# The Life

Of

PROF. F. T. KEMPER, A.M.,

The Christian Educator

By

J. A. QUARLES, D. D.

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## INTRODUCTORY

"Who reigns within himself, and, rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than king."-MILTON.

THERE are several classes of great men. There are some whose grandeur of spirit never manifests itself, except to the small inner circle of special friends. Another class of the world's elite,

".., the few, the immortal names,

That were not born to die,"

succeed in securing a place upon the scroll of fame, and as poet, painter, sculptor, and historian, photograph their memory for future generations. These are of two widely distinct classes, the intellectually great. and the morally great. It is a curious and sad fact that many if not most of those whom the world has delighted to honor have achieved their distinction by virtue of mental rather than of moral power. Run the eye down the galleries of the temple of fame, and you will find that the towering and conspicuous statues are of those who have extorted the homage of mankind by making the widow sigh and the orphan weep. They "have paved their way with human hearts." They have changed the map of nations by new boundaries, traced with the red lines of human blood. They have changed the current of the world's history by choking its channel with the bodies of their victims.

"... On history's fruitless page,

Ten thousand conquerors for a single sage."

Of a few, happily, this is not true. One of the greatest of uninspired men is here the most illustrious example. He was merely a student and a teacher. He never wore a warrior's helmet nor drew a soldier's sword, and yet his influence over human thought in western civilization, for nearly twenty centuries, was well-nigh supreme. Today, though no "storied urn nor animated bust" may exist to perpetuate his memory, yet in the text-books and the languages of Christian civilization, and in the thinking of the world's sages, he possesses a "monumentum are perennius," and the college senior as well as the learned philosopher unite with the schoolman of the Middle Ages in calling Aristotle "The Master" in the realm of human thinking, even as Dante saw him, in the world of departed spirits, "seated amid the philosophic train," "maestro di color the sanno."

But they are the world's true heroes who are so written in the heraldry of heaven. The man who brings his selfishness, his genius, his life, and lays it all upon the altar of service to his fellows, shows a spirit likest unto His who went about continually doing good, who came not to be

ministered unto, but to minister and give His life a ransom for many. The spirit of Christ is the spirit of self-renunciation for the sake of others.

It is not meant that every one who does a kind act is entitled to be called great. Eminence is essential to greatness. A great conqueror must show skill beyond that of the average of soldiers. The great thinker must display an intellectual vigor which elevates him above his compeers. So the man whom the highest of all claims is made, that of made, that of moral grandeur, must be one who has distinguished himself by a spirit of generosity and by deeds of benefaction. Every rivulet is not a river, nor any pond a sea. If we call every hill a mountain, what name shall we give to the peaks that pierce the clouds and crown themselves with the eternal snows?

But there are grades as well as kinds of greatness. A hill may not be a mountain, and yet it is not a part of the valley or the plain. Within the limits of a district more or less wide, to his own generation and in his own profession, a man may be eminently useful, far above his contemporaries and associates, and yet he may not attain unto the first or even the second rank of the heroes of the race. A great mind, or a warm heart, or a strong will, used for a grand purpose, makes a great life.

It is such a life that we are now to consider. A life rooted in the soil of true humility, but lifting its trunk and magnificent branches above the surrounding forest - a banyan in its wide-spreading influence, a cedar in its evergreen freshness, an oak in its majestic strength, an apple in its generous fruitfulness, a tree of knowledge from whose laden boughs hundreds of eager souls have eaten and been made wise. FREDERICK THOMAS KEMPER was a man among men. endowed in intellect, in feeling, and in will, he devoted his life, with all its wealth of resource and with a heroic singleness of purpose, to the work of raising his fellow-men from ignorance and vice to intelligence and virtue. Forty years he spent in the school-room. Forty years labor, patient, persevering, self-sacrificing, intelligent, efficient, successful. A teacher, a professional teacher more than that, an educator; a worker upon and within the human mind; the developer of thought; the purifier and elevator of affection and desire; the trainer of habit; the fashioner of character; the maker of men. The giddy, greedy, ambitious world did not know him. No listening senates nor applauding multitudes ever recognized his merits. No roll of musketry nor roar of cannon sounded their coarse praises as he was laid to rest. But to hundreds and thousands who did know him well, he was the simplest, truest, noblest soul ever met in these days of sham and mediocrity, these days of energy and intelligence. As we shall review his life and study his character, we shall be taken to Mount Olympus, and there see him a veritable Jupiter Tonans, wielding the sceptre of conscious power, and reducing to unquestioning obedience every soul around him. But we shall also be led up

the height of Calvary, and there behold him as "the disciple whom Jesus loved," as the gentle, generous spirit to whom a dying Saviour would have intrusted his weeping, desolate mother.

This volume is a biography. It is, however, not so much a record of events of a startling or even an impressive nature, as it is an attempted portraiture of a strong and noble character. In the life of the most earnest and successful teacher there is little to gratify an idle curiosity or to enlist the interest of the reader of romance. Those for whom it is specially written will be most gratified where the daughtsman shows the least of his art and the most of his subject. His fellow-workmen will appreciate in it in proportion as they shall find in it a true and living description of their foreman.

In one sense it is a volume of memoirs, in another it is not. While it contains some personal recollections of his friends, these do not form a prominent feature of the work. It is, however, a piece of mosaic. Most of the beautiful squares were furnished by the master himself. Indeed, it is largely an autobiography, and the purpose has been to make it as much so as possible. Let him be seen as he was, and as he revealed himself in his own acts and words. He kept a journal from his earliest manhood; not of his acts (for there is very little of his outer life in the records), but of his thoughts, feelings, purposes, plans for his inner life.

The work, as has been already suggested, is a bouquet, its richest beauties cut by the great teacher himself. But other flowers have also been contributed. Of these, some of the chief are from his sister, Mrs. Sarah M. Bocock, whose graceful pen and tender, touching thoughts will be recognized in the earlier portions of the life. His cousin, Mrs. Louisa A. Kemper, of Cincinnati, has also furnished a very interesting sketch of the family history. But, except himself, the work is chiefly indebted to the woman who for nearly twenty-seven years had the honor to he his cherished and respected wife. There is no one, perhaps, "with soul so dead" that he can read unmoved her simple recital of his with an undimmed eye can turn the pages which tell of the seven little graves that were made before their father was laid beside them.

To the reputed author of the volume has belonged the humbler service of furnishing the tie which binds these flowers together. It is hoped that the band, which is not of silk, will not be seen; or, if seen, will not be noticed. It need not be said that the honor was by him unsought. "It is no easy thing to write for the public eye an account of a deeply venerated friend whom death has newly taken. It is a task on which one might well shrink from entering, save at the wish of those whose desire in such a matter carries the force of a command. He who makes the attempt can scarcely avoid two opposite perils. Strangers will be apt to think his admiration excessive. Friends more intimate than himself, on the other band, will find a disappointing incompleteness in any estimate

formed by one less close than they, - one who, seeing only what his own nature allowed him to see, must needs leave so much unseen, untold. Between these the only tenable course is one conflicting dangers of absolute candor. To fail in candor, indeed, would be to fail in respect. Obedience is the courtesy due to kings, and to the sovereigns of the world of mind, the courtesy due is truth."

It was only at the call of Mrs. Kemper, supplemented by the urgency of several common friends, that the work was undertaken. It has been a labor of love; nay, more, of reverential gratitude. The writer was put under Mr. Kemper's care in the year 1845, and continued with him until the summer of 1854. No other pupil was so long under his tuition. Since his manhood he has felt more and more that in this he enjoyed an inestimable privilege. Moreover, contrary to every expectation of his early life, he has been led, in the providence of God, to the teacher's profession. This has given him a sympathy with his old master and an appreciation of his character, which he could not otherwise have enjoyed. No one who is not himself a Christian is in a position rightly to estimate the character which is now to be reviewed; for, as will be most clearly seen, the foundation of that character was a reverent trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners.

The author has accepted the trust with a reverent purpose to discharge it to the best of his ability, and to inscribe upon the effort, as the chief end to be sought, the sentiment, so realized by Mr. Kemper, and by him often written in his journals.

# CHAPTER I

#### THE FAMILY HISTORY

"It is indeed a blessing when the virtues Of noble races are hereditary, And do derive themselves from the imitation Of virtuous ancestors." Nabb.

In this land of democratic ideas we find several evil tendencies, so far as family pride is concerned. Of these, the worst, undoubtedly, is the disposition to pay court to wealth. Money is not a thing to be despised in itself. Indeed it is a good and necessary thing. Moreover, when it is associated with generosity and intelligence it deserves to be honored. Still more, when it is the symbol and proof of frugal, persevering wisely directed, and honest industry, in those who have amassed and hold it, it becomes the index of mental and moral qualities which challenge our esteem. But surely in civilized lands there can no more abject idolatry than that which fawns upon and flatters the rich merely because they have money. Nevertheless there are thousands that do it. The wealth may have been gotten by trickery, or by open dishonesty, or by grinding the faces of the poor; it may be associated with ignorance, boorishness, and depravity, and yet "the cloth of gold," as Hare says, "hides all these blemishes," and the wicked, ignorant millionaire is looked up to as a demigod, his wife is courted in society, and his children are flattered as paragons.

But men who may not bow at the gilded shrine of mammon may become excessively democratic in disparaging the nobility of birth. But heredity is a law, both in the natural and the moral worlds. God wrote it, with his own finger, on the stony tablet, when he declared that the iniquity of the father should be visited upon the children of the third and fourth generations, and that his mercy should be shown to thousands of pious generations. It is a law which is seen written in the flesh and bones, in the habits and character, to a more or less marked degree, of every family in every community. Like every other law, it is subject to modifications, from the cooperation or opposition of other laws; so that the exceptions are but the operation of the composition of forces. It is a great thing to belong to a good family. It is a blessing to come of a healthy stock; so that the soul has a good house in which to live, and good tools with which to work. It is a greater blessing to come of an intelligent stock, to inherit a mind capable of conceiving and of executing great and noble

plans in life. It is perhaps a greater blessing to come of a gentle, cultured stock; to be cradled and trained in the nursery of refinement and social elegance. It is the greatest blessing of all to come of a pious stock; not from a family of Pharisees, but from oe whose various branches can say, "The Lord has been our dwelling-place in all generations;" and of whom others may say, "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people."

They whose family has no claim to consideration beyond its wealth vulgarly magnify the value of riches. They whose family record is either negative or positively besmirched, upon whose escutcheon the bar sinister is a conspicuous feature, naturally undervalue all family pretensions. They whose ancestral ford is chiefly negative, but also contains some bright and it may be brilliant pages, and yet themselves are at best but negative, are prone to overvalue the blood which infinitesimally they inherit; while the genuine "blue blood" of a truly noble ancestry, as it now courses through the veins of the undegenerate sons of worthy sires, is but a stimulus to emulate the virtues which have served to make their ancestral name honored or illustrious.

As will be seen from the family traditions now to be given, the Kempers were immigrants to this country from Germany, and were of a generous stock. It is believed, however, at least by some of family, that they were originally Danes. Mrs. Louisa A. Kemper, the accomplished wife of Andrew C. Kemper, M.D., of Cincinnati, furnishes, in a letter to the wife of the subject of this volume, the following interesting statement of the ancestral history: -

"I have 'dug and delved' until I have pieced out the records so satisfactorily that, as far as they go, they may be relied on as authentic. I doubt not Missourians will be glad to know that Frederick T. Kemper and Bishop Jackson Kemper were of the same lineage, the good bishop being a grandson of John Jacob Kemper, who settled in New York in 1741. His elder brother John had come to Virginia in 1714. John Kemper was the great-great-grandfather of Frederick T. Kemper.

"My own personal correspondence with Bishop Kemper's grandson, Mr. Adams, and with Miss Eliza S. Quincy of Boston, has settled beyond dispute the fact of the brotherhood of John Kemper of Virginia and Jacob Kemper of New York.

"From the fact of three brothers bearing the names of John, John Heinrich, and John Jacob, it is presumable that their father bore the name of John. This John Kemper was a colonel in the army of the Prince Palatine (Frederick I. of Prussia), but after being severely wounded was forced to retire upon a pension. He was made Hereditary Commander of the fortress of Boekrack on the Rhine, in his native province of Nassau.

"Kemper is a Dutch name, signifying a champion, a soldier, a defender, a striver for. [It is probably the German Kaempfer, which has the same meaning. There is a German name Kaempfer,

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seen in the author of the "History of Japan and Description of Siam." Q.] These Kempers were Palatines by birth and education, and seem to have zealously espoused the cause of the German Calvinistic Church. They became restive under the restraints of 'Church and State,' and two of them set out for Holland, where there was greater religious freedom. Shortly after reaching Amsterdam, John Kemper, the oldest brother, joined a colony about to set out for Virginia. The names of the twelve men composing the colony were John Kemper, John Fishback and his brother Holtzclaw, Utterback, Hoffman, Weaver, Martin, Coons, Wayman, Handback, and Hitt.

"This colony settled by Governor Spotswood on his place in Orange County, and known as 'Germanna.' But these sturdy Palatines were not content to stay with so hard a taskmaster as the governor; and so, about 1717, John Kemper, the Fishbacks, and some others decided to push northward into the woods of Lord Fairfax. This new settlement, and is now to be found a few miles south-east of Warrenton.

"John Kemper married Alsey (Alice) Utterback; John Fishback married Agnes Hager, 'daughter of Parson Hager.' \_ John Kemper and his wife Alsey had nine children - John Peter, Catherine, John, John Herman, Mary, John Jacob, Dorothy, John Henry and Elisabeth.

"John Peter Kemper married Elisabeth, daughter of John Fishback and his wife, Agnes Hager, Dec. 7, 1738. They opened up the tract of land, given by known to us as 'Cedar Grove.' Here were born to them ten children - John, Peter, Sarah, Frederick, Judith, James, Charles, Elisabeth, Agnes, and Ailsie.

Frederick, the fourth child, was born June 20, 1748. The house in which he was born is still standing over the door was the Bible verse, 'Believe the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shaft be saved, thine house,' carved by a knife in a board, in German. I saw it when at Cedar Grove in 1875, and I will send you a photograph of it, if you would like to have one. Frederick married Mary Jeffries, and they had five children - William, Agnes, Sarah, Susannah, and Lucy. He died Nov. 20, 1783, aged 35 years and five months. He was thrown from a horse and killed, or he died from the effects of it. He lived at 'Pig Mountain,' Fauquier County, I suppose, from references in grandfather's diary. For many years the entry is made, 'Rode to Pig Mt., and saw sister Molly, all well.' 'Spent the night at a settlement with sister Molly.'

"I suppose you know William Kemper (the father of Frederick T.) came to Cincinnati nearly eighty years ago, to study under his uncle James. There seems to have been a very strong attachment between them, a proof of which William Kemper gave in naming a son (the Governor) for his uncle. Governor Kemper told me that he was grandfather's namesake.

"I have run out an outline for you, showing your husband's 'line of descent' unbroken. There is much else in my books and 'in my head 'which I will fully give if it is wanted.

"That in Germany the Kempers were somewhat better than the ordinary line of emigrants is proved by some of John Kemper's possessions. The family Bible and books were extant and perfect when last seen (1834) by living witnesses. I made a fruitless journey into Garrard County, Ky., three years since, to find and see the Bible, which is described as a huge brass-bound book, weighing fifty-three pounds. At Cedar Grove is a gun, sent from Germany to John Peter Kemper, that proves, by its workmanship and elegance, to have been too costly a present for a peasant.

"The Germantown people talked and worshiped in 'a German dialect,' up to the time of the war of independence, when they became merged in their surroundings.

"The Kemper likeness is something quite wonderful, cropping out as it does in the most unexpected way. Governor Kemper and my husband are wonderfully alike. The pictures of Bishop Kemper's little children are very much like my own. The children of Dr. Kemper, of Muncie, Ind., descended from John Herman and John Henry Kemper, are strikingly like my own. Here in Cincinnati the prevailing 'ear-mark' is the brown eye, known as the Kemper eyes.

Mrs. Sarah M. Bocock writes: "The two ancestors of the Kemper family of this country came over from Germany about the year 1700. They were said to been Danes originally, and to have gone over Germany from Denmark during some political troubles. Two of them came to this country and settled, one in New York and the other in Virginia. The descendants for a great while were principally an cultural and also a godly people."

From these statements it will be seen that the Kempers were Germans, that their earliest known ancestor was Colonel John Kemper, of the Prussian army; and that the genealogy of Professor Kemper in male line runs: Colonel John Kemper, the father of John Kemper, the immigrant to Virginia (wife, Alsey Utterback); the father of John Peter Kemper (wife, Elizabeth Fishback); the father of Frederick Kemper [wife, Mary Jeffries); the father of William Kemper (wife, Maria E. Allison); the father of Professor Frederick Thomas Kemper.

Of the Kempers of this country there are at least four besides the subject of this volume, who have been distinguished men: The Right Rev. Jackson Kemper, D. D., LL.D., bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who first presided over Indiana and Missouri, and subsequently over Iowa and Wisconsin. He was of the New York family.

Colonel Reuben Kemper, born in Fauquier County, Va., the son of a Baptist preacher. He settled in Mississippi, and became one of the most noted characters of that south-west country during the first quarter of this century. He was the determined foe of the Spaniard, the leader of

several expeditions against them in Florida and at Mobile, the commander of the Americans who went to help the Mexicans throw off the Spanish yoke, and the trusted assistant of General Jackson in important and perilous duties connected with the defense of New Orleans. He was undoubtedly a strong character and a man of unusual courage. Kemper County, Mississippi, was named in his honor.

The Rev. James Kemper, Presbyterian Bishop of Cincinnati, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, was perhaps as remarkable a man as either of the preceding. He was born in Fauquier County, Va., Nov. 23, 1753; was the son of John Peter Kemper and Elisabeth Fishback; and it is over the door of his father's house that the Scripture verse, already alluded to, is to be found engraved. When he was thirty-four years of age he was licensed, by the Presbytery of Transylvania, as a catechist, on the condition "that he would not, by virtue of this appointment, attempt to explain the sacred Scriptures, preach the gospel, or dispense the sealing ordinances thereof." He was licensed to preach, by the same presbytery, when he was thirty-six years of age, and was ordained to the full work of the ministry at Cincinnati, Oct. 23, 1792. Of him the Rev. J. G. Montfort, D.D., says: "Perhaps no man in the valley of the Mississippi has been a first pioneer in so many places and departments as James Kemper. He was the first catechist ever appointed west of the Alleghenies and south of Virginia; the first student of theology; the first licentiate of the first presbytery; the first supply on the north side of the Ohio, in answer to the first request for preaching. He preached the first sermon "in Ohio that was preached by a representative of the Presbyterian Church. He was the first minister ordained on the north side of the Ohio. He preached the first sermon at the first meeting of the first presbytery that met in Ohio, it being his own ordination sermon. He received the first call, and was installed the first pastor on the north side of Moreover, he preached the first sermon at the first meeting 'of the Presbytery of Cincinnati, and of the Synod of Cincinnati, in 1829. He was elected the first Moderator of the Presbytery of Cincinnati, and also of the Synod of Cincinnati." He settled Walnut Hills at Cincinnati, and was largely instrumental in founding Tulane Theological Seminary.

The last of the four is Governor James L. Kemper, youngest brother of our Professor Kemper, still living in his native county in Virginia. He was a General in the army of the Confederate States, and was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburg, where he greatly distinguished himself. He was chosen Governor of Virginia in the fall of 1877, and served his State to the satisfaction of the people.

From this survey it is manifest that the Kempers are a family of positive characteristics, among which the most marked have been intelligence, courage, enterprise, and piety.

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Of our Professor Kemper's family history, on his mother's side, we have no extensive information. There is, however, one character among the maternal ancestors so remarkable that every reader will thank Mrs. Bocock for the sketch of her which she has furnished for our perusal. It is the maternal grandmother, Mrs. Mary D. Allison. Mrs. Bocock says:

"Mrs. Allison's maiden name was Dorothea Stadler. She was the only child of Colonel John Jasper Stadler. He was a trusted friend of General Washington, and the engineer to whom was entrusted the planning of the fortifications of three States - Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. His child thought that she had never known so perfect a character as her father, and long after his death would amuse her children and grandchildren by telling them how she knelt and kissed the prints of his horse's feet as he rode off to headquarters, after a visit to her and her mother in their Stafford home.

"Her early life was one of singular happiness in her own home, and she and her mother enjoyed together the society that gathered about the old town of Fredericksburg in that day. She married Mr. Thomas Lawson Allison, a man of many attractions, but too fond of wine and sport. Both of her parents died soon after her marriage, and in a few years her husband died, leaving her many debts and five young children. Her father had received from the Government for his services a grant of a large body of land in what is now Kentucky, and on a part of which Lexington stands. While surveying the land they were surprised by the Indians and some of the party killed. Before it was safe to return, Colonel Stadler died. His only child being a daughter, and she in what seemed to be prosperous circumstances, but little effort was made to secure her Kentucky land. Thus before arriving at middle life she found herself a widow, in totally changed circumstances pecuniarily, and poorly fitted to battle with adversity.

"In order to meet her husband's debts she sold her home and the greater part of her servants, and moved to a cottage on a small farm about ten miles above Fredericksburg, where she tried to adapt herself to her new conditions. Here she sought and found Him who is, as He promised to be, the Husband of the widow and the Father of the fatherless.

"Many were the anecdotes told of her faith and its rewards. So powerfully were her neighbors impressed by her life that some of them were in the habit of recording her strange experiences. From these I send you two.

"After she had become somewhat tranquil in her new life, a debt of considerable amount, of which she knew nothing, was brought against her. She felt almost powerless to meet it. Nevertheless she sold her gig and horse and whatever else was not necessary for her comfort, and still quite a little sum was needed to make up the amount. Her habit now was commit all her ways

to the Lord, who, she seemed to realize was indeed her 'Father in heaven,' and thus enabled, in an unusual degree, to 'wait upon Him'

"One night she dreamed that a letter was handed her, which on opening contained a, bill or draft of just the amount needed to finish paying her debt. It was from Mrs. Race, then living in Genesee, N. Y., who had been her intimate friend in prosperity, but from whom she had not heard for a long time. Very soon after a neighbor, Colonel Briggs, rode by to tell her that he was going to town that day, and would attend to any command from her. She sent for some little purchases, and asked him to inquire at the postoffice, as she was expecting an important letter.

"The next morning a servant came, bringing the package, but no letter. Later in the day Colonel B. rode over and said, 'Well, Mrs. Allison, I suppose you received your package and letter?' She told him of her disappointment, and he assured her that he had not only got a letter, but had noticed that it was from Genesee, N. Y.; and as it had been a long while since they had heard from their friend there, that was one reason why he had come over that day. He at once rode back, made the servant. show him just which way he had walked, and found the letter. It was from their mutual friend, and contained the sum needed to finish paying her debt. Mrs. Race, feeling anxious to hear from her old friend, and knowing of her reverses, had written this letter of inquiry, asking her to accept the inclosure as, a memento of their early friendship.

"At another time she was very anxious to attend a meeting of presbytery, which was to be held in Fredericksburg. Having no suitable conveyance now, she 'made her request known unto God,' as she believed she had a right to do. She became satisfied that she would go, and made all needed preparations. On the day on which presbytery was to meet she dressed herself ready to start, put up such clothing as she thought would be needed while there, and *laid out her bonnet* ready to put on . When her family and servants spoke to her about it, she told .them that God knew her desire to mingle with his people in worship, in his sanctuary on that occasion, that she believed he would grant her request.

"Toward the middle of the day a friend, Mr. Grinman who lived in Madison County, forty miles away, drove up in a gig. He sent a servant in to say that if she could get ready in a short time he would be very happy to have her company to town, but was sorry that he could not wait long, as he had a note to meet in bank that day. She put on her bonnet, sent her little baggage by the servant, bade a loving adieu to her family and was on her way to presbytery in a few minutes.

"She never doubted the direct providence of God in these and many other incidents in her life. The light of her faith shone round about her to her dying day, and remained as a beacon to guide

and animate surviving friends for generations afterward. The distinct and clearness of her faith was what impressed all who came in contact with her.

"Her servants confided in her and loved her, and was worshiped by them as their God and Guide also. Though but a little child when she died, I remember with what awe I listened to her voice at her family evening prayers, and how she would conclude the services by calling on 'Uncle Jack' (an aged Christian slave) to pray. I recall as yesterday the tearful, earnest manner in which he would beg for blessings for every member of the family.

"The two aged Christians, mistress and slave, have long since been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. In heaven they have loved their Saviour and each other none the less for the relation which providentially existed between them here, and which both so beautifully adorned. Doubtless their prayers have stood as a memorial before God through succeeding generations; and it may be seen yet, in the unfoldings of eternity, that the great grace given the subject of your memoir was partly in answer to those very prayers. Certain it is, he always cherished the most loving and tender memories of his grandmother, whose love for him, as her oldest grandson, he valued as a rich inheritance.

"Uncle Jack' lived a good while after his old mistress's death. I well remember his pleading prayers, after her death, when I was older and could be more attentive. It was in Stafford County, forty miles from our home. Our mother was in the habit of going there in our childhood. She, too, enjoyed Uncle Jack's prayers."

From these two recitals it is clear that good blood, both from the father's and the mother's side, mingled in the veins of Frederick T. Kemper, and, as we shall see, showed itself in his character. His masculine virtues seem to have come from the paternal line, while the softer graces of his nature were an inheritance from his mother's ancestry. With regard to both, we are reminded of the Psalmist's words, "God is in the generation of the righteous."

# CHAPTER II

#### HOME AND EARLY LIFE

"I love that dear old home! My mother lived there
Her first sweet marriage years, and last and widowed ones.
The sunlight there seems to me brighter far
Than wheresoever else. I know the forms
Of every tree and mountain, hill and dell;
Its waters gurgle like a tongue I know
It is my home." Mrs. Frances Butler

The father of our Professor Kemper, as we have already learned, was William Kemper, who in his earlier life was a merchant at Madison Court-House, Virginia. There are probably many readers who are at mystified by the term "Madison Courthouse." They will be relieved by the statement that quite common, in the settlement and organization of Virginia, to call the county capital or seat of the Court-House. Thus we have Appomattox Court-House, rendered famous by the interview between Generals Lee and Grant. Madison Court-House was the village in Madison County where the courts were held.

Mr. William Kemper was a successful merchant, but tiring of the business, he invested his means in lands not far from the Court-House. He was a man of strong and sterling traits of character. There lie before me some half a dozen letters written by him to his sons. The earliest are dated 1832. In those days there were no envelopes for letters. Many of us forget how, in these little things, times have improved since our childhood. People comparatively young can remember when mucilage and blotting-paper were unknown, and we thought the old red wafer and the sand-box great conveniences. It was a part of the regular instruction, given by Professor Kemper on the art of letter-writing, to show us how to fold a sheet of old-fashioned letter-paper so that it would be smooth and the direction could be written on the last page. Those, too, were the days when there were no star routes nor expedited mails, and yet every letter cost its writer or reader twelve and a half cents postage if a single sheet, and double that amount if two. In one of the epistles of William Kemper, to which we have alluded, reference is made to a letter on which the postage was seventy-five cents, and the old gentleman very gravely doubts whether its contents were worth the money.

As another illustration of the progress of this country, we read in one of his letters, written in the year 1836, the following about Chicago and Illinois: "You will sometimes see the women wading through the mud up to their ankles, barefooted and barelegged. When you go into their houses, instead of a broom you will see a shovel or a spade to clean out the mud. Then read the description of Chicago, Illinois, in the *Observer*, and you will see how easy it is for people who are interested to paint things in high colors. But the richness of that soil will sustain such a dense population that, I have no doubt, the time is not far distant when they will sway the destiny of these United States." In less than fifty years that son lived see Chicago a city of more than half a million of inhabitants and the grain emporium of the world.

One marked trait in the father's character, as revealed in these letters, was a disposition to look on the dark side of any question which greatly concerned him. It sometimes shows itself in a way that is almost amusing.

These letters further evince that he was a man of strong native intelligence. There is a robustness and vigor about his thoughts and modes of expression which make you cease to wonder that the unlettered merchant and farmer should have been the father of a Governor of Virginia, of one of the most distinguished teachers of the country, and of a daughter who is worthy of being named in company with her illustrious brothers.

He was a man of a high sense of commercial honor. It is unnecessary to give the details, but one of his letters clearly reveals this, in the advice given to one of his sons, but a boy, who might be influenced, he was afraid, by the questionable advice of another.

More than all this, he was, without doubt; a man of sterling though modest piety. He was an elder in the church for many years; and there is hardly one of these letters which does not show that with him religion was "the one thing needful." A few brief extracts will here be interesting. He writes; "I have one request to make of you, and that is, to make a business of writing to your younger sisters and brothers, separately and by name. I am the more anxious for this because I think you can make a more powerful appeal to their tender consciences, and a deeper and more lasting impression on the subject of religion, in this than in any other way, and think that you can be the means of doing them more good than if you were present." Again: "It would be vain, in such an ignoramus as myself, to say a word on the subject of religion to one who has now been about four years under, I hope, the best and the brightest; but I will say that I think all knowledge is worth but little without religion. Therefore, read your Bible, and pin your faith to no man's sleeve." Once more: "I know that education is an all-important thing, and I have felt the want of it all my life. But the most of the literary men are poor; and when I read in your paper last year about the German

literature, I had almost concluded that it had made them fools. I have no doubt but many a poor illiterate Christian, who never read anything but his Bible, is happier and will shine much brighter in heaven than they will, with all their mistaken theology."

Frederick T. Kemper was also the son of Maria E. Allison, whose remarkable mother has already interested us. The cases are certainly rare in which great men have, not been the offspring of mothers of more than ordinary character. How far the physical law of heredity will account for this it is perhaps impossible to say. There are moral reasons for it, however, which it is not difficult to see. As the whole shape and durability of a horse depend on the foundation, so the superstructure of the matured life is generally determined by the early influences which form the basis of the character. These early influences are mainly furnished by the mother, during those impressible years when her plastic power moulds the habits and fashions the principles which are the foundation of the after-life, and make or mar the man.

Mrs. William Kemper was such a woman, not endowed with masculine or heroic virtues, but gifted with powers which are none the less potent though more gentle in their operation. She was naturally a poet, fond of music and of flowers. Who can measure the moral might of a mother's lullaby, as, with words which breathe the sentiments of heaven and a voice whose melody is that of the angels, she sings her son to sleep night after night for half a score of years? His pupils, at least of the earlier days, often heard him sing Kirke White's "Star of Bethlehem." He learned that song from his mother's lips as she rocked him to rest, a little boy on the mountains of Virginia.

Mrs. Bocock writes: "Do you remember a story brother Frederick used to tell the boys sometimes, in talking to them about the love of a mother their duty to her? When a boy he had spoken rather petulantly to his mother one day, when she made some request of him. He went off to his duties, but his conscience hurt him so he could not rest. He went to her chamber to ask her forgiveness. She was not there. He looked all around, but could find her. Then he sat down and wrote her a loving note, asking her pardon for his manner to her that morning. He gave it to a servant, telling her to hunt for her mistress until she found her. After a while the servant returned, bringing him a large, beautiful rose! She had been found among her flowers, and, true to the delicate promptings of her nature, she sent this beautiful rose, without a word, knowing that his instincts would enable him to understand the meaning it conveyed." Can literature furnish a more exquisite incident than this? Did we not say truly that she was a born poet?

She was also a woman of decided piety. Her love of truth and conscientious fear of deviating from it were such as often created a smile among her friends. To say that Mrs. Kemper made a statement was understood to mean that no further testimony could be needed. What higher element

can a character have? No one without it can be rich; none with it can be poor. The Rev. Daniel B. Ewing, D.D., writes in her obituary: "The spiritual welfare of her household was the most prominent object of her life. It was her habit, when her children were young, to retire daily with them, and, kneeling before her God, to commend them with tears to his fatherly care. Who can tell how much of that grace, which has shone in children and in children's children, is due to her prayers and influences?"

Well might each of her sons and daughters say

"She led me first to God;
Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew,
For when she used to leave
The fireside every eve,
I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew.
How often has the thought
Of my mourned mother brought
Peace to my troubled spirit, and new power
The tempter to repel!
Mother, thou knowest well
That thou hast blessed me since my natal hour."

We shall be interested in the following family notes furnished by the facile pen of Mrs. Bocock: "Brother Frederick thought that there were but few homes, even in old Virginia, which combined so many elements of beauty as that of his boyhood. It is still in the family. An old-fashioned brick house, in the midst of shade trees and shrubbery, on an eminence that commands a view in front of over fifty miles of the Blue Ridge mountains, with a wide expanse of hill, valley, and running streams between. To the rear is the Thoroughfare Mountain, a part of the family estate, and between the old-fashioned 'falling-garden' and that little mountain is the Family Graveyard.

"Here his taste for the beautiful was cultivated, not only by the surrounding scenery, but under the Influences of a gentle, refined Christian mother, whose memory he ever loved to keep, green. She lived to be eighty-five years of age, and her love for the young, for music and flowers, for kind and charitable deeds, never abated. Even to old age she was rarely seen without some little flower or sprig of green upon her bosom. She drew and painted quaint pinks and roses until after

she was eighty years old. This is a true, though faint, picture of his mother. His pupils will recall, in his talks to, them, many an allusion, made with softened tone, to 'My mother in old Virginia.'

"Here too, no doubt, in the overflowing hospitality his father's house, he imbibed that genial habit which was so conspicuous in his social life.

"It is probable also that his ideas of independence on his own farm were acquired from the patriarchal example of his father, who (and this was not unusual in the South in those days) kept his own mill and shops - shoemakers', blacksmiths', and carpenters' - in full, operation for the benefit of his own family and slaves.

"His father never wanted office of any kind, or he could have had any within the gift of his county. One thing is well remembered: he ardently desired to see some suitable system adopted for the gradual emancipation of the slaves of the South. He never thought the relation in itself was wrong, however, and was himself a most humane master.

"The subject of this, volume inherited much of his sterling love of right from his father, who was left fatherless when a child, and lovingly cared for his widowed mother and for his sisters all through his long life. His son Frederick felt the value of 'a good name' as an inheritance, when once, while a student at Marion College, Missouri, he needed a sum of money promptly, and went to an old Virginia settler to borrow it, offering good security. The old man replied, 'If you are a worthy son of your father, I need no security; and if he has an unworthy son, I shall not expose him.'

"The population of Madison County was always a quiet, moral one. No railroad has penetrated the county to this day.

"There were eight children in the family - four sons and four daughters. Mrs. Mary Freeman, the oldest child, died recently at her home in Georgia, a consistent Christian. Mrs. Susan Matthews and Mrs. Maria Botts lived honored Christian lives in Culpeper County, Va., and died some years ago. William, the second son and third child, went with his older brother Frederick to Missouri, graduated at Marion College, then took charge of a classical school at Raymond, Mississippi, and died there of fever in less than a year. His character was a singularly pure and attractive one, much inclined to innocent merriment, and a joyous, earnest Christian. His death was the first great sorrow of his mother's life. John, the third brother, is proprietor of the old home, 'Mountain Prospect, ' and is a useful citizen. James L., the youngest brother, is practising law at the county seat of his native county, after having served his country as a brave officer and his State as legislator and governor."

The family list is made complete by the addition of Frederick Thomas, the oldest son, and Mrs. Sarah M. Bocock, the youngest child. Of Mrs. Bocock nothing further, need be said, as she speaks

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for herself most engagingly in this volume. Her husband, however, deserves special mention. He was a brother of the Hon. Thomas Bocock, one of the ablest representatives whom Virginia has sent to the national Congress. He was the Rev. John. H. Bocock, D.D., a distinguished clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, a man of vigorous intellect, a veritable Titan in the pulpit.

At Mountain Prospect, the family residence, in Madison County, Virginia, on the fourteenth day of October, 1816, Frederick Thomas Kemper, the second child and oldest son of William and Maria E. Kemper, began his eventful life on this earth. We have already learned the influences around him in the family circle.

The scenery of his home must also have made a great and lasting impression on him. We who have been born and bred upon the rich and beautiful prairie plains of the interior West can hardly have a conception of the blended beauty and sublimity of the mountains. It has been the writer's privilege not only to cross the Appalachian chain of the East at several different points, but also to stand upon the snow-capped summit of the greater Rocky range of the West. What shall one used to a softly rolling prairie say, as he stands at the foot of a real mountain, whose regal height the pines strive in vain to reach, though they gnarl their roots far up on its rocky sides in the endeavor; whose towering top the hardy grasses, clambering inch by inch, fail to find; whose majestic coronet is of granite, porphyry, agate, opal, and topaz, and upon whose shoulders there ever gracefully rests a mantle of snowy ermine? He can only kneel in rapt adoration, and, as he looks still higher, exclaim, "Behold what beauty hath God wrought!" "As we look up to thee it would seem as if God made thee with His mighty hand to notch His centuries in thy eternal rocks." As we see the flower, the grass, and the tree vainly struggle to gain thy pure and lofty summit, we think of human efforts to reach the mount of perfection, where the soil of earthliness is not known, and where all vapors crystallize into the spotless snow of innocence. As we gaze upon thy pure, unshadowed height, our soul longs to breathe thy heavenly air, and we recall to mind a mount higher far than thine own, yet on whose top the tree of Calvary grows, around which the Rose of Sharon exhales its fragrance, and where the Lily of the Valley raises its head in modest but glorious triumph. It is not strange that mountains should make poets, and freemen, and Christians, and men.

"My mountain home, my mountain home! Though valleys fairer lie,
My spirit pines amid their bloom
It shuts me from the sky.
The mountains holier visions bring
Than e'er in vales arise,

As brightest sunshine bathes the wing That's nearest to the skies."

As to the early education of our Mr. Kemper, we know that it was conducted at a home school on his father's place, until he was sent off to college. His father and Colonel Henry Hill, who had a large family on an adjoining estate, for many years employed teachers for the benefit of their own and their neighbors' families.

Of his earlier teachers we know only two by name. Of one, the pastor of the family at the time, the Rev. A. D. Pollock, D.D., writes: "His own teacher, so far as I know (Alexander I.), was a very ordinary man, a dull man; anything other than a genius in teaching or in anything else. In fact, the man that is a man usually makes himself, or rather comes out from within himself. Frederick did this in an eminent degree."

The other teacher of whom we know was William H. Field, Esq., afterward a successful lawyer for twenty-five years in Louisville, Ky., of whom President Laws, of the Missouri State University, once remarked that he was a man of senatorial dignity and intelligence. But he well illustrates what is up - fortunately a very large class of the teachers of this country. They are men, many of them, of very respectable talents, who teach merely as a stepping-stone to something else. Mr. Field made an eminent lawyer; he might have made an eminent teacher. But it is morally certain that he could and did accomplish but little during the few months which he gave to the school-room.

Mr. Kemper continued to attend the home school until the fall of 1829, when he was, nearly thirteen years old. From a memorandum made by him on the back of one of his early journals, we know that was placed as early as this in the store of Finks Banks, at Madison Court-House, and that he remained in their employ two years. We know that he left Virginia about the first of October, 1831, to go into business as a clerk with Messrs. Lough & McGee, merchants in Market Street, in the city of Baltimore that he remained with them one year, when he returned, on account of the prevalence of cholera, to Madison Court-House, to enter the store of his uncle, Mr. Henry Allison, with whom he continued until January 1834. The next two and a half years, until he was ready to leave home for Marion College, were probably spent in teaching his younger brothers and sisters, the first service which he performed in the profession in which he was destined to become so imminently useful. Mrs. Bocock says that he disliked the business of clerking. It does seem incongruous, with all we know of him, that he should ever have stood behind a counter. Boy as he was, he must have felt like Samson when he was grinding in the prison of the Philistines. That he was a popular and efficient clerk we know both from the testimony of the living and of the dead. We do not doubt this,

for he was a man of conscience, and if he had been a boot-black he would have done his work thoroughly and well.

We come now to one of the most interesting experiences of his life, indeed it is the most important, for it was the turning-point in his history. It was in the Fall of 1832 that he was converted to Christianity and joined the Presbyterian Church at Madison Court-House. He had just completed his sixteenth year. About a year before there had been a very remarkable revival of religion in the church at Fredericksburg, under the ministry of the Rev. S. B. Wilson, D. D. We have before us, in one of Mr. Kemper's letters, the testimony of an eye-witness that there were as many, a as one-hundred and fifty anxious inquirers at one time. This meeting produced a great impression in all the surrounding country. In the fall of 1832 the Rev. A. D. Pollock took charge of the Presbyterian Church at Madison Court-House. Frederick T. Kemper had but lately returned home from Baltimore. Dr. Pollock gives this account in a letter to Mrs. Bocock: "Dr: Post, of Washington City; was holding a sacramental meeting at the Court-House, and thus I commenced my stationed ministry. When the communion board was spread, three persons came forward and were announced as communicants for the first time. One of the three was Frederick, then a clerk in Mr. Allison's store. That was forty-eight and a half years ago. That good and honest old man, your father, was then an elder of the church.

"Mrs. Kemper says: "He was favored with an intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Ann Swift, the mother of Mrs. Henry Allison. She was a woman of rare accomplishments and earnest piety. She was descended from a wealthy and influential French family, by the name of Roberdeau. The association and influence of this cultured woman doubtless had much to do in forming the character and destinies of the young boy. At this time a series of meetings were conducted by the Rev. Septimus Tustin, and Mrs. Swift attended them, taking Frederick with her, who at an early stage of the meeting became interested for his soul's salvation.

"Mrs. Swift was not well at the time, but she was so concerned for her young charge that she would not stop. So the disease of her throat became so serious that medical skill failed, and she died after a few days' illness, testifying to the last hour her perfect trust in her Saviour. Already Frederick had united himself with the people of God, and this sudden death of one he loved and who had guided his footsteps in the path of everlasting life, stamped most deeply his religious character."

Mrs. Bocock gives a different but not an inconsistent statement of the attending circumstances:-

"The churches at Madison Court-House were in such a cold state that people said that religion was dead. The ministers who lived there at last resolved to hold a ministers' prayer-meeting, to pray

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for a revival. The young men were mostly skeptical, under he lead of a young lawyer, who was a pronounced infidel and a cultivated, scholarly man. The general prayer-meeting of the village was a union one, but poorly attended. After a while it was noticed, to the great joy of the ministers, that there was an increase of the congregation, and they appointed nightly services. Soon some of the skeptical young men were seen in the audience. One night (I have heard brother Frederick tell it with tears in his eyes) the room or house was crowded. There was deathlike solemnity. The ministers invited every one who was anxious about his soul's salvation to make it known, that they might be assisted in their inquiries. To the astonishment of everybody in the house, the infidel young lawyer arose and asked to be prayed for. He said that he was utterly wretched. He knew that he had led others astray, and now would earnestly beg all who had been thus influenced by him to ask God for mercy, and to start with him to the heavenly kingdom. This had such an effect that a powerful revival continued for a long time. Almost all the people of the village, and many around, became Christians. That young, lawyer is now the Rev. Horace Stringfellow, who, though now old, is one of the most useful men and ministers of the Episcopal Church. Brothers Frederick and William were brought in at that time. I never heard, however, that either had ever been skeptical."

It is a mighty change in any man's life when he becomes a Christian, whether previously he had been moral or immoral. The Scriptures call it a new birth; a resurrection from the dead, a new creation. These terms are not extravagant, nor meant to be Oriental hyperbole. They express a sober and a pregnant fact. Many, however, Christians and nonbelievers, mistake its nature. It is not such a moral transformation that its subject immediately becomes a perfect character. Thus it might have been, doubtless, if God had so thought it best. So far from this, the converted man is, in one aspect, but little more like an angel than he was before.

Habits and dispositions to form habits are the great facts and factors of human character. Habits are a growth and are necessarily of slow and gradual formation. They are the exhibits of character, and are themselves the outgrowth and he proof of the dispositions that lie back of them and give hem being, complexion, and development. When a man is converted, his dispositions are thoroughly and radically changed, but his habits are not. His moral tendencies are reversed, and in this lies the great fact and interest of his renewal. There is a new creation; but it is a new creation, and must be developed. It is a resurrected life,, but a life that must be lived, and matured in the living of it. It is a new birth, but a birth into spiritual babyhood, that must have its infancy and youth before it reaches a ripened manhood. There is a new disposition, but this disposition is to cast out the old and form and perfect new religious habits. This may be done very slowly, very

gradually; but always as surely as the purposes of God and the efficacy of Christ's atonement and the efficiency of the Spirit's sanctifying power can make it.

It is a great thing then to become a Christian; for it is the starting upon a new road, that leads onward and upward to the higher and the perfect life. It is a great thing to become a Christian, not only for himself, but also for the sake of others. For it is the introduction of a new spiritual force into our ruined world, which, by the power of its moral attraction is to lead others with it on the ascending path of purity and piety. Who can estimate the worth of that change in young Kemper's heart, when he was but sixteen years of age? What a different boy he was, and how different a man shall be forever afterward! How much higher and purer have been, and shall be, the lives of hundreds of hers for the same reason!

He became a Christian when he was a boy. Skepticism may carp at this, and sneer that religion is for boys and women, and yet praise Epicurus for becoming a skeptic at twelve. But these same boys when they become men, yea, giant men, with "wrestling thews that throw the world," still cling to their religion as the dearest treasure of the mind. Our Frederick entered the Master's service in the morning, and continued until the sun went down. The brightest, the strongest, the most useful Christians are the early ones. This is the rule, to which there are but few exceptions. The Bible pledges t hat it shall be so. The law of habit teaches that it must be so. A general observation shows that it is so. The case before us is a brilliant illustration, as we shall see, of this interesting truth.

From the time of his connection with the Church, by a personal profession of religion, the evidence lies before us, in the letters of his pastor ad his friends written nearly fifty years ago, that he was an earnest an decided Christian. Boy as he was, he witnessed a good confession, and left behind him in the Old Dominion, among his neighbors and friends, the name of the humble, steadfast follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Writes Dr. Pollock: "We were sitting alone together, and talking of our personal troubles as Christians, and his soft voice said of himself (I can hear it now), 'I am not worthy to name His name.'"

## CHAPTER III

#### LEAVES HOME FOR MISSOURI

"Ah! you never yet
Were far away from Venice, never saw
Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,
While every furrow of your vessel's track
Seemed ploughing deep into your heart; you never
Saw day go down upon your native spires,
So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,
And after dreaming a disturbed vision
Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not,"
BYRON.

FORTUNATELY for us, Mr. Kemper kept a journal, beginning Tuesday, March 29th, 1836, and continued more or less regularly throughout his life. It is not a record of facts, but-mainly of thoughts, feelings, purposes; of his inner, not of his outer life. It is all the more precious and interesting to us that it is such. While we are surprised and disappointed to find that the allusions which he makes to the most important changes in his history are quite meagre, and that to some of them there is no reference in his journal, yet we can bear this with patient gratitude as we turn page after page, richly freighted with revelations of his real self, the hidden man of the heart.

While these lines were all written with the thought that no curious eye would ever read them, and that they would never be exposed to the garish gaze of public scrutiny, yet they contain nothing unworthy of the man that wrote them, and much that show him to have been a profound philosopher of the mysteries of the human spirit, and at the same time the most humble and unsparing critic and censor of himself.

There is need, of course, of the most judicious care in selecting the extracts to be published. No man would wish his inner life exposed recklessly to the view of the cold, critical, unsympathetic world. There are passages in the lives of us all, which perhaps to our intimate friends are the tenderest and dearest, yet over which, for that very reason, there should be thrown the veil of hallowed privacy.

He is now a youth, something more than nineteen years old. A few pages from his journal, made at this time, will show what kind of a young man he was:

"Tuesday, 29th March 1836. - I have this morning made this book for the purpose of keeping a record of my history, and the manner in which I may spend my time in future. I have for some months past wasted much valuable time. May I be enabled, O Lord, so to number my days as to apply my heart unto wisdom."

"Thursday, 14th April . -Spent greater part of forenoon in writing, or rather in learning to write. Think I have improved some since Monday, when I commenced going to the writing-school, taught at Madison Court-House by Mr. Davis. It is, in my judgment, no small or useless accomplishment to write a fair hand."

"May 4th. - I have, notwithstanding my resolutions, wasted a great deal of my precious time in reading improperly as to manner and matter, vitiating my taste, debasing my intellect, and making myself a smatterer in every kind of knowledge as well as morals. I was thinking of these things this morning, and of amendment. I think I am a being in the universe of God, my Maker. Whether I have talents few or many, I was made for something. What is it? To glorify God and enjoy him forever. To be active, to improve my talents, to be useful. What are the best means to these ends? Study of God's will in his word and providence; prayer, self-communion; obedience universal. Industry from morn to dewy eve. Self-denial, straining up perfection's hill. Order in conduct and distribution of my time. Keeping a strict account of every day's duties and sins, and examining at its close how I have fulfilled obligations, and complied with these known duties.

"I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou halt given me health; that Thou has given me Christ to help my infirmities, and so be my whole Saviour. Help me to follow him daily; yes, today, and tomorrow, and all my days. Melt my heart. Grant me repentance: and faith, and every Christian grace. May I grow every day in Thy likeness. Give a direction to my thoughts that they may always run upon profitable subjects. Keep me humble, and useful and holy, for Christ's sake. Amen and amen.

"I purpose reading fifty pages per day in 'Watts on the Mind,' till I get through that book; and then reading 'Abercombie on the Intellectual Powers.' As much as that, if I do not spend a good deal of time in reading explanations of his technical words. Lord, enlighten and strengthen my mind. May I improve morally and mentally, beyond my expectation, and all to Thy glory and my good. Amen.

"I will try to rise at 4 o'clock throughout the remainder of the spring and during the approaching summer, and to improve all my time, nay, 'redeem' lost 'time.' I will strive to have my Greek grammar well committed to memory by the first of June, and Watts and Abercrombie both

well read, and well understood, and well remembered, and well pondered, and well practised. If this be done it will be but a small month's work, in comparison with the labor of such men as Ashmun.

"I will have also a large portion of the Old Testament (and some of the New) read by the first of June, if I live. Keep me, Jesus, from falling. Keep me low in the dust of humility. Make me vigorous and active."

"May 24th, Tuesday. - Am reading 'Watts on the Mind.' Much pleased with it. To extract its sweets, it must be read as his chapter on reading directs that any book should be read.

"Had many temptations today. I praise and thank God that the sword of the Spirit was victorious in every conflict. I find more pleasure in quenching one of Satan's darts by the shield of faith, than in all sensual enjoyment. Keep me in my place, O Father, in the dust at Thy feet.

"Did tolerably well in Greek grammar. Have accomplished more than in some weeks of irregularity and sensual pursuits."

"June 8th, Wednesday. - I am very sensual; too much so for a Christian or a student."

"Saturday, June 18th. - Rose this morning very late, after breakfast, owing in some measure to being up late last night. Without my morning devotions; which, I am sorry to say, have been much neglected of late. I went to Mr. S.'s shop, where I met with such company, the keeping of which would justly give me the character of a companion of fools. I must confess that I was not benefited by this company. I have been criminal in keeping it. If I do my duty at my various studies, I have but little time to spend in any company. Of course that should be of the best sort possible. Lost a day. Oh, how wicked, how unspeakably wicked! May I awake to a sense of my religious and social obligations. I have been asleep all my life. Take me out of the pit of sloth, O Lord, and grant that I may walk in the pathway of diligence and usefulness.

"I have had a new confirmation of the importance of beginning the day by prayer to God. I can truly say that, to the best of my knowledge, all my days, begun in this way, have been (all other things being equal) much the happiest and most useful days of a my life.

"I have been confirmed in the importance of learning something from every person with whom I meet. In a walk to James City, in a little casual conversation. I learned several things about the growth of wheat. In another casual conversation, learned something about elections, unknown before. I have been impressed with the importance of reading with more attention, and devoting more time to it; with the importance of speaking the truth strictly upon all occasions; the importance of order in conduct. Learned something about the culture of tobacco.

"Observed today, when an individual was reading aloud in my hearing, that those parts which he understood least he read the loudest. 'Empty barrels sound the loudest.'

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"I may be what I have resolved to be, and I may do what others have done, have been confirmed to me today."

These copious extracts, from the first pages of his journal, have been given mainly for the purpose of showing from his own pen, his mental and moral condition at this period, when about twenty, and before he had left his home to come under the influence of strangers. They show him as his character was formed and developed by his family, his church, his neighbors, his home. If his father and mother could look upon this photograph of their son, taken with the lights and shadows of the family fireside, they surely need not and would not blush, except as honest pride might mantle their cheeks.

We have come now to another epoch in his life. He is to leave the old Virginia roof-tree, and, in the far distant West, as it was then, continue and complete his preparation for the duties of his mature manhood. He is to leave Virginia. Reared in the fertile valley of the Mississippi, the writer well remembers the feelings of mingled disappointment and pity which possessed him when he first looked on the red hills, the pine forests, and the sterile fields of his ancestral State. Only a few months since he again visited a county adjoining Madison, and was impressed with the fact that, in many things, the old State seemed a half century behind the progressive West.

All this may be so, and yet he who sneers at Virginia betrays a lamentable ignorance of her history, or a woeful want of appreciation of-the highest merit.

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfumes to pride.
No,-men, high-minded men
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.
These constitute a state."

Tried by this test, the "mother of States and of statesmen", at once comes to the very front. Like the other of the Gracchi, her children are her jewels; and though she be now and for years back arrayed in the weeds of mourning and humiliation, yet she finds herself adorned with a coronet in which there sparkle the brightest gems in our country's history. She gave to our Revolutionary fathers their leader, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of hs fellow-citizens"? Whose pen was it that wrote charter of the nation's liberty, on the fourth of 1776? Who was the ablest exponent and advocate of the grandest piece of political wisdom ever devised by man, the Constitution of the United States? All these, the proudest names in our countries annals, were Virginians. Take the work of Virginians out of the warp and woof of our national life, and the whole web would fall to pieces. Virginia has furnished the best blood of Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, southern Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. They are her children, and what they are today, in the purest elements of their civilization, they owe largely to the mother state. Virginia that nourished Kentucky's greatest statesman, the princely "Harry of the West." It was Virginia that bared her gallant breast to the storm and received the scars of the mighty conflict which for four years shook this continent to its centre. It was Virginia that furnished the able and gallant Thomas to the Union, and Lee, the second Washington, and Stonewall Jackson, the military genius of the age, to the Confederacy. It was Virginia that gave to the world of science the modest Maury, who

Laid his hand upon the 'ocean's mane,' And played familiar with his hoary locks."

It is Virginia that has today within her beautiful valley some of the most excellent schools in this land. It is Virginia that, on the eastern slope of her mountains, has her famous university, the pride of the Southland, the pride of this country, whose diploma is the highest literary honor given an undergraduate on this continent.

She has been as renowned in the Church as she has been in the state. We speak alone now of Presbyterians, as being more familiar with their history. It is doubtless true that in other branches of the Church she has been as eminent. But to the Church of Calvin and Knox she has given Davies, the Alexander, the Hoges, the Lacys, the Rices, the Breckinridges, the Browns, Stuart Robinson, and, peer of them all, Robert L. Dabney. There are no more illustrious names in the annals, of the Church upon this continent than these, and no other State, north or south, can present such an array.

But the grandest glory of Virginia remains to be told. Eminent as she is in cabinet, in Congress, in the White House, on the tented field, in the halls of learning, and in the pulpit, her proudest honor is to be found in her quiet homes, her yeomanry, her honest, gallant men, her virtuous, refined women. The truest chivalry in this land is in the Old Dominion, "She may be poor, but there is less of crime, both in its grosser and subtler forms, within her borders; and there is more of domestic and civil virtue and genuine piety than may, for territory and population, be found anywhere else, perhaps, on this wide world.

Mr. Kemper is now to leave the grand old State and wend his way westward to complete his education on the sunset-side of the Mississippi. This seems to us a strange move. It was not for lack of good schools in Virginia. There was old William and Mary; there was Washington College, now the Washington and Lee University, at Lexington. There his youngest brother, Governor Kemper, was educated. There, within less than a day's ride on horseback, was the great University founded by Jefferson. Why he was not sent to any of these, and why he went over a thousand miles to a college in a frontier State, we may not be able fully to understand. It is perhaps enough to say that the spirit of adventurous enterprise, which leads so many westward, and the fame of the college at that time, of which we shall have occasion to speak more fully hereafter, were the principal inducements.

At any rate, on Tuesday, August 23d, 1836, he took the western stage at Madison Court-House, and started to Cincinnati on his way to Marion College, Missouri. The meagre notes of his journal will describe the trip:

"Tuesday, 23rd. - From the Court-House to Walker's, on side of the mountain, this side of Stanardsville. Fine weather. Spent the day at Paris' Hotel, in Allegheny County. Charged me one dollar for dinner, supper, and washing three pieces. Took stage after dark, and spent Tuesday night at Shumate's.

"Wednesday. - From Shumate's to Callaghan's to breakfast. Dined at the old man's, who did not live there, but stay'd; did not know beef from mutton. Night at Dean's.

"Thursday morning. - Breakfast at a long fellow's house. Have a forgotten his name (Morris, perhaps). Dined at a short man's. Excellent dinner at Kanawha House in Charleston.

"Friday. - Breakfast at 'a fine old fellow's.' Saw Hawk's Nest, then the Burning Spring and salt works in Kanawha. Dined at Guiandotte. Supped on steamboat.

"Saturday. - Breakfast on steamboat. Dined at Cincinnati Hotel."

He was thus five days going from Madison Court-House to Cincinnati, partly on the stage and partly on steamboat. This was good traveling for that period. The same distance can now be traversed in a day.

He spent several weeks at the metropolis of Ohio in company with his relatives, the family and descendants of the Rev. James Kemper, the noted pioneer preacher. His venerable widow, whom he calls "Aunt Nancy," was then alive.

He manifestly enjoyed his visit; and almost everything he saw made a pleasant impression on him. His kindred lived at Walnut Hills chiefly, which is a most delightful portion of the suburbs of the city. He attended a lecture at the Lane Theological Seminary, and heard Dr. Joshua Wilson preach. There are some interesting entries in his journal made while here:

"Sunday, 18th Sept., 1836. - Feel somewhat indisposed. No calm contemplation, i.e., no protracted thought, such as is requisite for forming energy, decision, and perseverance of character. How I have hitherto neglected the study of the Bible and prayer. I have had the path of duty pointed out, but I have not walked in it. I know that I would better to omit one meal each day, than not to have time for the study of my Bible and for prayer. I have time, but, owing to the bustle of company and continually moving from one place to another, I have not recently searched the Scriptures. O Lord, 'pardon my iniquity for it is great.'

"Monday, 19th Sept., 1836. - Walnut Hills has every advantage: good health, good water (for the State of Ohio), rich land, and a location near Cincinnati, where everything brings god prices. People live as well here as they do in Virginia, and more happily, I doubt not. The girls wash, cook, and do anything that is to be done; nay, black shoes. These things don't detract from their high mental improvement. They have not that affectation and that want of any tangible character which are so often observable. There are no slaves, and often no servant of any kind; yet all is neat, and generally rich. The gilt mirror, the Brussels carpet, the mahogany sideboard are the furniture seen; and the ladies grace the parlor, the library, or the kitchen, as occasion serves. Happy people!

"John H. Kemper's calf, 4 months old, weighs 415 lbs. James Kemper refused \$500 for his bull, 2 yrs. old. One yearling and one two-year-old calf of James Kemper's sold for \$10.80. John H. Kemper's Russia breed of hogs will weigh 500 lbs. He took 400 bushel corn from 4 ½ acres, four years ago, and thinks he has as good a crop this season. Land raises pumpkins enough to pay three dollars an acre rent, for woodland and all.

"Wednesday, 21st Sept., 1836. - I find that living disorderly is the very way to live uncomfortably. Whatever ought to be done ought to be done well; and however small, it is true philosophy to devote attention to it, in proportion to its relative importance. I find that when I

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devote Proper attention to my toilet in the morning, I have the satisfaction of feeling that something is well done.

"People at Walnut Hills have very few springs. They drink what they call 'cistern water;' that is, rain water drawn from the top of the house and kept in a cistern. It is cool, and not unpleasant. The well water is not so good as ours."

"They do not envy us our slaves. David R. Kemper, while shewing me his cistern, said, 'This thing cost me seven dollars, and I would not take that for two months' use of it. I would not take a negro for it. No, I would not give it for a negro."

"They have tea for dinner, and use preserved tomatoes."

While in Cincinnati he first stopped at the house of Samuel D. Kemper, with whose son, Frederick E. H., he promised to correspond.

On Wednesday, September 21, he left Cincinnati for Louisville, about 11 o'clock A.M. He took passage on the General Pike, a good boat, but which was so crowded that the dining-tables and the cabin floor were covered with mattresses for the sleepers. At o'clock A.M. on the next day he reached his destination, and put up at the Louisville Hotel.

Here he met his maternal uncle, Mr. John Allison, who was living at Richland, near the city. He speaks of him as "a real friendly, open-hearted Allison and Virginian." By him he was introduced to a Mr. Nesbit, at whose house, on First Street above Walnut he dined. At his table he met a very agreeable old lady, from whom he learned, as one of the instances of change of fortune, that the widow of William Wirt, the distinguished Attorney-General of the United States under more than one administration, was reduced to poverty, and was teaching a school in Richmond, Va.

Mr. Nesbit entertained him in an interesting conversation on the facilities for making money in the West at that time. Among other things, he told him that the aggregate amount of goods sold in Louisiana in one year was about eight millions of dollars; that of bagging and bale cord alone, nearly a million dollars' worth was sold in a year; that "lots at Alton on the Ohio (?), which sold a few years since for six dollars per foot," would then sell for six hundred dollars; that it was an easy matter for men to make money then, by investing their capital in the rapidly growing towns and incipient cities of the West.

At Louisville he met his old friend and teacher, William H. Field, Esq., who was then a young lawyer there.

While he was at his uncle John's he wrote several pages in his journal on the subject of social conversation, from which we give the following:

"I feel rather dissatisfied with my day's work, because I have pleased too little in the social circle. I feel as if I always made the social hours of those with whom I am not intimately acquainted, drag heavily. If they do not observe it, I feel a degree of embarrassment in their company. If they do not see it, they are influenced by my barrenness at conversation. We *talk*, but it is not conversation; for this implies a flow of soul. Conversation is the spirit of social intercourse, speech is the effect. This should always be the case. But my mind is all the time thinking of something else, lamenting my want of colloquy, etc. Why is this? - It may be from an inordinate and proud desire to shine in conversation, valuing the praise of man too highly, uneasiness because I cannot shine as others. Look at that lady. Her company is courted. She is pleasant and agreeable; and yet half she says is nonsense. Can I not do as well? Yes, I can be as agreeable, and speak truth and good sense in a good humor. If you prepare a few subjects, upon which to converse and make it a business to lug them in, it will look stiff and unnatural, and you will not enjoy the talk, nor will your company. You should be able to converse upon every subject. But this is not the most import thing, for they often please best who know least. The solution is, to be free and easy; let your mind untrammeled, so much so that you can keep silence without feeling abashed for it."

Sunday, September 25, was a very pleasant day to him. He went with his uncle John and family to hear an Episcopal minister, the Rev. Mr. Page. He was delighted with the sermon, which he characterizes "a very argumentative, reasonable, plain, terse, practical, pious discourse," from Luke 13:34. He writes in his journal: "There is nothing," said he, "so simple as the religion of Christ. It is to feel that you are spiritually naked, and miserable, and blind, wretched, and to put your confidence in the mercy of God in Christ, in his atoning sacrifice. When he was telling the 'way,' I was musing, and the fire burned. I felt that it was the way for me. I hated sin. I had an unction, and knew all things. Several Scripture principles were brought to my mind, while I was, as I hope, under the guidance of that 'spirit of truth,' whose office it is to lead men to all truth."

On Tuesday, September 27th, before breakfast, his father William, who had come down the Ohio on a boat, rode up to their uncle John's. As their cousin, William McCoy, was waiting in Louisville for a boat carry him to St. Louis, they concluded to take passage with him. Accordingly at noon of this same day they boarded the Clinton for St. Louis; when, to their dismay, William became aware that he had left his money in his berth on the General Brown. Fortunately, however, it had not been stolen. They made the trip to St. Louis without any recorded incident or accident; and Sunday, October 2, finds them on the steamer Quincy, bound for Marion City, Missouri. This was their landing in Marion County, nearest to Palmyra, the county-seat, their next objective point. They landed the same day, and on the next day, Monday, walked to Palmyra. On Wednesday, he walked

to Marion City and back to Palmyra to dinner. In the afternoon he went to Marion College, and he and William were settled as students of that institution, of which we shall give some account in the succeeding chapter.

It had required six weeks to make the trip from his home in Virginia, a large part of which, however, had been passed in the agreeable society of his kindred at Cincinnati and Louisville.



#### CHAPTER IV

#### MARION COLLEGE

"At my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward." SHAKESPEARE.

THE Presbyterian Church in Missouri has been unfortunate in the most of its college enterprises. While it has always been one of the glories of this church that it has been the steadfast friend of education, and has conducted its schools not only with ability but also with success, yet it is true that there are in Missouri the graves of no less than three Presbyterian colleges - the City University in St. Louis, Richmond College in Ray County, and Marion College near Palmyra. This last was the first and most magnificent failure of them all. As it is an interesting story in itself, and as the college was the *alma mater* of our Mr. Kemper, we shall devote this chapter to an extended account of it, taken from the catalogue of 1835-36.

"The reputed richness of the soil of Marion County, about nine years since, turned the tide of immigration, previously setting toward the western side of the State of Missouri and the Boonslick Country, to the north. In two or three years the county had acquired a respectable population. Palmyra, the seat of justice, had become one of the most thriving villages of the State, and the prairie west of that town, in which the college is situated, contained a dense settlement. The inhabitants were principally from Kentucky.

"A few of the residents of the prairie, west of Palmyra, Marion County, applied to the legislature, in the winter of 1830-31, for a charter locating a college in their midst. An ample charter was obtained, eleven acres of land were given for the site, and a log school-house was erected. The Rev. David Nelson, M. D., became at once both the presiding officer, called for by the charter, and the teacher of the school.

"About this time it was determined to endow the institution with the land unoccupied around the building, and depend on its internal wealth and the physical strength of the students in bringing it forth, for its support.

"At this time the views of the friends of the college were very limited. A few thousand dollars, it was supposed, would be sufficient to purchase the necessary quantity of land, erect some plain dormitories for students; while, from the benevolent it was hoped that the necessary library and philosophical apparatus could be procured. The principal aid was expected from citizens of Missouri. In this home agency Dr. Nelson was employed, while the Rev. Cyrus Nichols was commissioned to travel east and lay the wants of the institution before the benevolent. These agencies, however, resulted in procuring a very small sum. A number of log cottages were erected and a small building for recitation rooms.

"Another effort was now made, and, through the agency of Dr. Nelson, a promise was obtained from the General Assembly's Board of Education (of the church) of ten thousand dollars, with which to purchase the necessary land. A misunderstanding arose between the agents of the trustees and the Education Board, growing out of the character of certain land purchased; in consequence of which the original agreement was annulled, and the whole purchase became the property of the Assembly's board.

"Disappointed in their anticipated aid from the benevolent, and at the same time aware that the reluctance did not proceed from indifference to the project, but from the incredulity of the public mind as to the practicability of their self-supporting scheme, the only remedy appeared to be in borrowing the funds necessary to make the experiment. As a body corporate the trustees held no property to any amount, and consequently individual private estate must be pledged to effect a loan. Three of the trustees, whose labors had already been the most abundant, and whose confidence in the practicability of the plan remained unshaken - the Rev. David Nelson, Dr. David Clark, and William Muldrow - in April, 1833, borrowed in the city of New York, on their own responsibility, by mortgaging their property, \$20,000 for ten years; at seven per cent interest. A condition of this loan was, that not less than four thousand acres of land should be purchased in one body. With this money 470 acres only were secured in the vicinity of the college. For the body of land required by the agreement, that it might be obtained at the government price, it was necessary to go a distance of fourteen miles, where, in the midst of a beautiful and well watered prairie, 4019 acres were purchased. For the purpose of securing timber and coal for fuel, it was subsequently deemed expedient to purchase of individuals, at a higher price, 480 acres additional.

"The individuals above mentioned organized themselves into an association, by the title of the 'Education Company of the West,' and having, for the sake of counsel, increased their number to seven, proceeded to carry out the details of their plan. Accommodations for students were increased to one hundred; a boarding-house and farm-house were erected, and the small tract put under

cultivation; while arrangements were made to erect accommodations for an equal number of students on the large tract, and to bring it under cultivation with the least possible delay. As soon as funds, other than those borrowed by the gentlemen above named, began to be used in the improvement of the farms, they, by a deed dated in October last, conveyed the title to the whole property to the Trustees of Marion College, in trust, for education purposes, securing only the right to direct the execution of the details of their plan.

"The method of support at this time proposed was to furnish each student, fifteen years of age, with twenty acres of land, which was to be cultivated by employing equal portions for the production of corn, oats, wheat, and timothy grass. Half of the product was his own, while the other half went to defray the expenses of the farm. He was to pay \$50 per annum for his board, and \$20 tuition. A confidence in the success of the enterprise now began to be felt, and a gradual accession of students commenced, which it was subsequently necessary to check for want of room.

"Recourse was had to the appointment of numerous traveling agents, in order to obtain the funds needed to put the land into a state of cultivation, and meet the expectations of the public. Though many of these agencies were voluntary, others were entered into at a salary, and resulted in bringing the institution in debt. It will not be a little surprising to many to learn that, up to the first of November, 1834, less than \$6,000 had been received as donations by the trustees and Education Company.

"During the last winter the three members of the board of trustees before alluded to visited the East for the purpose of conferring with the prominent friends of education in relation to their plans, and more perfectly enlisting the benevolent in the cause of he institution. This visit resulted in securing a large number of warm friends, by whose counsel it was determined to enlarge the plan, and connect with the college a theological school. Accordingly, at a meeting of the trustees, held the 11th day of May last, [i.e., 1835] the fundamental regulations of the Theological Seminary were adopted, and three professors and an assistant teacher chosen. Previously to this, the Rev. William S. Potts, of St. Louis, having signified his acceptance of the presidency of the institution, in August last, the regulations of the literary department were adopted, the college faculty organized, and classes regularly formed. At the same meeting of the board, the Rev. D. Nelson, Dr. Clark, and W. Muldrow, having stated that the funds to pay the New York loan had been received, tendered a surrender of the direction of the trust estate of the corporation, which was accepted by the board, and the necessary writings ordered to be prepared. By this act the existence of the 'Education Company of the West' ceases, and the whole responsibility and control of the property rests with the corporation. 

"The smaller tract of land will be occupied by the classes constituting the college proper. On this, buildings will be erected for the accommodation of the president, professors, and students, a boardinghouse, and a house for the steward and farmer. The president's house and a new boardinghouse are now under contract, and will be finished as speedily as possible.

"Upon one division of the larger tract is the preparatory department, where accommodations for one hundred students, it is hoped, will be completed this fall; comprising dormitories, a recitation house, a boarding-house, and residence for the steward and farmer, who superintends the labor of the students in this department.

"In the centre of this tract will be the buildings necessary for the accommodation of the professors and students of the Theological Seminary, and the farmer having the supervision of their labor. It is also the purpose of the trustees, should circumstances warrant it, to connect Law and Medical schools, under competent teachers, with the plan. A Female Seminary of a high order will also be located in the vicinity.

"The plan at present proposed for the support of the professors and students is as follows: The president and each of the professors in the Theological School is to receive the net income of five hundred acres of college land, fifty of which is to be cultivated in grain and vegetables, and the remainder in timothy grass. Each of the professors in the literary, department and the principal of the preparatory school is to have the net income of three hundred acres, thirty of which are to be cultivated as a garden, and the remainder in timothy. Each student will be expected to cultivate one acre of this land as a garden and harvest nine acres of timothy. The garden land will always lie in the immediate vicinity of the student's dormitory, and the corner stake of his acre will be marked with the number of his room. This will be worked principally by hand, and in the hours assigned for labor in term time. The timothy will demand his attention only in harvesting and preparing the hay for market, which will occur during vacation. The timothy land will lie some distance from the college, and the students will encamp upon the meadow, and continue there until the whole work of cutting, curing and baling is completed. The hay will be, cut by a horse-power machine, and baled by power press.

"The products of the land of each professorship will be divided, one third to the professor and two thirds to the student cultivating it. By this plan, five hundred acres of land are to support one professor in the theological department and fifty students; and three hundred acres support a professor in the literary department and thirty students. The garden land, after supplying the grain and vegetables necessary for the consumption of the boarding-houses, will be used for such crops as the state of the market may, from time to time, dictate as most profitable. The hay will be received

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by a trading house at the Mississippi River, established for the purpose, at the fair market price, and by them shipped to the New Orleans market. The tuition fees will go into the treasury of the institution, to be used in keeping up repairs, paying salaries not otherwise provided for, and incidental expenses. One acre of land in the vicinity of the college, cultivated in onions, peas, beans, or hops, it is believed from experiments made, will yield to the student more than a sufficiency to pay his board. The hay market, extending from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico, and even to the West Indies, is too extensive ever to be glutted, and the price scarcely ever falls below \$20 per ton (the last season it has brought \$40). The price of freight will not exceed five dollars per ton, giving from ten to fifteen dollars as the fair market value of hay delivered upon the bank of the river in Marion County. The land owned by the college, it is estimated by farmers best acquainted with its capabilities will cut two tons to the acre. From these estimates it will be easy for any one to demonstrate the entire practicability of the self-supporting system proposed by the board of trustees."

So much from the history of the founding of the college, as given in the catalogue. Taking the estimates given as reliable, it would seem that the entire practicability of the self-supporting system was demonstrated.

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Garden crop of onions, enough for board.	50
Total for each student	\$170
For the president and each theological profes	ssor:
115 acres of hay, 300 tons at \$10	\$3000
Garden crop of 50 students, 1/3	1250
Total for each	\$4250

For each student the yield would be :-

6 acres of hav. 12 tons at \$10

For each college professor:
90 acres of hay, 180 tons, at \$10 \$1800
Garden crop of 30 students, 1/3 750
Total \$2550

These sums would seem to have been ample to certain pupils and teachers well in those early days. But who can suppress a smile as he reads this plan, in all of its details? The morus

multicaulis craze or South Sea scheme were hardly more wild and chimerical. Doubtless to the infatuated imagination of Col. Muldrow and Dr. Ely, it was as beautiful as any bubble that ever polarized the light of the sun. But to the common-sense judgment of practical men as sure to burst, as burst it did, in less than ten years. A grand university, with college, and theological, law, medical, and female schools attached, and supported by five thousand acres of raw land in wilds of the West! The different departments seven miles apart; and the students to sustain it, in their leisure moments, by raising onions and cutting timothy hay! Surely, as Dr. Robert Breckinridge remarked, Presbyterians, in some things, seem Lord's silly sheep. Yet this enterprise had connected with it, as we shall see, some of the grandest men that ever trod the soil of Missouri, or labored for the salvation of souls within its borders - Nelson, Potts, Ely, and Gallaher.

We shall now, from the information contained in the catalogue, set forth the course of study, plan of government, and other interesting facts concerning the college, at the time when Mr. Kemper first entered it as a pupil.

The course of study was arranged upon the ordinary plan of the graded curriculum. An examination in all previous studies was necessary for admission to any of the college classes. In the freshman year the studies were: AEneid, Livy, Latin Composition, Ancient Geography, Roman and Greek Antiquities, Cyropeedia, Graeca Majora, Algebra, Declamation, and the Bible. In the sophomore: Bucolics and Georgics, Cicero's Select Orations, Horace, Iliad, Graeca Majora (Oratorical and Philosophical), Geometry, Composition, Declamation, Reading, and the Bible. In the junior: Cicero de Oratore, Juvenal, Critical, Miscellaneous, and Epic extracts of the Graeca Majora, Longinus, Greek Testament, Hebrew (optional), Trigonometry. Conic Sections, application of Algebra to Geometry and Trigonometry, Rhetoric, Elements of Criticism, Evidences of Christianity, Political Economy, Original Speeches; Composition, and the Bible. In the senior: Tacitus, Cicero de Amicitia and de Senectute, Graeca Majora, Hebrew, German, and French (these three optional), Mental and Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology and Mineralogy, Original Speeches, Composition, and the Bible.

This seems quite a full course of study, especially in the Latin, where Caesar and Sallust were read in the preparatory department. In the mental sciences we observe the absence of Natural Theology and Logic. It is noticeable that the natural sciences are postponed until the senior year. But the most important criticism to be made is, that, for the average student, such a long list of studies was impracticable. The catalogue says upon this point: "The course here laid down is simple and practicable, and each student will be required to master it fairly." We may place ourself outside of the current of opinion among teachers, but we venture to say that it was and is a rare mind which

could or can master the above course within the limit of four years. It is our belief that this is one of the practical mistakes made by our popular schools of today. In the attempt to do too much, nothing is really and fully done. In the senior year of the above course, there are no less than ten different books, embracing nine distinct Branches to be pursued and completed. This omits Hebrew, French, German, and the Bible. Seven of these branches are confined to this year. Now we declare it as our judgment, that, for nine tenths of our young people, it is impracticable to master the elements of Mental, Moral, and Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology, and Mineralogy, and complete a course of Latin and Greek, within he space of nine calendar months. For the remaining tenth it may be practicable, but for them it is unwise.

While the course thus prescribed was necessary for regular college degree, it was provided that irregular students should receive "at the end of their course certificates from the professors they have attended." We do not approve of the graded plan, which ordinarily obtains in our colleges and high schools. We believe it to be unnatural, and impossible of execution, except at the expense of the best results in three fourths of our students. In Marion College certificates were granted the irregular students by those professors on whom they attended. Why may not this be done by every college working under the graded system? It surely may, and ought to be. Here is a young man, who goes to our State University to study languages. He has special capabilities in that direction, and the university has excellent teachers to instruct him. Why, then, should he, after having studied Latin, Greek, French, German, Hebrew, and Anglo-Saxon triumphantly, be dismissed without any testimonial of his success? He does not merit A B, but he ought to be pronounced a graduate in languages, and have a diploma to attest the fact.

As to the "rules for the internal government of Marion College," there are some points of interest. One of the distinctive features of its plan was, as we have already seen, self-support and the maintenance of the professors by the manual labor of the students. We are therefore not surprised to see among the rules, that each student would "be required to labor," in the cultivation of ten acres of land, "three hours per day." In case of bodily infirmity, it is provided that he might be excused from this. Although this was a fundamental principle in the organization of the college, we know that it was not enforced, and the whole thing was doubtless entirely optional. If a student preferred to pay, he did so; if he preferred to work, he did so. As a matter of fact, Mr. Kemper often said that the only manual labor upon the college land which he performed, during his stay of five years, was to help a fellow-student one morning to dig his potatoes.

As to religious exercises, a blessing was asked at the table before, and thanks were returned after, eating. Morning and evening prayers were held in the chapel daily. Divine worship was

conducted every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and a Bible-class recited in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. All the students were required to attend upon these several services.

An interesting and rather peculiar feature of the college government was the use made of monitors, elected from the students. There was a monitor for each class, taken in alphabetical order, and serving each one week. He kept the class roll, marked absentees from the various recitations and religious services, and reported to the professor conducting prayers on Saturday evening.

The students did their studying in their bedrooms. All romping, wrestling, scuffling, vulgar familiarities, noise, whooping, swearing, playing with cards, dice, checkers, chess, or any other game, were "absolutely forbidden." No student was allowed to use, have in his possession, or bring upon the college rounds any intoxicating liquor, or to keep or use fires on the college premises. The punishments prescribed were admonition, private and public, rustication, expulsion. There was quite an unusual arrangement of the terms and vacations. There were three vacations, the chief one commencing the last Thursday in June and continuing eight weeks, a recess two weeks from the first Monday in October, and one of two weeks from the first Monday in April. Board was fifty dollars per annum, or one and one fourth dollars per week. That seems cheap, when hay was worth a minimum of \$20 per ton, and "one acre of land in onions, peas, beans, or hops would yield to the student more than a sufficiency to pay his board." Tuition was \$20 per annum.

The trustees of the college were: Rev. William S. Potts, Rev. David Nelson, M.D., David Clark, M.D., J. A. Minter, Joseph Lafon, M.D., Colonel William Muldrow [This Colonel William Muldrow is said to be the original of Mark Twain's Colonel Mulberry Sellers. He could have sat for the portrait. As we have seen, he was one of the founders of the college, and the originator doubtless of its scheme of endowment. It is said that a gentleman by the name of Hutchison actually called one of his own sons, "Onward Opposition to Bill Muldrow and Marion College Hutchison."], James Spear, Samuel Sloane, M.D., Rev. Cyrus Nichols., Theodore Jones, Esq., Henry Dunn, James Porter, Major Henry Willis, John Dunn, Thomas L. Anderson, Esq., Jeter Hicks, and Rev. William P. Cochran.

The faculty of the literary department consisted of Rev. William S. Potts, president, whose memory is blessedly fragrant to the hearts of the older Presbyterians of Missouri; Rev. Job F. Halsey, teacher of mental and moral philosophy; Rev. Samuel C. McConnell, teacher of natural philosophy and mathematics; John Roche, A.M., teacher of Latin and Greek; Samuel Barschall, teacher of Hebrew, German, and French; Rev. Allen Gallaher, principal of preparatory school.

The theological teachers were Rev. Job F. Halsey, professor of pastoral theology; Rev. James Gallaher (the author of "The Western Sketch Book" and of "The Pilgrimage of Adam and David," and

one of the most noted preachers of his day in the West), professor of didactic theology and sacred eloquence; Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D.D. (the Eastern Coryphaeus, who came West to be one of the leading spirits in this, to be, magnificent university), professor of polemic theology, biblical literature, and sacred criticism; and Rev. Charles W. Nassau (for many years afterward the accomplished head of a female school at Lawrenceville, near Princeton, New Jersey), assistant teacher of the original languages of the Sacred Scriptures.

It strikes us as strange that Dr. Nelson, the author of "The Cause and Cure of Infidelity," and one of the really strong men of his time, did not belong to the faculty at this date. He was the original founder and president of the institution. That he was not continued as a teacher is doubtless due to the fact, stated in some of Mr. Kemper's papers, that, with all his splendid talents as a preacher and writer, he was not fitted for the school-room.

The catalogue of students for this year, 1835-36, furnishes some interesting items. There were three seniors, who, we may presume, were graduated. There were none in the junior class. There were seven sophomores. There were ten freshmen, among whom we are interested to see H. A. Nelson, A. L. Slayback, and Sheppard Wells. There were sixty in the preparatory department. There is no list of theological students, and this fact probably indicates that this department was not opened until the fall of 1836.

It will interest and surprise many to learn that, of these eighty students enrolled in this infant college on the west side of the Mississippi in the year 1835-36, only sixteen were from the county in which it was located; only twenty-eight from Missouri altogether; while Maryland, Connecticut, and Illinois furnished one each; Louisiana, two; Kentucky, Tennessee, and Massachusetts, three each; Virginia and Ohio, six each; and Pennsylvania and New York, no less than thirteen apiece. At least one half of the students came, in those days of slow travel, from a distance of not less than one thousand miles. The old States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, six of the original thirteen, sent thirty-seven students to this college, not yet out of its swaddling-clothes, whose buildings were of logs, and whose support was dependent upon the hay and vegetables produced by its pupils. It is not probable that the annals of education, even in this wonderland of ours, cam furnish a parallel to this. We cease to think it strange that our Mr. Kemper and his brother William joined this eastern caravan of youthful pilgrims seeking for knowledge as it flowed from the Pierian spring in Marion County, Missouri. But we do wonder that Iowa sent not a single student, and Illinois but one, while New York and Pennsylvania, with three broad States intervening, furnished almost as many as Missouri itself.

## CHAPTER V

## LIFE AT MARION COLLEGE

"Give me
Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers-"
FLETCHER.

As we have seen, the Marion College premises embraced two tracts of land. The smaller contained four hundred and seventy acres; was in the vicinity of the point originally selected for the location of the college; was about twelve miles west from Palmyra; and had for its post-office, West Ely. The larger tract, subsequently purchased, contained about forty-five hundred acres; was six miles south of Palmyra, and twelve miles west from Hannibal. The former as known as "Upper College," and was the seat of the college proper. The latter was styled "Lower College," where the theological seminary and preparatory department were located.

Mr. Kemper was not prepared to enter the freshman class of the college, but spent the first two years of his sojourn here in the preparatory classes. He remained a student of the college five years, with one interval of about eight months, graduating with the class of 1841. We have the benefit of his journal for less than two years of this period. There is a gap from July, 1838, to 1849. It is almost certain that he kept a record of these years, but it has been mislaid, probably has perished. We are quite thankful for the journal of the early months of his stay at Marion, as it reveals to us much of his character an spiritual history during this period. We shall be tempted to make liberal extracts, as almost every page is replete with interest.

"Sunday, October 9, 1836. - Today heard Dr. Ely preach from 'This is a faithful saying,' etc. I hope the Lord blessed me, though evil and unthankful. I came back to my room and uttered the feelings of my heart in Doddridge's 'God of my life,' etc. I hope that the Lord is leading me, the chief of sinners, to some establishment in the divine life. I feel as if I wanted to 'get away' from sin.

"Tuesday, October 11, 1836. - I have today recited the three declensions of Greek nouns to Mr. Marks [the Rev. J. J. Marks, D,D., now of Springfield, Mo.]. He seemed to be quite pleased with my recitation. I have accomplished very little yesterday and today. Why is it? I rise too late. I do not

observe regularity in my times for exercise and relaxation. I eat too much. I am getting too familiar with some of the students, and visit too long. I have not commenced the days by fervency of prayer and dedication to God. I have done minor business in the best study hours. Let me tomorrow avoid these sins, and see the effect on the day's study. Lord, inspire me with diligence in business and fervency of spirit. Let me rise and be at my Greek grammar by the time I can first see to read it. Let me exercise and relax after breakfast. Let me keep at home. Let me commence the day with God. Let me practice my golden rule for diet, eat as much as will support the system in the best way, and best prepare it for the day's work. We never regret having eaten too little, was Jefferson's maxim.

"Wednesday, October 12. - Tomorrow want to commit adjectives and pronouns in Greek grammar, if possible. Begin long before day, if I can get up. Have regular devotions. I have always felt most fit for the duties of this life when I have felt best prepared to leave it. Bene orasses etc. Eat little. Go into no one's house unless absolutely necessary.

"Wednesday, October 26. - Commenced reading the fifth book of Caesar last Friday. I am further advanced in Latin than this, having read Caesar and Virgil before. My object is to read them over again simultaneously with my Greek studies. I want to be perfect in the classics.

"Monday, November 7. - This evening I attended monthly concert. I hope the Lord was there, and, in a measure, scattered the thick clouds of doubt and hesitation which have hung over my head this afternoon. I felt more for the cause of missions than I truer did before, I think. Felt ready to make any sacrifice for my divine Master. I hope I felt so. Spent good part of the afternoon in digesting some maxims and regulations for my conduct.

"Wednesday, November 9, - When at public prayers this morning, Mr. Marks reiterated the importance of improving every moment, and prayed against slothfullness and procrastination, I felt guilty. Yesterday I did not do a full day's work. My excuse was, that I was weak and feeble from loss of sleep. I suppose it will take me six months' effort to acquire the habit of doing with little sleep. I eat too much to sleep little. I resolved, for the next six months, to live on vegetable food and acquire this habit also. But let me think before I adopt this habit. My plans are adopted too hastily, and I don't enter them from established principles, and thus I am liable to be defeated. At any rate, I will do without animal food until I shall have thought more about the six months' time.

"When a question, of duty arises, I must say, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have the to do?' and in a submissive, childlike spirit, go and do it. If I am not willing to do what is my duty, I am no Christian. 'If a man hate not his own life, he cannot be My disciple.'

"This evening Mr. Park invited me to attend a private meeting next Tuesday night, the object of which is to promote a revival of vital religion.

"Friday, November 11. - This evening feel that Mr. Park was right. Nothing so, simple as the cross of Christ. 'Come, let us all serve the Lord,' was my feeling.

"Tuesday, November 15. - Today read first lesson in the Greek Reader, and second lesson in Sallust.

"Friday, Nov. 18. - Teachers' meeting at eight. Today have been vexing myself to know whether I would be willing to do this or that, if Christ should wish me to do so. This is vain. I hope I am willing to do every duty, when it is made plain. I hope I can, calmly and through choice, do every duty, one after another as they come up. This atone is my business. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. God will bless me in this.

"Sunday, Nov. 20. - I hope I enjoy the calm retirement of the Sabbath. I feel as if my 'Sabbath days can never be too long.' During the past week I have attended the meeting for the promotion of a revival here. I attended the teachers' meeting on Thursday night, the debating society on Friday night."

It is manifest from these entries that he taught in the preparatory department the first year of his stay at Marion College.

"I hope I have entered upon the plan of eating slowly, and only enough to support nature in the best discharge of all her functions. The advantages I find are unspeakable.

"The faults of the week: 1. Want of regularity in hours of retiring, which makes me lose a good part of the morning, and unfits my soul for spiritual enjoyment, and my body for easy, cheerful discharge of its functions. 2. Carelessly wasting moments in the company of students. 3. Devotions neglected or partially attended to. 4. Praying without the understanding; not thinking upon the holiness and greatness of God before adoration, for instance. 5. Not cultivating benignity of spirit and cheerfulness of countenance and expression.

"Thursday, Nov. 24. - From loss of sleep I did not rise this morning till the last horn for

"Thursday, Nov. 24. - From loss of sleep I did not rise this morning till the last horn for prayers. Had not time then to prepare my lessons for recitation, and did not know them 'exactly,' as Dr. Beecher says. These lessons will take almost as long to review them critically as to learn them at first.

"If I neglect one duty to attend to another, instead of furthering my plans for usefulness, I fail in the very duty for which I sacrificed the other. 'Conjurat amice. 'There must be harmony. Order is heaven's first law. An interesting teachers' meeting tonight."

"Thursday, Dec. 1. - Have enjoyed more real pleasure this morning in reading and meditating upon Lord Chesterfield's rules for the improvement of time, etc., than I ever could have done in sensual enjoyment. Although they are his, they are good indeed.

"Sunday; Dec. 4. - I agreed to open the remarks at the next conference, because I made a remark in conference this evening; which remark made me feel more on the Lord's side than if I had neglected it. I am convinced that, having professed to be a Christian, I should shrink from none of the duties of a Christian, but perform them fully.

"Monday, Dec. 19. - Commenced boarding ourselves last Thursday. Live mostly on mush, bread, and molasses. Like it much. With the exception of Thursday, I have breakfasted ever since on bread and water.

"Monday, Dec. 26. - I believe that daily self-examination is indispensable to correct habits and my religious walk. I sometimes am persuaded by laziness that it is not my imperious duty. Everything is my imperious duty which helps me in making the most of myself."

"Sunday, Jan. 1, 1837. - Glorious indications of a revival of religion. Last night some of the pious students held a 'watch-meeting,' at which several persons came out and expressed an anxiety for the prayers of God's people.

"Tuesday, Jan. 24. - Studying Greek Reader, Sallust, Worcester's History, restudying Latin Grammar, and expect soon to restudy Greek Grammar.

"Feb. 1, 1837. - I feel a considerable anxiety this morning lest I should not improve this month to the utmost. I never have improved my time wisely. God be merciful to me, a sinner.

"Man's wisdom is to seek His strength in God alone; And e'en an angel would be weak That trusted in his own!"

"Thursday, Feb. 9. - Attended a prayer-meeting tonight in Park's room. I was requested to lead it, and did so; the first time I ever led, I believe. I have always been deterred from activity in the cause of God, from motives of unworthiness in myself. Tonight, however, I took the lead. Cheerfully; I suppose because of some meditations at my devotions.

"Monday, Feb. 20. - Last Tuesday I engaged myself as agent for the American Tract Society, from April 15 to October 15, six months.

"I would here notice a remark of Mr. Marks last Friday, with respect to self-denial. It is as necessary to mental eminence as to spiritual. That man may do anything who becomes so much master of himself as to eat and sleep only enough to support nature. He went on amplifying the

thought until my aspirations were as large as the round world. Oh that I would (for I can) attain such a mastery over my passions as to make them complete servants of my intellect and conscience.

"Plan for the day: 1. Get Pantheon till noon. 2. Devotions. 3. Exercise one hour. 4. Dine. 5. Greek grammar, one and a, half hours. 6. History, two hours. 7. Recreation, and devotions, and exercise. 8. Get excited, and conclude speech. 9. Commit dialogue.

"The mastery of myself is my object. Gratia sit mihi addenda.

"Saturday, Feb. 25. - The evidences of the Christian religion should have been a prominent object of my investigation, and I can give no consistent, logical reason of the hope that is in me. As a consequence, I have lived without an abiding sense of Christian responsibility. I have been looking to others to take the lead in religion, when I should have been an example to them. Instead of giving my influence fearlessly to the cause of truth, and instead of forming a model for others, who need it very much, I have weakly formed my habits upon their model. It must be my object to have a consistent chain of argument to support my religious belief. If it cannot have this, it must be discarded. I must also be more intelligently and devotionally acquainted with the contents of the Bible, as well as the evidence of its truth as a whole. That man is silly, who suffers his opinions to outrun his proofs, and his character will never stand out boldly useful from the herd of mankind.

"Sunday, Feb. 26. - I hope I enjoyed tonight's sermon. I was reminded in it of several things, of which I am too forgetful. Mr. Marks said: 'There is no happiness like dying daily. The man of the world is the slave of the world.' I also called to mind a remark of his, on a former occasion, concerning Edwards, that he resolved there should not be on earth a holier man than himself. I hope I feel that all hope of being better in the future will fail, unless I now begin, and now become such as my better judgment points out. If I do not begin this moment, the probability that I shall do it tomorrow is less. Every day that 1 defer being what I ought to be, I increase the difficulties of being what I ought to be, and, of course, lessen its probability.

"I regard the maxim of living day by day as especially important. An anxious thought about tomorrow will lessen present attainments. If I am this moment breaking off from all sin and 'learning to do well,' it is all that the best man can do, and is, at the same time, the best assurance that I shall do well tomorrow.

"Monday, Feb. 27. - The subject for spiritual meditation today is, entire, universal action for Christ, in eating, drinking, wearing. Singleness of eye. I am bought with a price. I am not my own. The minutest actions of my life must not be done in the sight of my own eyes. But I must walk this day by faith. The tempted soul who resists is higher in moral greatness than the soul that is holy without trial.

"Tuesday, Feb. 28. - I will make the following maxims: Always feel that you have enough to do every day to keep you busy. Do not simply feel that you have a great deal to do, and then stand off and dread it, but have it on hand. 2. If you see anything that ought to be done, never stop to inquire whether your motives in doing it would be correct. If you do, you will probably neglect to do what you confess ought to be done, and your motives by this neglect will be getting no better. On the other hand, outward performance of duty will tend to spiritualize the mind. For instance, I know that I ought to be diligent in study, and accomplish a great deal every day. But I must not be idle, or cease to labor hard, because I fear I am not doing it entirely for God's glory. Do your duty in any respect, and you will be favorably inclined to all duties. 3. In aiming to be strictly religious, let it not create an unnatural sadness of countenance, or a want of suavity and gentleness, or an unnatural demeanor in the performance of any duties. If you do, there will be a reaction, and your supposed sanctity will create disgust, and you will perhaps fall lower than you were before you tried to live above this earth. Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

"Monday, April 3. - Have been rising late for some time past. Am getting too fat. This has contributed to it, I think. Rose quite early this morning. Wish to acquire that industrious habit which would be punished by lying late.

"Sunday, April 9. - I desire to record it here that the Lord has this evening put it into my heart to dedicate myself to him anew. I do hereby reject all dependence on myself, and, in gratitude for any disposition I may now have to serve him, I would depend on that same influence for future preservation. My object is, that I may learn and do the will of God. Is it not my privilege to do the will of my Father in heaven, and, like Enoch to have the testimony that I please God, and, like Paul, to keep always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men? All my help is in Thee."

Shortly after this last date, probably about April 15, 1837, he entered upon his engagement as colporteur of the American Tract Society. He continued in this arduous, self-denying missionary labor until the closing days of February, 1838. It seems an humble work for a man of his gifts and abilities for higher spheres of Christian effort and usefulness. He did not think so, but manifestly entered upon his mission with the conviction that it was, at that time, the thing which the Lord would have him do. That he did not despise it, nor shrink from its self-denials, is plainly seen in the fact that he continued in the service several months after the originally stipulated period for its termination, and after the college had commenced.

There are a few facts, gleaned from his journal, which occurred during the period of this agency. He mentions visiting Mr. Bowling, Mr. Griffin, Mr. William Henry, Mr. Dimmitt, Rev. F. R. Gray, Mr. Tyre Haden, Mr. Peter Leonard, Mr. Bond, Mr. Fike, and Mr. Fisher. He seems to have

been very unfavorably impressed by New London, in Ralls County, of which he says: "I suppose it is a Sodom. I should judge there are not ten righteous men in it."

He had quite an exciting experience on one occasion at a religious service. He was allowed to present his cause by the minister, who, however, proved after all to be an ignorant, conceited bigot, and violently opposed him, on the ground that the Tract Society was sectarian! He remarks that the minister's own wife sided with the society, and that the opposition did not prevent the sale of books.

One of the gentlemen with whom he lodged, a good man, but manifestly a fanatic, averred and believed that, when he was converted, "he saw Jesus, and was within six feet of him."

When he visited Mr. Fike's the last time, he found him dying, and remarks: "How solemn did I feel! I felt that I was in the presence of death, and that 'the chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged above the common walks of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.' "

Amid the bustle and worry of this nomadic life, he found time to write in his journal: "Two of my errors have been called to mind. First, Asking God to give me repentance, when that is the very thing which the Spirit is asking me to do, and I am not doing it." Yet repentance is the gift of God, and is to be sought for in answer to prayer, Acts 5: 31; 11; 18; 2 Timothy 2: 25.] "Second, Expecting to get filled with the Spirit during the business and cares of the day, when I neglect or slightly perform my morning devotions. It is very clear that unless I get baptized with the Holy Ghost before business commences, I will not be afterward. This error is as unphilosophical as it is discordant with Bible injunction." "John Wesley was always in haste, but never is a hurry. 'Hence' says he, 'I never undertake anything more than I can perform with perfect calmness of spirit.' Resolved to go only into that company (except to do them good) from which I may get the most possible benefit while in it. A companion of fools shall be destroyed. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise."

When he resumed his duties as a student, on the last day of February, 1838, it seems from his journal he was located at the Upper College; and is even more clear that he was still pursuing the branches taught in the preparatory department as he mentions modern geography, Pantheon, Greek and Latin grammar as the studies in which he engaged. It is probable that it was found far more economical, and in every way expedient to bring the more advanced students of the preparatory school to the college, in order that they might be taught by the professors. We know, from a letter in possession, that the Lower College was abandoned altogether at the ensuing fall session. The wonder is that they should ever have attempted to carry them on fourteen miles apart.

Having witnessed an unprofitable discussion been his brother and chum, he is led to say; "Resolved never to dispute unless with a view of doing antagonist good, by reclaiming him from

error. When it is plain that the talk is verging toward elimination and recrimination, to desist immediate. Also to cease whenever there is no probability of gaining my object - that is, refuting a material.

"Sunday, April 22, 1838," he writes: "I think every day how circumspect I will be tomorrow. Just as if, to use an expression of President Wayland's, man should be always neglecting his duties, and sing how he would do if he lived in the moon. I am very much one of these lunatics. Why, if I ever do my duty, it will not be dons tomorrow. Tomorrow is not mine."

About the first of June he made an engagement to deliver the" Comprehensive Commentary" to subscribers at forty-five cents a volume. This work he attended to probably during the holidays, and was the means, doubtless, of providing him with this valuable thesaurus of criticism upon the Scriptures. It became, we know, the basis of all his subsequent study of the sacred volume.

On the 4th of July, 1838, he was made the superintendent of the college Sunday-school, and entered upon its duties with a spirit of earnest and humble activity. This is a signal proof of the .highest estimate which was placed upon him as an intelligent and useful Christian, when he was still but a student in the preparatory department.

We are now about to lose the light of his journal for a period of more than ten years. We deeply regret this, for every reader doubtless agrees that the extracts from it form by far the most interesting and valuable portions of this volume. We shall give the last entry, made July 4th, 1838: "The Bible commands me to be above the world; not to fear the world; to keep my conscience void of offence tow –" and God and toward man, though in so doing the whole neighborhood should despise me or laugh in a chorus. There is a rock that is higher than I, which rock is all truth. Though I cannot comprehend all truth, though I see in part, yet there is no error in this rock. If I settle upon any part of it, I have a clue to the rest. Truth is harmonious, without inconsistency, without disaster. Doing one duty will aid another. Being humble will help me to be self-denying. Though I am in a thorny maze, and cannot see all the duties, or the propriety of some firings which I confess to be duties, yet I will do duty I will do His will, assured that I shall know of the doctrine. I will be humble. I know moreover that I cannot err in being humble. I am on the rock. I'll swing to it, though 'earth were from her centre tossed!' (collaterally, I shall thus acquire force of character). Yes, I'll be humble, even if humility is out of fashion. It is delightful to have such an anchor, some lamp, some unerring oracle. Such an oracle is the word of God."

From his journal and some letters that have been preserved, there are a few additional facts connected with his life at Marion College, which may be noted. We have already observed that board was only fifty dollars for the entire school-year of forty weeks. This seems to us very cheap.

Our wonder, however, is somewhat lessened when we read of the diet that was in vogue at that time. Twice in his journal he speaks of boarding himself, and of living on mush, bread, and molasses, and on bread and water. Thomas Curd Hart writes to William H. Kemper: "I am still boarding myself, and shall continue to do so. I can study better, and then it is very essential that I practice the most rigid economy. I tell what, if I should ever be so fortunate as to get a wife, I'll make up for lost time in the way of living. I shall call to mind very often the bread and water Marion College. You would always have your coffee and eggs, and kick up such a hurrah with your batters, that it was much more expensive for you to board yourself than at the boarding-house."

We may here say, with regard to Mr. Kemper's younger brother William, that he was thought to have excelled his brother Frederick in scholarship, and gifts of composition and oratory. He became discouraged, however, at the failure of the college to help them pay their own way, and went to Raymond, Hinds County, Mississippi, to teach a private school, and died there in less than a year.

D. J. Garnett writes from Lower College to Mr. Kemper at Upper College: "We are living on corn bread and water, which costs us something less than a shilling a week; cheap living, but as good as I desire. For while it affords sufficient nourishment it leaves the mind clearer and in a better condition for hard study than richer food. We generally retire at 10 o'clock and rise at 4 o'clock." His father, in one of his letters, refers to the very meagre diet which he allowed himself, and is apprehensive of its effects upon his health. There are not many students from good families now who would be willing to live on bread and water in order to secure an education. It is certainly a blessing that very few, if any, are compelled so to do. It is more than doubtful whether such a diet is conducive to either mental or bodily vigor. It is a mistake to starve the body in order to feed the mind. It was a cruel and most miserable economy which, a generation ago, prevailed in our boarding-schools, in giving poor and insufficient food to those who were expected to study hard. The hungry days of one's life are those spent in the school-room; and nature demands, for brain as well as brawn, that an abundance of wholesome and nutritious food should then be given and received. It is very probable that Mr. Kemper laid the foundation of much suffering, on which we shall observe in his subsequent life, by the partial starvation to which he subjected himself during his college days. An abundance of food and of sleep is necessary for a healthy growing brain.

Another very interesting point, settled during his college life, was his choice of a profession. He had been put to service as a clerk in a store when he was not quite thirteen years of age. In this work he had continued at least five years, and for it he had shown an unusual aptitude. While he was at Marion a tempting offer was made him to go into business as a merchant. This, however, he at once and peremptorily declined. It is manifest, from many proofs, it was his expectation, when

he left home for Marion College, and perhaps for the first three years his stay there, to prepare himself for the Christian ministry. His Virginia pastor, the Rev. A. D. Pollock D.D., alludes to this fact in several of his letters to him, giving him such counsel as would be appropriate in such a case. Moreover, in the letter of introduction which Dr. P, gave him to Professors Hal and Agnew, he speaks of his seeking admission the college as a passway to usefulness in the ministry. He made the impression that this was his purpose, on his relatives at Walnut Hills, Ohio, as he passed through Cincinnati. A letter from his father, written not long after his entrance into college, refers to such an intention on his part. A letter from his Virginia friend, Dr. C. W. Ashby, of Jan. 22, 1839, Says to him: "I hope you have not changed your mind in regard to the ministry." His special friend and fellow-student, W. T. Davis, in two letters to him, written early in 1840, refers in decided terms to this expectation, as entertained by both of them. If further proof were needed, we have it in one of his own manuscripts, which is headed, "Notes of a Sermon preached at the Camp-ground of New Providence Church, August, 1838." These notes are indorsed as "No. 2, Weak Faith," showing that he had prepared a sketch of a sermon once before. The text was Rom. 14: 1, and the notes are such as any preacher might profitably use. Had he carried out this intention, he would have made a learned and eloquent preacher and a devoted, faithful, pious pastor.

In the year 1840 he had changed his mind and turned his thoughts toward the law. We have the evidence of one letter, written in 1837, that so early as this he was wavering, hesitating between the law and the ministry. But April 26, 1840, in a letter from his father to his brother William, it is said, "Frederick writes that he intends to turn his attention to the law." As appears from the context, this was not in accordance with his father's judgment, and was, perhaps for that reason, abandoned. It is doubtful whether he would have suited this profession. If he had entered it, he would have been better adapted to the judicial gravity and research of the bench than to the contentions of the bar.

Having given up both of these, he finally and fully decided upon making teaching the profession of his life.

In the year 1839 Dr. Potts resigned the presidency, and was succeeded by the Rev. Hiram P. Goodrich, D.D. The institution was doubtless like a ship to the midst of breakers during the whole period of its history. The scheme for its support, though devised by practical men, was manifestly impracticable. It is as much as one set of men can do to carry on a university or a college. They must be select men to do that. To expect the same men to manage a farm of five thousand acres and support the college from the proceeds is as Utopian an idea as the uncrazed brain of man ever conceived. We are not surprised, therefore, to see that Dr. Goodrich as compelled to canvass for the

college to secure funds for its maintenance; nor that, in the year 1840, the very recitation benches were sold for debt, the entire lot bringing less than four dollars at the forced sale. About the same time Professor Thomson, the able professor of mathematics, committed suicide in the college campus, and Dr. Ely's wife returned from Philadelphia deranged and speechless.

On Jan. 13th, 1840, Mr. Kemper was invited, by a committee of the Palmyra Temperance Society, to deliver an address before them on the evening of the first Tuesday of February. The committee were R. J. Wright, W. P. Cochran, and J. L. Hyde. He accepted, and made the speech. He received the thanks of the society and a very earnest request for publication of the address. We have no information as to whether he agreed to its publication or not.

In the fall of 1840 he entered the senior class, and having passed through the entire curriculum distinguished honor to himself, he was graduated with the degree of A.B. in the summer of 1841.

In connection with his life at Marion College he formed a friendship to which we wish to call special attention, for the reason that it may serve to link with his name the memory of another good man and conscientious, efficient teacher. We refer to William T. Davis. He was born in Washington County, Mo., May 3, 1817, and was educated at Marion College, where he was graduated in 1841. He was a professional teacher, devoting his entire life to the work. He first taught in the country schools around Fayette, in Howard County; then in Columbia; then in Fayette, in connection with Mr. W. T. Lucky; then in the Masonic College at Lexington, of which he was at one time president; and finally at Glasgow, as the principal of the Male High School there, from 1859 to the fall of 1864, when he died a triumphant Christian death, October 14.

He was a man of good mind, unusual intelligence, sound judgment, imperturbable good humor, and sincere Christianity. No kinder, truer husband, father, friend, or neighbor ever lived. As a teacher he was universally beloved and respected by his pupils, hundreds of whom doubtless still live to revere his memory. The esteem in which he was held by Mr. Kemper is plainly shown in the fact that more of his letters were preserved than of any three other correspondents outside of his father's family, and in the further fact that he gave a most cordial and flattering indorsement to the effort to make him professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in the State University, in the spring of 1860. His letters deserve this honor, for they are remarkably good specimens of friendly letter-writing. We shall give a few extracts from them. While a country teacher, trying to make money to complete his education, he writes:

"My leisure time, for the want of books, has not been very profitably employed, being spent in reading truly novelty of such a work and the subject itself are calculated to excite. The work is

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accompanied by the recommendations of some of the best scholars in the country. J. Q. Adams says it is written in 'pure Ciceronian Latin.' There is something very ingenious, and to me sometimes a little diverting, in the manner in which Glass has adapted the ancient Latin to modern arts, improvements and names. For instance, he calls firearms 'arena ignevoma;' the Quakers, Tremebundi;' a governor, 'gubernator;' cannon; 'tormenta majora,' etc. I have no news to tell you, and my main object in 'writing is alere flammam amicitia. There is a great deal of sickness in some parts of this county. This exhorts us to be also ready, to have our lamps trimmed and burning, to walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore of that vast ocean we must sail soon.' Tis a solemn though a glorious sight to see a Christian die, to see his lamp of life' melt away into the light of heaven.' But to see a sinner leaving the world, which he had made his home, his all, who can endure the sight? Kemper, my friend and brother, when I think of these things, I feel that there should be more to tell the tale of Calvary, more laborers in the fields, which are already white to the harvest. There is now a great moral battle to be fought, upon the success of which depend our individual salvation and that of our country, the prosperity of the Church, and the glory of its matchless King. This warfare is for life, and as earnest as the interests of heaven, earth, and hell can make it." "I fear that in our most religious institutions there is not enough of heart-culture in proportion to the head-culture. The moral powers are of more importance than the mental. They give character and dignity to man, and direct all his other powers, either for good or for evil. Therefore we should be anxious that every college in the land have a high tone of morals - not the cold morals of the deist, but the warm, living piety of the Gospel. For nothing else, I verily believe, will do. He that would serve his country well must act from the law that comprehends all our social duties. 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' "Every line of these letters is worthy of preservation, but space here forbids.

Another of his fellow-students was the Rev. John Leighton, D.D., one of the most scholarly and thoughtful ministers of Missouri. His graceful pen will close this account of Mr. Kemper's college days:

"SAINT LOUIS, April

20, 1881.

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"DEAR SIR: Learning of the worthy purpose of publishing a memorial of the late Professor F. T. Kemper, I am prompted to write you. For though I have nothing special to communicate, my recollection of that excellent man covers a period in his life further back than is reached by the memory of most of his surviving friends and admirers.

"It was in the autumn of 1837" [I836, the Kempers entered ] " that he and his younger brother William, together with myself, entered Marion College, then an excellent and flourishing institution under the presidency of Dr. William S. Potts. As the college was admirably manned, especially in the chairs of philosophy and classical literature, none of the alumni had the least apology for lack of drill or thorough scholarship. The eminent and life-long career of Mr. Kemper as an educator has been no more than a practical reflection of what his alma mater was in those her best days.

"After a lapse of more than forty years I retain a distinct remembrance of Mr. Kemper's personal appearance, as a youthful student. His presence was unusually commanding. His bearing was remarkably easy, yet always dignified. His countenance was open. His large genial face was radiant with amiability and intelligence, and seemed always ready to pass into a smile.

"If Mr. Kemper was not always facile princeps in his studies, be was certainly never second to any in his class. One peculiarity of his method I well remember. In preparing for recitation, he was not content - as most even good scholars are - to understand well all that bore directly on the subject. If, in his investigations, other matters not understood came within view, he would step out of his path to master these also. The thought then occurred to me that this industrious research would make him a man of wide intelligence. Those who have known him in later life, as I have not, can testify how far this expectation was verified.

"The religious and orthodox atmosphere of Marion College, and especially the pungent and eloquent sermons of President Potts, 'worked wrath,' and occasioned the outcropping of sporadic eases of infidelity among the students. But our friend remained removed from the young sceptics, whose elevation of mind lifted them above the 'mists of superstition.' While, indeed, he distanced them all in the differential calculus, and easily silenced them in literary debate, in religious things he never pretended to a penetration of mind that enabled him to see any inconsistency between reason and revelation. He remained a humble and avowed believer.

"It was, I think, in the summer of 1843," [probably the spring of 1844] "and during the first year of my pastorate in Palmyra, that Mr. Kemper made me a visit, having in view the establishing of a school of high grade in that place. Bearing upon the project, he gave us an able lecture in the church. But our people were so short-sighted as to fail to see the inviting door he opened. As they that evening gave no response to his overture, he soon after directed his steps toward the Missouri River. In the educational wealth thus conferred on that region during nearly half a century, the people of Palmyra may today see their own loss. Thus often upon the pivotal incident of an hour turns the whole subsequent career of a good man's life. A local obstacle in the channel deflects the

river's course, and the tide of its healthful influence is shed far and wide over regions otherwise unvisited. Fraternally yours,

JOHN LEIGHTON."

