with his brother, both staunch members of the church, and *full of means*. My brother disclosed to them what "Berg" had said in regard to my preaching in any of their churches. They both listened to my brother's story, and when it was ended, the senior uncle, *pater familias*, said: "If Berg and the Council will not let Samuel occupy our pulpit I shall not give them a cent any more!" And the bachelor concurred in that determination and said, "Ich auch," — that is, I too. A report of these positive utterances reach the ears of the parson, and, as a consequence, he "collapsed." He learned that the middle-aged membership of his pastorate had been my pupils in their

“teens,” and who, although they knew that I seceded from the Lutheran Church, had not lost their affection for their old teacher. The “people” *wanted* to hear me. Appointments were made for me at various Lutheran meeting-houses, and I preached as “they could bear it.” The parson accompanied me sedulously, and had all his “detective” powers sharpened for criticism on any heresy that might have polluted his sanctuaries. Of course I had to tread lightly. My texts were such as embodied the *will* and *authority* of God and his Christ. I commented on passages that I knew were seldom touched on or handled by the pastors of that region. I opened the shutters and windows that my audience could look out on the “green pastures” of God’s word. My audiences expressed themselves well satisfied with my preaching.

I have been forty-five years in the West. During this period, I visited my native country, that is York County, Pa., about every ten years. On my second visit “Parson Berg,” did not oppose my admittance to Lutheran pulpits. My mother, brothers, and sisters were all members of his charge, and no mean supports to the church. When I arrived at my mother’s, on my second visit, I had his company. It was Saturday evening. During our interview, he told me that on the following day, he was going to preach a missionary sermon and lift a missionary collection for the treasury of the Synod, which was to convene in about ten days; but as I was here he wished me to preach; that he

would postpone the missionary operations until the "next Sabbath." The preaching was to be in the German language. I told him that I could preach a missionary sermon in that language as I, by his courtesy, occupied his pulpit, and after the preaching the collection could be made. He accepted my proposition, and I made "missions" my theme. Speaking about the "Synod," I asked him whether my old ministerial brethren of their Synod ever spoke of me. "O, yes," he replied, "your name is frequently referred to with respect." "Well, how do they express themselves about me?" "Well, they '*pity*' you!" "Why that?" "Well, you left the Lutheran fold and went, they do not exactly know where!" I replied, "I know where I went, and now let me say once for all, that I do not wish any one to pity me '*for my religion!*'"

We separated that evening in the best of humor. The next day I preached to a respectable and attentive audience, and he lifted a liberal collection for his synodical treasury. Shrewsbury, in which my kinship and he resided, contained a population of about one thousand. The senior portion of the population still preferred preaching in the German language, but the younger portion understood English better. These requested my youngest brother, who was a deacon in the church, whether I would not favor the community with an English discourse. I said if the church could be had, I would do so on the ensuing Thursday evening. All was satisfactory, and the appointment was well circulated.

I made the twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-second verses of the twenty-eighth chapter of Acts the basis of my discourse. The main point was: The "sect everywhere spoken against." I showed that that sect was not any of the sects with which we are familiar in our day. That these were all too young. I delineated that primitive sect in all its salient characteristics: Its head or founder, *Jesus of Nazareth*; how the head was made manifest, namely, when he was baptized (John i: 31); how the *sect* was formed by faith and baptism (see John iii: 22, John iv: 1, Acts ii: 41, Acts viii: 30-39); what the sect believed,—that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God; their name, Disciples, Christians; their nicknames, "Galileans," "Nazarenes;" why they were everywhere spoken against,—not because of any *bad* principles, for they embodied the purest morality in the world; but because they unwaveringly believed that Jesus was the son of God,—the rightful sovereign of the universe; because they claimed that they alone had the true religion; because, the unbelieving Jews, their first opponents slandered them among the Gentiles,—raised bad reports of them, etc.

The audience was deeply impressed as this sect passed in review before them. I said: "Suppose any person believed what that sect believed, and practiced what it did, and was animated by the same spirit they were, do you think that person should be pitied? Of course, the response would be, no." That interrogatory sealed my fate with the parson. When I came

into his presence outside of the pulpit, he crabbedly said: "You meant *mischief* to-night, and now I *pity you more than ever!*" I rejoined, "I don't want your *pity!*"

On my way to my brother's, I fell in with a member of the German Reformed Church, and said to him "Berg is mad about my preaching." "About that preaching! None but a simpleton can get mad at such preaching!"

Next morning, whilst waiting in the depot for a train, a young man of pleasant person approached me very politely, with, "How are you, this morning, Mr. Hoshour? I suppose you do not know me, but I presume you knew my father." "Who was your father?" "Maj. Koller." I replied: "Yes, I knew him well; and you are his son?" "Yes, sir. Mr. Hoshour, I heard you preach last evening, and I would go ten miles to hear another such a sermon. I have read the New Testament considerably, and facts floated in my head, but I could never bring them together. You arranged them so that I see a beautiful chain of the great things of the book. Berg and my father have urged me much to join the Lutheran Church, but I can not do it because the New Testament does not read to me in that way." He was maturing for the primitive Gospel. His estimate of my ministration differed widely from that of the parson. Ten years after this I again visited my native region, and sojourned for several days in Shrewsbury, where a goodly portion of my kinship reside, and

where Berg lived; but he never came near me, — ignored me entirely. In that section of country the Lutherans and the German Reformed had a joint occupancy of the same meeting-house, — a half a century ago more so than now. The Lord's day I spent in the village was the German Reformed's day, and their pastor cheerfully assigned me his pulpit. My audience was large and apparently appreciative of what was preached.

In 1876, in company with Mrs. Hoshour, I visited that region again. Then Parson Berg had left that community. His successor in the pastorate, Rev. J. Menges, was a man of a very different type, — a staunch Lutheran, but "gentle towards all men." He respects the men who follow the dictates of their consciences. I officiated twice in his new Lutheran meeting-house. The joint possessors of the "old house" had agreed to build the new meeting-houses separately, and worship in two different localities of the village.

Glen Rock, four miles northwest from Shrewsbury, where my only surviving brother, Joseph T. Hoshour resides, has a Lutheran pastorate. Its incumbent was the Rev. Kohler, a man of broad culture and of a genial spirit. He readily tendered me his pulpit on Lord's day. At the close of my "teens," this Glen Rock "*was not*." On my way to a church some distance beyond, I passed this spot without dreaming that at some future time, it would be a considerable business depot! But a railroad from the capital of Pennsylvania, to Baltimore, came along there, and imported

no small amount of wealth into that locality. There are few towns of the same size and age that embody as much wealth as Glen Rock! Being aware of this, and knowing that the "Pennsylvania Dutch," were inclined to be too adhesive to their acquisitions, I resolved to present the Apostle Paul's charge to the rich, as found in I. Tim. vi: 17, 18, 19: "Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches; but in the living God, who giveth us all things to enjoy; that they do good; that they be rich in good works; ready to distribute; willing to communicate, laying up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

About this sermon, the Glen Rock *Item*, the paper of that place, published the following:—

A GOOD SERMON.

"On Sunday evening last, Prof. S. K. Hoshour, of Indianapolis, Ind., and brother to J. T. Hoshour, Esq., of Glen Rock, preached in the Lutheran Church of this place. The Professor is in his seventy-third year, and has spent fifty years as a teacher, and minister of the Gospel. Although his voice has somewhat failed him, yet his sermons are always interesting and peculiarly instructive. He has a well stored mind and an unusual facility to communicate his thoughts in a simple and clear manner. The most complex and difficult passages, in his hands become simple and plain to the hearer. He had for his text the words of Paul as recorded in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth verses of the sixth chapter of I. Timothy. The speaker confidently assumed that the rich to be charged belonged to the Christian profession, from which the inference was drawn that among the first Christians were men of *standing* and *influence*, for wealth when justly acquired confers respect and influence in the possessor! This contravenes the

insinuations of skeptics and infidels, that the primitive Christians were of the lowest ranks of society and easily made believers in the miraculous aspects of the gospel. The rich man was defined, as one who can command the *necessaries*, comforts, and conveniences of life, and has still something to spare! It was admitted that this definition of a rich man would not be accepted in the monetary circles of our country, but it is correct on the plane of reason and common sense! These rich men, such as the speaker defined, need a "charge" which can appropriately come from the "ministry of the word;"—a duty which ministers are tempted to avoid, as it subjects them to the suspicion of base and selfish motives. The charge has a negative and an affirmative side: I. What they are not to *be* and to *do*; II. What they are to *do*. They are not to be *high-minded*—riches have a tendency in that direction, but no ground for it, for the following reasons:—

1. The *essential* difference between the rich man and the man of competency is not so great as is commonly imagined—the rich man can safely enjoy a certain *quantity* and *quality* of food only—can be in one room only, however large his mansion may be, at one time—can comfortably bear at one time one or two coats only, can sleep on one bed only, at one time—all these things, the man of competency can do.

2. Because riches do not furnish the happiness which the young aspirant anticipates. This was illustrated by reference to Bacchus and Midas, the latter receiving from the former the power to turn into gold whatever he touched—when he touched his food it turned into gold, and he could not eat it—when he touched the cup of fresh water, its contents turned into gold, and he could not drink it—the downy couch turned into gold, and he could not enjoy it! He asked Bacchus to relieve him of the power—which was done! Happiness was not in gold!

3. Because of the instability of wealth—riches make themselves wings and fly away—the best way to prevent that, is to clip their wings, and let the clippings go into the abodes of the unfortunate and destitute!

4. Because riches impose a fearful responsibility; they are talents;—a talent is our ability to make oneself felt for good in society—the rich can make themselves felt for good in this direc-

tion—can make the widow's heart "sing for joy," and dry up the orphan's tears.

5. The rich have no reason to be high-minded, because riches affect human circles only—have no weight in the circles of angels and the redeemed or just men made perfect—have no influence over God, over death and the judgment!

Again, the rich are not to trust in *uncertain* riches, but trust in the *living* God, who is the source of all enjoyment! The affirmative. What the rich are to do? "Do good"—be *rich* in good works, which will accompany them into the next world! God gives the rich opportunity to do good—lays widows, orphans, and unfortunate ones in their way. The Christian creed reads: "As we therefore have an opportunity, let us do good unto all men, and especially to the household of faith."

The speaker defined doing good or a good act as diminishing misery and increasing happiness in human society.

"Ready to distribute" for the relief of individual discomfort—"willing to communicate," to unite with others in promoting good causes.

The treasures to be laid in heaven consist not in mere *religiousness*, but in doing good with the means that God puts in our possession—see Luke xii: 33—that the "rich may lay hold on eternal life."

The speaker insisted that "*rich*" Christians can *only* lay hold on eternal life by using their property for benevolent purposes; it is hard at best for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

A Lutheran sister, rather *adhesive* to her property, the next day observed that she did not think that kind of preaching did much good—that people worked for what they have and are not going to give it to "tramps" and lazy persons—that something spiritual becomes the pulpit better than preaching about money!!

In my decadal visits to my native region, I always spent some days with the Christian congregation at

Beaver Creek, Md., six miles south of Hagerstown. This congregation was organized by Elder Joshua Webb, in 1834, amid incessant opposition from the sects. Every available projectile was hurled upon it from the surrounding heights. Even my old brethren, the Lutherans, built a fort in the greatest possible proximity to it, in order to annihilate the new interest. But at my last visit, 1876, I was told that the militant force in that fort was greatly reduced — entirely harmless!

Besides these external assaults, the congregation at Beaver Creek passed through severe internal reverses — ordeals that tested its loyalty to the Savior. However, it happily survived all its calamities, and is still a flourishing church.

There are few churches in our extended brotherhood in which so much of the primitive spirit prevailed as in this, and none with which I enjoyed a sweeter *church life* than in this!

In my visit, in 1876, I had not the pleasure only to preach to attentive audiences at Beaver Creek, but also at Hagerstown in a meeting-house owned by our brethren, about one square from the Lutheran Church in which I officiated for four years previous to my secession from that communion. I officiated several times in their neat sanctuary. Many of my old hearers, to whom I ministered during my pastorate in the Lutheran Church, were present at our services and gave me good, and I hope impartial, attention when

dwelling on points which interrupted our former communion.

In the beginning of September wife and I set out from Hagerstown, Md., for New Market, Va., the birthplace of Mrs. Hoshour, and where I resided from 1824 to 1828. We had not been there for forty years. None of her kinship lived there any more, but we both had still some very ardent friends in the community. During our sojourn in the place we enjoyed the generous hospitality of Mrs. J. P. Cline, the relict of Rev. J. P. Cline, who was one of my fellow-students in theology under Prof. S. S. Schmucker, and between whom and me obtained a warm and reciprocal friendship, which neither divergence in theology, nor difference in politics, could extinguish. He had departed this life eleven years before our visit to New Market. The war affected him disastrously, but still left him in a measurable competency. It is supposed that the war induced a state of mind that hastened his end.

We arrived at the widow's residence on Saturday afternoon, and in less than an hour her parlor was invaded by our old friends, who had been informed of our coming. Our mutual greetings were cordial, and pleasant reminiscences were waked up. Among the visitors the Rev. Mr. Snyder, of the St. Mark's Lutheran Church, of the place, presented himself. He succeeded me in the pastorate of that church, forty-nine years after mine had ceased. I found him a genial Christian gentleman. Before leaving me he proffered me his

pulpit on the next day. I accepted the offer, and Sunday morning preached to a respectable audience composed of Lutherans, Methodists, and "outsiders," on the one hundred and thirty-third Psalm: "Behold! how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

It was defined who are brethren — all *obedient believers!* The beauty and value of such a unity were earnestly set forth. The audience was attentive and apparently impressed, especially when it was mentioned that nearly fifty years since, other ears, that are now moldering in the graves around the spot where we were assembled, drank in the glad tidings of salvation!

There are two Lutheran Churches in New Market, a little divergent in regard to the teachings of the founder of their Zion. On Lord's day evening, the pastor of the second, that is, Emanuel's Lutheran Church, Dr. S. Henkel, paid me a visit at Mrs. Cline's, whose family connections I well knew. He is a frank, staunch Lutheran, but liberal toward dissentients. He invited me to occupy his pulpit on Monday evening, alleging that many of the citizens did not know that I was preaching at the other church on Sunday morning, and who would like to hear me before I left the place. He proposed to have the appointment well circulated. I acceded to his request, and accordingly addressed a good audience on the appointed evening. The subject presented was, *Doing the will of God!*

Of these services in the village, the editor of *Our Church Paper* (Lutheran) says the following:—

PERSONAL.

“On last sunday morning and Monday night the people of New Market, Va., were favored with most interesting and instructive sermons delivered by the Rev. Prof. S. K. Hoshour, of Indianapolis, Ind. Whilst his voice is feeble, and much impaired, his reasoning is close and logical; his terms are carefully selected, and accurately express his ideas; his style is chaste and rather ornate; his descriptive powers are excellent; his illustrations apt and delightful. He reaches the mind as well as the heart. Physically he is feeble, mentally vivid and powerful. A considerable number of those who listened to his ministrations a half a century ago, had the privilege of hearing him to their delight!

In the year 1824, he commenced the study of theology in this place, under the supervision of Dr. S. S. Schmucker. He was in the class with Dr. John G. Morris, now of Baltimore; Rev. J. P. Cline, Revs. John B. Reck, David S. Kyle, and George Schmucker. In 1826, he became the pastor of the New Market charge. During this year he entered into the holy state of matrimony with Miss Lucinda Savage, daughter of Jacob Savage, Esq., of this place.

He served this congregation two years, during which time he was also Principal of the New Market Academy.

He then received a call from some congregations at Smithsburg, Md. There he served three years. He then became pastor of the charge at Hagerstown, Md., and ministered to it four years. His attention was then turned Westward. He arrived at Centerville, Ind., on the 16th of October, 1835, and soon after was elected Principal of the Wayne County Seminary, Ind., which he conducted successfully for four years. He then took the conduct of the Cambridge Seminary for seven years. After this he was elected President of the N. W. C. University at Indianapolis. Subsequently he filled the chair of languages. He is still a member of the faculty of that institution, filling the position of lecturer on church history.

Notwithstanding his connection with these literary institutions and the arduous labors he performed in them, he continued his ministerial labors. He has done much in shaping the literature of that portion of the West, and in molding the minds of youth and their modes of thinking as well. He has been faithful and energetic—not one of those who rust out, but wear out!

He is now in the seventy-third year of his age, and on a visit with his good lady in the Valley of Virginia to see their numerous friends and relatives; we wish them a happy journey and return 'home.'"


This editorial is certainly complimentary from the pen of a *Lutheran* editor. But the reader may not perceive how naively he passes over my secession from his beloved "Lutheran Zion." He notices all the points at which I labored ministerially and otherwise—mentions my pastorate at Hagerstown, Md. But I presume, in order not to give offense to some of his prejudiced readers, he ignored that matter, perhaps, well enough. I have no right to impute anything *wrong* to him! There is an idea in society that when a preacher leaves the "order" in which he was brought up, and in whose ranks he labored for years, that there must be some kind of *degeneracy* about him, or that he "did not amount to much!" This makes it pertinent that the "seceder" should accept and appreciate any indorsement that may be expressed by any of the old household of faith.

In *Our Church Paper*, of May 2, 1873, Dr. John G. Morris, who was one of my fellow-students under Prof. S. S. Schmucker, at New Market, Va., furnished several columns of "Reminiscences of Shenan-

doah County Va.," in one paragraph of them he mentions the characters of his fellow-students, in the following style: —

"It is a melancholy satisfaction to recall the names and to say a word about those good men. There was that noble specimen of humanity, and model Christian, John P. Cline, who died ten years ago, in the same county (Shenandoah) lamented and honored by all. Then there was John Reck, who died in Ohio twenty years ago. There was David Keyl, an eccentric, outwardly, unpolished, but inwardly sanctified German, who is no longer living. There was Samuel K. Hoshour, a man of considerable parts and fair education, who, after serving the church of his fathers some years, associated himself with some Baptist sect and is still living in Indiana. An *honest man* is Hoshour, but the great mistake of his life was his leaving his paternal church home. The last one I now remember was George Schmucker, son of old Rev. Nicholas Schmucker, of Shenandoah County, Va. I believe George is still preaching somewhere in the Valley. I have not heard from him for many years. This, I think, is the whole list. Three of us yet survive, and one of the three has preferred the habitation of *strangers!*"

CHAPTER IV.

S STATED before, my school labors at Cambridge City closed in 1846. And as said before, I supported my family by teaching the German language in "courses," at different colleges and various cities in the West. In the session of 1847-8, of Asbury University, under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Greencastle, Ind., the President of which was Matthew Simpson, now one of the bishops of that church, I taught two "courses." My sojourn at this institution furnishes me, at my present age (77), many pleasant reminiscences!

I boarded and lodged with Prof. W. C. Larrabee, and had Geo. W. Hoss, then a student at the University, as my room-mate. He afterwards developed into a professor, in both the N. W. C. University and in the State University, and finally into, L. L. D. The professor in his student years was a fine sample of a commendable college student, genial in temper, and of industrious habits. During his connection with the faculty of the N. W. C. University our joint labors in that institution were very pleasant. Our host, Prof. Larrabee, professor of mathematics in the Asbury University, was an unique character, replete with racy

anecdotes, and fond of dispensing them to others, not always appropriately. At the second dinner I enjoyed with him, he told me that a few Lord's days before he preached for a small Church of Disciples in the vicinity of Greencastle, and as he said, enjoyed himself greatly. I like to preach, said he, to a minority church; they are generally an humble, cordial people; in this region are too many Methodists — some of them ought to be *killed off* for the good of Christianity! He was a Methodist preacher of no mean abilities. At that time the other professors of the institution were Cyrus Nutt, professor of Greek; John Wheeler, professor of Latin, and Downy, professor of Natural Science, all fine gentlemen, — men of liberal views on religion and the other great interests of life!

My Lord's days I spent in preaching for churches of Disciples in a circle of about ten miles from the city. The cause of primitive Christianity was still in a formative condition — not very strong. A little more than my horse hire was my usual compensation. Churches were not yet much trained in giving; they did not realize that "*God loveth a cheerful giver.*"

I preached monthly at one of the largest and wealthiest churches, "without money and without price." I thought I would test their liberality a little at my last appointment with them. I had republished the first three centuries of Mosheim's Church History, a work that every Christian ought to read, and sold it at fifty cents. I had given them notice before that I would bring some copies with me when I came the last time.

I brought a moderate package of the books to the place of meeting. I preached with some effect, and at the end of the services, I reminded them of what I had said about the book on my former visit. The elder asked me to stand at a certain point, and whilst the "brethren" sang, the congregation passed before and gave me a *warm* "farewell." That was a cheap process. Only one man bought a book! They had my monthly labors for over three months—all for the profit on one book.

The summer of 1848 I spent at the State University, as I have already indicated. My sojourn at that institution was marked by pleasant experiences. The President, Dr. Wiley, and the other members of the faculty treated me very gentlemanly. The students, not in my classes, at first called me the "Dutch Professor," but after I had puzzled some of them on the derivation of English words, and especially on the derivatives from the German, such as "finger," "buckwheat," and others, their levity turned into gravity and respect. In the reference to my connection with this institution as one of its directors, in the preceding narrative, I stated that at the close of my directorship I preached, as it was said, with some effect to a very intelligent audience in the University Chapel, in 1839. My teaching of German at the University was in 1848. I had not been in the place for years. My re-introduction to that community was marked by a circumstance not very creditable to me as a public speaker or preacher. I was to lecture to the students

on Friday morning, on the German language and literature. An arrangement had been made between Bro. J. M. Mathes that I should preach at the Christian Church on the Thursday evening before. I came from Cloverdale, Putnam County, on a road not very favorable to speedy locomotion, even on horseback, to Bloomington about dusk, I should say dense dusk, and not knowing where Bro. Mathes at that time resided, but knowing that a public house was near the church, I made for that. People were already streaming toward the meeting, professors, students, and citizens. I told the landlord I wished a cup of coffee, bread and butter, before I went into the pulpit, for I had been somewhat chilled; and that he would have the kindness to send some one to announce that the preacher had arrived. He readily complied with my requests, and I addressed myself to my coffee and buttered bread. All right so far. But during my lunch the good landlady remembered that she had some very fine cold pork left from dinner in her cupboard. She brought it out, and with feminine eloquence, persuaded me to eat some, which I did to my great detriment! It rebelled against my digestive powers; inaugurated a war within that enfeebled every endowment of my already jaded nature. I had not spoken ten minutes until every hoop of "*earthly vessel*" seemed to have bursted, and was in the act of falling to pieces. Thoughts were stubborn and words were shy, and mental vision awfully obscured. I could not say what I wanted to say, and what I said was

said with unendurable weakness. I read disappointment in my large and respectable audience. The best I could do was "to be short." I was so. I sought my lodging place with all possible speed, brooding over my signal "failure."

By next morning, however, the effects of the pork had departed. I was in my normal condition; went to the university, delivered a lecture on the German language, waking up the good humor of faculty and students. I redeemed myself and enlisted a large class of students in the study of the vigorous German. I told the members of the Christian Church that when I came to teach they must admit me again to their pulpit in order to recover myself in their estimation. The request was granted, and I addressed them often during my stay in that community.

Bro. Elijah Goodwin, whom I met next morning after my catastrophe, in Bro. Mathes' sanctum, had never seen nor heard me before that evening. I observed to him: "I presume you did not get last night what you expected." "Well, yes, it seemed to me you labored in the pulpit." "Yes, it was pork," I explained. During my session at the university I preached frequently in the house of my failure, and according to report redeemed myself.

The winter of 1848-49 I spent at Indianapolis, teaching the German language and preaching some in regions suitably contiguous to the city on Lord's days. As usual, I introduced myself to the citizens of the capital by a lecture on the language I offered to teach.

The lecture was delivered in the basement room of the old "Wesley Chapel," on Meridian Street. The attendance was respectable and apparently appreciative of what was advanced, and a large class was immediately formed. In a few days we commenced our journey towards Germany. The class was composed of very respectable people, — some young, that is, in their "teens," others some distance beyond their majority. Their progress was satisfactory, and as they advanced their interest in the study was intensified. Robert B. Duncan, Esq., and his Christian lady gave me "food and shelter" for my special instruction at his home. This was certainly clever on their part. Mr. Duncan laid some stress on some Indian language he had acquired from some of the lingering tribes in this region. In our joint dissection of the German, he at times thought some similarity of sounds was detectable between the two. But we could not institute any comparative philology, as my acquaintance with Potowatomies, or whatever other tribal knowledge he had slightly acquired, forbade any such undertaking. He was not a member of any class. He was a class by himself. His progress in the German was as good as his clerical duties in the court-room during the day would allow. The most objectionable phase of giving German "courses," was the necessary absence from my family, which resided at Cambridge City. Then there were no railroad facilities as now. It took nearly two days to reach Indianapolis from Cambridge before the National road was graveled.

On a proper survey of the Indianapolis possibilities, and the various disasters that betided the canal navigation at Cambridge, I concluded to rent my property at Cambridge, and remove my family to the capital. I did so, but soon saw the impolicy of the step. This induced a depression of spirits that utterly unmanned me! Regrets of the darkest kind pressed me to the earth, — I was away from my friends in “old Wayne.” Chords had been sundered that in my estimation never could be spliced again. My surroundings in my new location did by no means correspond to my anticipations. I tried to rid myself of the terrible incubus pressing me, by visiting country congregations on Lord’s days and preaching to them. But my very aspect advertised them that I was not in a normal condition. One Saturday I encountered the National road in its muddiest condition to Plainfield, a distance of fourteen miles from the city. I arrived in time to have afternoon meeting. I preached in the most depressive gloom; did not reach the inner chambers of hearers. Next day (Lord’s day) I was in attendance at the appointed hour, but the “brethren” were not there. They left for themselves a half an hour *margin* after the appointed time. Whilst waiting for the “brethren,” an official man approached me, sitting by myself as forlorn as that adjective can express that state, remarking to me that the church thought to pay me something for my coming; telling me that they *paid nothing for preaching!* But they paid a dollar a day for the preacher’s coming, and the same for return;

so they would give me two dollars. I dolorously replied that would keep my horse two weeks, but where would food for my family come from? There was an implied *logic* in this interview that its impression upon the official induced deviation from their "beaten" track. I paid them monthly visits from February to the ensuing September, and every successive visit enlarged their liberality. In process of time I returned to my *normal* condition, and I did some teaching in the city during the week, and considerable preaching in the various county seats within fifty miles from the capital. In the beginning of October, 1849, I removed into my own home at Cambridge City. On my return there I did not find the church in a very flourishing condition. It had too many "mere pulpit men," — no pastors!

The winter of 1849-50 I spent in the city of Cincinnati, teaching the German language and performing some missionary labor among the Germans.

My classes were large, the instruction very acceptable, and fine progress was made in the acquisition of that language. My missionary efforts among the Germans of Cincinnati were *not* crowned with success. The great mass of the German church people either belonged to the Catholics or to some pædo-Baptist Protestant denomination. The educated and business classes were so imbued with transatlantic skepticism and heterodoxy, so unchurchly, that it was almost impossible to secure their attendance where I preached; that is, in English meeting-houses. During the week

I encountered them at their business places, but they were too busy to give me any audience. Occasionally one would interrogate me about what I preached, and then put me off with saying, "You are a *new* sectarian, and there are already too many sects."

My audiences were usually composed of some German Methodists and a considerable sprinkle of German Baptists who had been converted under the Baptist missionary, Ouken. They were pious and zealous, but had a little too much sectarian "leaven" to be utilized by us.

Occasionally, on Lord's day I preached English in the Eighth Street Church, at the Clinton Street Church, and at the Sixth Street Church. I preached one morning, at the Sixth Street Church, on the rod which Moses lifted up on a hill adjacent to a battle-field on which the Israelites and Amalekites were in conflict, and the fortunes of them varied according to the *elevation* or depression of the rod in Moses' hand. In the train of remarks I said that the best of causes were subject to fluctuations; that in our respective religious careers the Amalekites were sometimes on top of us; that spiritual conflicts were our allotment here; that in these conflicts we must keep an eye on the power of God, of which that rod was a symbol.

A lady, a sister, but not a member of congregation, had come through very inclement weather to wait on my ministration. It seems she had many trials and conflicts in her past career as a professor of religion; my subjects were inspiring to her. After

service she shook hands with me and expressed the most earnest thanks to God that she was permitted to be present; that the "Amalekites shall not always triumph over her" in future. Some time after this, I preached again in this church, and after service I was introduced to a broad-shouldered Scotch brother, who insisted that I should visit him next day at his place of business (number given) at twelve o'clock precisely. I inquired whether he had anything special with me. "I want you to dine with me, and I mean to give you a pair of "bottes" (boots). I consented to be on hand at the appointed place and time. He took me to a splendid and well-furnished house, introduced me to his family, and made me sit down to a luscious dinner. After dinner he took me to the second story, into a room of very pleasant conveniences, and after surveying its accommodations, said to me: "This is at your command as long as you remain in the city, and when you hear the bell for meals, you will come down and share with us whatever is on the table; it *shall not cost you a cent.*" That was a "brother!" His name was Alexander Scott.

In the close of March (1850), my course of German instruction in the city ended, and my missionary engagements closed. I returned to my family at Cambridge City, Indiana.

I should add that during my sojourn in the city, I saw one Saturday morning in one of the journals of the city that Dr. N. L. Rice, who seven years before had debated with Mr. A. Campbell, on baptism, etc.,

was on the following Lord's day to preach a dedicatory sermon, somewhat remote from my staying place. God willing, I determined to be one of his hearers. I wedged into the crowded space and obtained a comfortable seat. The doctor's text was: "*And I, brethren, when I came to you came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.*" I Cor. ii:1-2. In his introduction and the first half of his discourse, the doctor was solid and unctuous. I thought it was good to be here! But in the progress of his discourse the last commission of Jesus came into his way, which he disposed of as follows: "Go preach the gospel to every creature, and on condition of repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, *you shall be saved!*" Is that the commission of Jesus? Why not use the words and thoughts of Jesus? Is the Master to be thus treated by one of his *professed* servants? I ask again, why not quote the commission as it is worded? It would have been so much like some reputed heretics quote! How low do you suppose my thermometer in regard to the doctor's preaching stood during the other half of his discourse? I cannot say. If anything awakens my contempt for a preacher, it is when he "handles the word of God deceitfully."

The summer of 1850 I spent in preaching at various points in Henry, Wayne, and Fayette counties, and the fall and winter of 1850-51 I appropriated to German

teaching at Fairview Academy, under control of A. R. Benton, a graduate of Bethany College, who has since expanded into one of our finished and successful educators. The German course terminated with the usual good results. During my course with the Fairview Academy, I was solicited to marry a couple about fourteen miles from the place. It was a bleak, cold, misty, November day! It took me the whole day to make the trip. When I was asked what my "fees" were I left the matter to the generosity of the party served. He handed me a dollar. The aggravation in this matter, was that after I had pronounced the ceremony, he sat down by a wife that brought \$2,000 into his possession. There is some paliation for the *thinness* of his compensation — his extreme *verdancy* and his *Quaker descent*!

On my return I was musing on the discomforts to which preachers are exposed. That man had to pay \$1.25 for license; how much easier it was to be clerk of the court than be preacher, on the score of compensation!

I think it would not be out of place to advert to another flagrant wrong practiced on preachers. It is in the case of funerals. In a ministry of fifty-four years I received numerous requests to attend funeral occasions, by persons five, six or seven miles from my home, who never contributed a cent to my support as preacher. I had to endure the fatigue of travel and the inclemency of the weather — my compensation was: We *thank* you for your services! All other

assistants in putting away the "remains" of the departed, received compensation for the various acts they performed, the sexton, the furnisher of textures, the undertaker—all are paid; but the preacher must do his part out of *sympathy* for the family!

✓ In the spring of 1851 I received a proposition from Profs. A. B. Abbott and W. Ferris, who conducted a very flourishing "seminary" at New Castle, Indiana, to become a partner with them. Prof. Abbott was a Presbyterian, and Prof. Ferris a Methodist; and as the Christian Church had a strong membership in the town and county, it was supposed that my connection with the institution would increase its patronage. I ✓ accepted the proposition, and after stipulations were entered upon, I took my seat as teacher.

My associates were very agreeable gentlemen, with whom I spent two sessions very pleasantly. The school was full in all the branches of an advanced and practical curriculum! My family remained at Cambridge City. I could be at home every week from Friday until Monday morning. During my stay in New Castle I had my entertainment in the house of my genial friend and brother, Col. Miles Murphy, whose cheerful spouse spared no pains to anticipate and supply my wants. Their only daughter, Louisa, now Mrs. Geo. Goodwin, then blooming in "sweet sixteen" was under my direction in acquiring the French language.

During a part of this time I passed under a heavy cloud of depression of spirits, in view of neglecting an opportunity in Wayne County that would have paid

me better than teaching school, of which I had done too much for my secular good — it never paid! My friends in old Wayne assured me that there was a bright avenue in sight, if I had entered, but I did not — *that* had a sting! To lose irretrievably by simple *neglect* is always fraught with remorse and self-condemnation!

Sinners who refuse to obey the gospel invitations, and professors who *neglect* to secure the great salvation, neglect to attain the Christian graces, will, some time in their history, realize compunctions that will abidingly torment them! Oh the fatal *neglect*! Will ring in their ears forever!

✓ Physicians frequently counseled me to lay aside books and school confinement, and seek a rural and agricultural position on a small scale.

✓ Heeding this advice, I secured to myself, in the fall of 1851, twenty acres of productive soil on the east side of Martindales Creek, on the National road, Wayne County. I had the impression that that was the spot where I would pitch my tent for life! There were no improvements on the land, simply inclosed by ordinary rail fences. The site for a home was very eligible. And in the spring of 1852 I made arrangements to have built a neat, tasty, and convenient cottage house, and a Swiss barn, of suitable dimensions — both structures were to cost three thousand dollars.

My prospects to meet these liabilities were very fair! Mrs. H. had inherited from her father's estate, twenty-five acres of timber land, two and a half miles

from my new home, besides some money. I had a farm of one hundred and twenty acres in Hendricks County, twenty-two miles west of Indianapolis. These resources were to make my new home free from all incumbrances. Up to 1853 my prospects for a pleasant competency in old age were very fair! That was all I aspired to; I never aimed to be rich; at my present age, seventy-seven, I think differently on that matter. If I could retrovert the dial of my life, and the present age of Indiana, forty years, I would then project my programme in regard to secular acquisitions on a more enlarged scale. The Hoshours are a success in acquisitions of that kind; and I would not have been an exception, had I turned my attention to it. But I was too much given to more refined interests — education and religion, to be very active in secular pursuits. At my present age I should like to have means to give the parsimonious rich, in the Christian brotherhood, samples of what should be done in the way of liberality to good “causes;” and to aid in setting up sober, industrious, but poor young men, in some good business.

Reader, there is a streak of good religion in this matter of aiding, by loans, worthy young men, and never will the “church have the respect and the association of the young until rich old professors “show themselves men,” in that kind of works!

There is such a thing as despising the church of God, and that is, when *she abounds in close-fisted rich old men and women!*

In 1852, through the influence of professedly *knowing* business men, I committed an error fatal to my future temporal well being. The Hon. Cale Smith and others had projected a railroad from Cincinnati to Chicago, called the "Bee Line." This road was to pass through Cambridge City, and of course was to give enhancement of value to all kinds of real estate in that locality and its vicinity. The "business men" contracted a high railroad fever. It was contagious. I also caught it, and under its "flights," I put my farm in Hendricks County, into the "concern!" That road was never completed — bad management or official rascality sank it entirely and with it went my farm! I never got a "copper" for it! That made a vortex in my temporalities that ultimately impoverished me! I sought the *practical* sympathies of churches, that I knew, the railroad system through our State benefited by enhancing their real estate. I told them that what conduced to their enrichment (the railroad system), drove me into impoverishment. It pushed me into a deep, damp pit where no sunshine reached me. I prayed them to come to the margin of the pit, if not lift me entirely out, at least, so far that I could feel some sunshine again! But they had "plugs" in their ears! Our church greatly benefited by the railroad, ventured to voice itself on this wise: "Bro. H., we sympathize with you in your loss, but our sympathies cannot get into your pockets!" Very Christian and consolatory!

CHAPTER V.

I WILL now return to my six years' residence on "Pleasant Hill," as I called my rural home between East Germantown and Cambridge City. It was really a pleasant place. I now assumed the part and costume of a farmer, and was the recipient of more sunlight than in any of the same number of years since my majority!

The main field that received most of my personal attention, as a cultivator, lay along the National pike, a much traveled road. If I wished to be "*bored*" by liberal advisers, it was only necessary to keep near the road. Every agricultural wiseacre of the vicinage, passing along, had to stop and impart to me some of his wisdom in tilling the soil!

Up to my eighteenth year I had been drilled in the Pennsylvania mode of farming, which is conceded to be of the best quality. Like in many other things, I let men detail their experiences or theories, without much discussion of differences from me, but practiced according to my settled convictions. I furnished better specimens of agricultural and horticultural products, than many of my immediate contemporaries had, at any rate, anticipated.

My harvest yields fully equaled those of my neighbors, according to the acreage. My main mistake was, that I laid too much stress on the value of vegetable productions. There was not demand enough for them in the immediate towns. In the main I spent six pleasant years on my rural premises. I occupied my Lord's day in preaching regularly at Connersville, Bentonville, and Cambridge City; at the former two, at the rate of \$60 a year, or \$5 a visit! The last of the three — *for nothing*, officiating twice a month. From these rates and the yield of my little farm, I could barely make ends meet at the close of the year. Sometimes additions were made to the revenues from quarters outside of the brotherhood. When preaching at Connersville, many of the young professional and business gentry attended my ministry. It happened that one Sunday I preached on the Rebellion of Absalom against his father David. I drew various practical lessons from the event. The next day a parcel of young professionals happened to be in the office of one of their number when one observed: " 'Uncle Sam's' discourse yesterday was worth \$5 to me!" "Well," said one of the company, "you ought to pay him \$5!" This brought on an interchange of ideas among them, which issued in a donation of \$35, which was remitted to me with a letter expressive of their appreciation of my pulpit services! An additional income was from my hymeneal unitings. After a few years' residence on Pleasant Hill, it became a perfect "Gretna

Green ! ” Seldom a week passed without some aspirants to the matrimonial state were made happy there. Indeed, the point became so popular, that the expression, “ When will you go to Pleasant Hill ? ” was equivalent to when will you get married !

In 1854, during my residence at Pleasant Hill, the citizens, I mean the good and enlightened citizens of Indiana, were much stirred up on the subject of “ a prohibitory law.” I used much of my spare time in making temperance speeches. I obtruded myself on some of the dark corners of Eastern Indiana. As the election approached I became more ardent on the subject. About four miles north of Cambridge City was a school-house of good capacity to hold preachers and lecturers with their respective auditories.

It was in the midst of a community of Pennsylvania yeomanry — mostly Democrats in their political, rather partisan, predilections — minus in enlightenment on any subject, except that of making money ! I had an appointment there to lecture on temperance, on a week evening. When I arrived at the place I found the house full of giggling girls and boorish young men. In inspecting the assembly I saw but two *manly faces* in the audience. The tone of the majority was such as to give me ground to suspect that disturbance was in contemplation. I had not proceeded far in my talk till some of the hoodlums pulled large apples out of their pockets, to which they applied knives with perfect *sang-froid*, and in the mastication made themselves

as audible as they possibly could — all intended to annoy me! I kept cool, but made some utterances that hit some persons!

Another section of the boors remained outside of the house, and at a certain juncture launched a large dog through the door into the audience! I simply said, dogs and such actors are suitable associates — only the dogs were the better party — they disturbed no meeting! Before I dismissed I announced another meeting on a subsequent evening. After dismissing, all the crooks did not go out. Whilst I was putting on my outer garments, a batch of them in such proximity as to make their whispers audible to me said, “*We’ll bet he has a pint flask in his overcoat pocket!*” After I got out of the door, a Methodist brother, one of the two honest faces I saw in the assembly, met me and advised me not to try to mount my horse — “They ungirded your saddle!” He adjusted matters and held the stirrup until I was ready to move off safely. My next meeting embodied more of the solid element of the community, and everything went off more creditably!

This was four miles north of Cambridge City, where I taught seven years in succession, and were such the fruits of your influence? I never had a pupil from all this section. Seminary or academic learning with them was a “spoiler” of the young!

As the above is a part of my temperance experience in Indiana, I am inclined to furnish another specimen: During my nine months’ residence at Indianapolis, in

1849, I furnished monthly ministrations to the Christian Church at Noblesville, Ind. Between Noblesville and the city is a small village by the name of Alisonville. It was my custom to preach in this place, the Methodists kindly granting the privilege of occupying their meeting-house on Friday afternoons. It several times happened that temperance meetings were appointed for candle-lighting of the same day. I was always earnestly invited to stay and speak on that subject. I did so. In the village lived a Kentucky family who professed to be members of the Christian Church, I mean the heads of the family. They kept public house and a "bar." As I do not step tenderly on liquor dealers, I did not spare in that locality!

In the process of time a Christian congregation was to be organized; and Bro. L. H. Jameson and myself officiated on the occasion. Among the charter members, the Kentucky sister, who was wont frequently to officiate at the "bar," presented herself! There was a revulsion in the little family, especially among the sisters about receiving her. Finally she was admitted with the understanding of the other members that I should have a private talk with her at her house on the wickedness of dealing in liquors! Accordingly, I left word that on Monday when I returned to Noblesville, I should call and dine with her.

When I arrived at her home, no one made appearance to invite me in. I saw the table spread and surrounded by guests (for she had boarders). I gave


some demonstration of my presence; she made her appearance, invited me into the table, and ordered my horse to be cared for. Those at the table, gentlemen and ladies, seemed to be respectable. In the conversation had, it was asked, where her husband and "Abner" were. The landlady said they were some distance from home, threshing wheat and would not be home for dinner.

After dinner, I took my seat in the parlor, or rather sitting-room, and looked over some magazines. All at once, a "six-footer" form swept by me with lightning speed. It was "Abner" who unexpectedly returned home! In a short time, he stood in the door between the dining-room and where I was, and greeted me as follows: "Are you that d —— n old rascal that several times talked temperance and abused better people than yourself! Now, get out of this house as soon as you can — no such old scoundrels shall stay in this house!" I looked fixedly at him, saying, "I shall not go until I please!" He mistook my pluck. In the meantime his mother with uplifted hands exclaimed: "Oh, Abner, Abner, don't do so!" As he failed seeing my speedy exit, he ran to the stable, turned my horse out and threw my bridle and saddle into an adjacent alley, averring that no horse of any such man should have feed and shelter in his stable! Their next neighbor was a worthy Methodist family, whose sons caught my horse and gathered up the saddle and bridle — and fed my horse in their stable! Can the reader see a difference between the tone of the two families?

In connection with the above temperance items I shall subjoin a circumstance, which the publishers of these sheets need *not* publish if they think proper.

I have fought the liquor traffic for over a half a century. Whilst I taught at Cambridge City, I had two tidy likely boys in my school nearly five years; they came to manhood, nice, clean young men; one married a handsome young lady, and seemed to have very fair prospects before him; but unfortunately he became fond of liquor — an inebriate. In the beginning of 1871 or 1872, I paid a visit to Cambridge City, and preached one Sunday night to a large and attentive audience. It is sometimes said, there are somethings so aggravating as to make “a preacher swear!” If a certain utterance is swearing (and under circumstances it is) then I am a preacher that swore! After I came out of the pulpit and exchanged good wishes with my old friends, some one came into the meeting-house, and announced that Austin Hamilton had just died with delirium tremens; I asked, “Do you say that Austin Hamilton is dead?” “Yes sir.” The news so seized upon me that I exclaimed, “*Damn the liquor traffic!*” If that was swearing, then I hope God will forgive me!

CHAPTER VI.

LTHOUGH my residence on Pleasant Hill was very attractive, yet I saw that my revenues from farming and preaching could not keep me from utterly sinking. I was revolving in my mind whether it would not be within the "fitness of things," if I should compete for one of the offices that Wayne County, in which I had resided twenty-three years, bestowed upon its citizens. I indulged in musings of that in the summer of 1858; and whilst "musing the fire burnt." But in the close of July I received a notice that the Board of the N. W. C. University had "unanimously" elected me President of that institution, with a salary of \$1,100 per annum. That had a tone of *certainty*, while the other enterprise lay in the realm of contingency!

The main question was: Shall I go or stay among my old friends in Wayne?

In the mean time I was inundated with letters from all quarters of the State, by preachers and other prominent brethren, to accept the position — that I could wield an influence there for good, which I could not any where else.

I knew I had been successful in managing academies and seminaries, but was not so sure that I could control

a university in concurrence with other minds of diversified views on school government. Whenever I had the *sole* control in more limited institutions *order* had to obtain !

Finally, with some misgivings, I accepted the position, and on the 13th of September, 1858, the University was opened under my regency ! The attendance was respectable in numbers, and the students of goodly appearance. We were almost total strangers to each other ; under such circumstances, first *impressions* are of some weight. My personal appearance, never very imposing, having just entered upon an indefinite "truce" with fever and ague, was considerably below its usual *par*. I have at this time no doubt that some of the "smarties" considered me game for their future action !

The university really opened in 1855, three years before my election, but had no regular President during those years. Prof. John Young was senior professor, and as such performed the duties of the presidency. After the matriculation of the opening of 1858, the students were assigned to their respective professors and classes, and recitations commenced in due time.

I wrestled with the "chills" for several weeks, and of course my administration could *not be* very *effective* when it ought to have been otherwise. As several of the professors had been connected with the faculty several years, they understood the hang of things better than I did, and on them I had to rely much !

That my administration should be marked by some imperfections and blunders is easy to suppose! That some unruly students should inaugurate some deviltry to disparage my *regime* was not beyond the limits of possibility. But their schemes were always seasonably discovered, and their labor rendered abortive! Much of the *discovering* was owing to the honest janitor, Christian Schuter. He was faithful to me and avoided no vigilance in regard to the movements of the bad ones. He was a fearless German. I could intensify his interest in the university by telling him it was a German university, as the highest and the lowest functionaries were *Germans*, and that his name was *Christian*! As the "*games*" which the evil-doers undertook to play had no signal results, I am disinclined to enter into specifications and details!

In 1861, when the war broke out and every important interest in society was threatened with deterioration, some of the master spirits of the University Board thought that contraction of out-lays in conducting the institution was a stern necessity, that that was to be done by removals from the existing faculty. And as I had resigned the Presidency, it was of course an easy matter to dispose of me. The curriculum of studies was to be pruned; no modern languages to be taught; all studies not essential to an old fashioned college curriculum were to be dropped!

I appeared before the board and represented that the exclusion of the modern languages would diminish their number of students and throw their school far in the rear, in the estimation of other colleges, etc.

After my speech I withdrew, and in the after part of the day, the vote was taken whether the modern languages should be excluded from the new curriculum. They were retained by a majority of two, Judge Jere Smith, of Winchester, and Andrew Wallace, Esq., of this city!

These two saved me from total abscission from the faculty of the university.

The salary of a professor heretofore was nine hundred per annum. It was told me that Profs. Benton, Moss, and Brown offered to take \$800 for that year, so that I might be retained at the same rate. Prof. Benton became my successor in the Presidency, and of course got more than \$800. I think his salary that year was \$1,000. The spirit which he and the professors manifested in my behalf was certainly kind and brotherly!

The war brought a crisis on Western colleges, that was truly oppressive to their faculties. The rate of living increased a hundred per cent, whilst the salaries, barely adequate in peace times, remained in *statu quo*! An exigency that few could endure. All the colleges in Indiana were seriously affected by this state of things, the State University, Bloomington, Asbury, at Greencastle, Earlham, at Richmond, and others. The management of the State University, created by the Legislature had the State Treasury whence to draw relief. The directors of Asbury raised the salaries of their faculties corresponding with the rise of the rate of living, though their

endowment fund could not be increased, for during the war, people had use for their means to meet unexpected liability, and supplemented the salaries by holding semi-annual meetings in their churches throughout the State!

The managers of Earlham (Quaker) did the same by general and special contribution until the depressive emergency had passed! We, the faculty of the North Western *Christian* University, did not fare thus! No body to inquire after our necessities, nor care to relieve us. This indifference of our leading brethren (stockholders and directors) to our condition, affected me more than any other member of the faculty, as they had their own homes. I was a renter, and rents doubled. I was compelled to get my own house, or sink into irretrievable poverty. By some of Mrs. H.'s patrimony, a few hundred dollars I had, the aid of my son, Samuel H., and my brother, J. V. Hoshour, of Pennsylvania, I was enabled to make the first payment (\$2,000), on a house that was to cost \$3,700!

The balance was to be discharged in equal annual payments with ten per cent interest on each. This was a problem of no easy solution. With a salary of \$1,000 per annum in view of the cost of living, the matter presented itself as an utter impossibility. Over \$900 were to be made up at the close of the year 1865! I studied the subject myself, and sought the advice of friends. It was finally concluded that if I could find "able" brethren enough who would lend me twenty-five dollars each for five years without in-

terest, I giving individual note, to an amount equal to two-thirds of the installment, I could accomplish the matter.

Accordingly, I searched after "able" brethren in Indiana, and through the agency of friends in the different parts of the State, I found a goodly number of brethren, willing to aid me!

In this canvass I met with the *bright* and *shady* sides of our Indiana brotherhood. I will advert to the bright side only. I wrote to brother P. Parks, of Martinsville, Ind., who, during my connection with the Board of the State University, heard me preach in his town probably a half dozen times. His reply to my solicitation was: "Brother H. I will not *lend* you twenty-five dollars towards your house but I will *give* you *fifty* dollars for that object. Brother H. you can preach, but you can not make *money*; I can make money but I cannot preach, therefore I think it proper that I should make such a donation?" In my correspondence with another brother, J. Ragsale, residing in Bedford, whom I had never seen, he furnished the following reply: "I will not *lend*, but *give* you twenty-five dollars for your relief." On the ensuing Christmas I received his donation. The next August I paid my first visit to Bedford and preached. After service I was introduced to brother R. In this town of Bedford was quite a corner of Germans into whose ears Americans, ill-disposed towards our religion, had sounded some very *naughty* things. As the Bedford brethren knew that I taught the German language in the Univer-

sity, they took it for granted that I could preach in that language. They asked me about the matter. I said, "Yes." Nothing short of my consent to do so would satisfy them. I said, if they could get the Germans to come on Monday night, and they themselves would be in attendance, to fill up seats, sing in English, and reconcile themselves to nearly an hour's talk without understanding it, I would serve them!

The conditions were accepted and at the appointed time a respectable German audience gathered near the pulpit, supplemented by a respectable portion of Americans! As I knew that some of the citizens of Bedford had labored to prejudice these Germans against the Christian Church, I deemed it fitting that I should address them on the cardinal principles for which we plead. For the purpose, I made Peter's answer on the day of Pentecost (Acts, ii:38), my text: "Repent ye and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit."

My object was to give the import of this passage, all the prominence, its relations to the old and new dispensation demanded. The Germans were very attentive and seemed to assent to what was said.

On the next day, I met Brother R. on the street, tendered him my thanks orally, as I had in a letter soon after receiving it. He assured me I was welcome to the boon. Said he, "You preached last night in German at the church. I was not there, but the Germans say it was a good *Scriptural* sermon — they were much

pleased! Now, sir, you have a sword that has two edges; one to cut the English with, and the other, the Germans! I am now disposed to say that I will send you another twenty-five dollar draft towards the next and last payment on your house, for the '*Dutch edge*' of your sword!" The money came.

Another brother, Judge Jere Smith, also donated me fifty dollars for the same object, with "Don't say anything about it!" These three liberal *donors* in their political views were Democrats; I the recipient, a "dyed" Republican; a proof that Christian relations and sympathies can lie above political partisanship!

Many brethren who had made twenty-five dollar loans, in the way already intimated, when it was seen that things after the war remained about the same as during that period, handed in their notes cancelled; others exacted the face of the notes. When these loans were made, in the war times, it was supposed the rate of living would go down, and I could save something from my salary to meet these notes, at the end of five years, but that was not the case, hence, the liberality of many of the holders of the notes resolved not to collect them.

In 1866 the last payment became due—over \$900. To rid me of this was no easy problem. By economy and circumspection I bridged the chasm. One expedient to accomplish this was, to keep myself with the proceeds of a lecture on "National Prosperity," which I wrote and read before admitted audiences in the main towns in Eastern Indiana. It yielded a respectable revenue, though there were variations of suc-

cess; sometimes nearly a failure. Let me give an instance. I knew I had many monied friends at Connersville, Ind., and that they would appreciate a lecture on that subject. I opened a correspondence with Austin B. Claypool, Esq., whom I *knew* to be my friend. I developed to him my plan and object and solicited his personal attention to the matter. His reply was, send your advertisement and cards, I will see that the enterprise be a success. I sent on the necessary papers and appointed the evening of the lecture. He did his part manfully. When I arrived at the depot on the evening of the lecture, he was present with his carriage to take me to his home and enjoy a good supper. At the proper time he conveyed me to the lecture hall, capable of containing about four hundred auditors. This he expected to be well filled — when, behold, about thirty persons were present. I never saw a person so crest fallen as was my friend C. “Why,” said he, “they promised me to be here. I do not understand it.” One cause of absence was an evening session of the circuit court in which an important liquor trial was going on, and the current went that way; another cause was, that the population of the place were not predisposed to attend non-comic lectures. The President of Miami University lectured there a few weeks before me on a literary subject and had twenty-five hearers. Judge Jere Wilson co-operated with Mr. Claypool, and shared in the disappointment. I read my lecture to the audience before me, and it seemed to be appreciated, especially by Judge Wilson. He re-

quested me, after I was done reading before different communities, to send it to Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune*, for insertion in its columns, observing that that document would please "Horace." The lecture was never sent.

Mr. Claypool took me home with him and very hospitably entertained me over night. His theme till bedtime was the failure in regard to an audience. He conducted me to my place of repose, and on the way to it he asked whether I ever accepted a present. I answered in the affirmative. "Well," said he, "here is a check of one hundred dollars on the Milton Bank, please accept it, as a donation from Judge Wilson and myself, each fifty dollars, towards your impending payment for your home! Mr. H., I heard you preach in my youth; I know how you went up and down this White Water Valley in all kinds of weather, to serve society as a preacher, and as a lecturer on useful subjects, whenever you were called on, with but slight, if any, compensation; in view of all circumstances the judge and I deem it proper to make this donation as a testimonial of *our* appreciation of your services for the good of society!" These gentlemen were non-church members.

In 1870 my home was free of incumbrances. At this time I was still a member of the faculty of the N. W. C. University at a salary of \$1,000 per annum. Upon the whole, I was connected with this faculty for seventeen years—three years as President and fourteen years as professor of languages, sometimes of one

ancient and two modern; sometimes, two of the modern only.

A thousand-dollar salary on an average at Indianapolis, is just five hundred too little. No committee of business men knowing the rate of living at the Capital, would have decided less than fifteen hundred! What was the result of this inadequate salary? Impoverishment to the teachers. When a year's faithful work was done, we were five hundred dollars out of pocket, or rather, never got into our pockets! I worked for this "annual *minus*" for fourteen years, which made up a total minus of seven thousand dollars—that much poorer I am to-day than reason, justice, and humanity say I should be! The services were rendered, but the compensation was too short! It is said old men should live on the "fruits of their labors." Seven thousand dollars worth of my labors are in society in the heads of now available ladies and gentlemen in Indiana; who will collect the amount? No answer!

The most irritating phase to laborers of this type and predicament is, that when come into advanced life they are scanned as *shiftless financiers*, too unskillful to secure a competency for old age, half way reproached for incompetency in the secular, by the successful mammonites.

It might be urged that, perhaps, my connection with the faculty was not available—not influential—not satisfactory to the students. Let me here record a series of facts which will quiet any suspicions in this

direction. In 1864 the students of the University presented me with a valuable silver tea set as a testimonial of their appreciation of my didactic services. The following is the speech of their spokesman, Mr. D. S. Hillis: —

PROF. S. K. HOSHOUR: The students of this institution have imposed on me the pleasant task of presenting to you a token of their regard. Gladly do they come this morning to offer you a feeble recognition of your abilities and kindness. Society delights to honor those who distinguish themselves on the field of battle for freedom. No less do the donors of this boon delight to honor you, who have distinguished yourself in persistent conflicts with vice and ignorance. By your worthy efforts you have gained a high position in the army that battles for Christian civilization; by your sedulous cultivation of the happy nature conferred by a kind Creator, you have drawn around you numerous warm-hearted friends. There are few now present who are not indebted to you for much of what they are and hope to be. There are many, living and dead, not here, who would gladly unite with us this morning, in offering you this tribute of respect.

Your students know well that your life has not been one of selfish purposes, but with generous self-sacrifice it has been earnestly devoted to the ennobling of the human race. They well know that you have gone out to labor among the masses, and from the kindest motives you have generously aided many a youth from ignorance to knowledge, from obscurity to conspectuity and respectability. You have been an educator in the highest and holiest sense of that term. You have not only educated the physical and mental endowments of youth, but dwelt with particular interest and earnestness upon man's *moral* nature the crowning gift of God to humanity.

Your social nature, so happy in its temperament, so full of Christian loveliness, so all-pervading in its sympathies, has doubtless ever been as it is to-day, the admiration of the young and impulsive hearts around you. By your kind words you have touched the soul, and filled with gratitude many youthful hearts! When

we approach in blithe spirits, you gladly partake of our pleasures; when in trouble you have words of cheer and comfort. For this feature in your character your students respect and love you. Then, without disparagement to the other honored members of the faculty, in consideration of your age, of your scholarship, of your faithful labors in this university, in view of your many virtues, the students have made it my duty to present this token of their high regard. A silver tea set has been chosen as the exponent of this regard, in order that we not only honor you, but also the "companion of your youth," whom we delight to honor, not simply on your account, but also for her personal character and Christian graces! The donors of this "service" do not consider it the full measure of their obligation to you. The compliment of their obligations will be measurably made by their grateful recollection of you, long after you have passed from human sight. Your *valuable teachings* are too deeply impressed on us to be obliterated by the future attritions of life!

Let us assure you, that your prosperity will be our delight, and your sorrows, ours! As you journey on to complete the brief period of life, may some glooming hours be made *bright*, when you remember the students of 1864, and this occasion, gleaming with the genial sun light of heaven — when one hundred and thirty young hearts, instinct with fresh life, and buoyant with hope, came cheerfully to pay a deserved tribute to a beloved teacher and Christian patriot!

Let this "service" be to you and to your home an ever present speaking "medium," through which will be whispered, the gratitude, the love, and the prayers of the young life before you!

MY REPLY.

SIR: In this act of presentation, you certainly take me by no ordinary surprise. When a few mornings since, you inquired of me, what I deemed the most appropriate present to a minister of the gospel, I had no suspicion that the inquiry involved any reference to myself. I cannot withhold an expression of my most cordial appreciation of the boon you just now put into my possession. Its splendor, its intrinsic value, and the generosity it indicates, enhance it greatly in my estimation. To persons of my age, any token evincive of respect, is certainly a matter of gratification. Be-

tween my age and that the donors is a period of some forty years — a distance that usually involves discrepancy of views, predilections and aspirations, as well as diminution of congeniality! I say this is commonly the case. The teaching profession is perhaps more adapted to prevent the widening of the chasm between the old and the young, than any other.

In this profession, the precipitancy of youth is checked, and the sobrieties of life inculcated by precept and example.

My person is on the chilly north side of the hill of life, so far down that I can already descry the penumbra of the everlasting eclipse in the valley below; but my higher endowments delight to visit daily the sunny side of that hill, where you now bask in the freshness and plenitude of your powers — where I was over four decades before!

I have spent the greater part of my life among the young. I have sat with them in the halls of instruction; walked with them over the enchanting grounds of science and literature; and by the way talked with the "great salvation!" *My sympathies are with them.*

In contemplating the close of my life, I can imagine no concomitant so grateful to me on that impressive occasion as to see many of my pupils pressing to my couch, uttering kind sympathies. This, perhaps, none of you will be able to do. In a few years you will be scattered over the wide extent of this great country, and ties and associations that have been formed and enjoyed here will have been dissolved; but your regard for me left in my abode in those *mute* forms of silver that now shine before me!

Among these I see a cup, reminding me that a just Providence is wont to present cups to humanity as it passes over the arena of the present existence; I hope that that Providence will allot you such cups that contain as little bitterness as possible!

Your selection of the present was judicious. It is not to adorn my person, but my table, for the gratification of my family and my friends, and especially, the pleasure of the tender companion of my youth, the true helpmeet in the meridian of our day, and the solace of the decline of my years; for the pleasure of her who stood unmurmuringly by my side in epochs of my past, when others frowned upon me for obeying the dictates of conscience in

the highest interests of man—obedience to divine authority as represented in the sacred Scriptures. My children shall read in these *shining* surfaces that their father lived not for naught, nor entailed upon them the contempt of society!

Your gift is not easily lost, unless through burglars—nor soon worn out. Were its value expressed in a less, or more portable form, or were it in the form of attire, I might not long be its possessor!

Let me close with a short incident. A quarter of a century ago, I conducted a flourishing seminary of learning at Cambridge City in the eastern part of the State. A bright but poor little orphan boy frequented it for years, with the assurance on my part that I would never make out a bill against him; that if he or his mother could occasionally do my family any little service, the debt would be discharged!

My protegee in process of removal to the State of Illinois, entered a drug store to learn the business—from apprentice, he became partner—partner sole proprietor of the establishment!

In the days of his prosperity, he remembered me, and eight years ago sent me a beautiful and costly gold-headed cane, engraved with appropriate initials, accompanied by a letter of gratitude for my interest in him in his orphanage! I sedulously guarded the splendid exponent of good will and gratitude for nearly two years. On a time, I went some distance from home to preach—had the cane in my carriage—got into a brown study about preaching—the cane fell out of the vehicle, unnoticed, on a highway—and was irrecoverably lost! The rest you can imagine!

Finally, sir, suffer me to express, without *affecting* pedantry, my thanks in the various languages in which I operate in my department: *Vobis gratias ego; Je vous remercie; Ich danke euch; I THANK YOU!*

In 1868 a German class donated me an elegant Elgin silver time-piece as a token of their estimation of my available services in that language. A speech was made, and a reply furnished, but it is not deemed necessary to insert them here.

In 1872 another German class made me the owner of a costly gold-headed cane with the same views as the other presents were given!

My readers will see that the proceedings of the students were of no doubtful indications of my efficiency in my department. Students are not simpletons, not so verdant as not to see through a teacher.

A little episode. About four weeks before the great fire at Chicago, it became necessary that I should preach in that city. I had a letter of introduction to one of the upper families in that community, by one of their special friends in Indianapolis. Wife and I arrived on Saturday forenoon at the residence of our intended host. After a signal of presence was given, a matronly lady appeared at the door. I presented my letter, and after a full survey of my *appearance*, she bade us enter. The atmosphere, not on the lake, but in the house was rather cool! Pretty soon in our intercourse, I was asked whether I preached in Indianapolis. I answered in the negative, and stated that I was professor of Greek in the N. W. C. University, but did some preaching when necessary. Professor of Greek! That let in a little genial light! In process of time, I was introduced to her husband, as Mr. Hoshour, *Professor of Greek* in the University at Indianapolis! We talked as if we were measurably strange "brethren." But I think I gained on the family. When dining time came we were summoned to a very lucious table surrounded by a kinship of a very elite type. I was placed near their eldest son who had spent two

years in Germany and France. During our enjoyment of the luxuries before us, I mentioned that I heard he sojourned sometime in Germany. He replied yes. Then I suppose you speak German fluently. He replied, passably. I addressed him in German and beset him with questions about the Vaterland. He answered in very clever German. His father addressed me with the inquiry what kind of German he spoke — he talks here among what he calls German, but *we* do not know whether it is passable — I said it is good! I continued my interrogations, in regard to his European travels, and observed that he staid some time in France, and that he, no doubt, speaks French. He answered in the affirmative. I asked him many things in French! That dispersed all the chilling clouds, and for the time being Hoshour stock went up faster than any other stock in that great mart! Professor of Greek, speaker in French and German!! That will do! At three o'clock p. m., a carriage with a pair of splendid steeds, and a sable driver stood at our command to visit any of our acquaintances in the city!

Next day, I preached, and as usual preceded my preaching with a short lecture on one of the short Psalms. That was a new departure in the estimation of my audience which they all enjoyed. After we got into the carriage of our kind host and hostess, he asked me where I had kept myself, that they had never heard of me before! I said, because I am no spread-eagle! In four weeks after my pleasant sojourn with my kind brother, his magnificent mansion with all its rich gar-

niture became a prey to the devouring flame. He lost much in the great conflagration, but has measurably recovered!

In 1870 I became professor of Greek. I filled that chair two years, when by \$20,000 donation, by Bro. Jere Anderson, of Missouri, on condition that he should have the privilege of naming the incumbent of the Greek department. Bro. Anderson was a staunch Democrat and wanted a Democrat to fill that chair; and as I was a "dyed" Republican, I had to vacate the position. And John O. Hopkins, a graduate of Kentucky University, was made my successor. In 1872, I became the incumbent of the modern language department, French and German. This department soon shaped itself into a flourishing condition, owing to a resolution the Board had passed in a recent session, that they would graduate a young gentleman or lady "regularly," without the Greek, if they would study the French and German, each two years. This was very acceptable to the aspirants of college honors. They believed, with Solomon, that a *living dog* was better than a *dead lion*. Suppose the Greek was a lion, now dead, two living languages, only dogs in comparison, could be more utilized than the former.

Whatever their reasonings or predilections may have been, there was quite a thronging in at the modern language department. The classes were large, the instruction acceptable, and the progress commendable. This state of things obtained for three years. Towards the close of the session of 1875, it was rumored that at

the next session of the Board, the "old professor" would be put on the shelf. No person about the institution, except perhaps two members of the faculty, (none of the students) believed the report — all looked upon it as an idle, unfounded rumor, because my teaching in that department was considered a complete success.

But the rumor intensified and came from quarters that could not well be ignored or overlooked. When the students apprehended that such a measure might be adopted, some forty of the best students in attendance, unasked, unprompted by me, got up and signed a petition to be laid before the Board not to remove me. These students had been in their elementary year, under my instruction, or expected to be the next session.

When I discovered that the Board were in earnest in this matter, I wrote a long and earnest letter to the President of the Board, in which I demanded the causes of my impending decapitation. I urged that I could see no reason; that my work was effective and acceptable to the students; that the modern language department had never been in a more flourishing condition; that the only cause could be my age. I was then seventy-two years old. I expostulated with him in regard to the impending measure; that in doing so they would contravene the wishes of the students whose petition would be placed before the Executive Committee; that if an appeal would be made to the stockholders; to the students who had been in attendance at the institution and those who were then in connection with

it; to the brotherhood of Indiana; these three classes understanding the real state of the case, would have given an emphatic protest to my removal. I asked to be retained two years only. That if the Board would do that, and pay me what they proposed to pay to the other professors, which was always done during my long connection with the school, they would enable me to meet a pecuniary crisis, which if not met, *would becloud my future days* and mar my old age. Here let me explain a little. My readers will have noticed in my previous statement that I owned a home on East Street, which by the liberality of my friends and personal management was paid for. It was a brick house whose walls were subject to heavy dampness — very prejudicial to the health of Mrs. H. She desired a removal to a frame house; that is, our present home should be sold and with the proceeds, we should buy a naked lot and have a cottage house built on it for our old age; but the new house was not to cost more than the old would bring. We got fifty-five hundred dollars for the old home. This was before the “panic” of 1873 arrived at Indianapolis, whose population was crazed on real estate, particularly “out lots.” I took part pay in that kind of commodity. After my new enterprise had been properly inaugurated, the devastations of the panic betided our unfortunate city. I was a victim. When my new home was finished I was \$2,000 in debt on it. By two years’ service in the University, at the salary proposed to be given, this liability could have been extinguished. But my reference to the pecuniary “crisis,” in my letter availed nothing. The process

of removal went on, and my head fell, not the whole distance between the professorship and the ground; that would have been too palpable. There was a mid-way place called *lecturer on church history*, at \$500 per annum. But that stopping place was temporary. The next year it was abolished, and I came to the ground with \$2,000 on my back.

The consequences of this action of the Board have been, and still are depressive to me. They mar my old age. College boards imbued with a sense of justice and humanity, usually retire their old professors on at least a moderate stipend during their days of inability. But the old professors of the quondam N. W. C. U. enjoy no such pasture. We are turned out to crop on the commons. There is, however, some excuse for this not being done by the Board of now Butler University. The "panic" greatly deranged their programme, so bright in 1873, and so perceptibly contracted their revenues, that it is with difficulty they support their present faculty respectably and of course, professor's *emeriti*, are out of the question.

I have given no names in all this matter. If any one is anxious to know who constituted the Board, let him look up the catalogue of 1874-75. My separation from the faculty was committed by the Board to a committee of seven. These were newly elected members, altogether unfamiliar with the real condition of things. They aided in decapitating me. I pardon them. There was only one "college-bred" on that committee and pleaded my cause; but the majority of one went against me.

As to the spirit that prompted the Board to this treatment of me, we can only surmise. It had medley elements. One of which probably was the popularity and thronging into the modern language department, which necessarily abstracted attendance on the Greek department — a thing which, in the estimation of the leading spirit, was not to be tolerated. This modern language department must be depressed, and to succeed in that was to get rid of the existing incumbent! Jealousy and envy may not have been absent. But here I tread lightly.

I have been five years away from the faculty of what is now called Butler University. During these years I had no regular employment. I gave private instruction in languages during the week, and on Lord's days preached wherever I could find access to the pulpits of the Indiana brotherhood!

In 1876, my companion and I celebrated our fiftieth matrimonial anniversary, usually called "Golden Wedding." Perhaps the most noted epoch in our Western life.

I shall here copy what the *Indianapolis Journal* says about the occasion: —

GOLDEN CHIMES.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEDDING OF PROF. AND MRS. S. K. HOSHOUR — A PLEASANT OCCASION AND BRILLIANT GATHERING — ADDRESS BY THE PROFESSOR — LIST OF THE DONORS.

Prof. and Mrs. S. K. Hoshour celebrated their golden wedding, last evening, at their residence, on East New York Street in the presence of a very pleasant company of friends, representing largely the wealth and culture of our fair city. The Professor's long residence in the State and city; his association and friendship

with many prominent citizens of the State, and his intimate connection with the educational interests and history of our commonwealth, all served to make the occasion one of no common interest. The house had been decorated with mottoes, emblems, and evergreens, and presented a very attractive appearance. Over the mantel-piece in the parlor were the words, "Fiftieth Anniversary, 1826-76." On the walls of the reception room were the texts, "Goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our lives," and "We trust in God." Evergreens and flowers through the rooms in graceful profusion, which had a most pleasing effect.

WHO WERE PRESENT.

Professor and Mrs. Hoshour about 8 o'clock received the congratulations of the company, supported by their eldest son and daughter, Samuel H. Hoshour and Mrs. E. J. Price. It was noticeable that the gathering was composed very largely of representatives of Wayne County, the former place of residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hoshour. Among those present were the Hon. George W. Julian and wife; Judge J. B. Julian and daughter, Edgar A. Brown, Gen. Jno. Coburn and wife, Hon. Charles H. Test, Judge E. B. Martindale and wife, Rev. Charles Raymond and wife, Hon. John S. Newman and wife, R. B. Duncan, Esq., and wife; Ovid Butler, Esq., and wife; Ingram Fletcher and wife, J. T. Elliot, Esq., and wife; Col. Wm. M. Wheatly and wife, A. B. Gates and wife, Abel Evans and wife, H. S. Rockey, the Revs. O. A. Burgess, W. F. Black, and L. H. Jameson.

Besides these the family of the host and hostess were present: Mrs. E. J. Price, of this city, and her family; her son Charles and his family; Samuel H. Hoshour and family, of Cambridge City; Mrs. J. L. Bloomer and family; Mrs. N. Richards and family; Mrs. J. W. Smith and family. Mr. Philander J. Hoshour, second son, and family, of Wayne County, were detained at home on account of sickness.

After receiving the congratulations of the occasion, Prof. Hoshour read the following address:—

THE PROFESSOR'S ADDRESS.

My friends, I am inclined to read a short address to you on the present occasion, not because I like to hear myself speak or read,

but because I deem it pertinent to present circumstances. In the first place, I render hearty thanks to our Heavenly Father for the prolongation of my life, and that of my worthy companion to the present time! In the next place, I desire to express my gratification in having you under my roof at this time. The only regret we have is that our space is not sufficient for your comfort. You are rather too compact! But entertain this consolation, that *good* materials or elements when compact are always valuable—such as the precious metals and gems. This evening, fifty years ago, in the pleasant town of New Market, in the beautiful Valley of the Shenadoah, Va., was a great stir—in the kitchen and dining-room, and unwonted animation, of the paternal home of this lady! At a proper time there was an influx of all the inmates of the house into the parlor, and a Lutheran minister of imposing presence, stood before us, and after a few preliminary words, put some important questions to us, which, of course, we answered in the affirmative with becoming gravity and modesty!

My attendant on this occasion was a young gentleman of the law, and that of the bride, a blooming miss, the daughter of a well-to-do merchant of the place. This evening the same offices are performed by a staid *pater familias* and sprightly member of the didactic profession—both the natural sequences of the occasion we celebrate. That company, preacher and attendants, with the exception, as far as we know, of two brothers and three sisters and one cousin of the bride, have passed the bourne whence none return. The same will be said of the present company, when our respective posterity will write 1926!

Marriages have their antecedents, which is intended as another name for “courtship.” These antecedents are often very unique and bizarre. They have analogy to the schools of the ancient philosophers. Their arrangements, had two departments, the “*esoteric*” and the “*exoteric*.” The former contain the secrets that were uncommunicable, the latter, such matters as might be divulged to the uninitiated!

Perhaps, a slight advertance to some of the antecedents to our nuptials may not be unacceptable to you. I shall, of course, confine myself to *exoteric* part.

The year 1823, when the site of your beautiful city was occupied by a few rugged and impoverished cabins—I say that furnished an epoch in my life that will never glide from my memory!

Through ignorance of the laws of health and consequent mismanagement of my physique: from a hale, stalwart rural young man, I shaped down into that shrunken form and cadaverous aspect which you who have known me longest, have observed. That reverse of person was inexpressively depressive to me; for no one desires to be homely! What is a young man without personal attractions, especially, if he is in pursuit of the ministry?

The only solace that I extract from my sad case was, that I had read somewhere that men in the past who made their mark in the world, were not burdened with personal beauty; and that, perhaps, God was disciplining me in that direction. However, of late, I have concluded, it was a mercy sent in disguise, to shield me from the many ministerial scandals, now so rife in society! In the spring of 1824, I was a mere shadow of humanity. Two kind and sympathetic Lutheran ministers took a deep interest in my case; they advised me to repair to New Market, Va., where was a collegiate theological institution under the control of the Rev. Prof. S. S. Schmucker, and pursue my studies there. They supposed that a change of climate, scenery, and society might have a recuperative effect upon me. I followed their advice, and on the 4th of July, 1824, I set out from York, Pa., for New Market. I arrived there on the 6th of July. When I got out of the stage coach, an employe of my subsequent father-in-law saw me. My appearance made a singular impression upon him. On his return home he reported that he had seen a man risen from the dead!

It was natural the younger members of the family should be anxious to see the resurrected subject, for which the opportunities were rare, as he kept himself mostly in retirement. I soon became a matriculate of the Institute.

On the ensuing Lord's day, I attended Sunday-school. In surveying my surroundings and inspecting my new fellow-citizens, I espied a bland, symmetrical, "sweet" face attached to sylph-like form in appropriate costume. But who is she? What is her name?

After my return home, I asked one of my fellow-students, who that lady was. He replied it was Miss L. *Savage*. Shades! What a name! My scale of admiration was lowered a little in view of the appellation. I did not know whether to blame her or society for bringing about such an incongruity between the name and the person!

As I had not much confidence in my personal attraction, as there were no church socials in these days at which the young members could see and speak to each other, I was indisposed to obtrude myself on young female society. I kept to my books. Miss Savage and I knew each other *en passant*. I did not know what she thought of me—it would have been agreeable to me to know. I was not averse to her. In process of time I became pastor of the parish which our worthy professor had served. That brought Miss Savage under my supervision! A more intimate acquaintance ensued. After recovery from a severe illness, during which I sensibly felt the absence of the kind ministries of a mother and sisters, I determined to find a helpmeet for life; and as Miss Savage had made a good impression on me, I was disposed to *intensify* our acquaintance. As I had no partiality for unbought or donated “mittens,” I disclosed my intentions through epistolary messengers. The “return” of mail was always cheering! Our personal interviews increased in interest until I had the courage to put a question that has disturbed thousands,—but clouds and doubts disappeared, and the hymeneal sun rose brilliantly! .

The affianced had an aunt of queenly form and attractive visage. Her husband had been a major in the War of 1812, which made her believe that she was high enough to lean towards the F. F. V. rank! She expostulated with her niece in regard to her future course. She urged two objections to the enterprise. First—that my personal appearance did not “match” with that of the niece! It is probable that she thought that a piece of coarse, faded calico sewed to a piece of rose-colored silk would damage any quilt. The second and more plausible objection she urged was my bad health—that early widowhood would await her. As you see this prediction was never verified! Our matrimonial career has reached its fiftieth milc-stone. And here I wish to say that, under God, I ascribe the failure of her prediction to my abstinence from tobacco, alcoholic stimulants, and other life abridging practices; in this series of years we furnished, and trained for society, seven children, two sons and five daughters, who stand in the following order: Mrs. E. J. Price, Samuel H., Mrs. Kate Bloomer, Philander J., Mrs. S. Richards, Ella—who is not—let us pause to remember her, and Mary E. Smith. As to their availability in life, you must consult their husbands and circles in which

they move. We joy also in nineteen grandchildren and one great grandchild. I was married myself before I solemnized the marriages of others. The first case of that kind took place at Mount Jackson, seven miles east of New Market. The parties to be united bordered on the F. F. V. class. The occasion was an imposing one; the company was large, select and splendidly attired. When the time for the ceremony arrived, my knees were somewhat in the same predicament, as those of Belshazzar when he saw mysterious chirography on the wall! But as I had the Lutheran marriage ceremony at my command, I accomplished the task to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. If any of you have a personal acquaintance with Major John Walton and Mark Allen, Esq., old citizens of the city of Laporte, you may consider them as present on the occasion. Since that time four hundred and seventy-nine couples, that is nine hundred and fifty-eight persons, have stood before me at the hymeneal altar to whom I spoke very acceptable words, and from whom I elicited hearty responses to the usual interrogatory put to candidates for matrimonial honors!

In the ensuing May we made our bridal tour to my native region, to my maternal home. Then buggies and railroads were not in vogue, and as we were too initial in life to own a carriage, we had to adopt another mode of conveyance. Two lithe, speedy, well-trained Virginia steeds were at our command. We mounted, and with lingering dews of the honeymoon still upon us, we sped away towards our objective point one hundred and sixty miles distant. The vernal breezes fanned us, and Maia with her grateful redolence and her floral children greeted us as we passed along. As we approached the paternal home, I enjoyed the feelings of a successful hunter on his return home with goodly game in his possession. Our reception by mother, brothers, sisters, aunts and cousins was cordial, but mixed with diffidence. Samuel's wife was English and they German. She was appidan and they were rural. But that same suavity of disposition that had captivated me, encouraged them; and soon there was a free intercommunion. And later they said: "Why, how did it come to pass that Samuel found so nice a slice of Adam's rib."

In season we returned to the "Valley," where I operated as teacher and preacher for two years. It may be a question *where* and *how* we spent the last fifty years. I will state in brief. Two years after

our union, I received a call to a Lutheran pastorate in Washington County, Md. Three years after that I became pastor of the Lutheran congregation at Hagerstown, the seat of justice of the county. During my seven years' residence in Washington County, Md., I crossed hundreds of times the stream whose name has become familiar to you through the bloody battle fought on its banks in the late war—*Antietam*. I frequently preached, married, and buried people within the limits of the battle-ground. In 1835, we came westward, and on the 16th of October of that year we arrived at Centerville, Wayne County, Ind.

Here I formed my acquaintance with the Hannahs, the Julians, the Burbanks, the Mortons, the Raridens, and Rays, and many others worthy of mention. We were good friends and appreciated each other's work.

In 1839 we located in Cambridge City, then the prospective emporium of Eastern Indiana. Here the Johnsons, Silvesters, Nimrods, Lemuels, S. T. Powel, Isaiah Mansur, and many others of the same stamp, obeyed my orders in the school-room. We resided nineteen years in Cambridge City and its vicinity. Some of you remember our home called "Pleasant Hill" east of the city.

In 1858, eighteen years ago, we removed to this city under circumstances that are known to many of you. Up to 1852, our prospects for a decent competency in old age were fair and satisfactory. But in that year the Hon. Cale Smith and other well-meaning men produced a railroad fever; the Cambridgeans and many others took it and I with them. In an inauspicious moment I put a farm I had twenty-two miles west of this city into that road—it collapsed and I lost my farm.

This made a vortex that financially swallowed me *up*, or rather *down*! When I came to this city, I was homeless. The railroad system had drawn me into a deep, damp pit where no sunshine reached me. In that predicament I called to my friends of all classes who had been *benefited* by a system that *ruined* me, to come to the margin of the pit, reach me their hands, and raise me out of the damp towards sunshine! Many heeded my calling and raised me to where I could feel some warmth; and now, you my generous friends, have raised me to the desired sunshine! Many hearty, hearty thanks for your liberality, especially to you, my lady friends, who have interested yourselves so much in my behalf. Yonder motto

expresses our convictions. Within the last twelve years a singular series of windfalls betided me, I should say *us*, keeping up with the quadrennial presidential campaigns. In 1864 the students of the N. W. C. University surprised me with the presentation of a valuable *silver* tea set. In 1868 a single class (German) presented me with a good *silver* time-piece. In 1872 another class in the same department, put into my possession a *gold*-headed cane. All these were years of presidential canvassing. Such periodical occurrences would naturally lead me to conjecture about the future. Will the incoming presidential year do what its predecessors have done? *Here* it is in golden lines — the *golden* age after the *silver* one, an inversion of the ancient order!

Ladies and friends, I can see two considerations that could induce you to interest yourselves in our behalf. One is the fact that a goodly number of you, in the balmy days of youth, when life is sweet, sat with me in the halls of instruction and received the tuition I could impart. The other is our age. You desire that old age shall be comfortable! That is filial. The junior portion of Western society owe much to their old people. Are your fields pleasant to cultivate? They are the products of the old men of to-day. Are your towns and cities prosperous? The old men and women contributed to that prosperity. Are you proud of your schools and your churches? Men of my age and vocation were significant factors in establishing them!

What do we then ask of you? To recognize and appreciate our work, and to treat us accordingly. We want you to remember *us* when the vernal breezes kiss the flowers that filial affection has planted on our graves — to remember us when the winter blasts sweep through the evergreens that adorn the cemetery in which we repose!

In a few years at most, my companion and I will be conveyed from this place to our resting places under the beech tree in close proximity to the "chapel" of Crown Hill Cemetery. Filial love will place some stone with a simple inscription denoting our resting place. If any of my friends, especially my pupils, chance to stop and read, I pray you to ask yourselves, whether you received any impression from me that interfered with your mundane happiness, or any that aided you in the battles of this struggling life — pardon the former and cherish the latter!

After Prof. H. had concluded, the company were regaled with a elegant supper, and after doing ample justice to the viands, the company broke up, one and all wishing the aged couple many more years of usefulness and happiness yet on earth! — *Indianapolis Daily Journal, Feb. 8. 1876.*

List of the donors on the occasion: Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Holman, Presbyterians; Mr. and Mrs. Harris, non-professors; Mrs. Gov. Wallace, Christian; Mrs. L. Beaty, Christian; Mrs. Nugg, Catholic; Mrs. Dr. Gall, Lutheran; Mrs. F. P. Rush, the same; Mr. and Mrs. John C. New, Christians; John H. Vanmeter (Iowa), Christian; Hon. John Evans (M. C.), Christian; Mr. J. R. Liddel, Esq., and lady, Episcopalians; Mrs. L. E. S. Braden, Christian; Misses C. and L. M. McFarland, Christians; Mrs. N. E. Atkinson, Mrs. Alma Williams (Wabash), Christians; Christian Church at Boundary Line, Wabash Co.; Mr. William Wallace, Esq., Christian; Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Ruby (Muncie), Methodists; Eld. Franklin, Miss Ellie Bates, Presbyterians; Edward C. Hall (Brownsville), Christian; John Andrew Smith (Cambridge City), non-professor; Mr. and Mrs. John Landers, Christians; Mrs. Caroline Coburn, Congregationalist; Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Duncan, Esq., Christians; Hon. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Martindale, Presbyterians; Mr. and Mrs. Ovid Butler, Esq., Christians; Hon. O. P. Morton and lady, he non-professor, she Christian; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ray, Esq., Methodists; Mrs. Dr. H. G. Cary, Methodist; Dr. Henry Jamison, non-professor; Alexander M. Hannah, Esq., non-professor; Mr. Joseph Wallace, Hon. John S. Newman, Ingram Fletcher,

Esq., and lady, Methodists; Hon. J. B. Julian, non-professor; Hon. Geo. W. Julian, non-professor; Sylvester Johnson, Esq., the same; Messrs. John H. and T. L. Holliday, Presbyterians; I. T. Elliott, Esq., Lutheran; Rev. C. H. Raymond and lady, Presbyterians; President O. A. Burgess, Christian; Mr. Abel Evans and lady, Christians; Mr. L. M. Cox and lady, the same.

The amount contributed (all in gold coin, except twenty-six dollars) was five hundred and some sixty dollars !!

One of the donors paid fifty dollars; another thirty; many twenty; and more, ten to five.

This liberality on the part of friends was most gratifying to me. It lifted me out of some liabilities, and enabled me to secure privileges which old people specially need. My and my family's gratitude is abiding.

After my abscission from the University I devoted my time to private teaching of the languages in the city. This yielded me some little income, but not a full support. On Lord's days I desired to be useful in the pulpit in such churches as admitted me to their sanctuaries. This brought me into sections of Indiana in which I had never been, and furnished me opportunities to learn the present state of churches. In many places "the prospect was not pleasing." More than once I said to myself, Is this the issue of our "Reformation?" In what consists now this reformation? In increase of prayer, of family religion, of brotherly love, of active and comprehensive benevo-

lence? Not that I could see. A kind of constrained meeting on the first day of the week by a tithe of the congregation, and a routine of formal song, prayer, reading short sections of the word, and "breaking the loaf," were the aspects of things. The young people, unimpressed by the solemnity of divine worship, were giddy and undevout in their conduct, especially after the dismissal from service. This is not the case with all churches. Churches that have pious, discreet, and zealous pastors made a better showing.

What I have witnessed in our Indiana brotherhood within the last five years has intensified my convictions that the moral and spiritual improvement can not be assured until our contiguous churches, if weak, be formed into "stations," or "pastorates," and each pastorate be supplied with a grave, well *trained* minister, who, with the eldership, has an undisputed share in the *government* of the congregations composing the pastorate. Our elderships need counselors and aids in the persons of pastors. I know this is not "sound" with many well meaning brethren, but it is an *essential* in church prosperity.

I have written considerably on this matter, though apparently not very effectually. I have looked for nearly half a century upon the efforts of the brotherhood to promote missionary enterprises, domestic and foreign, but their results have never been satisfactory. All these efforts were more or less abortive because the "*mass*" of the brotherhood were not interested in them, and this originated from the fact

that the cause of missions and the way it can be safely promoted, was never earnestly and persistently presented to the congregations, by the *monthly* visiting preachers? When they preached only two or three discourses, for which the churches paid *them* from twelve to fifteen and more dollars, there was not much time nor propriety to preach on missionary matters and urge liberality in that direction; their respective congregations had enough burden in disposing of their monthly visitors. In pastorates supplied with godly, earnest, and zealous ministers such will not be the case. The resident pastor, a co-ordinate with the elders, and having a share in the management of the congregation will, in his frequent intercourse with the members outside of the pulpit, impart such information on missionary enterprises that cannot fail to infuse a missionary spirit and a liberality commensurate with the incumbent obligations.

In the main the Christian brotherhood is not stingy or illiberal, when it is assured that a cause is good and practicable. But if you begin the work far out of their sight, encumbered with a complexity of machinery, they hesitate. The more simple and tangible the method of accomplishing work, the more readily will it receive support. Let me here re-write what I said in the columns of some of our church journals years since:

What I here write is intended to interest the brethren who may read this sketch of my life, whom it is probable time and the *exigencies* of the brotherhood

will impress with the *correctness* of its import. Suppose then, the churches of a given county, are so grouped into "stations" or pastorates, as to be able, each, to sustain comfortably, a devout, earnest, zealous and conscientious pastor, who will preach the pure word in the pulpit; carefully see to the interest of the pastorate; visit the families of the communities to which he belongs; secure the attention and the affections of the young people; enlist the children and adults to attend the Sunday School; foster instruction in vocal music; and by proper management, make the prayer-meeting a desirable place. Industry and discretion in this direction will secure a pleasant and appreciated *church* life and congregational prosperity. Churches in such a condition will listen to proposals to do something beyond their limits. Suppose, also, that churches of a county, conveniently grouped, make four pastorates. You have then four *resident* preachers in the county, going in and out before the flocks to which they respectively minister!

The next step is to bring the pastorates into co-operation, by annual district meetings, that is, let the pastorates or stations of a congressional district have annual co-operative meetings made up of delegates from the pastorates of the various counties composing the civil congressional districts. Three delegates, two elders and the preacher, from each pastorate in the district would make a respectable meeting, composed of persons who knew what they are there for!

Suppose they are twenty "stations" in the district,

you will then have sixty delegates, who are interested the prosperity of Zion. The officary of each pastorate should determine how many times a year they will lift missionary collections in the pastorate, quarterly, semi-annually, or annually; they should announce some time previous, that on a certain Lord's day, a collection for missionary purposes is to be lifted, and that all must give something, rich and poor, old and young! All must be "fellow helpers to the truth."

A suitable time before the annual district meeting, the elderships of the different congregations composing the respective pastorates — should make out a report of the true condition of the congregation; the number of members, number of additions during the year — deaths, dismissions, and exclusions; the condition of the prayer-meeting and Sunday-school, the number in attendance; and the amount lifted for missions. These reports can be condensed into one of the whole pastorate. This condensed report the three delegates of the pastorate will bring to the district meeting, to be read before the meeting. Suppose you and I, my reader, are members of this meeting, but you live at one extreme end of the district, and I at the other. I do not know what the state of the cause is in your region and you do not know how it is in my section! But when *your* report is read, I can form an idea, and so can you learn, when mine is read, how we stand at my end of the district. And the reading of all the reports will give us a full view of the condition of the churches in the district. This will enable us to con-

sult properly for improvement, and adopt measures that will assure it. This would be *business!* The first point to be deliberated on, is: what can, what *must* we do in the district. In a congressional district there may be many places where there is no church, or weak churches so isolated that they cannot be embodied in a pastorate, languishing and are on the way to extinction. When notice of the annual district meeting is given in our weekly church papers, brethren that live in communities where there is no church, but where one might be established by earnest and judicious preaching, should be invited to attend the meeting, and give information about the possibility of effecting same through an evangelist; and also the elders of the isolated churches in the district should also be invited to attend and impart such information as tend to aid them. We must know what is to be done before we can apply ourselves to the task. In every district ought to be one or two evangelists, not tied to any pastorate whose fort lies in arousing sinners and bringing them into Christian ranks! After a field or fields in the district, for the effective labor have been made known to the board of the district meeting, then let the evangelist or evangelists, if two can be employed, be sent to such localities with specific instruction from the board to do for the district in which we live. It is a cherished conviction with me that we need not be very anxious about foreign work, as long as we, as a people, are not much over fifty years old. Our vertebræ are as yet too moluscan to go abroad. We must acquire strength at

home,—do home missionary work. This will commend itself to our churches who cannot always see how much of their money reaches the foreign missionary—are suspicious of too many intermediates between them and the missionary. Our brotherhood in the main is not stingy or reluctant to contribute, especially, if they clearly see undoubted results.

After the reports are read and the collections summed up, in the district meeting, and a proper survey of the ground been taken, the board elected by the delegates should determine upon the most available point or points in the district, upon which they will bestow evangelic labor.

If the funds will not allow to employ two evangelists, let the board negotiate with one—have an honest understanding about his year's compensation, and say to him: "You go and labor in the selected locality; preach the word discreetly and faithfully—say nothing about money to your audiences!" The "truth" will soon take hold—the Bible will be searched—light will break in, and in process of time there will be maturity of the fields unto harvest. Then commence a protracted effort. Let the preaching on Lord's day be done by himself; and on Monday let the pastors of contiguous stations come to his help, and unitedly carry on the meeting—converts will be made and soon a church be formed. Let the evangelist remain with his church until it can be strong enough to unite with a contiguous church and become part of a pastorate! On Lord's day of the pro-

tracted meeting, the evangelist should inform his audience that by this time they know how the gospel is viewed and preached by the brotherhood; and now, as many as are in favor of its propagation in society, have an opportunity to contribute money to that end. A collection is lifted throughout the congregation, which goes not into the hands of the evangelist, or at least, does not stay there, but into the treasury of the district meeting, and finally becomes a part of his compensation. If two proximate district can be served by one evangelist, let it be so. But let him not be hurried away from the assigned field; especially, let no remote fields be sought by him, or the board. The bane of the Christian cause has been the rapid passing over the country by rather self-styled evangelists, who hastily improvised congregations at points so remote from each other that they could not be formed into a pastorate; and were committed to novices in the eldership and in church government. Such congregations were usually short lived. Better never make proselytes and form churches, if you have no prospect of having them cared for by a qualified eldership, in connection with regular and effective ministerial labor and co-operation.

In Indiana are thirteen congressional districts. Assuming that the annual meeting of each district is composed of ten stations or pastorates in the district, would give thirty delegates to each meeting, allowing three delegates to one pastorate, one preacher and two that do not preach, so that the preachers could never

have the majority, to enslave the churches. The policy of these thirteen district meetings ought to be about the same, viz.: First, ascertain the true condition of the churches in each district, by receiving and hearing reports from the different pastorates; secondly, to organize a Board of Managers; third, to employ a competent evangelist for such points in the district as present themselves favorably for available labor. These district meetings should be held at different points in the district — at churches that are able to entertain the *delegates*, not the masses of the brethren. I have the conviction that persistent efforts, as above indicated, would soon develop the liberality of the churches, and assure a state of prosperity, never realized before!

To consummate the programme, I have in my mind, the district meetings of a State, should appoint in each, five delegates to the State meeting, three that do not preach and two preaching. These should be bearers of reports of the *true* condition of the churches in their respective districts, with a certain per cent of the district collections for the treasury of the State meeting, to meet the incidental calls for help from remote regions. Finally let there be a biennial general convention composed of delegates appointed by each State meeting with such contributions as the district and State conventions could spare for general work, any where in the world.

By means of these successive conventions the true status of the cause can be ascertained — a matter that

must be before proper remedies can be applied; before the effective labor can be done.

Something approximate to what I have written for the last quarter or a century, *must be* adopted by the brotherhood, if it is to accomplish the end for which it was inaugurated. The want of it from the beginning of the "Restoration" has robbed us of much availability within the last half century.

And I have written the above in this, my biography, that it may reach the eyes and hearts of reflecting brethren who will have nerve enough to prefer efficiency in the brotherhood to mere exultation in numbers of do-nothings and the fear of groundless apprehensions of ecclesiasticism. What is the use of a man boasting of a field full of strong and sleek horses, untrained to bridle, collar, saddle, and harness? He can not utilize them. They are dead capital; so what is the use of constantly prating about numbers unused to order, to be utilized in good causes, and to wholesome discipline.

I have pursued my career up to February, 1881. As I wish to write no more, I will leave to some one else to record that which may betide or denote me in my necessarily short future on earth.

I am, however, disposed to append to my biography a few of the lectures that I delivered in the University on Lord's day afternoon. These afternoon lectures were in turn delivered by the faculty for the benefit of the students. I will give two, and a sermon that my readers may get an idea of the bearing the course of lectures could have on the character of the students.

LECTURES.

Motto — “*Show thyself a man.*” — *I. Kings, ii: 2.*

The main word in this quotation is *man*. I have read in books that the term God is a contraction of the word *good*; that devil is a contraction of *do evil*, that is, by eliminating the *o* out of each of these terms, we have God, the *good one*, and devil, the *do evil*. The word *man* is said to mean the *sinful one*. I do not accept this definition of *man*. The word *man* does not indicate a moral or immoral quality, but *intellectuality*.

According to the most approved philologists, the word *man* has its root in the Sanscrit verb *mann*, which means, to know. This Sanscrit word *mann* is reflected in Latin, *men's*, mind — in English, *mind* and in *mental*. If you take off the *d* in *mind*, and the *tal* in *mental*, you have *min* and *men*, and by substituting the vowel *a* for *i*, and *e*, a process well known in philology, and you have the term *man*.

But what is *man*? — a question often propounded in the sacred oracles. What is the sum of his endowments, and upon what plane in a rational universe does it place him?

There are several arenas on which manhood is to be expressed; and these arenas are indicated by the endowments with which he is denoted. In order to give directions in regard to these, the psychology of *man* must be understood. My time will not allow me to go into detail in this respect.

Let it suffice to say that humanity may be contemplated as a column of successive strata or layers, the lowest of which are our passions and appetites. The stratum above this is the æsthetic delighting in the beautiful, the ornate; above this the intellectual delighting in the true; above this stratum is the moral, involving justice and humanity. But the crowning of these strata is the *religious*, giving man distinction from all other existences around him.

Thus psychologically constituted arenas on which we may show ourselves *men* are presented. We shall begin with the lowest stratum, that of the passions and appetites. These are subjects of regulation and depression, rather than of education or drawing out. To gain the mastery over these is indisputably *manly*. They are essential to our manhood — without them we would be mere inerts. They lust against the spirit, our higher endowment, that we do not the good we would. They challenge a fight, which the apostle sustained manfully. “So fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body (passions), and bring it into subjection.” This same apostle exhorted the Christians in his day: “Quit you like men.”

The next stratum is the æsthetic, which the beautiful attracts. We show ourselves men in giving such culture as will discount the flashy, value the ornate, and appreciate the plain.

The next grade in this column of humanity is that which delights in the *true* — the intellectual arena. Here the developing of our best powers in contests

with the *rugged* in nature, and with the profound in philosophy, and the recondite in physics can be executed, and brilliant victories assured. Manliness on this arena lies not in simply studying the easy, attractive, and entertaining.

Whilst *truth* is the *object* of our intellection, *thinking*, generally disliked, must be the *agent* or instrument by which truth is reached.

How unfledged appear human beings without thought! It is to look on wonderful things without ever seeing them as such; it is enjoyment with no experience of intellectual rapture. It has been well said: "God is dishonored by him who plows, not caring to know of what the ground is made; by him who sows grain, not considering the philosophy of its germination; by him who daily makes a fire, but in all the days of his life never thinks what combustion is; by him who walks every month under the moon, never inquires where she borrows her light, why she exhibits phases, or suffers eclipses. He who is not sometimes a philosopher is a slave, a dreamer, a blockhead." What would you think of an eagle, having wings that might bear him above the clouds, but that should keep those wings folded, and always travel on the ground? What of a fish, which is able to dart like a sunbeam through the waters, but should choose to remain at the river's edge among reeds and frogs? Of a man, possessing mind, but is content to let its commanding powers lie forever asleep? That is not manly.

The material for thought is within our respective

surroundings; everywhere we are invited to the ennobling exercise of thinking. The sun in his splendor, the moon in her glory, the stars in their brilliancy, the storms in their fury, the thunders in their majesty, the ocean with its mysteries, the earth with her teeming beauties and living tenantry,—all invite us to think and to determine!

Nor is it *manly* to stint one's self in seeing the *means* by which one can be aided in the matter of thinking. Books containing the thoughts and experience of master minds should be freely procured at any cost, and closely studied. The privileges of literary institutions, in Germany, pertinently called *gymnasias*, because they are arenas on which mental gymnastics in regard to *truth* are performed, should be sought at the expense of money, time, and labor. It has been well said: "As a man *thinketh*, so is he."

In ascending the column of humanity we come to the *moral* stratum. This is an arena on which true worth is to be acquired.

When we look into ourselves, we discover two distinct orders or kinds of principles which it is important to comprehend. We find within us desires, appetites and passions which crave and seek our own interest, gratification, and distinction. We become aware, also, of another principle antagonistic to these, a principle which is impartial, disinterested and universal, enjoining us to regard the rights and happiness of other beings, and laying on us obligations which must be discharged, cost what they may, or however they may

clash with our particular pleasures or gain. Every one must confess that there springs up in him an earnest idea of *duty*; that an inward voice calls him, more or less distinctly, to revere and exercise impartial justice and universal *good* will. This principle is sometimes called conscience, sometimes the *moral* sense or faculty. No one shows himself a *man* who does not follow the higher impulses of his nature and the dictates of his conscience properly enlightened by truth.

No part of self-knowledge is more important than to perceive clearly these two great principles, namely, the *self-seeking* and the *disinterested*; and it lies in the province of manliness to depress the former and exalt the latter — to enthrone the sense of duty within us.

There are no limits to the growth of this moral force in man, if he will cherish it faithfully. There have been and now are some whom no power in the universe turns from the *right*; by whom death in its most horrid forms has been dreaded less than transgression of the universal law of universal justice and love. The subject of such development leaves every human in the undisturbed enjoyment of all the means of happiness which the Creator has bestowed upon it, which are the unrestrained use of the body, of its intellect, of its property, of its character and reputation. With the formation of a moral character, habits have to do.

A *habit* is a faculty in doing good or evil, acquired by acting repeatedly in one way. All skill is acquired. Hence, the great importance of forming proper habits in youth. If youth acquire virtuous habits, it would

never find it difficult to be anything but virtuous. Our habits are of two kinds: those that make it more and more easy for us to do right, and those that increase our ability to do wrong. Every repetition of a sinful thought or action makes more facile the next repetition. We get our selfishness—our indulgence in sensuality by degrees. Back of these habits of good or evil lie *principles*, bad ones and good ones. The bad engender bad habits, and the good good habits. And right here arises a conflict in the breast of every vicious man who desires to become good. The flesh, the exponent of the bad principle, lusteth against the spirit, the exponent of the good principle. In this contest he is to show himself a man, a valiant fighter. For the two principles cannot divide the disputed territory; water and water can co-exist; fire and fire can do the same; but water and fire can not—either the fire must destroy the water, or the water put out the fire. Because one finds pleasure, I mean the gratification of the passions and appetites in a habit, he calls it *good*. There is a progress in evil when the subject of it calls “good evil and *evil* good.”

And thus habit gains more and more strength, and the subject becomes less capable of *heroic firmness* in the hour of temptation, and till at last he becomes persistently *true* to nothing that is right. If virtuous at all, it is for the sake of utility, rather than for virtue's sake. For any bad habit may be exchanged for another; the spendthrift may exchange prodigality for parsimony; the penurious may cease to chew tobacco,

because it costs him too much; the officer may abstain from open profanity, because he may lose votes by it. All this is the quintessence of a specious, wordly morality—arising simply from an antagonism of *interest and impulse*, and not from radical change in the depths of his inner moral nature. When wrong habits are overcome on this principle the subject is not much improved; his reformation is not from *evil to good*, but from *evil to evil*. True *manliness* in the control of our habits lies in the earnest appreciation of the means ordained for this purpose, the main of which is the grace, the assistance of God. True manliness demands the extirpation of all those habits that interfere with solid happiness.

I'm sorry that my time will not allow me to specify and analyze habits to which youth is exposed and made their prey. Hear Timothy Tatcomb on the habit of using tobacco:—

“I say the body is the temple or the tabernacle of a rational inmate, and what do you think of stuffing the front door of such a building full of the most disgusting weeds that you can find; or setting a slow match to it; or filling the chimneys with snuff? It looks to me much like an endeavor to smoke out the tenant, or insult him in such a manner as to induce him to quit the premises. You really ought to be ashamed of such behavior. A clean mouth, a sweet breath, unstained teeth, and inoffensive clothing, are these treasures not worth preserving? *Be a man*; be decent and be

thankful to me for talking so plainly to you." Thus speaks Timothy on tobacco.

On the habit of using liquor he utters himself in this wise:—

"You say you are in the habit of drinking only occasionally. *You* think you are safe. I *know* you are not safe if you drink at all; and when you get offended with your good friends who warn you of your danger, I know you are a *fool*. I know that the grave swallows daily by the score drunkards, every one of whom *thought* he was safe while he was forming his appetites. But this is old talk. A young man in this age who forms the habit of drinking, or puts himself in danger of forming the habit, is usually so weak that it *don't* pay to *save him*."

"The habit of profanity," he says, "I pass by." That is too offensive and vulgar a habit for any man who reads a respectable book to indulge!

The poet said:—

It chills my blood to hear the blessed Supreme
Appealed to on each trifling theme;
Thy dignity maintain, vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.

"The whole matter," says Timothy, "resolves itself in this. A young man is not fit for life until he is *clean*; clean and healthy, body and soul; with no tobacco in his mouth, no liquor in his stomach, no oath on his tongue, no snuff in his nose, and no thought in his heart which if exposed would send him sneaking into darkness from the presence of good women!"

Finally, the highest crowning stature of the column of humanity is the religious. This element of the human constitution will express itself, either in superstition in fanaticism, or in spiritual piety. It can not stop at what we see and handle, at what exists within the bounds of space and time ! It seeks for the infinite, the uncreated cause. It can not rest until it ascends to the eternal, all comprehending Mind. It is a principle in man that in its grandeur can not be exaggerated by human language, for it marks out a being destined for a higher communion than that which the visible universe can afford !

This religious element is associated with humility, a becoming characteristic of a limited and dependent being, well illustrated in the manifestations of the best developed of the race. Sir Isaac Newton in the close of his life, when his friends expressed in his presence their admiration of his attainments, meekly replied: "To myself, I seem to have been a child playing with pebbles on the sea-shore, while the immense ocean of *truth* lay unexplored before me." Such a state of mind is denoted by *reverence*, the natural result of contact with unfathomable mysteries. Such a mind views the processes of nature that in their vicissitudes beautify the earth ; processes and forces stamped with the impenetrable !

Reason pauses, and exclaims : There must certainly be an agent constantly acting in these processes of organic life ; and here that spirit is content to stop and *adore* !

The subject of this religious element looks into the domain of mathematics, into the department of astronomy, discovers suns, moons, stars, fixed and wandering, belts and zones, beset with the inscrutable! The lookings into the *living* universe and inexplicable wonders challenge his powers and his devotion. He looks into himself and economies of insolvable intricacies present themselves!

Surely he knows these only in part; space by fragments of space; duration by fragments of duration; and the laws of existence only in part. Under such circumstances it is *rational*, it is manly, to give full sweep one's power of adoration, especially if the adoration is directed to God through Jesus Christ! Before I close let me call your attention to two not mentioned arenas on which commendable *manhood* can be displayed, the *social* and the *civil*. So soon as the line of our *majority* is crossed our relationships naturally increase. Among these is that of *husband*. Right at this juncture is scope for the display of manliness in the selection of a companion for future weal. Here should prevail the "*Festina lente*" — in English, proceed leisurely. Let reason preside at the birth of love; let a proper interval between fancy and attachment; between a *thrill* and a decision transpire. It is mainly to ascertain whether the "flush" of a feminine face is hectic, or is rouge only; or is it nature's own rosy blood revealing itself through the pores of a delicate skin!

It is manly never to link one's destiny with an angel

in the parlor, a shrew behind the curtain, and an invalid in the kitchen; but it is manly to unite with one who knows and appreciates the object of life; who knows the duties of woman's sphere; who for the sake of companionship is ready to dare dangers, to face ridicule, to be deaf to gossip, to defy opposition, and to welcome poverty in the presence of *truth* and *right*!

How a manly deportment should be toward the consorts of life, the lady orators on the platform will teach you? Activity in the approved avocations of life, to secure a respectable subsistence and to obtain the means of benevolence indicate a *man*, especially, if he keeps himself unspotted from meanness, dishonesty, and exaction! In social life we show ourselves men by the exhibition of *practical* sympathy and by the exercise of forgiveness towards those who may have trespassed against us.

I cannot close my present service without glancing at the political arena. Next to religion, science, politics, the science of government, should interest all lovers of human freedom and prosperity. This, like all important interests, presents various phases, productive of views engendering partisan zeal and animosity. To act a manly part amid political commotions and contentions, is an attainment worthy of no transient commendations. Public discussions of cardinal importance, should be impartially heard — our vision must be kept clear, unaffected by party spirit. Truth, justice, candor, fair dealing, and self-control must not be sacrificed to a partisan position. The tri-

umphs of a party must become immeasurably dearer to us than the support of vital principles!

The highest type of humanity is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations within and without — who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully — is calmest in storms and most fearless under menaces and frowns — whose reliance is on truth, on virtue, and on God! Such then are the elements of a *true* character, of a solid manhood; the acquisition of which, my friends, should be your daily aspirations. Its foundations must be laid in the golden age of youth, in which you now find yourselves. It is above all price! Let me conclude in the language of another: —

“All the show the richest man can make in this world, must be made within four-score years; — and when this brief life with its vanities and flatteries and pageantries and idolatries and hero-worship, shall have come to its close, the great God will brush away from the man his gold — his laurels, his faded body, as if these all were but cobwebs, and say to him: Man, let me see thy *character*! In such an hour there may be a king lying in purple robes, on a bed, thronged with weeping courtiers — there may be a leper to whom kindred have been cold, neighbors unkind, and strangers cruel; — there may be a poor man; there may be a black man; in despite of all these external things; in despite of the purple; of the plague spots; of the poverty or the complexion, the Divine eye will pierce through to the soul, and will see the *character*, and only *that*!!

LECTURE ON FEMALE CHARACTERISTICS DELIVERED
BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE N. W. C. UNIVERSITY IN 1870.

Motto — “ *She was a woman of a good understanding and of a beautiful countenance.* ” — *I. Samuel xxv: 3.*

Here are two characteristics that cannot fail to give their possessor weight and attraction in society. They were found in the person of Abigail, the wife of a man who was the very embodiment of coarseness and illiberality, though a descendant of Caleb, of whom it was said that “ he followed the Lord fully, because he had another spirit in him,” that is, a spirit different from that of his unbelieving and murmuring contemporaries.

That a woman like Abigail should be married to such a man as Nabal seems somewhat irregular, and is only to be accounted for, in view of the customs in vogue in those days and the natural proclivity of human nature to enjoy money-power, for Nabal was rich. *That* probably swayed parental dictation in the selection of a husband for her. In the region where the parties dwelt men bought their wives, and Nabal was able to pay a good price for one. The father who had the most daughters of goodly appearance, had no mean capital on hand, with a fine prospect of a ready market.

The usual price of a wife was six camels, twelve cows, or fifty sheep. That was a higher rate than that

which the maternal ancestors of the present chivalry, or F. F. V. of Old Dominion, were disposed of to the planters of the new world. If historians can be relied on, the equivalent per capita was one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco. Although we do not precisely know from what considerations Abigail became the wife of Nabal, still, however diverse her views, judgments, and sensibilities were from his, she endured the connection and made the best of her relationship. I am sorry that my time will not allow me to enter into minute specifications of the circumstances under which she showed her good understanding, nor to quote in extenso, the effective address she made to a bold and exasperate warrior intent upon avenging an indignity of special fragrance, offered by her boorish and nig-gardly husband, — an address that assuaged the incensed chieftan, and elicited undying admiration of the fair orator.

Let us briefly look at the qualities ascribed to her in our motto: Beauty and a good understanding, a co-existence that seldom denotes the same personality.

For our present convenience, let us transpose the terms of our motto: She was a woman of beautiful countenance, and of a good *understanding*. This arrangement will enable me to speak first of the outward attraction.

There has been much discussion among the learned in regard to the *idea* and *recognition* of the beautiful. Various systems which I cannot enumerate, obtain on this subject the aggregate tenor of which indicate that

the *beautiful* is all the different departments of visible existence. The crystalized and tinted quartz; the smooth and variegated marble; the gorgeous flower; the lithe and sheeny bird; and the human form divine, are all beautiful. Man is said to be the climax of the beautiful in the objective world. *His* form was refined out of terrene elements, but that of the first woman was a refinement of *that* of the first man, and consequently she transcends in beauty all that breathe at the bottom of the aerial deep. For this reason the Germans call the female race, "*Das schöne Geschlecht*," which means the beautiful race.

They are not, however, equally beautiful. The perfection of personal beauty, is the symmetry of features; that proportion of parts; that union of colors, form, expression, and grace, that elicit admiration in beholding them. Not always united with vigor and understanding as in the person of Abigail.

Beauty is that of a transitory nature. The bloom of the cheek, the luster of the eye, and the delicacy of complexion, the regularity of the features and gracefulness of the form, soon disappear, and their opposites take possession of the tenement. Then, after all, what does beauty indicate? Is it an outward and visible sign of inward graces and virtues? Often the sign of vanity, imperiousness, chilling selfishness. And if innocent of these, it cannot interest beholders, unless the countenance is lit up by agreeable and intelligent expression. There is a theory in relation to the "beautiful" maintained by noted philosophers, which

defines beauty as existing in "*expression*," that no object can be called beautiful unless it expresses some moral and intelligent qualities. I presume there is more truth in this theory than is usually accorded to it. Beauty *may* be taken as an outward sign of internal excellencies, but when the proper test is applied, how are we disappointed in finding, where we expected moral worth and internal graces answering to the external, that which is hollow, void, or deformity and perverseness. The sign has failed. The casket attracted, but when opened abounded in petrifications of mammoth spiders, repulsive bugs, and hissing serpents.

Let us now pass to the internal garniture of an estimable woman, which is summed up in the term "a good understanding." This term, in this connection, is the exponent of all the higher endowments of a human being—the emotional and moral as well the intellectual. I have no time to show how these various qualities express themselves; I can only enumerate some of the qualities that *necessarily* inhere in a good understanding.

I. That the woman of a "good understanding" must possess good, strong, common sense, a quick perception of the proprieties and pertinences of life; a prompt discretion relative to the essentials of happiness. Solomon says: "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion." Prov. xi:22. It has been asked: "Why are beauty and discretion so seldom in the same person, and so many

beautiful women are like the swine with a jewel of gold in his snout?" And the answer returned has been in the following language: "A little well-favored girl is flattered from her cradle; her mother's visitors exclaim: 'O, what a sweet child! What bright eyes! What a beautiful complexion! What hair, and how pretty it curls! She will make hearts ache!'"

The gentlemen tell her that she must be some one's little wife, and *they* are already in love with her! She is thus made *vain*, and loses the simplicity of her childhood—thinks beauty is all she needs to make her beloved—practices airs and graces before the glass—becomes silly in her actions and affected in her manners. She is unwilling to learn to be *useful*, because she thinks she is made to be looked at and admired. Such a little girl, spoiled in this way, is a *pig* with a jewel of gold in the snout and is in a fair way to grow into a swine with that nasal ornament.

The *want* of discretion can be expressed in various ways; in feelings, conversation from which unfavorable conclusions respecting a young lady's delicacy and principles. Habits of trifling and flirtation are evincive of want of discretion. Indeed, some of this class are so lost to a sense of dignity and morality as to pride themselves in being "flirts." Did they know how they exhibit themselves to sensible people, they would shun intelligent society.

To quote from another: "There are many more *shining* qualities than discretion, but there are none

more useful. It is this which gives value to the rest; which sets them at work and turns them to the advantage of the person possessing them. Without it learning its pedantry, and with it impertinence — nay virtue itself often looks like weakness. Discretion is like an agent of Providence, to guide and direct in the affairs and intricacies of human life.

II. A good understanding must comprehend relations, intentions, and their corresponding duties.

The divine intention in the creation of woman was, that she should be a “helpmeet” for man in easing his toils; in aiding to bear his burdens; and in applying the avails of his labor to good purposes. No man can prosper in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife. He who sets out on the voyage of life, without a proper helpmeet, a companion in retirement, an assistant in labor, and a fellow partaker in joy, is but half prepared for enterprise.

For let a man be ever so frugal, regular and industrious, even successful, — all goes for nothing if his wife is disorderly, indolent, wasteful, or unfaithful to her trust. He may prosper in his vocation, his barn may be filled, the conveniences of society aid him, he might grow rich, — and yet he fails! And why? Simply because he and his companion were unequally yoked together. The woman found was not a helpmeet for him; skill was counteracted by carelessness; the fruits of diligence were scattered about by the hand of dissipation; the labors of years were wasted by reckless outlay and extravagant entertainments.

But when the gracious promises of God and nature are fulfilled on the part of woman, with what spirit and perseverance does a man labor in his calling when he knows that his earnings will be faithfully disposed of and carefully improved; with what alacrity endure toil, encounter danger and forego the pleasures of home when he enjoys the assurance that the administration *there* is judicious. The price of such a wife is above rubies. She is graphically described in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, third verse. Such a woman is not only an economist, a prudent superintendent of domestic interests, but a positive worker. She layeth her hands to the distaff, to the instruments of industry. The appreciation of the *dignity* of labor is indicative of her good understanding, and her participation in such as her sphere, position, and relations naturally impose, is to her an ornament of no common splendor!

III. And just here, young ladies, allow me to advert to some obliquities, at times discernible to those of your sex and age, on this subject. It is a matter of common occurrence that young ladies affect ignorance in relation to "housework."

In the presence of some popin-jays, with ringed fingers, tight coats, shining boots, kid gloves, brushed goatees, twisted mustaches, light hats and lighter heads, — I say, in the presence of these same counterparts of your sex, aver without any reserve whatever, that they no not know how to bake bread, milk cows, or do any kind of housework; and with this averment

they display their lily fingers as incontestable evidence of their utterance. It is reported that one of this class of entities, under the impulse of affected, or probably real ignorance, asked one of the servants, "Which one of the cows gives *buttermilk*?"

Be assured that young gentlemen of sense and worth, whatever attention they may pay to this, class to while away an hour, or relieve somewhat the fatigue of business, or introduce variety into their web of existence, will never select any of these for wives. When the time for selection comes, they will use a phrase frequently occurring in advertisements for apprentices, "One from the country is preferred."

Another objectional feature in some of your sex is at times observable. One of your kind in your vicinity is confined to the couch of affliction; she needs the kind assiduities that woman alone can give. It is not withheld because the young women of the neighborhood can be charged with indolence or a positive aversion to some kinds of female employments, or to a want of benevolence when it costs nothing. But no one finds her way to the abode of affliction, though offers of ample reward are made, simply because *house-work* is to be done. This is wrong.

Such neglect and want of sympathy will be followed by their appropriate penalties. Some members of society had to wait on you in the impotency of your childhood and early youth; and *that attention* amounts to a principal running on high interest, and not unfrequently on heavy compound interest!

But you may say what pertinence have these remarks to the present occasion. The ladies of this institution are aspirants to a liberal education which, when obtained, furnishes a passport to exemption from manual labor of any kind, and especially menial labor! That is a great error. I know that it is a current idea that manual labor and a liberal education are incompatible; and the young are naturally inclined to entertain such a view. Hence the young farmer who had just been transmuted into a hic, hac, hoc student, when on his way to visit his widowed mother, wondered who should put away his horse on his arrival at the maternal abode, as in his estimation it was entirely inconsistent with his relation to Latin to do it himself! Let me ask you, what is the object of education? Is it not to qualify its recipients to provide for themselves under ordinary contingencies; and to fit themselves for *usefulness* in society.

The times, as well as universal experience admonishes us, that however the children of the wealthy may indulge in indleness and dissipation while their means last, the mass of the American youths and people *must* and ought to depend on labor for their fortune and usefulness.

Science has introduced many improvements into the sphere of female labor, and greatly alleviated the toils of woman. It is therefore expected that leisure time will be applied to the cultivation of her higher endowments, and to the increase of the attainments acquired in her scholastic course. How does the present indis-

position of women to labor compare with the exhibitions of ancient sterling dames in this respect? It is well known what is said in the Bible about Rebecca, Rachel and others. We read in Homer that princesses themselves drew water from the deep well, and with their own hands washed the finest of linen of their respective families!

Lucretia, a renowned Roman matron, used to spin in the midst of her female attendants! No citizen of any note among the Romans appeared in public in a garb not of domestic manufacture.

It was in view of such a custom prevailing among your Anglo-Saxon ancestors, that woman received the appellation of *wife*, which according to its etymological history means *weaver*. In England and Scotland, unmarried women are called spinsters, because they were forbidden to marry until they had spun a full set of domestic fabrics—sufficient to begin housekeeping with! Such prohibitions among our modern belles would terribly diminish the revenue of county clerks and preachers. I know the refinements of the age, affix to the olden customs I have mentioned, the idea of meanness and want of culture; but what is substituted in room of them? A soft indolence, stupid idleness, frivolous conversations, a strong passion for theatrical exhibitions, and a frantic love of gaming.

IV. A woman of good understanding will be the repository of humane impulses and ardent sympathies, expanding into unconfined and impartial philanthropy. A nature that vibrates, in this respect, not only with

the joys and sorrows of her family and neighborhood, with that which exists in any portion of the race, is appreciable whenever perceived.

In view of this characteristic, woman received the softest, smoothest appellation in her nomenclature — that of “LADY;” which in its true etymology means loaf-distributor; first written “*laffian*,” then by the abscission of *an* and the elision of *f*, *ladi* was left, the same as lady, an exponent of warm sympathy for the suffering; how different our modern belles, curling their lips at the humble poor, and passing by the abodes of affliction where by their presence and aid, wants could be relieved and sadness cheered.

V. A woman of good understanding will be free from narrow prejudices and blind bigotry, and be in possession of an affectionate and hospitable spirit.

The constitution of things and the necessities of society are such as to make the entertainment a propriety. And in this ministration woman must necessarily have a large share. If she is narrow in her views and feelings in relation to any other community, or nation; or bigoted in regard to her religious and political position, this office of entertainment will be performed reluctantly and in a spirit that makes the guest uncomfortable. Perhaps, no keener mortification can be inflicted on a generous and sensitive husband who has been much abroad in the execution of his public duties, and enjoyed the sunny and generous hospitality of others, and who invited his kind hosts to reciprocate with a similar occasion, than when these liberal visitors

enter his abode, frigid reception, somber visage, and icy indifference are too visible to him and his guests, not to be felt. Not so with a woman of good understanding; she will show the wand of kindness.

VI. A woman of good understanding will prefer the development of her higher endowments to the mere tinsel and gorgeousness of attire. There is, perhaps, no extravagance to which your sex are more prone than that of display in costume. It may be possible that the æsthetic element is more predominant in the fair sex than in the other, and, of course, they realize more gratification in seeing on themselves and others, fine textures, bright colors, and glittering pendants, than men do. There are also indications in the profession of beauties in nature, as well as in scriptural examples, that the human form may be *innocently* arrayed in modest beauty. But when the chief care is to be bestowed on the person; when the great concern is, what one shall wear, how the attire is to be made, what jewels shall be put on, then it is that sin is committed, and the *rights* of the soul are set aside by devotion to the perishing body. This, a woman of good understanding will not do. While others are eagerly pursuing and catching *fashion*, she pursues the culture of the understanding, the will, the affection, and conscience. She adorns the inner creation with the sparkling diamonds of humility, of prudence and gentleness.

An ingenious writer asks the ladies: "Do you know what we most admire in you? It is not your *dress*;

we could make a beast *fine* with trappings. It is not your abilities. What we most admire in *you*, and what we ought to admire in *man*, is that collection of fine feelings, which make *you*, as human beings, sociable and useful; sympathy, tenderness of heart, pity for the wretched, compassion for neighbors, and reverence for your God. The melting eye, the soothing tone, the rapid actions of a soul, penetrated with reason and religion—these are the qualities admired in you.” Extravagance in dress is a sign of mental imbecility. The nobility of England dress very modestly. Lady Napier, when at Philadelphia some years since, criticised severely the gaudy attire of her American visitors in that city. She greatly regretted that the American ladies were given to that of extravagance and tinsel.

VII. The crowning characteristic of a good understanding is piety, not heathen, Jewish, or Mohammedan, but Christian piety. Woman sways by affections, and these inlaid with principles, the words of eternal life which the Savior inculcated, invest woman with a radiance attractive to the purest beings conversant with human destiny. In the language of an eloquent pleader for female education, “To woman should Christianity be specially dear. It has led her out of the house of bondage. It has lifted her from the stool of a servant to an equality with the master. It has exalted her from a minister of sensual pleasure, the toy of civilized Paganism, to a full companionship

with man. It has given her soul, once degraded, its immortality doubted, its glory eclipsed, a priceless value, and shed around her the radiance of heaven."

When pure religion has created an atmosphere around woman's spirit, refined her affections, sanctified her intellect, elevated her aims and hallowed her physical nature, there is visible in her a glory transcending all meretricious adornment; a glory, brilliant as light and imperishable as her own existence! Finally, a woman of good understanding will appreciate moral worth and mental qualities in the other sex, especially when selecting a companion for life. She will not associate with abandoned men; will not sanction the freedom of gay men; nor equalize herself with empty pated fops. She looks after probity, purity, and, at least sound morality, if not unaffected piety!

Not so with her counterpart, the woman devoid of a good understanding.

The misfortune of the present age, is an excessive haste and impulsiveness arising in the young from the neglect of repressing their innate impetuosity, and restraining goading propensities, by their parents. Precocity, in young ladyship and young manhood, a too early candidacy for the privileges of *matured* young society, exert a most *pernicious* influence on subsequent years. The present age is noted for unhappy marriages and the number of legalized separations. Why are these more abundant than thirty years ago? Because, too many marry without the dictates of a good

understanding — with the fatal *haste* in which all necessary antecedents to happy marriages are dispatched — the constant training in what tickles the fancy, rather than in the solid and good. John who always did as he pleased, and Jane who never tolerated a denial to her caprices, see each other, for the first time, at a ball or soiree, in the superlative of *external* attractions; their respective fancies are gratified. She is smitten with him, though he really possesses not a single trait of a good husband; she sees naught in him but the beauty of his form and the elegance of his costume. She is “*bound to have him.*”

Parental cautions are old foggy notions — remonstrances are insults — fraternal warnings are myths! The matrimonial altar is erected in the parental home, and the finely decked and garlanded victims are fastened to its horns! But hardly has the dew of the honeymoon been licked up by the risen matrimonial sun, when she finds in the *genteel* young man, all the denotements of a rake, an impertinent coxcomb, or a fool! Or he discerns in her the sharp quills of the porcupine or the habits of a slattern — the gloss is gone — the plumage of the peafowl has been soiled — and the twain are *one* no more!!

Not so with the subject of our motto. She is not enmeshed by surface glories — not by mere lure of wealth aside from intrinsic qualities.

I ask again, What should be the cardinal object of education? Certainly not simply to qualify its recipi-

ents for society at large, to become wives and available husbands. If proper qualifications for these ends are not attained, education in a great degree is a failure !

Such qualifications, young ladies, should be the object of your daily attendance on the instructions of this place ; not merely to shine, but to become able to discharge intelligently the responsible duties of a well regulated home !

According to the programme of our labors here, you are placed under my weekly instructions in the most comprehensive and important text-book in the possession of the world, the *Bible*. This "gives subtlety to the simple and to the young more knowledge and discretion." I greatly desire to be able to entertain the pleasant conviction at the close of my mortal labors that, under God, I have made through this instrumentality impressions that time can not eliminate nor death extinguish — impressions that will mold your demeanor in your separation from these halls and your isolation from each other under circumstances diverse from your present, and fraught with multiplied relations and increased responsibilities — *impressions*, the reproduction of which shall be sweet to you in recurring to the period of your sojourn and labors within these walls. In a few brief years from now the bell in the tower will summon young and bouyant forms and other professors to this place, but we shall not be among them ; the cheering lessons of the Bible will be read here, but we

shall not hear them; acts of devotion will be performed here, but we shall not partake in them!

O, Time, thou conveyor to the returnless bourne,
Of all that live, move and breathe,
Bear gently these young natures.
Bear them *not* where vice her fatal gins has laid,
Not where shame and slander show their viperous teeth,
Not where fell disease and pain their revels hold;
Bear them, rich in kindness, to the haunts
Of want, wretchedness and grief
Bear them to the sanctuary of Him in whom
They live to hear His word of grace and truth;
Bear them to the bower of prayer when
Evening shades hill and vale inclose.
Lastly, bear them to their home in heaven,
And near it lay them gently 'neath the tree of life!

AN ADDRESS ON EDUCATION, DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE
OF REPRESENTATIVES AT INDIANAPOLIS, ON THE EVEN-
ING OF THE 17th OF FEBRUARY 1852, BY S. K.
HOSHOUR, A. M.

SENATE, February 29, 1852.—Five thousand copies
ordered to be published. J. C. CHAPMAN,
INDIANAPOLIS. State Printer, 1852.

INDIANAPOLIS, February 18, 1852.

Rev. S. K. Hoshour:

DEAR SIR: The undersigned, who had the pleasure
of listening to your admirable address on Popular
Education in the Hall of the House of Representatives
on the evening of the 17th inst., most respectfully

request that you will furnish a copy of that address for publication in pamphlet form. With sentiments of high regard for your services in the cause of education. Most respectfully yours,

D. P. HOLLOWAY,
GEO. G. DUNN,
A. TEAGARDEN,
JOHN HUNT,
BENJ. T. GOODMAN,
HOUSTON MILLER,
ALF. M. DELEVAN,
ROBERT H. CRAWFORD.

INDIANAPOLIS, February 19, 1852.

Messrs. D. P. Holloway, Benj. T. Goodman, Geo. G. Dunn, Houston Miller, A. Teagarden, Alf. M. Delevan, John Hunt, Robert H. Crawford.

GENTLEMEN: In compliance with your polite request, I submit to your hands a copy of the address on Popular Education, which I delivered at the time and place referred to in your note. The address was prepared upon short notice and in connection with burdensome labors in a large school and other claims upon my time. It expresses no claims to perfection in arrangement, to novelty, thought, or elegance of diction. It is a simple statement of my views of Popular Education, and if its publication and circulation will contribute anything to the promotion of that cause, I shall be amply remunerated for the little labor I expended on it.

Respectfully yours,

S. K. HOSHOUR.

ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is just fourteen years since I occupied this place and delivered to a similar audience a discourse on the ever important subject of Popular Education. At the earnest solicitations of ardent friends of the same cause, I appear before you at present, to furnish a second address.

And as it is usual for speakers on moral and their cognate subjects, to select, as the way mark of their intended course of thought, some text or maxim uttered by some leading mind of a former period, I have concluded to adopt as my motto, one of the sayings of Agesilaus, a Spartan king and general, who possessed in a very diminutive and unattractive person, an invincible and most commanding spirit, and who was properly the "Rough and Ready" of antiquity. Being asked what he thought boys should be taught during their minority, he replied, "Teach them those things which they ought to practice when they become men." This is a sound maxim in educational matters, and is closely allied to the sentiment which King David labored on his death-bed to impress on the mind of his son Solomon in his exhortation, "Show thyself a man."

All trainings of the youthful mind should tend to qualify their subjects to give the most commanding of *manliness* after they arrived at their majority. The faculty or difficulty of furnishing such an expression depends greatly upon the feelings and views of the age to which the individual belongs; upon the elevation or

depression, the extent or contractedness of the actual attainments and aspirations of those who will encompass while acting his part of the drama of life.

In the days of the author of our motto in the community to which he belonged, to show "one's self a man" consisted in despising manual labor, in under-rating the refinements and elegancies of life, in living on the coarsest diet, in exhibiting adroitness in petty thefts, in obtaining a wife without the knowledge of any one, *at home*, in contemning death, in aggressions upon the rights of others, and in the invasion of the homes and quietudes of others, *abroad*. To express *manliness* on the Spartan stage of life, and to express the same on the wide arena of the great American confederation are palpably different !

Here where "*onward*" in whatever underlies domestic comfort, in whatever tends to the purification of communities, in whatever contributes to the advancement of national weal, in whatever incites to the development of the intellectual, mineral, and agricultural treasures hid in the bosom of this great land, is inscribed on every department of human pursuit ; here where æriform and invisible agents are made our porters and the speedy and ubiquitous conveyers of thought to the utmost verge of civilized life, and where embodied intelligencies hold colloquies with the disembodied ; it requires a longer and more thorough preparation to meet the whole cycle of requisitions than was necessary in order to be conspicuous and commendable in the Laconian polity !

In his pilgrimage through life man stands related to high and cardinal interests; and he is the repository of germs which, when properly developed, prepare him to honor all the relations into which he may be placed. The development of these germs should be early commenced. It should not be deferred until the child is brought under the supervision of the public instructor. The district school is not the primary school. That is a misnomer. The family is the primary school, established by God himself. Nature, at man's birth, consigns him neither to the care of a pedagogue nor to the tutelage of the philosopher; but she entrusts him to the love and caresses of an affectionate mother. She is, *par excellence*, the tutoress of this domestic primary school! In successful instruction it is of the utmost importance that the pupil understand the teacher. In their relations all should be tenderness, suitableness and conformity!

It is thus that Nature adapts the mother to the child. Brought together by the combination of beauty, grace, and sprightliness, and above all by the heart, they are mutually interested in the delightful work of giving and receiving instruction. Virtue is not only *taught*, but inspired. The mother's voice is the first sound that strikes the infant's ear; her look the first sight that rejoices its eyes; her songs its first melodies, and her caresses its first pleasures!

The public instructor can moralize, theorize, and counsel on the propriety of preferring the development of our higher endowments to fortune, of cherishing

comprehensive charities for our species, and of untiring self-devotion to the alleviation of the sorrows of the unfortunate, and of elevating our souls to the spiritual and infinite. But that which he can, at the best, make the young *believe*, woman can make them *love*.

It is by love she leads youth to virtue; in the language of Sheridan, "*It is by woman that Nature writes on the heart of man.*"

It was thus that Kant, whose fame as a philosopher is co-extensive with the civilized world, and yet who in a long life never was over seven miles from his native city, Königsburg, on the Baltic, spoke with enthusiasm of the lessons his mother gave when walking with her over the floral lawn. "I shall never forget," said he, in old age, "that it was she that caused to germinate all that is good in my soul."

From this potent and available influence of woman on the infant and juvenile character I make the following deductions: First, That woman has a natural aptitude for instructing the rising generation. I heard once one of the leading politicians of our State say in a circle of intelligent men, that if he had fifty sons to be educated, he would place the success of the enterprise on the circumstance of having them placed during their educational course at some approved literary institution, and in parcels of five, as boarders in various families, in each of which were several adult, sensible, and virtuous young ladies; for the obvious reason that the influence which intelligent and dignified females exert on youths has a corrective

and purifying effect on their moral habits. Children of both sexes to the middle of their teens can not be placed under better tuition than that of enlightened woman. With this view of the matter, the sentiments uttered in this place, in a recent address by one of the professors of our State University in regard to the propriety of furnishing the elementary departments of our public schools with female teachers, as also the "Slade enterprise" of supplying this great valley with properly qualified female instructors, have my most cordial concurrence.

And in order to enlist the suasive, swaying and polishing talents of the other sex in the great work of public instruction, every inducement should be held out to them. Let the business of teaching become a profession with its appropriate honors attached. Let a titular or honorary affix be appended to the name of every approved instructress! If two capital Ds. stimulate the preacher to dive deeper into the depths of the various departments of his vocation; if LL.D. invigorate the jurist to extend his explorations into the labyrinthian sinuosities of his profession; if M.D. induces the physician to investigate the sanative properties of all that lie within the compass of therapeutics, who can tell what L.D. or S.D. would do on that class of minds that are just as sensitive to conferred honors as those of our sex?

The L.D., *Literarum Doctor*, or in plain English, Teacher of Letters or Literature, should be the first degree; S.D. signifying *Scientiarum Doctor*, or

Teacher of Sciences, the second highest degree. Such affixes, besides winning the fair sex to the laborious and responsible position of public instructors, would, in my opinion, put a quietus upon the restlessness which has impelled some of their kind to convocations in which rights have been discussed and demanded, that we hesitate to concede ! This would be a harmless, even a beneficial outlet, of those aspirations that scorn the routine and monotony of the domestic circle, and seek gratification in the occupancy of those posts of honor which the common consent from time immemorial, has assigned to the hardier sex !

It, would, moreover, be of no common importance to them, after they had served in the didactic profession, a quinquennial period, in securing a companion and protector for their future days ; for who would not rather have a *titled* than *untitled* wife !

Were I a young man and desired a wife that should exert a proper influence on the home circle — if I desired a companion, and not an extravagant waster of earnings, nor a mere lay domestic economist, I would go in search of a young lady of known skill in the use of all the various implements of the culinary department, and of the finer tools of the seamstress ; and who had been an acceptable and popular school mistress in an intelligent community for the space of at least three years. That would be the rose for me !! The second deduction I make from the acknowledged influence of woman on the rising generation is, the necessity of imparting a solid education to our daughters.

Has woman an influence on the character and destiny of a nation? Does she handle and mold, in their most plastic condition, the material elements out of which a nation is to be formed and continued? Then let her be instructed in whatever enters into the purity and happiness of a free people. Contemplate those nations whose domestic and civil institutions degrade woman to the rank of a slave or make her the mindless inmate of a harem. Have they made any sensible progress in the important departments of national prosperity and illumination within the last century of intellectual advancement? No. Wherever woman is degraded, men exhibit themselves unrestrained sensualists and mere imbruted forms of humanity. Let then the molders of posterity be elevated and refined. Those heads of families who furnish society with daughters, the mere admirers of the tinsel of dress and of the fantastic versatilities of fashion — that have none of their moral intellectual elements cultivated — that are habitually absorbed by the frivolities of sensual amusements, can not be classed with the patriots, philanthropists, and Christians of any community. Such give their daughters the habits of coquettes, and look to heaven for glory and happiness! The next generation will obtain from their *mothers* the intelligence we impart to our *daughters*. If we confer on them a solid education, the ensuing generation will have sensible mothers, and the succeeding one, sage and experienced *grandmothers*!

A tidy, devout, intelligent, and communicative grandmother among a bevy of children is a great domestic

blessing. It seems to be the allotment of a portion of the other sex to become twice teachers in their earthly career. Time comes in the life of the mother, when her children, the dear objects of her affections, and her attractive companions in the meridian of her years, will leave her. The parental nest is no longer large enough; the birds fly away; the brood is dispersed! "Other rocks are wanting to the eagle — other shades to the dove; other loves to all!"

The companion of her youth, the stay and solace of her later years, has disappeared from her side, and is enclosed in the cerements of the tomb. Her isolation, as well as the social tendencies of her nature, incline to the abode of a son or a daughter — lead her into the circle of a new progeny, in which she measurably by her own virgin lineaments naturally becomes an acceptable tutoress of minds that need guidance and development.

After this prolonged digression on the agency of women in the great matter of education, I wish to resort to the elements of an available popular education, by which I mean the education of the people. The phase and nature of a popular education, must, to a certain degree, answer to a structure of the civil compact under which it takes place, and its bearings must form an integral part of the basis of public authority. What is the basis? Montesquien averred that the basis of a despotism is *fear*; that an aristocracy, *honor*, and that of a republic, *virtue*.

This is a simple theory, but not altogether correct.

It is cheerfully conceded that virtue is a main prop to free institutions, but at the same time honestly maintained that *intelligence* is of no less consequence in the support of public authority. For if knowledge without virtue goes willfully astray with its eyes open, virtue without intelligence falls into the ditch from blindness; in both cases the issues are nearly the same.

The proper basis of a republic and its perpetuation is the *perfection* of its citizens in all their higher endowments; and the main constituents of that perfection are virtue and intelligence. It is evident, to use the language of no secondary advocate of popular education, that man possesses a complex nature and that nothing short of the words: physical, animal, moral, and intellectual, will describe his entire constitution. From this point, his external relations are of course, reducible to four classes, namely: to nature, art, society, and religion. His physical nature connects him with material nature; his animal nature unites him with his species; his moral nature connects him with society and the Deity; and his intellectual nature establishes and confirms him in all these relations.

His connection with material nature constitutes natural philosophy, chemistry, and mathematics—a part of his education; his animal nature makes it proper that he should understand natural history, physiology, and the elements of anatomy; his moral constitution makes mental and moral philosophy, government, and economies, a part of his scholastic

training; and his intellectual faculties can be invigorated and matured only by a due supply of all these kinds of knowledge.

What then will accrue to the pupil by studying nature in all her forms, colors, sounds, attitudes, motions, changes, heights, and distances, tastes and odors, facts and expressions of utility, beauty and grace, the picturesque, the grand and sublime, with the variety of her natural history, natural philosophy, chemistry etc.? Answer, "the love of truth," one of the most commanding attributes of man. Under the influence of the love of truth, man will ever be ready to disregard the narrow bounds of prejudice, error and superstition, and prompt to adhere to whatever is solid and ennobling in all the high concerns of intelligent and responsible beings. No party lure can bribe him — no sectarian anathemas awe, or deter him from the pursuit and investigation of principles. With him, in life, the great matter will be "principles" not men!

Again. Should an educational course comprise studies bordering on and entering into the arts, in their lower as well as their more refined departments? Would tuition in those branches of mathematics which relate to forms and measurements that belong to any of the various mechanical pursuits, benefit the pupil in subsequent life in the acquisition of a mechanical art? Would he not acquire the art in a shorter time and to a greater degree of perfection? And does not scholastic exercises in the more tangible principles of the fine arts

educe a state of mind that renders the individual more attractive in his intercourse with society? It would certainly evolve taste to a greater or less degree — taste for the useful, the beautiful and grand — an attribute of our nature, the proper development of which is very nearly related to all that is beautiful in polished life and elegant in refined manners.

The study of the relations in which man stands to society will more or less infuse the spirit of philanthropy with that of its correlatives, generosity, liberality, hospitality, and the thousand and other charities of life. Hence the absolute necessity of making moral philosophy — I mean Christian moral philosophy — a part of a system of popular education. Napoleon Bonaparte at one period of his life interdicted instruction in moral philosophy in the schools of France, urging that it would render Frenchmen intractable. I suppose that means to say — untractable in the work of usurpation! This science purports, in an apprehensible form, the personal and conceded rights as well as the duties of individuals — the sanctity of the natural means of happiness with which it is the will of the Creator that every one of the race should be endowed, and these means are our bodies, our intellects, character, reputation, and property. No one is properly educated who does not scrupulously regard the appropriate rights of every member of society. Every nursery of the national mind should inculcate such a moral sentiment or tone as would spontaneously tend to induce the pupils to abstain from any pursuit in life

that would interfere with the rights and happiness of others—that they would no more think of retailing ruinous beverages than of plunging the implement of death into the bosoms of their unoffending neighbors.

Again. In order that the education of the young may be conducive to the interests of society, it must be unencumbered by narrow *prejudices*. Ignorance gives a sort of eternity to prejudice and perpetuity to error. A system of education intended for the elevation of the people must be so projected as to impart a “*liberal education*,” by which we do not simply mean a proficiency in the languages and literature of antiquity, but such an intellectual training as will free the mind from illiberality and vulgar prejudices. For a man may be a walking library of classic lore, and at the same time a budget of intolerant prejudices and inflexible bigotry. Prejudices, especially those of education, ought never result from a well matured system of popular instruction. Any system of public tuition so one-sided in its bearings as not to admit an investigation of the claims of what has been transmitted by our predecessors, in all the departments of human interests, must be proclaimed defective, and considered inadequate to meet the wants of progressive society!

The fourth important interest to which man stands related in his present state is *religion*. The existence, government, and sovereignty of God—the manifestation of himself to the world through his Son, and the bearings of the remedial system, should be the subjects of constant inculcation in all popular schools!

It is said that Lord Bacon declared that the grand object of philosophy was to fill the world with useful arts and inventions; and it may be added that the end of religion is to sow society with divine principles and righteousness. It is admitted that education, aside from religion, can do much for man. It can develop in beautiful symmetry his constitutional excellencies and repress his constitutional excesses. It can correct his constitutional vices and elevate his natural sentiments. It refines the taste and ennobles the temper and tone of mind; gives dignity and grace to the manners, light and authority to the conscience, force and principle to the character, so as to render the subject of all these an acceptable adjunct to society. But it is the province of religion to do a deeper work, to make clearer *impressions*, so as to qualify its subjects for a purer atmosphere and more refined associations in the inconceivable future of their existence in another state.

Having thus adverted to the four cardinal objects to which man stands related in his career through life, viz., nature, art, society, and religion, and to the necessity of developing his distinguishing endowments for an effective connection with all of them, I wish to approach the close of my remarks by furnishing a synoptical expose of what I consider the essential constituents of a system of popular education compatible with the prosperity and perpetuity of republican institutions.

The education of the *masses* is a modern, but *grand idea*. It formed no part of the state policy of the ancient republics; in these education was confined to

wealthy and privileged classes. This is apparent from the term Schola (school), which they employed in designating the place in which instruction was given, which means a place of *leisure*! But the toiling masses had no leisure, consequently no schools. Theirs was the task of sustaining by the labor of their hands and those of their children, the privileged castes that formed the head, shoulders, and stomach of the body politic.

In the middle ages, legislators and priests would have seen nothing but impiety in such an idea, because they considered knowledge the sole property of politicians and the priesthood. It is a cherished idea in the State to which we have the honor of belonging. And, fellow-citizens, where is the region which the grandeur of this idea can be so forcibly expressed as in the commonwealth of Indiana, where fertility of soil, the abundance of resources, and the facilities of acquiring a competency, so naturally furnish the *leisure* requisite for the attainment of a solid and useful education.

The worthy servants of the sovereign people of Indiana have projected, and erected, a structure for which they will receive the benedictions of unborn millions, and in which is to be performed the most *exquisite work*, namely, that of developing the reason, the conscience and the sympathies of posterity! The interior machinery of this structure stands related to our children, as that of a planing and smoothing establishment does to the rough material that is to be pre-

pared for use and ornament in our houses. Through these scholastic machines the young are to receive those forms and polish which will adapt them for use and adornment in the final garnishing of the great temple of American liberty, projected by the sages of a previous age, erected by the men of "Seventy-six," and cemented by the blood of unflinching patriots, and which, it is hoped, will yet be the asylum for all fugitives from the oppressions of despotism and tyranny!

Let us then look at the local expression of the system. And first then, the school-house, the place of instruction. This should be attractive by its beauty and cleanliness. Place has a great influence on the elasticity of the minds; when we are in a dismal place, we feel dismal, and so when we are in a filthy place. What would you think of a man closeting himself in a damp cellar for the purpose of mental efforts. Would not every thought of his head shrink back at a bare intimation of an exit from the warm chamber of his cranium, into the circumambient dampness?

A school-house with dingy and rugged walls, festooned with spider webs, with an indifferent floor, and rough and ill-constructed seats, can never attract a cultivated teacher, nor interest a pupil with any æsthetical element in him. To play truant from such a place is rather a virtue than a reproach! Have, then, in your mind, the substantial, neat, and attractive school-house, conveniently situated to the whole district. Survey its interior accommodations conducive to the ease and comfort of the pupils—the intelligent and

skillful teacher in his place — the pupils at their assigned studies — the clock attached to its proper place — the case of the school library in its appropriate nook, the requisite philosophical and chemical apparatus and cabinet of specimens properly shelved — the walls ornamented with attractive maps and diagrams of terrestrial and celestial sceneries, — and the — shall I mention it? — the *birch*, a pendant visible to all! I know this is considered a relic of barbarous pedagogy, come down from the dark ages; and it is insisted that it should be dispensed with, moral suasion made its substitute! I am a hearty advocate of moral suasion, and by no means partial to the birch as a corrective of juvenile waywardness. But there are some youths whose finer feelings lie so far in the interior of their nature, and so entirely encrusted that no instrument of moral suasion can reach them — you are compelled to crack the crust, for which nothing is better than beech oil, that the good feeling may come to the surface! Do we not remember how sunny and balmy we felt after our fathers, who believed in the Solomonian philosophy, which runs in these words: “He that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes,” had administered to us an old-fashioned castigation? The birch should be the “*dernier resort*.” I believe that nearly all the leading minds of our Marine Department, at present, are against a motion of one its most distinguished members, for the abolishment of *flogging* in the navy — maintaining that it is inexpedient in the state of

things. Birches in schools, cat-o'-nine tails in the navy, and penitentiaries on land, must remain as dernier resorts.

Such then are the proper appurtenances of this educational structure, in which should exist the three following graded departments: —

First Department — In which should be taught these indispensable branches — orthoephy, orthography, reading, penmanship, vocal music, the elements of arithmetic, of geography, of natural history, and the outlines of our own country.

Second Department — Reading and definition, English grammar, geography, terrestrial and celestial, ancient and modern history — arithmetic, theoretical and practical (including the *rationale* of the science); mensuration, book-keeping (single entry); elements of algebra — composition; elements of geology and of physiology.

Third Department — Mathematics, in their higher departments and applied to the art of surveying and civil engineering; the natural sciences, including mechanical, philosophy, and agricultural chemistry — illustrated by suitable apparatus and specimens; elements of logic, mental and moral; political science, book-keeping (double entry); the French and German languages, with the elements of the Latin. Vocal music should be common to all the departments.

A thorough drilling of the branches here specified I conceive would qualify the pupil for usefulness in society. No transition from one department to another

should take place, unless the pupil can give evidence of thoroughness in the branches included in the course of the department from which he desires to pass. The bane of the present mode of instruction is the premature entrance of the pupil upon advanced studies. How common it is to see lads and misses dabbling in algebraic equations, and geometrical diagrams, who can not solve a question in compound division, or spell correctly the commonest words of their vernacular. To this galloping system I hand in an unqualified protest. It is, however, a fair exponent of the *tone* of many communities in our wide-spread valley—show and appearances are preferred to solidity and availability. The child is proud to say that it studies algebra, French, or philosophy, and the parent feels elated in relating the same to others. In communities smitten with the spirit of parade, common sense, common attire, and common studies signify but little. The length of time necessary to pass through each of the three departments should be graduated by the number of branches in its curriculum. In the Prussian system, the best system of common schools in existence, it requires two years to pass through each of its four departments; that is, the pupil enters the first at six years of age, and leaves the last at fourteen. This is probably more than American families would be willing to give, from the fact that juvenile labor, owing to the sparser population here, is more in demand, and more available than in Prussia. We shall have to do in six years what they do in eight, which would give two

years to each department above specified. This ought to be long enough for the tardy ones, and the more diligent might in less time pass from one grade to another. In large towns the three graded departments might be in one edifice; in the country and small towns the first two might be so, and the third in a central one, — central to several districts.

The branches above indicated form the molds into which the minds of our children are to be shaped by the machinery of the system of the common schools constructed for this State. If I understand the matter correctly, there is to be a wheel extraneous to every local machine in the shape of a circuit or county superintendent, who is to be put in motion by a still greater wheel, the State Superintendent; and the moving power of all the wheels and machinery is the pecuniary liberality of the citizens of this growing commonwealth. That is the stream that will keep all in motion — if it cease to flow, the whole contrivance will cease its operations and run into decay.

The great main wheel must be of strong material and of steady motion. Or figure aside, the State Superintendent must be no visionary theorist and no precipitant actor, but a vigilant observer, an untiring laborer, and a patient examiner. With a proper gauge and other means of measurement, he must ascertain the real position, dimension, and density of the mass of ignorance that is to be ground out, and fanned out of sight this by scholastic machine — which we confidently hope will be satisfactorily accomplished!

Finally, my fellow-citizens, the brevity and uncertainty of our sojourn in the present state, the interests of our children, and the perpetuity of our valued civil and religious institutions urge us to act promptly and efficiently in this important matter. All that we possess and hold dear in the domestic and civil departments of life is tending towards our children. The edifices we occupy, the documents that bind our real estates to us, the papers that indicate the liabilities of others to us; the keys to our stores, to our offices, to our shops, to our coffers, are imperceptibly on their way to the possession of those who now sport around our hearths!!

And can we be indifferent as to what kind of ability they will have to guard and use properly these sacred trusts? Whether they will lavish the fruits of toils upon useless and visionary enterprises, or dissipate them in polluting voluptuousness, or employ them for their own honor, the glory of God and the elevation of their species!!

APPENDIX.

BY RYLAND T. BROWN, A.M., M.D.

RESPONDING to a request to add the closing chapter to the autobiography of Prof. Hoshour, I do so with a pleasure that is deeply mingled with sadness. But little remains of the active life of Prof. Hoshour for me to record, after the close of his own narrative.

On the evening of April 29, 1881, a reunion of Prof. Hoshour's old pupils at Centreville in 1836-9, and at Cambridge City in 1839-46, took place at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Price, in Indianapolis. It was a celebration of Mr. Hoshour's birthday. The reunion was a very enjoyable affair. The Professor "called the roll" from the identical manuscripts used in school during these years. The pupils responded to their names as they were called; and they were all delighted to know that it was the book used so long ago. Of course, the maiden names of the ladies were called, and this, no doubt, waked up strange memories of other days. But responses could not be given to all the names. Then came the question — "Where are they?" All the living could be accounted for but one

or two ; but many had passed over to the spirit land. When the name of O. P. Morton was called, a deep silence pervaded the group.

It was an occasion of sorrow, as well as of joy. The Professor transferred himself back to the palmy days of his loved profession ; and the vision of these bright lads and misses thawed the frosts of age that was settling on him.

On the 9th day of December, 1881, Prof. Hoshour entered his seventy-eighth year, and his numerous friends though it a fitting occasion to express their admiration for his devotion to truth and right, and every Christian virtue by tendering him a social party at the Central Christian Church, Indianapolis.

The following account of that event appeared in the *Christian Standard* of December 31, 1881.

CELEBRATION OF A SEVENTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.

The Nestors of the world have always enjoyed their peculiar honor and fame. The old Homeric hero still has his like—

“Nestor, the master of persuasive speech,
The clear-toned Pylion orator, whose tongue
Dropped words more sweet than honey. He had seen
Two generations that grew up and lived
With him on sacred Pylos pass away,
And now he ruled the third.”

One like him received honor from us last evening — one of the pioneers of our reformatory plea — known to every reader of the *Standard* — our reverend

brother, Prof. S. K. Hoshour. Every room of the Central Church was ablaze with light; and by 7:30 o'clock 200 persons had gathered within its walls. First, we all sat in the auditorium, to witness the formal exercises of the evening. On the platform sat the venerable Professor, with Bro. R. T. Brown on his right, and Bro. L. H. Jameson on his left, adding breadth of grace and pathos to the sight, while Bro. Walk was also present to conduct the services of the hour. Beautiful flowers bloomed around them —

“On either side the consecrated preacher,
Like priests of old, that Moses’ hands sustained,
These pulpit flowers recall the perfect Teacher,
By His own hand ordained.”

Amid solemn and swelling interest the strong and able choir rose, while the congregation joined them in singing that old song of the soul, “How firm a foundation.” It was sung with admirable impressment, and one’s heart indeed beat faster, after the quiet pause of the interlude, Christian lips voiced their faith, “E’en down to old age.” Bro. Walk followed with appropriate scripture lessons, read with a clear, sympathetic tone and in impressive style.

Then the congregation arose while Dr. Brown led them in a solemn prayer, full of spontaneous remembrances of Bible teaching on old age and fragrant with thanksgivings and beautiful hopes. Bro. L. H. Jameson, the sweet Psalmist of our Israel, was present to teach and admonish us in song. He spoke tenderly of the departed, so many gone; while the three old

soldiers of the cross were still spared, and then with magnetic tones and seraphic fervor sang, "Gathering Homeward One by One." Following this, Bro. Hoshour gave the address of the evening. Notwithstanding his age and infirmities, the "old man eloquent" made himself heard in every part of the house. It was a rare address, and was listened to with breathless attention. Nestor was again speaking. I enclose it for publication; but readable as it is, your readers will not get out of it all the enjoyment we hearers got. The old Professor, as he easily leaned on the pulpit desk, looked every inch a man of God. The audience were in perfect sympathy with every tone of the speaker. We reverently listened to his admonitions; we joined with him in his thanksgivings for God's mercies; we could but "audibly smile" at some real strokes of humor; our applause rose spontaneously at several passages, especially at the unique tribute to his wife, who still accompanies him on the earthly pilgrimage; and a fervent "amen" arose from the lips of many of us as he sat down amid the echoes of his confession of faith in God and Christ and immortality. Tenderly and sweetly Sister Cole sang "Oh! that I had the wings of a dove," and then, with the "Sweet by and bye," and the benediction by the Rev. Dr. Lynch, of the Methodist Church, the formal exercises closed.

The informal part of the evening was highly enjoyable. The noble women of the congregation had prepared a tasteful lunch, to which all did ample justice;

and with music and songs and happy converse, while Bro. Hoshour was the center of attraction and congratulation, and the recipient of the gifts that will increase to the account of the givers, the celebration was fitly closed. The entire occasion was a rich social enjoyment; and yet it was something more; it was the embodiment of a lesson of old age, serene, beautiful, at peace with God and man, full of faith and the Holy Spirit, waiting for the hope of righteousness.

R. T. M.

INDIANAPOLIS, December 10.

THE ADDRESS.

On this 9th day of December, 1881, I stand before the 78th milestone of my earthly life! And you, my friends, have come here to keep me company, whilst I explain the number, and decipher the emblems and mottoes on the broad, smooth surface of this stone. The number 78 indicates that I am two years this side of the Scriptural maximum of human existence. The formula of this maximum runs in these words: "The days of our years are threescore and ten; if by reason of strength they are fourscore, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

Physiology claims that our maximum should be *one hundred years!* It seems inspiration made it 80, in

view of the *abnormal living* of the race. Some entertain the hope that Christian civilization will yet reach a point when all abuse of the physical man will cease and men live in harmony with the laws of their being, and the claim of science be verified!

There have, however, been some striking abnormal extensions of human life. Dr. Van Oven, a Hollander, has made persistent researches into the longevity of individuals since the Christian era, and has found seventeen persons over 150 years old!

The greatest longevity in the centuries preceding ours was that of Peter Tzarten, a Hungarian peasant, who lived 185 years, ten years older than Abraham, and five older than Isaac!

The oldest man now living is a Mr. Solis, of Columbia, South America. From latest reports, he is over 180 years old.

The oldest woman now living is Mary Benton, of England. She is 150 years old (possibly a part of Prof. A. R. Benton's kinship)!

Thomas Parr, of England, reached 152 years. Had we lived on the coast of the Caspian Sea 3,000 years ago, none of us would have seen a 78 mile stone on the highway of life. Seventy-five was the *ne plus ultra*.

Let us now look at the emblems on this stone. You see a hand resting on a large broad leaf, bordered with a misty vapor, shaded by flying clouds—all significant symbols. The hand: In this case, this is not the symbol of some recondite principle, cherished by a mystic fraternity, but a measurer of time. In the sacred

Scriptures human life is compared to a hand's breadth. This is to measure fourscore years. A hand's breadth is four inches, and one inch must be 20 years! In view of this, we can probably understand what queen "Bess" meant when, at the close of her eventful career, she exclaimed, "A kingdom for an *inch* of time!" We do not measure time by inches.

This queen did not mean a few moments of time in which to propitiate the Deity, but an addition of 20 years, in which she probably contemplated to effect some great good for her nation!

The sere leaf, the misty vapor and the flying cloud are symbols of the decay, the evanescence and flight of human life.

Let us now pass over the mottoes on this surface. "The day of one's death is better than the day of one's birth;" "none liveth to himself, none dieth unto himself;" "he that believeth on the Son hath eternal life;" "I will never leave nor forsake thee — even down to old age, all my people shall prove my constant, eternal, unchangeable love;" "I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

Let us now turn our attention to the inception of the career that has reached to this 78th milestone. Two questions present themselves when we contemplate birth — the *where* and *when*. The where of my nativity was, not in Germany, as many of my Western friends think, but in Heidelberg township, York Co., Pa., no mean region of the Keystone Commonwealth.

The German aspect of this region is indicated by the names of the townships that grace it — Heidelberg and Manheim; its pleasantness, by Paradise township; and the stability of its politics is represented by the notable Codorus township, in which the ancestral Democracy has come down so unvaried and so unimpaired, that in an election during the war, Gov. Curtin, not then a Democrat, could obtain only sixteen out of its 500 voters! It is a *solid* North in miniature, as the solid South is, on a larger scale. Whether any "Re-adjusters" will ever make it fragmentary, is not easy to predict. The time of my nativity was the 9th of December, 1803, in which my seniors this side of their teens were jubilant with anticipation of the approaching advent of "Christlein," affluent in nuts and candies.

It has been a matter of interest to me who else of my race celebrated the 9th of December for their natal day. I have consulted biographies, histories, cyclopedias, annuals, and even old almanacs, to secure a valuable collection of names whose natal advent brightened the 9th of December in the past and nineteenth century, but with only partial success. In the more remote generations, I found John Milton (1608); my much beloved, but now departed Methodist brother, Elder Joseph Marsee, of this city, (1800); my esteemed brother, David Walk (1833); our worthy organist, Bro. F. M. Wiley; Bro. Samuel R. Lowry, a colored lawyer in Northern Alabama, and superinten-

dent of an industrial academy for the benefit of colored youth; and myself—of whom society need not be ashamed!

I lost my father in my fourteenth year; the oldest of six children, who needed the provident care of a father. He was born in 1781, a little over one hundred years ago. He died in the meridian of his life; he left an estate that shared a little over a \$1,000 to each of his children. His demise placed me among strangers, whose influence was not always very salutary in a moral point of view; but the religious inculcations of a Christian mother made me impervious to seductive influences. In my seventeenth year I was to be indentured to the tanning business, the vocation of my deceased father, but a train of circumstances, which I can not here detail, thwarted the arrangement. In the same year (1820), I was invested with the insignia of a school teacher. My stock of ideas in regard to the didactic profession was very limited, but my new situation stimulated me to look more carefully into books, and gave me appetite for mental improvement, and having connected myself with the Lutheran church, I became an aspirant to the ministry of that communion. I passed through the required preparation; I spent \$800 of my patrimony in accomplishing the object, and that, too, before I received any compensation whatever for my pulpit services.

In the spring of 1824, my health was very precarious. Two of my clerical friends advised me to locate at New Market, Pa., for recuperation, and to prosecute my

studies amidst the sceneries of the Shenandoah Valley. I arrived at New Market on the 6th day of July the same year, a fitter subject for the grave than to be a matriculate of a theological institute. My former stalwart physique was reduced to a mere shadow — very depressive to the sensitive nature of a young man. In *New Market*, which had girl commodities, as well as other things, *in market*, I made my selection of a partner for life.

I came, I saw, I loved, I conquered! There sits my acquisition. The obstructions to be conquered were the remonstrances of a high-toned aunt, with her niece. Her first objection was, that I was absolutely too deficient in personal attractions; and the second, that she, her niece, would be an early widow; that I was too frail a prop for her to depend on! All this, you see, I most signally defeated! She, my acquisition, has adhered to me, as a partner of all my meanders, of all my *haps* and mishaps — has been a true helpmeet to me.

It is true, no ornate diploma from some fancy boarding school adorns the wall of her little parlor. But if gentleness of disposition, common sense and prudence; if versatility in utilizing all that a provident husband can supply in the home circle; if ability to make a home so attractive, that the husband would prefer it to club rooms; and the seduction of the saloon; if indisposition to interfere with other people's business; if hatred of tattling and backbiting; if sympathy for the poor, sick and unfortunate; if piety

towards God, and love of his sanctuary, are "qualities that highly adorn a woman," then she is entitled to papers.

In 1831, I became the preacher of a large and influential Lutheran congregation, at Hagerstown, Md. Between the congregation and myself, existed a mutually appreciative friendship—a friendship that still has vitality. But new convictions invaded me, convictions with which the congregation could not, or would not sympathize. This threw me into a predicament, fraught with discomforts. To carry out my convictions would infract some of the tenderest chords—maternal feelings were to be wounded; the esteem of relatives and many friends was to be forfeited; unpopularity and pecuniary loss, as well, were to be endured! But under the influence of the sentiment of the poet—

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do.
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

I seceded from the "Lutheran Zion," in which I left many dear friends. That Zion is a pleasant region, but I sought a "Zion" that has no denominational prefix to it, for the reason, that according to the prophet, the law was to go forth from "Zion" without any prefix or affix to it. In 1835, forty-six years ago, I and mine arrived at Centreville, Ind. I soon entered upon school labor. I spent eleven consecutive years in teaching seminaries in the eastern part of the State. In these eleven years I lost but ten Lord's

days without pulpit ministrations, and for *all* these years I did not receive above five hundred dollars as compensation — not fifty dollars a year.

The year of 1837, was the busiest of my life! I taught most of an old-fashioned academic curriculum, five days of the week; preached every Lord's day; edited the Wayne County *Chronicle*, and wrote the greater part of the "Altisonant Letters." In 1839, I removed to Cambridge, Ind., then the prospective emporium of Eastern Indiana, and had the supervision of the Cambridge Seminary for seven consecutive years. Here, as in Centreville, I came in contact with "Young America" in Hoosier costume. I was daily in conflict with juvenile obliquities in the school-room and incessantly at war outside with the murderous liquor traffic! In the school realm I was an autocrat. My will was supreme. I had two kinds of arguments to reconcile refractory Hoosiers to that supremacy; the verbal, and and the penal, or rather the *viminal*! There are some in this audience who know what the tone of the "regime" was that prevailed in my school localities. They might be consulted on the subject.

In 1858, I was elected President of the Northwestern Christian University, and on the 13th of September of the same year, I assumed the presidential responsibility of that institution. My inexperience in governing jointly with a faculty, and the ravages the ague had made and was still making, on my otherwise impaired physical man, endangered the success of my position! I soon found that young Hoosiers of city

extraction transcended their rural brethren in shirking and astuteness. My presidency covered three years, and was a medium success. I remained fourteen additional years in the institution in the department of languages. In the progress of years, my friends occasionally hinted to me that my age as Septuagenarian, would bring about my separation from the faculty. I replied that there was no need of shaking the faculty-tree; that when I get *ripe*, I shall naturally off, that is, when my conscience tells me of my inability to discharge properly the duties of the department, I shall resign. But the tree was *shaken*, and I fell off.

My career ran parallel with the nineteenth century, unrivaled for its attainments in discoveries — in inventions — in science, and literary attainments. I never sailed in its current, but spent my labor in its quiet waters — was too timid to venture on the rushing tide. It may be asked, What have you done during the many years of your life? Ans. My labor was mostly among the young, endeavoring to make good and permanent impressions upon their plastic natures! I sought a seat in their hearts, where I would rather reside than in the softest chair of State environed by fatal dangers, that a free people can bestow.

In a ministry extending over fifty-five years, with a few exceptions, four hundred and eighty couples, or nine hundred and sixty *young* persons in matrimonial costume, stood before me, to whom I spoke words to them, of *blissful* import!

My companion and I have much reason to be thankful to a kind Providence that for more than a half century we never had a serious or protracted illness in our family ! The Lord planted seven scions around our table. One is not ! Death visited our home but once ; it was a sad but short visit — a womanly form fell ! My surviving household, let us pause here — in memory of her taking away ! We have never had cause to seek retirement for weeping over the aberrations and shame of our children ! Our two sons and their wives, our four daughters and their husbands, are all favorably known in the communities to which they respectively belong !

As I stand before this 78th milestone, so near to that world where all is real, where nothing but moral character has worth, may I not voice back to my juniors in their teens, to those in their prime, and to those in their meridian, that as *ripe* fruit is sweeter than green, so is old age sweeter than youth, provided its youth had been planted in Christ ; as harvest is more cheerful than sowing time, so is old age more cheerful than youth, if its youth was the recipient of the divine word ; as the ship entering the harbor is more joyful than when it left port, so is old age more joyful than youth, provided the voyage had Jesus at the helm !

Before this stone, perhaps the last of the series, I stand with mingled emotions. What isolation ! I glance at the history of my ministerial career, and find it bare of my early associates. Of those who were with

me in my Lutheran ministry not a half dozen remain. And these, like myself, are mere feeble relics of a past generation. Of my early ministerial companions in my present brotherhood four only survive — Elders Thomas Lockhart, Ryland T. Brown, L. H. Jameson, and Henry R. Pritchard — men whose age and past availability in the Christian cause entitle them to the unqualified respect, the unfeigned love, and the unstinted support of the Central Indiana brotherhood in their declining years. May their evening be calm and fragrant with the balmy breezes from Zion.

With this 78th milestone out of sight, let me direct your eyes to another one, which I hope filial affection will ere long rear on a gentle eminence in close proximity to the chapel vault, the temporary abode of the departed, in your “beautiful city of the dead,” on which as you pass to and fro you can read, if not in the words I now use, at least substantially: Here rests a *believer* in God — in redemption — salvation — a *lover* of his race — a *brother* to all believers, and an *expectant* of a glorious immortality.

The year 1882 passed without any notable event in the life of Prof. Hoshour. His general health remained good, but his physical powers, never very strong, now began to show the burden of accumulated years. His hearing became quite dull, and his voice so far failed as to disqualify him for speaking to large audiences; though he still continued to preach to select audiences, and to teach private pupils in the intricacies of the German language.

On the 12th day of June, 1883, the Central Christian Church in Indianapolis, celebrated the close of its first half century — its fiftieth anniversary, by several public addresses. In these exercises, Prof. Hoshour was asked to give his early impressions of the Church in Indianapolis, as to him had been assigned the duty of opening the house of worship, at present occupied by the Central Church, in 1851, by a formal address. His account of his journey from Cambridge City to the capital, a journey of 60 miles, performed on horseback in two days, over mud roads, was graphically described, and was full of interest to an audience who were then in the habit of making the journey in two hours, by rail. His description of the unexpected plainness and simplicity of the Church of the metropolis, and especially his impressions of the unique pulpit, were fine specimens of word-painting, though the picture at times bordered on the ludicrous.

In the month of August, 1883, Eld. David Walk attended the Assembly, at Island Park, and it devolved on the elders to supply the pulpit on Lord's days, in the absence of the pastor. Prof. Hoshour, being the senior elder, proposed to take the first Lord's day. Accordingly on the morning of the 5th day of August, he ascended the platform, to his seat (for he was too feeble to stand), and delivered his last sermon. He read, as his manner was, a portion of the 16th chapter of Matthew, and commented on it in his usual felicitous manner. In describing the beautiful hill country through which the Savior and His disciples on

their journey to Cæsara, Philippi passed, he said: "The sunlight played around the hill-tops, and a sheen of loveliness lay upon the land. It was amid scenes like these, that the Savior, talking with His disciples, said: "Who do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" Modern preachers are ever anxious to know what people think of them; and in this question the Savior betrayed his human nature. Closing this prelude he announced his text, II. Peter ii, from 5th to 9th verses, but the subject of discourse was the last verse — "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished." His arrangement of the parts of his discourse, and the vigor of thought, displayed his usual order and careful arrangement in the construction of his sermons. In his introduction he said: — "I have no rhetorical bouquets to amuse you with, but endeavor to give you plain words of love and truth." The discourse, though manifesting great physical weakness was intellectually a strong effort. The day previous to this discourse, he had been quite sick, and when his daughter, Mrs. Richards, told him that he was not able to preach, he replied: "If the Lord gives me strength I will preach;" and he did preach, though it was his last attempt to deliver a sermon. After this, however, he spoke once or twice in prayer-meeting and in the preachers' society.

In the month of August Mrs. Hoshour was very sick; and the anxiety, exposure, and loss of rest, in-

cident to this illness, preyed severely on the already reduced strength of the Professor, so that September found him very feeble. But Mrs. Hoshour had so far recovered as to undertake a visit to their sons in Eastern Indiana. The Professor had an appointment at Rushville, which he attempted to fill, but on the way was taken with severe illness, and was obliged to return to Cambridge City, from whence he returned home very much enfeebled. Now, for the first time, he spoke of the impression that his long and laborious life was near its close. He said: "My Scriptural allotment of four-score years is out—I am an octogenarian—I will not see more than my eightieth birthday." He lived to within 10 days of that time.

In his last illness there was, at times, a partial paralysis of the brain. Occasionally he would lose consciousness for a brief time, and then the faculties would rally, and regain it again. It was probably exhaustion rather than paralysis. He complained of loss of memory; especially of things that he had read. When he became so feeble that he could not kneel in prayer, he stood during family devotion, and when he could no longer read the Scripture lesson, he asked some member of the family to read, and he would lead in prayer. After his debility confined him to the bed, some one would read favorite passages of Scripture, and he would pray—the family kneeling at his bedside. During his sickness, when his daughters were watching with him, and administering to him; he

called them his Angels, and said: "If you love your Heavenly Father as you do your earthly one, all will be well."

On Tuesday morning, of his last week, before Mrs. Price left him, she said — "Father do you think it is right for me to be in school while you are so sick?" He took her hand in his and said in detached words: "It — is — right — God bless you and your school, your children and your grandchildren." She then kissed him, when he said, "Kiss me again, good bye." She thought that he would not live till she would return in the evening.

In the afternoon he desired to be propped up, that he might have prayer. He said, "Before I pray, I want to talk to you — my dear children — let the faith that has sustained your father through life, be your faith, and may it keep you through life. I am not afraid of death, nor of the other side, but the passing over — I have always lived an open life before God and man. I want you to remember that God is in Heaven and man is upon the earth." He then said, "Draw near to me," and began to pray, but in such broken sentences that it was almost impossible to catch his meaning, as his words were scarcely audible. He then called for his Bible. It was brought and he tried to read the 16th Psalm, but his strength failed him and he asked his wife to read it, which she did. That was the last Scripture lesson he ever heard. He then desired that all but his wife should leave the room, as he wished to speak to her alone. The family retired and he

said: "Mother, I want you to have daily communion with God, and if adversity overtakes you, go to Jesus."

That evening he suffered intensely with a chilly sensation and painful breathing. This was the dreaded "passing over," but he directly became unconscious, and remained so till ten o'clock on Wednesday, when the family discovered that he could recognize them, but could not speak. As they stood around the bed, so happy in the discovery that he knew them, he drew his trembling hands from his wife's and daughter's and placed one finger across the other to let them know that he was still lying at the foot of the cross. All recognized it, and exclaimed: "O! the cross! the cross!" A smile played over the face of the dying saint when he found that they understood his sign. The following night he appeared to suffer exceedingly, but could not speak. Thursday (Thanksgiving Day) he did not try to speak. Before the hour of morning service Elder Walk came in and spoke loudly to the Professor, asking if he knew him. A nod of the head indicated that he did. This is probably the last human voice that he ever heard.

Once on this morning he drew his hands from under the bed-clothes and held up one hand, with the other firmly clasping the wrist, to show that he was still clinging to the cross.

He was always delighted when Thanksgiving Day came. He considered it a blessing and a privilege to be able and have an opportunity to contribute to the

comfort of the poor. One day, after having given a considerable sum, one of his sons-in-law said, sportively, "Father, it seems to me you give considerable, for an old man." He replied: "I always give one-third of the money I have about me on Thanksgiving morning." He always tried to have a respectable sum to divide on that day.

On Thanksgiving Day, November 29, 1883, Prof. Hoshour made his last contribution. His sainted spirit gently passed away without a groan or a struggle, about the hour he usually contributed.

He laid on the altar a long and laborious life devoted to the glory of God, and to the advancement, elevation, purification and ultimate salvation of humanity. It was a grand Thank-offering.

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

The following notice of the funeral service appeared in the Indianapolis *Daily Journal*: —

"The funeral of the late Prof. Samuel Klinefelter Hoshour took place yesterday forenoon, the services at the Central Christian Church, beginning at 11 o'clock, at which hour the pall-bearers with their burden passed up the north aisle of the church and placed the coffin before the pulpit. The audience was as large as ever gathered in the church, and would even have been larger but for lack of seating capacity. The pall-bearers were Dr. Ryland T. Brown, William Wallace, John D. Eagle, Judge Jacob B. Julian, Rev. Thomas A. Goodwin, J. M. Tilford, J. L. Avery, and

Dr. W. H. Kendrick. A great number of white heads were in the audience.

“Elder Samuel B. Moore, of the Third Christian Church, led in prayer, fervently giving thanks to God who had sent us the example of the beautiful life that had just closed. This was followed by the choir singing ‘Nearer, my God, to Thee.’

“Rev. T. H. Lynch, of the M. E. Church, an almost life-time friend of the deceased, spoke for ten minutes on the personal piety and Christian liberality of Elder Hoshour. He said it was a mournful and at the same time a joyful privilege to be permitted to stand there and call into remembrance the associations of many years. ‘I need not,’ said Mr. Lynch, ‘multiply words on the personal piety of the departed. His record is on high. A long life filled with almost unexampled piety and love and honor to God has ended. He remembered his Creator in the days of his youth, and in a long life of activity as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. In visiting him the other day, when he was on his bed of sickness, I leaned down to ask him the question, “Does the gospel that you have preached to so many comfort you now as you are crossing the stream that leads to the unseen land?” He answered firmly, “Yes.” Nearly forty years ago, when taking his daughter to school, he paid me a visit at Transylvania University, where I was then engaged and from that time on his personal piety has shone out on his long pilgrimage of life. A beautiful Christian spirit always characterized him. It is not going be-

yond the truth when I say that I never have met him nor parted with him but he has dropped some word of piety or wisdom, something of the blessed Master he adored. One day I asked him to preach for me. "I will," he said, "and the subject shall be old age, and how to grow old gracefully and comfortably." And he did preach, and most feelingly. Surely no one better knew how to grow old. When he walked these streets his very tenderness showed him to be the good old gentleman of the good old school, and told that within his heart was the religion of Jesus Christ. His thoughts were broad and liberal. I shall carry down to life's last moment of memory his farewell grasp. I say here, farewell, old friend, I hope to grasp your gentle hand on the other side."

"Elder David Walk spoke briefly, calling to mind that Elder Hoshour, thirty years ago, preached the first sermon preached in the Central Christian Church. His last was preached on the first day of last August, when sitting in his chair. All who then heard him thought never to hear him again. Mr. Walk spoke of a recent visit paid to the sick man, who, when asked if he knew that his end was near, answered 'Yes,' in a clear voice, 'and no terror the prospect begets. I am not mortality's slave.' And later, when unable to speak, and sightless, when asked, 'Is it all brightness and peace with you, this morning?' he nodded his head three or four times.

"Prof. Ryland T. Brown spoke of him as a minister and a pulpit teacher. Prof. Brown said it was his

privilege to be a fellow-laborer with him for nearly half a century. He was not a preacher in the sense of a pulpit orator. He never aspired to be an orator, and, indeed, disdained all oratorical tricks. He was a pulpit teacher, and adapted himself to be that as but few men have. He was a teacher everywhere and at all times. One could not meet him and talk five minutes with him without being taught. It is no disparagement to him to say that he was not a genius. He was a student, and a most successful one, retaining all he had acquired — and a bounteous store of knowledge it was — until the last. He broke down physically, but the knowledge he had acquired was always at his tongue's end, and he never failed to use it effectively. He has reared a monument to his memory in thousands of minds and thousands of hearts that will be more enduring than brass or marble.

“Prof. A. R. Benton spoke of him as an educator and scholar. He said that Elder Hoshour touched society at a great many points. No man has touched society more effectually, more usefully. He left his impress upon the youth of our State as no other man has. He came to the State at an opportune time, when everything was in a formative state. I have been thinking of the persons upon whom he left this impress. Many of them are here to-day. He laid his hand of wisdom and intellectual strength, purity and integrity, sweetly but powerfully on young men. It is no small blessing for a State to have a single man of that character. I learned from his own lips that he

had in his youth little opportunity for education. It was when a young man that the fascination of learning came upon him, and he entered upon the pursuit of knowledge with an ardor that was indomitable. He was a man of the amplest intellectual resources, gathering knowledge from every point. No man ever stood as a stronger defender of our public school system, or had a deeper or more abiding sympathy for that work. He impressed the sweetness, the power of a rich spiritual nature upon young men and young women in a very remarkable degree. He stands to-day in our thought and memory as a force in the community for great qualities, all that is good in our citizenship, in our social, political and religious life.

“From the church the remains were taken to Crown Hill Cemetery, where the concluding services were held. The deceased was a member of the Tippecanoe Club, and that organization attended the funeral in a body.”

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