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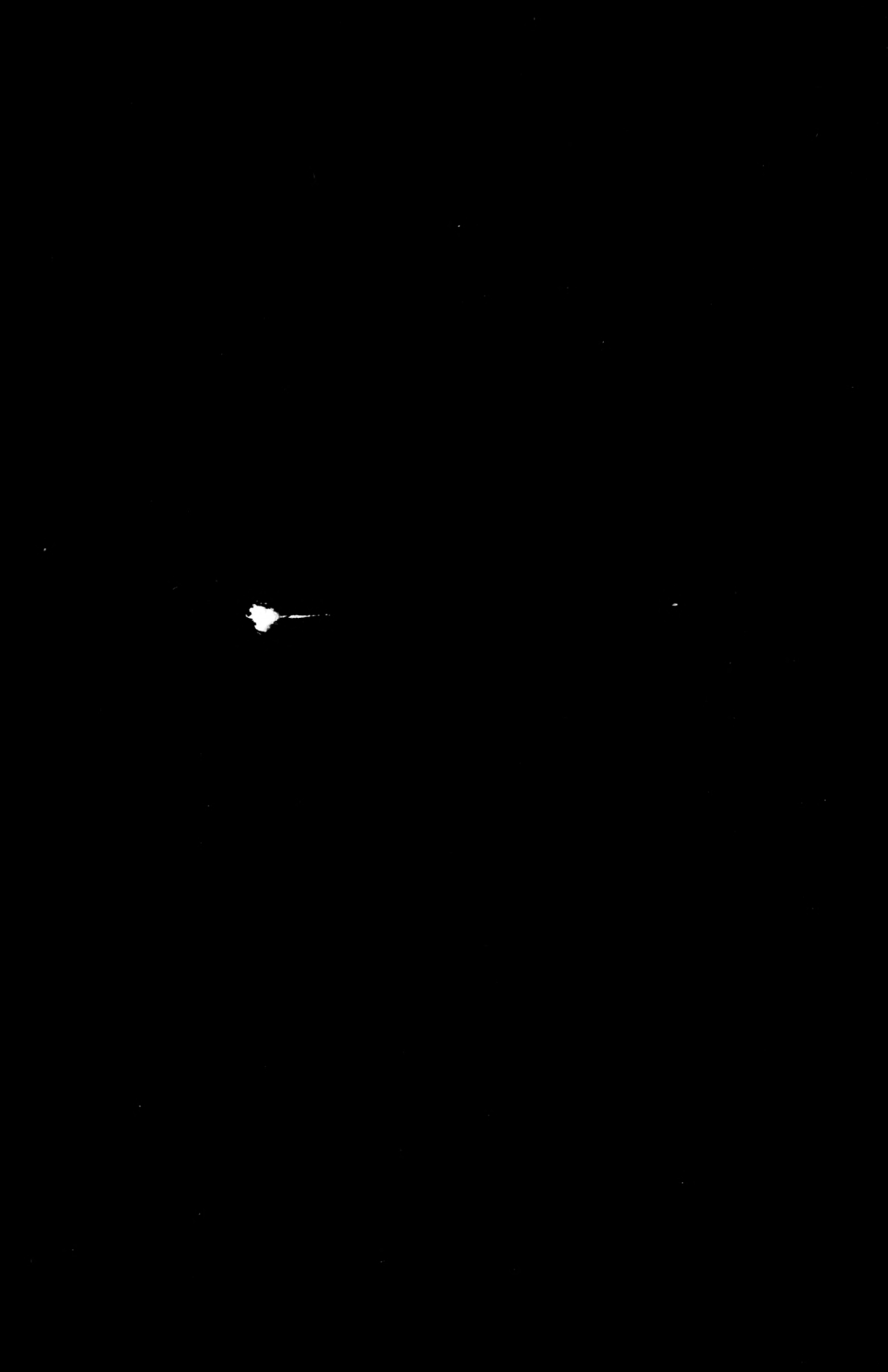
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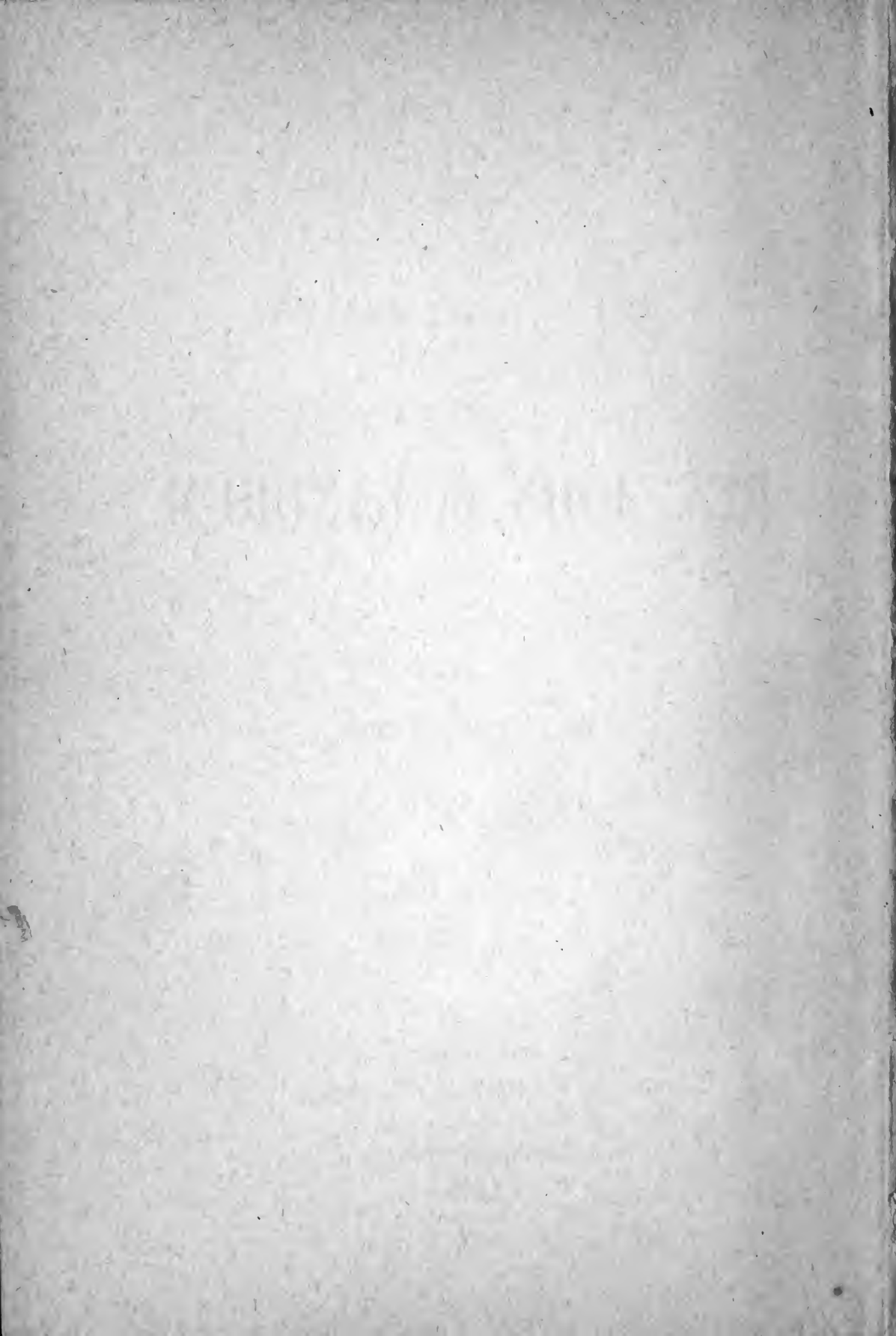
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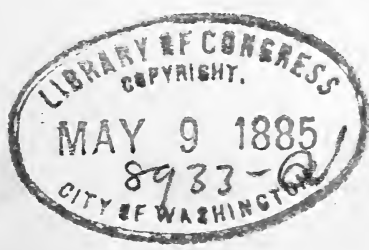
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THE  
LIFE AND TIMES  
OF  
REV. JOHN G. LANDRUM.



*Harmon*  
*St. L.* BY  
H. P. GRIFFITH.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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Soon after the death of Rev. John G. Landrum, at the request of the Editor of the Baptist *Courier*, I prepared a sketch of Mr. Landrum's life and labors for that paper. During the preparation of that sketch, and while it was coming out in the *Courier*, many friends in whose judgment I had great confidence suggested to me that the subject of the sketch was worthy of a more extended and enduring memorial. I promised them that such a memorial should be prepared, and I have endeavored, through difficulties not necessary to be detailed here, to fulfill that promise faithfully. The memoir now presented is mainly the rough draft of facts collected from various sources and hastily thrown together in the intervals of other pressing duties. I am aware that as a composition it contains many serious faults. If I could rewrite or even revise it to any considerable extent, I should remodel many sentences and recast many paragraphs. But all that I have had the opportunity of doing in the way of revising has been done by interlining and by making such slight changes in the proof sheets as the nature of the case imperatively demanded. Nevertheless, it is believed that the main facts recorded are reliable, and it is these, after all, that the public want. The work has been extended far beyond the limits first assigned it, and, even after being placed in the hands of the printer, it has been found necessary to discard material for some two hundred

pages, which had been prepared at the expense of much time and labor, in order that the price of the book might be brought within the limits that had been fixed.

In this reduction of material, I have tried to discard that which I thought would be of least interest to the general reader, and to retain that which was most closely connected with the subject in hand. Hoping that my labor may not have been altogether in vain, I now submit the little book to the consideration of a generous public.

H. P. GRIFFITH.

COOPER-LIMESTONE INSTITUTE,

*March 14th, 1885.*

LIFE  
OF  
REV. JOHN G. LANDRUM.

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CHAPTER I.

THE LANDRUM FAMILY.

THE name of Landrum has become quite a familiar one in many parts of our country. Especially is the name conspicuous in the annals of the Baptists of the South and West. Seldom has the Baptist brotherhood come together in large assemblies in the sections just named, during the last quarter of a century, when there was not a Landrum there to take a prominent part in the proceedings, and to advocate the cause of Jesus Christ. Many of the name are to be found in and around Richmond, Va., Louisville, Ky., in Edgefield, S. C., and in various parts of Georgia. They are generally Baptists, and highly respectable wherever found; many of them are wealthy and of high social position. So far as known they all believe that they sprung from the same stock. Dr. John Landrum, of Edgefield, S. C., writes:

“I have heard my father, Rev. John Landrum, say that his father, Samuel Landrum, told him that the

original Landrums were two brothers, who came over from Scotland and settled in Virginia; one named John and the other James. James remained in Virginia, and John, my great-grandfather, moved to Chatham county, N. C., where my father was born May 10th, 1765. My grandfather, Samuel Landrum had five sons, John (my father), George, Amos, Reuben and Abner. They are all dead, and only a part of the descendants of my father and Reuben remain in Edgefield. Reuben Landrum had two distinguished sons, John Morgan and G. W. Landrum.

“John Morgan, after graduating with high honors in the South Carolina College, went West, finally to Shreveport, La., and became a leading lawyer and politician of that State. He was elected Judge and afterward a member to the last U. S. Congress before the war.

“My grandfather, Samuel Landrum, emigrated to South Carolina, about the year 1773, and settled near Edgefield C. H. before the Revolutionary War.”

We append also a letter from the Rev. Dr. Sylvanus Landrum, of New Orleans, written to Dr. J. B. O. Landrum on hearing of the death of the subject of this memoir. It is mainly a letter of sympathy, but gives some interesting particulars in regard to the Landrum family.

“NEW ORLEANS, 8th Feb., 1882.

“DEAR BROTHER:—I had read notices of your father’s death in several papers before the arrival of your letter. I felt much moved when I first heard of



his death. It was, however, a blessed and glorious translation for him. Having spent fifty years in the ministry, and having baptized five thousand converts, it was time to enter the complete, satisfying, and eternal rest. Blessed reunion with those who had gone before him! He went, too, so quickly—so gloriously!

“I wrote him just before leaving Georgia, and I am glad that I did so. He never replied, but I presume he received my letter.

“I look back with much pleasure to the visit I made you all, and to my conversations with him. You may remember the horse-back ride we made to his church, and by way of your house.

“My information (and his agreed with mine) is, that nearly or quite all the Landrums in the South and Southwest sprang from four brothers from Wales, who, in Colonial times, settled in Virginia. Their descendants are numerous in the South and West. My grandfather's name was Thomas, and he came just after the war of 1776 to Georgia, settling in Oglethorpe county. In that county both my father and myself were born. My forefathers were from the family that resided in Orange county, Va.

“The family from which your father descended came also from Virginia, but settled in South Carolina. From there he removed to Tennessee in 1828. He and I traced the same family names; as, John, Thomas, Samuel, etc., and the same characteristics and tendencies. Nearly all kept to the Baptist denomination—many of them were deacons and preachers. As preachers, they had

something of the old Welsh fire and unction. They were generally quiet in society and tending to taciturnity. Your father mentioned an instance of this tendency. A brother rode fifteen miles to see his brother. On arrival they made mutual inquiries as to health; then passed an hour in perfect silence, and the visit ended with good-byes. My brother had the early history of our family, but his death deprived me of it. I regret that I cannot be more specific. Do give our love to all the family. Dr. Furman is just the man for the memorial sermon. God bless you.

“S. LANDRUM.”

The writer of the above letter, Rev. Sylvanus Landrum, D.D., formerly of Memphis, Tenn., but now of New Orleans, it will be seen, is a grandson of Thomas Landrum, who settled in Oglethorpe county, Ga., just after the Revolutionary War. Among other descendants of Thomas, we may mention Rev. M. M. Landrum, M.D., of Tryon City, N. C., and Rev. W. W. Landrum, of Richmond, Va.

Reuben Landrum, a brother of Thomas, and grandfather of the subject of this memoir, settled near Cross Keys, Union county, S. C., where he married a Miss Terrel, who was related to the Wilkins family of Union and Spartanburg counties. He is represented as having been a good citizen, a man of strong though not cultivated mind, and as always standing squarely up for what he considered the best interests of his country. He dropped dead in old age while feeding shucks to his cattle.

He had three sons by his first wife, Stephen, James, and Benjamin. Stephen, the eldest, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War; but after three months' service he came home on furlough, and, while sitting in the yard engaged in shaving himself, was shot dead by a party of tories who had come up to the gate.

James, the second son, was of a roving and wayward disposition. He went to North Carolina and married an Indian wife; and after the Treaty, in 1827, by which all the Indian lands in Georgia were ceded to the United States, he moved with the tribes to the West. His descendants are now mostly in and around Eufala, Indian Territory, and are said to be educated, wealthy, and highly respectable.

Benjamin, the third son, was married, and died in Middle Tennessee.

The second wife of Reuben Landrum was Miss Mary Ray, sister of Rev. Thomas Ray, of whom we shall have something to say hereafter. By this second wife he raised five sons and four daughters. Their names were Merriman, Thomas, William, Samuel, John, Bessie, Esther, Winnie and Martha. These all married, and raised respectable families. One of the sons, William, served in the "Creek Indian War" under Gen. Andrew Jackson. Another, Samuel, was murdered by a highwayman near Athens, Ga. His murderer was arrested, and, after making a full confession of his crime, was publicly executed. Merriman, Thomas, John, Benjamin, and their sisters, Bessie and Esther, moved to Middle Tennessee about the year 1806. Tennessee was then a

frontier State, and its fertile soil and fine climate induced many South Carolinians to make it the place of their abode. The beautiful city of Nashville was laid out and founded by a colony from South Carolina.

We have said that the Landrums were generally Baptists; but about this time a great controversy sprang up among the churches of Tennessee and other Western States, and ere long the denomination was divided into two sects—one calling themselves Primitive Baptists, but more generally known as Hardshells. They opposed all missionary work and denounced a paid ministry, claiming that there is no Scriptural authority for either. The other sect were styled Missionary Baptists, and, as the name would indicate, held it to be the duty of their church not only to contribute of their means to the support of the Gospel at home, but to send it to foreign lands, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. This division still exists in many of the Western States and the two sects are as far apart as Jew and Gentile.

Of the four Landrum brothers who made Tennessee their home, two, John and Merriman, became Missionary Baptist preachers.

John was for many years the pastor of Mount Pleasant church in Rutherford county, Tenn. He was a man of respectable preaching abilities, and was greatly beloved for his pure Christian life and character. He died in the pulpit, in full armor, at a good old age. Rev. S. C. Reid, pastor of Mount Pleasant church, thus describes his death:

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“I was at the Rover Baptist church on Sunday. He rose to preach, and had taken his text in Paul’s letter to Timothy, ‘I have fought the good fight ; I have finished my course, and henceforth there is a crown of righteousness laid up for me,’ and had been talking only a few minutes, when he took his seat, and fell over dead.”

His bones rest in the Mt. Pleasant church-yard, and it is inscribed on his tombstone that he was ordained “a Minister of the Gospel of the Missionary Baptist Church in 1834.” He was born in 1800 ; consequently, he was thirty-four years old when he was ordained to the ministry. Perhaps one of the most pleasant acts that this good man ever performed was the baptizing of his mother, with his own hands, when she was seventy years old.

Merriman was the eldest son of Reuben Landrum, and a peculiar interest attaches to him as the father of John G. Landrum, the subject of this book.

Merriman was born about the close of the Revolutionary war, near Cross Keys, Union county, S. C., on the north side of Tyger river, eleven or twelve miles west of Union C. H., on land now owned by Coleman Lawson. The educational advantages that came within his reach were slender indeed ; but such as they were he improved to the best of his ability, and possessing strong natural powers, he came to be a man far above the average in intelligence, moral force, and all the elements that constitute a strong and decided character. He married in South Carolina in the year 1805, and moved the next year, as has been stated, to Middle Tennessee.

Not wishing to purchase land until he had had time to look around over the country, he lived for a time in the house with Newton Cannon, who was then a bachelor, and Surveyor-General of Tennessee. He was afterward Governor of the State. Being at this time engaged in surveying lands, he was away from home the greater part of his time, and Merriman Landrum assumed control of his business affairs about home, while Mrs. Landrum became the matron of the household. Husband and wife, it seems, both performed their duties to the entire satisfaction of Gen. Cannon. It is told that the coming governor sometimes complained in jest that Mrs. Landrum had not *patched* his clothes as she should have done, while the clothes exhibited many conspicuous specimens of her handiwork. The general carried his gun with him on his surveys, and kept the table supplied with fresh venison through the greater part of the year.

The warmest attachment sprang up between the bachelor and Landrum, which was severed only by death. They visited each other often, and after the death of Landrum, Cannon, then Governor of the State, paid his widow a special visit of sympathy and condolence.

Landrum purchased land and began life as a farmer in 1807. He proved to be a first-class farmer and made a good living. He was one of the first Baptist preachers in Williamson county, Tenn.; but whether he was ordained in South Carolina or Tennessee, we have not been able to learn. It is certain that he preached in

South Carolina, but it may have been only when on a visit to this State. John H. Walker, Esq., wrote of him: "He preached at least twice at my father's house in Union county, S. C. I heard him both times. He was a forcible, old-time preacher, making good use of his lungs and arms."

Job Cooper of Tennessee writes: "He was a good preacher, and stood as high in the estimation of the people as any man I was ever acquainted with."

His worthy son said of him, long after his death: "He was a Baptist preacher of respectable preaching powers, and of much personal influence, both as a minister and as a citizen." He was in politics a Jeffersonian Republican, or as known in later times a Democrat, and his influence seems to have been courted by many of the leading politicians of his State. James K. Polk frequently made his house a stopping-place, and other prominent men of the day sought and enjoyed his friendship and hospitality.

He, too, lies buried in the Mt. Pleasant church-yard, having fallen in the prime and vigor of manhood. The following is the inscription on his tomb:

"Sacred to the memory of Merriman Landrum, born 12th July, A. D. 1774, and departed this life 28th July, 1826. He has left an affectionate wife and nine children, with a numerous connection, and many friends to lament his last days. As a husband and parent, he was affectionate; as a citizen, upright; as a politician, he was a steadfast Republican; as a minister of the gospel, universally esteemed."

The widow, Mrs. Delilah Landrum, who survived him many years, was the daughter of Ralph Jackson, Esq., a highly respected citizen of Union county, S. C. He was the great-grandfather of the late William Walker, A. S. H., and John H. Walker, Esq., of Spartanburg. One of his sons, Nathaniel, was a soldier of the Revolution, and carried a scar on his face, caused by a gun-shot wound, to his grave. He was also a soldier of the Cross, and a Baptist preacher.

Delilah was the only daughter, and while she received only such education in books as the neighborhood afforded, she imbibed what was better—early lessons of piety, affection and filial duty; and she grew up to be a woman of great dignity and moral power. Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper writes of her: “She was as good a woman as ever lived; well beloved by all that knew her. She was an exception—was kind and good to everybody.”

The following incident is told as illustrating her self-possession and independence of character: During her widowhood, there was a church near her home in Tennessee, of a different faith and order from that to which she belonged. She seldom attended its meetings; but once was prevailed on to accompany her little daughter, Mary, to a meeting at night. It was during a term of heated revival in the church, and there was great excitement in the congregation. The preacher soon rose to fever heat, and his audience indicated their sympathy by shouts and groans, and many other noisy demonstrations. When the excitement had reached its climax, the preacher, in the tones of a trumpet, demanded that all who wanted



to go to heaven should rise from their seats and clap their hands. The whole congregation, with the single exception of Mrs. Landrum, rose and gave the required response. The quick eye of the preacher noted the defalcation, and he immediately added: "And all who want to go to hell, will please keep their seats." Mrs. Landrum still calmly kept her seat to the great horror of the zealous worshipers, and especially to that of the little daughter, Mary. The latter, on reaching home, came to her mother with a heavy heart, and, in childish simplicity, said: "Mother, do you want to go to hell?" "No, my child," replied Mrs. Landrum; "but that preacher is not my captain. God knows the hearts of all his people, and it is not necessary to make unnatural and unbecoming demonstrations in order merely to gratify the curiosity of others."

This noble woman, the mother of John Gill Landrum, lived to an advanced age. During the last few years of her life, she lived in the house with her daughter, Mrs. Ballenger, in Rusk county, Texas, having moved to that county with her son-in-law, Mr. R. Alexander, about the year 1858. She lies buried in the churchyard of New Prospect, Rusk county, Texas. Her end was as peaceful as a declining summer day, and the faith upon which she had leaned through a long life never shook nor faltered. A short while before she died, while lying quietly, and apparently noticing nothing, her daughter gently approached her and asked if she wanted anything. She replied; "I know what you are trying to find out. You want to know whether I am

afraid to die. Let me tell you, it has been thirty years since I was afraid to die. My only care now is for my children, and I am now praying my last prayer for them. Poor John! I have for a long time tried to hold him up in my prayers. I never forget him."

Who knows but that the magic power which John often wielded over his congregations in South Carolina had its secret source in Texas, in the great depths of the dear old mother's heart!

The names of her nine children were Elizabeth, John Gill, James, Sarah, William Riley, Harriet, Azariah Keimbro, Mary and Merriman.

The account of the Landrum family would be very incomplete without a brief notice of each one of these.

Elizabeth, the eldest, was born in 1808. She married Job Cooper, a good man and a highly-respected citizen. At the date of this writing she and her husband are still living in Hamilton county, Texas, and are both pious members of the Presbyterian Church. They are the parents of five sons and two daughters, only three of whom are alive. Four of their boys lost their lives in defence of the South in the late war. One of them, Geo. W. Cooper, was a field officer under Gen. Hood, and was killed near Atlanta, Ga. Their children that are living, and many of their grandchildren, are wealthy, educated, and of high social position.

James, the next son to John Gill, was, unlike his elder brother, a stout hardy boy, and was thought to be able to push his way through the world without any aid from books. He left home at the age of fifteen years,

married at sixteen, and raised a large family of bright boys and girls. He made three trips to California, the first in 1851, the second in 1856, and the third in 1859, carrying some of his family with him each trip. He and his sons went largely into the raising of improved long-wool sheep and Cashmere goats. He died in California in the year 1875. Sarah now lives in Rutherford county, Tenn. She was an unusually bright and intelligent girl, and received a good education in Salem High School. She was married, at the age of twenty-five, to Cullen Taylor, an enterprising and well-to-do farmer, with whom she lived happily until deprived of him by death. She now lives with her son, James M. Taylor, who is a popular and highly-respected man in his community.

William, the fifth child, now lives in Alabama. He left the home of his mother when only fourteen years old, to battle with the world, and went to Georgia, where he married, and for a time followed the business of a millwright, and afterward that of a railroad contractor. By energy and attention to business he acquired a competency of this world's goods, and is now a useful and honored citizen.

Harriet married Ralph J. Alexander, son of Angus Alexander, of Union, S. C., and a remarkably good man. She and her husband are both dead, and only one of their children, a daughter, survives, who lives now in Texas. Keimbro raised a large family and lives in Gillespie county, Texas. He is a Campbellite preacher of respectable powers and good standing.

The eighth child of the family is Mrs. Mary Ballenger, widow of Thos. Ballenger, and lives in Rusk county, Texas, with her son, John Landrum Ballenger, a young man of much promise. She is an affectionate, pious, and self-sacrificing woman, noted for her kind ministrations to the suffering and distressed throughout the community in which she lives.

Merriman Landrum, Jr., the ninth and last child of the family, now lives in Grayson county, Texas. He is a successful farmer and useful citizen. The care of his widowed mother devolving mainly upon him from boyhood had the effect of curtailing the educational advantages which he might otherwise have enjoyed. Still, he so improved the advantages that came within his reach as to become a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He is clear-headed and self-reliant, and acts upon his own judgment.

## CHAPTER II.

### EARLY LIFE OF JOHN G. LANDRUM.

REV. JOHN GILL LANDRUM, named for the great Bible commentator, was the oldest son of Rev. Merriman Landrum, who, as has been said in the preceding chapter, emigrated from Union District (as it was then called), S. C., to Williamson, now Rutherford county, Tenn., in the year 1806, where John was born on the 22d of October, 1810. The precise place of his birth is near the present site of Eaglesville, about thirty miles south of Nashville. His mother's maiden name, as has also been stated, was Delilah Jackson; and this pious, consecrated woman early impressed lessons of religious and moral obligation upon her son, which no doubt did more toward moulding his character and shaping the course of his life than all the other lessons of his youth. The parents were not wealthy, but in easy pecuniary circumstances. They belonged to that class, the great middle class of society, which comprises the bone and sinew of the world; which holds the resources for which Agur prayed; and which stocks the world with preachers, statesmen and heroes. The father was a man of strong mind and big heart, a natural preacher, and a man of considerable personal influence both as a minister and as a citizen.

The country which he had chosen for his home and for the field of his labors was then a frontier country, with a sparse population, and full of all the inconveniences and drawbacks that were usually found by the early settlers of the West. Lands had to be cleared, houses built, roads opened, and all the machinery of newly-organized neighborhoods looked after and put into running order, while many of the common necessities of civilized life were not to be had except at great cost of time and money. But the good man and his wife had entered the Western forest with brave hearts, and they were not to be discouraged or intimidated by the inconveniences to which they were sometimes subjected or the hardships which they sometimes endured. The husband worked on the farm during the week and preached to such crowds as he could collect on Sunday, while the wife did all of her household work, and made the new home musical with the buzz of the spinning-wheel and the clash of the loom. Later, when her children had arrived at proper age for instruction, she would gather the little household around her on Sunday, while her husband was away, and impress upon them such lessons as she could draw from the open Bible and from the unfathomable depths of a mother's love. Her son often alluded to these lessons in after life as being the very groundwork upon which his character rested; and to the end of his days, he always cherished the profoundest love and veneration for his mother.

John was a frail, delicate child, and seemed destined to an early grave. It is stated upon good authority that

he did not weigh more than eighty-five pounds until some time after he had attained to manhood. His parents considering him too weakly for any employment that required physical exertion, thought it wise to give him whatever educational advantages it might be in their power to bestow, and at a very early age, perhaps when he was not more than four or five years old, he was started to school.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper, his oldest sister, writes that his father taught the first school to which John ever went, and that John was about five years old at the time. Keimbro Landrum, his brother, says: "He entered school at five years of age; was always at the head of his class; was the pride and hope of father; and was loved by all his schoolmates, except a few who were jealous of him on account of his rapid progress."

Mr. E. A. Seay, an old citizen of Rutherford county, Tenn., writes: "I knew him well, and was intimately associated with him in his childhood and early boyhood days. He was my best friend and I was his. He was gentle and mild in his disposition, and of an active, enquiring mind; so much so, that he received the nickname, '*Trigger*' from some of his schoolmates of a different turn of mind—an appellation which I considered complimentary, but which was very distasteful to John's sensitive nature."

It may be remarked here that through life John G. Landrum never had any relish for jokes or nicknames. Indeed, anything of the kind was exceedingly distasteful to him. It is doubtful whether, in the whole course

of his ministry, he ever told an anecdote or uttered a word from the pulpit that was calculated to provoke even a smile among his hearers. In the social circle he was easy and fluent, sometimes even lively and hilarious, but never indulging in jokes at the expense of others, or giving countenance even to playful allusions which, when viewed in a serious light, might be calculated to wound the feelings of another. In the pulpit, his words were always in keeping with the importance of his mission, and his whole demeanor comported well with the dignity and solemnity of the occasion.

His dislike for jokes must have been a serious inconvenience to him in his boyhood days. The school-boy who is at all sensitive to the jokes of his play-fellows has a hard time of it in youth; for he is at the mercy of every boy that owes him a grudge or envies him his standing. He may shine in the class recitation, and the dunces may all cower in his shadow; but woe and humiliation await him on the play-ground, where the veriest blockhead can wield a weapon that cuts to the heart, and pierces to the very marrow of his bones. Only he who was so unfortunate in his youth as to disclose to his school-fellows something in his constitution and temperament which made him a target for the shafts of school-boy ridicule can sympathize with the little Tennessee school-boy, under the great weight of misery and mortification which the merciless boys imposed upon him in the appellation of "Trigger." It is told by a brother that, twenty years afterward, when the little boy had grown to be a great and good man,



and was on a visit to his mother, one of the old school-mates came to the door, and, in rather a blustering manner, inquired for "Trigger." Immediately a voice that was then well known replied from within, "Trigger declines to see you, sir."

When John was six or seven years old, a circumstance occurred which came well nigh cutting short the hopes of parents, and ending his own frail existence. He being the oldest son, was frequently sent to the mill, several miles away, on a sack of grain thrown across a horse's back. On one occasion, when his father was away, his mother found it necessary to send him to the mill, though the day was bitterly cold, and the ground was covered with snow. The mill was crowded with customers, and he had to wait for his turn to come. Night came on, and he failed to return home. His father being absent, his mother set out with a blanket in the darkness to meet him. She found him lying at the root of a tree by the roadside in a stupefied and half-frozen condition. The little fellow had become benumbed with cold, and had fallen from his horse, and the life-blood was almost congealed when the distressed mother grasped him in her arms and pressed him to her bosom. The faithful horse stood near by, and the sack of meal was still on his back.

The little boy was carried home in his mother's arms, and his life was with difficulty saved. He carried to his grave a scar about one ear, caused by that fall from his horse. This sketch would not be a faithful one, did we not mention the fact, that soon after John Landrum

had come to South Carolina, and had begun to preach the gospel, he became the victim of a cruel and relentless persecution; and, among other things, his persecutors alleged that he had fled from justice in Tennessee, and that the scar mentioned above was the mark of a rope that had once been tied around his neck for crime.

We find among his old papers a certificate from the clerk of the court of Williamson county, Tenn., over fifty years old, and bearing the seal of the court, to the effect that there was there no record of any crime or misdemeanor committed by John G. Landrum. We infer, from a perusal of this old paper, that Landrum had obtained it in order to meet the charges of his calumniators. It is true that he triumphantly vindicated his character, and came forth from the ordeal strengthened and better prepared for the life-work that lay before him; yet it is painful to record the fact, that the spirit which stoned Stephen, and accused the Son of God of being in league with devils, should have attempted to glut its fury on a stranger boy, who had consecrated all his powers to God, and who was struggling for the purest and noblest objects within the range of human attainment.

The childhood and boyhood of Landrum passed without many incidents different from those that are characteristic of any boy's life on the farm, in a new country, and under the watchful care of anxious and pious parents. His health continued delicate, and his body developed slowly, though his mind was quick and active. Mrs. Ballenger, a sister, in conversation with

Mrs. M. A. Wood, of Texas, said : " My mother always regarded him (John) as a remarkable child ; precocious, active, enquiring, restless, and eager to learn both from books and observation. I have heard my mother say that he gave her more trouble than all the rest of her children ; not that she could detect in him any disposition to wickedness or lawlessness, but she saw that he possessed a remarkable mind for one of his years, and she felt sure that he would be a great power in the world, either for good or for evil. She told him, when on a visit to her house in 1849, that he had made just the man she had prayed for him to make."

So eager was he for knowledge that, when quite a small boy, he manifested an interest in topics that were considered altogether too grave for a child ; and it is related upon good authority, that often when his father and friends were engaged in conversation around the home fireside, John would secrete himself behind the doors or in some place where he could for a time be free from the little calls to duty about the house, and would listen intently to the conversation that was going on. He was always fond of popular assemblies. When only seven or eight years old, his father sent him to Nashville, on horseback, to procure some land papers. His mother also furnished him some money with which to purchase several little articles, such as a few pounds of sugar, a few ounces of dyestuffs, etc. His return was delayed much longer than was expected, and the parents became uneasy and full of anxiety. To add to their uneasiness, a heavy rain fell just before night, and their fears were

increasing every moment, when the little fellow appeared, drenched with rain, and having in his satchel a well-saturated mixture of sugar, soda, dyestuffs, and so on. The father was so enraged that he applied the switch pretty freely, without asking many questions. After the castigation was over, however, little John, in answer to questions as to the cause of his delay, replied, between sobs, that a certain bill in the legislature had passed the lower house, and he had waited to see if it would pass the upper house. Keimbro Landrum says that his father embraced the little fellow after hearing this statement.

Mrs. Taylor relates another circumstance somewhat similar to the above. She says :

“When he was ten or twelve years old, father sent him to Murfreesboro on some business. There was no bridge over Stone river, and there had been a heavy rain. It was in the spring of the year, and the county court was holding its spring session. John stayed until very late and father became very much agitated. He had a good supply of switches provided and held them in readiness for his boy’s appearance. By and by John came and seeing the preparations that had been made to receive him, he burst into tears, and stated that he had stayed to hear the lawyers speak. My father was so affected that he threw down the switches and inquired concerning the proceedings of court, of which John gave an intelligent account.”

He seems to have possessed business qualifications when quite young, and as he was considered too weakly

to work on the farm, these qualifications were often put to the test. Keimbro Landrum writes: "When he was but eight years old, he attended to nearly all of father's business. Father placed great confidence in him, and would frequently send him from ten to fifty miles on business of importance."

Mrs. Wood writes: "He was frequently sent on errands, and transacted a great deal of business for his father that would have done credit to one far his superior in years." By these trips to Nashville and other places an opportunity was afforded him of catching an occasional glimpse of some of the prominent men of the day. On one occasion, while in Nashville, he saw Andrew Jackson and David Crockett; at another time, he saw Jackson and LaFayette riding in the street together, and witnessed the public reception that was given to the latter during his last visit to this country.

Such sights and associations were well calculated to excite in a boy of ardent temperament the liveliest aspirations for political distinction. Some time afterward, too, he formed the acquaintance of James K. Polk, then a young lawyer in Nashville, and the acquaintance seems to have ripened into something like intimacy; for we hear of Polk's spending a night with him at his mother's house, and of their occupying the same bed together. He seems at this time to have actually cherished an ambition to become a politician; and, no doubt, his intercourse with the ambitious young lawyer but added fuel to the flame. One would like to stand awhile just outside the room door of that old farm-

house, fifty-eight years ago, and hear the young lawyer and the farmer boy talk about their plans and hopes for future life. The one, no doubt, already had his heart set on popular honors, and his ear entranced with the "whistling of a name." The other was feeling in his heart the first bounding impulses of youthful ambition—the first purposeless strugglings of a spirit half-conscious of inherent greatness—and he was meditating, revolving, speculating, dreaming, and ever and anon, perhaps, gazing with something like superstitious awe out upon the wide gulf that lay between him and ambition's glittering goal. The paths of the two bed-fellows soon widely diverged: One passed through legislatures and senates up to the chief magistracy of a great republic; the other, through humiliation and self-denial, to his stand on the watchtower of Zion, from which, for fifty-three years, he proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation to a dying world.

The schools of the immediate neighborhood were inadequate to the demands of his now rapidly unfolding mind; and, if he continued his studies, it was necessary to seek some school of higher grade. He accordingly entered the school of Travis Nash, who taught principally a grammar school. This school was located about six miles from his father's, and during a part of the term John rode from home on horseback, and during the other part boarded with Azariah Keimbro, a friend of his father. He attended this school probably two years, and at the closing examination carried off the first honors of his class. Among his school-fellows was

M. P. Gentry, who afterward was a member of the U. S. Congress, and was the Whig candidate for Governor of Tennessee against Andrew Johnson in 1854. Dr. Haiden Scales and Dr. Webb, both distinguished men of Tennessee, were also students in Travis' grammar-school. After a two years' course in this school, at the invitation of Gov. Cannon, John went to his house to board, and attended a private school established by the governor and a few friends, taught by a gentleman named Montgomery. This teacher was a professor of mathematics; or, as he was then called, a *graduate in numbers*. John had not been long in this school when, by the sad and unexpected death of his father, he was called home, and his school-days in Tennessee seemed to be brought to a sudden close.

It now devolved upon him to assume the care of his mother and younger brothers and sisters; and he went to the task with that promptitude and alacrity with which he had learned to discharge every duty, and by his good management and prompt business habits, soon showed that he was fully equal to the demands of the new and trying position in which he found himself so unexpectedly placed. He remained with his mother upward of fifteen months, superintending the affairs of the farm and the business of his father's estate. With the exception of three months in the Latin school of Randolph Alexander, he had no further opportunity of attending school in his native State. He was still too slender and delicate of frame to work on the farm, and his younger brothers having far out-grown him, the care

of the farm was turned over to them, and it was decided that John should pay a visit to relatives residing in South Carolina.

As a great deal has been said about this visit to South Carolina, and as it seems to have been an important link in a chain of special providences, we beg the indulgence of the reader while we take a glance at the surroundings and endeavor to ferret out the motives that induced him to make it.

It will be remembered that he afterward found it necessary to vindicate himself against the charge of having left Tennessee to escape the penalty of misdemeanor; but the far more general impression in South Carolina seems to have been that he had fled from a call to preach the gospel, and, like Jonah, was attempting to hide from the voice of the Almighty—was fleeing not from man but from God. This impression seems to have grounded itself simultaneously with his appearance there among his friends and relatives, and so fixed and deep-rooted did it become that it has not yet been entirely obliterated.

In a letter, written by himself several years ago, to Rev. Dr. Boykin, he says: "I was brought to feel deeply my lost condition as a sinner at the time of my father's sudden and unexpected death, and in a few months I was, I trust, enabled to believe with all my heart on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was, on a public profession of that faith, baptized by Elder William Moody, and united with the Baptist Church at Mount Pleasant, of which my father was the pastor at the time



of his death. I had, soon after my conversion, impressions to preach the gospel, but, if I did not resist them, I certainly strove to postpone any attempt to speak for God publicly, or to communicate my feelings even to my most intimate or confidential friends."

The writer had a conversation, about two years ago, with a gentleman living in the Padgett's Creek community, in Union county, S. C., who said: "I remember distinctly the first time I ever saw John Landrum. It was at a militia muster, and there was a crowd of boys around him whom he was entertaining. He was a stranger to me, and, upon inquiry, I was told it was young Landrum from Tennessee. I was unfavorably impressed with his appearance and demeanor, and was astonished to hear soon afterward that he was trying to get rid of impressions to preach, and that it was for that purpose mainly that he had left Tennessee."

Whether what this gentleman heard was true or not, is the question. The visit was always spoken of by Landrum himself simply as a visit to his relatives. In a letter already quoted from, we find in his own hand this sentence: "I decided, after great conflict of mind and prayerful anxiety, to follow the leadings of my long pent-up impressions to preach the gospel of our blessed Saviour to lost sinners." Though, in this statement, he speaks of the conflict of mind as being *great*, there is nothing in it that would imply that it was *so great* as to drive him away from his home in Tennessee; neither has he left on record anything that would lead us to such a conclusion. Still there are some things connected with

that visit to South Carolina which we would like to have more fully explained. It is certainly not to be wondered at that a boy seventeen years old should, under ordinary circumstances, pay a visit to relatives in another State; but that a boy devoted to his mother and to a family dependent, in a great measure, upon him for a support, should undertake a journey of five hundred miles on horseback, through a wild, broken and sparsely-settled country, solely for the sake of visiting relatives that he had never seen but once, and that when he was too young to form much of an attachment to them, seems just a little improbable. We naturally look for some stronger motive than a desire to see distant relatives, whose faces must have almost faded from his memory, to prompt such a boy to perform such a journey under such circumstances. And when the report spreads abroad immediately on his arrival in South Carolina, that he is, like Jonah, running from a call to preach, we are more than half inclined to give it credence, because we can see no other reason for his appearance in South Carolina which exactly satisfies us. But if it was true that he was trying to play the role of Jonah, he found, like his prototype, that God could follow him, and could speak to him in tones just as imperative in South Carolina as in Tennessee; yea, "though he took the wings of the morning and flew to the uttermost parts of the earth, there was no escape from his presence."

On the other hand, there are plenty of considerations that would lead us to conclude against the probabilities of a flight from duty, considerations which probably had

great weight with him and still greater weight with his mother. His health was still delicate ; his constitution frail ; he had been closely confined to business for more than two years ; his brothers had become large enough to manage the farm and to look after the interests of the family, and it may have been thought nothing more than was due him, that he should be allowed a season of respite for recreation and recuperation ; and where could such a season be better enjoyed or better improved than among the near relatives and old friends of his father and mother in South Carolina ?

It seems that a Mr. Jonathan Norman, a citizen of Tennessee, was going to South Carolina with a drove of horses, in 1828, and it was decided that young Landrum should accompany him and spend a year with his relatives, many of whom, including his grandmother, were still living in Union county, S. C. Mrs. Taylor, from whom we have before quoted, says, in reference to his departure, "His mother, who was in only moderate circumstances, had no money by her with which to furnish him for his journey. Just before his departure, she slipped a dime into his hands, saying that it was all she had. Mr. Norman, who was present, assured her that her son should not lack for money, and that he would bear all of his expenses. He added, furthermore, a compliment upon her son's smartness and promised to take good care of him. The fond mother then, with prayers and tears, embraced her son and bade him adieu."

As his mother may be mentioned no more in the progress of this sketch, we will state here that she died

only a few years ago at the advanced age of ninety. She lived to see the little seeds she had sown in faith, and consecrated with prayer and tears, spring up and bear fruit more than a hundred fold. Her grateful son visited her occasionally as time and opportunity would permit, and never forgot, as long as she lived, to send her every year some pledge of filial affection, some token of grateful remembrance. It was not long that she had had the control of her boy. But in the short period of a few fleeting years, like the mother of Moses, she prepared him to be a leader in Israel. She laid the foundation of a character that could not be shaken by all the tempests of life; no, nor by all the powers of the prince of darkness. Think of her, ye mothers, whose patience is worn, whose spirits are weary, whose lives are a daily scene of toil, by reason of the little crying ones that cling to your skirts! Think of her, ye fathers, that dote on your boys, and exert yourselves to give them all the advantages of liberal culture, while your girls are left to grow up like the wild flowers of the fields and forests. And ye, lawmakers, that annually vote away thousands of the people's money to sustain and build up male schools and colleges, without ever saying one word about the education of our daughters—think what one noble, cultivated, consecrated woman is capable of doing for the country, for humanity, for God!

### CHAPTER III.

EARLY LIFE IN SOUTH CAROLINA. GOING TO SCHOOL,  
AND TEACHING. LETTERS, REMINISCENCES, ETC.

**B**EFORE young Landrum had been in Union many weeks, it was decided that he should remain a year, and attend the school of John Bostick, an educated Englishman, who was teaching in the neighborhood.

The pupil afterward pronounced this man "a capital English teacher;" and added, "With him I completed what was then considered a good English education."

He lived during this year, which was 1829, in the house of Rev. Thomas Ray, who was a pious, consecrated Baptist preacher, and who took him to his bosom with more than paternal affection. The two were related by the ties of blood, but exactly in what degree we have not been able to discover. It has often been said that Ray was Landrum's uncle, and we know that the latter always called him "*Uncle Ray.*" But *uncle* seems to have been a sort of voluntary title that attached itself to Ray, and Landrum may have naturally adopted the popular mode of addressing him, and of speaking of him. Even to this late day there is hardly any one in Spartanburg or Union county that ever speaks of the old preacher except as of "*Uncle Tommy Ray.*" It will

be seen from letters hereafter appended that the relationship was not that of uncle and nephew.

Thomas Ray was then an old man, and had been a preacher from his youth. He was a man of moderate preaching ability, but of fervent piety and unspotted character. His heart was full to overflowing with love to God and man; and being possessed of charming manners and a most genial nature, he literally dispensed joy and sunshine wherever he went. He was very fond of jokes and anecdotes; and, while he studiously avoided them in the pulpit, he would enliven the social circle for hours at a time with the rich fund of humorous stories which he always had on hand. Especially was he fond of telling anecdotes about himself, generally of his blunders and failures as a preacher. Whatever circumstance or adventure that showed himself to a disadvantage, or made him appear ridiculous, he would tell with great zest and *enjoy* with *huge* delight. Rev. M. C. Barnett, in his history of Broad River Association, tells the following anecdote, which he says Ray used to tell on himself:

“At some place where he was a stranger, he was invited to preach, and he said he made a very bungling discourse. However, when he came out of the stand, some brother came to him and insisted that he should visit them again. ‘Ah!’ said Ray, ‘you needn’t insist on that, for I intend to come back. *I can beat that preach, and I intend to do it.*’

“‘Oh!’ said the brother, ‘you have the best voice that I ever heard; I think you might have been heard a half mile.’

“ ‘Yes,’ said Ray, ‘I used to think it was the *thunder* that killed the trees, but I have since learned that it is the *lightning*.’ ”

The same writer adds: “I have thought that he was the most delightful companion that I ever saw.”

He was a tall, portly, dignified-looking man, with something of a kingly air; and he inspired one at first sight with feelings of respect and veneration. If he was not an able man in the pulpit, he had the good sense to know it, and to know, moreover, wherein his great power lay. His blameless life, his love for Christ, his social influence, his fire-side talks, were all so many sources of power, upon which he drew largely and constantly.

He was a sound business man, and accumulated considerable property, and cared very little whether his churches paid him for preaching or not. He traveled altogether on horseback, and never mounted a horse that was not worthy of a knight. When he had supplied the Bethel church in Spartanburg county, twenty miles from home, for a year, and when at the end of the year he had received from the church the sum of *twelve dollars* for his year's work, he laughed, and said, “Well, brethren, that will buy me *a new saddle*,” and he accepted the unanimous call to supply them the next year.

He lived to be eighty-three years old, and died suddenly. He was well and hearty at supper, and before midnight a corpse.

We have made this seeming digression, because we think he was the man, more than all others, that

encouraged and strengthened John G. Landrum, at a time when he needed all the aid that human sympathy and Christian affection could bestow. God made Landrum a preacher through the instrumentality of his mother and Thomas Ray. We think, too, that, as we proceed with this memoir, we shall find that the latter impressed upon him some principles and sentiments that clung to him through life—gave some of the finishing strokes to a character that stood the tests of fifty-three years, and elicited nothing but the warmest love and admiration.

While attending the school of John Bostick in the year 1829, Landrum was licensed to preach by the Baptist church at Padgett's creek. There are various persons still living who heard, or who think they heard, his first effort; but the accounts they give of the text and the attendant circumstances would lead one to believe that they heard him at different times during the first year of his ministry. It is certain that his first sermon was preached at Padgett's creek, and it is equally certain that it was far beyond what any one expected. Mrs. Wood says: "It was regular preaching day at Padgett's creek. Old Mr. Ray had closed the services when young Landrum said to him, 'I want to preach.' Ray, in his usually blunt way, said to him, 'Get up and preach, then.' He did rise then and preach from the text, 'Awake thou that sleepest.' Many who were in the act of starting home hitched their horses and returned to the house to hear him, and this first attempt did awake many." It is further related, in connection



with this occasion, that of one family in the neighborhood, one little boy had gone to church and another had gone a fishing. Meeting at home in the afternoon, the angler noticed a great change in the appearance and demeanor of his church-going brother, and insisted on knowing the cause. After some hesitation the brother replied: "I have heard little John Landrum preach to-day."

Rev. John L. Norman, in a conversation with the writer a year or two ago, said that he was present when Landrum preached his first sermon, and that his text was Rom. vi. 23: "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." He spoke of the sermon as being one of great power, and as making a profound impression on the congregation.

Mr. Wesley Hollis, a highly-respected citizen of Union, also stated to the writer a year or two ago that he well remembered Landrum's first sermon, though he had forgotten the text. He spoke of it as being powerful and unexpected, almost like a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky; and as making the profoundest impression on the church and congregation.

No doubt, then, all remember correctly, and the discrepancy in particulars may be accounted for on the ground that they each heard him for the first time during that year at Padgett's creek. Mrs. Wood may speak of his first *exhortation*, as the text she quotes would seem to imply; Mr. Norman may refer to his first regular *sermon* after having been licensed; and Mr.

Hollis may have heard either or both. Be this as it may, there must have been something unusually powerful in the sermon or exhortation which made impressions that have been tenaciously and vividly retained in human memory through all the changes of fifty-five years.

As the Baptists of the country would likely feel an interest in the Padgett's creek church as being the church that sent Landrum forth, and the one to which Ray gave the best years of his life, and as they are anxious to know all that can be known in regard to Landrum's connection with that church and community, we append, almost entire, the following letter addressed to Dr. J. B. O. Landrum, son of the subject of this memoir :

“CROSS KEYS, UNION Co., S. C.,  
“*March 30, 1882.*

“DR. J. B. O. LANDRUM,

“DEAR SIR:—You doubtless think that I am not going to make any reply to your letter of 25th ult.

“My delay has not been caused by carelessness, but I have been waiting to get the information which you ask. I have not yet been able to obtain all the information I would wish, but I have done the best I could. The most reliable information received has been obtained from Mr. Isaac P. Murphy, who is the oldest man of our community, and who has lived in this neighborhood all his life. He is now eighty-four years old, and is noted for having the best memory of any man in this part of the country. He is a member of the Baptist Church at

Lower Fair Forrest. I consulted Mr. Murphy at some length, and the information he gave me was in substance as follows :

“ He was intimately acquainted with your father during his three years’ sojourn in Union, which were about the years you mention. Rev. Merriman Landrum’s father lived on the north side of Tyger river, about eleven or twelve miles from Union C. H., on land now belonging to Coleman Lawson, where, he thinks, your grandfather was born. He thinks he moved to Tennessee about the year 1806. He was called ‘Merry’ Landrum, and he had often heard him preach at Padgett’s creek. He was fond of the theme of the final perseverance of the saints and their sure salvation, and he quoted, as proof, ‘Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her,’ and passages of kindred meaning. He was a sound doctrinal preacher.

“ The next fall, after having moved to Tennessee, he came back alone on a visit.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ When J. G. Landrum first began to exercise in public, it is said that the first that was known of him, he was on the floor at Padgett’s creek exhorting, and he was considered an able minister from the very start. Mr. Murphy stated that he went to Lower Fair Forrest one time, expecting to hear a sermon from Rev. Thos. Ray, who was the pastor, but for some cause he was not there, and young Landrum was called upon to preach. He remembers that he said, when he arose, that he was laboring under great and weighty embarrassments.

Mr. Murphy further remembers that your father told him, about this time, that he had strong impressions to preach before he left Tennessee, but he had not thought that he could effect much good there among his old acquaintances and associates. \* \* \* \*

“I have not had access to the records of Padgett’s creek church, but will give you a few facts obtained from Mr. Murphy. He does not know when the church was first organized. When he first knew it, it stood about one mile lower down on the Columbia road. It was then a log house, and had taken its name from a creek that heads near the old location. Rev. Thomas Greer, who had been ordained by the church, was pastor, and continued to be so through a period of forty years. The church was moved to its present site in 1811. Some rule was adopted in the church which Mr. Greer did not approve, and he resigned the charge. Rev. Thos. Ray was elected to succeed him, and he was the pastor until his death. The new house was built in 1845. \* \* \* \* Mr. Murphy says that your father was not a nephew of Thomas Ray. Ray was a cousin to your father’s paternal grandmother, and your father was what he terms second or third cousin to Thos. Ray.

“Very truly yours,

“DAVID N. WILBURN.”

The effort to preach was repeated again and again during the year that Landrum attended John Bostick’s school, and at other places than Padgett’s creek. He

made frequent visits with Ray to other churches more or less distant, and he began to be known and talked about over a considerable scope of country. During all this time he was applying himself assiduously to his studies in school, and men predicted that his frail bodily powers would soon sink under severe mental application coupled with the extraordinary zeal he was accustomed to display in the pulpit. But how little do men know! The Spirit was rooting itself in congenial soil, and, ere long, the hues of health began to tinge the pallid cheeks, the narrow chest began to expand, and men wondered again, when they saw the frail, slender boy, in spite of his course of life and their predictions, developing rapidly into a man of portly frame and robust health.

Prior to his first attempt to preach, and, indeed, from the time of his conversion, he was a close and attentive reader of the Scriptures. Upon one occasion, at his grandmother's, a number of guests were assembled, among whom were Rev. Thomas Ray and Rev. Thomas Greer. These two old ministers were discussing a certain passage of Scripture, when young Landrum, who had all the while been an attentive listener, suddenly interrupted them with the charge that the passage in question had been incorrectly quoted. There was the tone of confidence about his assertion which accurate knowledge is apt, unconsciously, to impart, and which Ray construed as rudeness and disrespect, and on the impulse of the moment he administered a sharp rebuke to the young student. Landrum felt the rebuke very keenly and immediately left the room. On examination it was

found that Landrum was right and the old preachers were wrong. Then Ray, in the goodness of his heart, went out to make reparation, but so deeply was Landrum's feelings wounded that he refused for the time to accept an apology, and kept away from the company for the rest of the day.

Ray, with all the kindness and affection that belonged to his genial, high-toned nature, had a very high appreciation of the dignity belonging to age and experience, and he was ever ready to demand the respect to which he thought age and experience were entitled.

He was once attempting to enforce some point in church conference, when he was stoutly opposed by a young preacher, who was present. The controversy became warm and excited, and the young man at length, in sarcastic arrogance, called out: "Brother Ray, did you ever read the Scriptures?" This kindled a flame in the old man's bosom which must have vent, and before which green things must wither. Raising himself to his full height, and fixing his piercing eyes upon the young upstart, while the index finger of his right hand beat time to his words, he replied: "Yes, sir, I read them over and over before you were born; and I read them over and over again before you were *born again, if you ever were born again.*"

Uncle Ray, as he was called, on his superb horse, continued his monthly visits to the Bethel church for a good many years.

Whether the brethren there ever got to thinking it their duty to do more than to keep him in *saddles* or

not, we are not able to tell. We know, however, that the descendants of those old brethren of Bethel are as noble and liberal a band of Christians as the country affords, and we mean no disrespect to the memory of their ancestors and our own when we make such allusions to the history of the past. The old pastor had told his flock at Bethel that he was going to bring up with him from Union a little boy preacher, who would astonish them, and curiosity and expectation were running high when Landrum, in company with the pastor, made his first visit to that church.

The usual form of the pulpit then was that of a square, deep box mounted on an elevated rostrum, and there is a lingering tradition about Woodruff that Philip Pilgram, an old member of the Bethel church, upon one occasion had to procure a block of wood for Landrum to stand on, so that he might be able to look his congregation in the face. A letter in our possession locates the circumstance at the Cedar Shoal church, near Hobbysville, and attributes the act of procuring the block to other parties. We remember to have once mentioned this story to the subject of this sketch, and to have asked him if there was any foundation for it. He replied, "I think not; I have no recollection of any such a thing's having been done, though it might have been done without my knowledge and without attracting my attention. I know that I was exceedingly thin and slender, but I think I was about as *tall* as I am now, and up to the ordinary standard of height."

There are those living who well remember the first

visit to Bethel and the sermon, and they give unanimous testimony to the fact that expectation, high as it was, was more than fully met. It was on the return home from this church, upon one occasion, that a little incident occurred which showed how deep and genuine was the interest felt by the old father in his young protégé. As they jogged along the level sandy road leading from Woodruff to Cross Anchor, the old man, usually so cheerful and jovial, was stern and silent. In vain did young Landrum attempt to draw him out by remarks upon the country through which they were passing; the weather, the residences on the road-side, and any number of common-place topics. If answers came at all, they came in monosyllables, and in such a tone as to quell the spirit of conversation. The result was that ere long they both lapsed into profound and sullen silence, and rode some distance side by side without either's uttering a word. At last Landrum exclaimed: "Uncle Ray, I can't stand this any longer; what have I done to-day that has displeased you." The old man then affectionately and tenderly reminded him of some little things, either in his sermon or in his conversations with the brethren, which he regarded as improprieties in one so young: then the cloud passed away from his brow, and the rest of the journey homeward was beguiled with lively and pleasant conversation.

There are many vivid and pleasant memories lingering among the old, of these early days of John Landrum. While the changes and trials of fifty years have obliterated many of the impressions made on mind and heart, these memories still live as the sweet, slumbering echoes



of the long, long ago, and when aroused by inquiry or excited by reference to those days they will cause the wrinkled face to beam with fondness and the age-dimmed eye to glow again with the holy light of youth. Most of the actors of those days have long ago passed away, but here and there one still lingers, like some grand old tower tottering to its fall. Let us embalm their words and stereotype their recollections ere they, too, shall be wafted beyond the boundaries of time.

We insert here a letter from Mrs. Mary Brockman Walker, whose father, at the time of which we are writing, lived between Woodruff and Hobbysville, near the road leading to Cross Anchor. Her brother, Major Hosea J. Dean, was afterward one of the strongest pillars of the Spartanburg church, was the life-long friend of Landrum, was honored with eminent positions by his fellow citizens, and was a man of whom his county and State were justly proud. He died in the prime and vigor of manhood, and in the midst of his usefulness, and his bones now rest in the cemetery at Spartanburg, in the midst of the people he had loved and served so well, while loving hands still decorate his tomb, and loving eyes still fondly watch his sleeping kist :

“WACO, TEXAS, *May* 7, 1882.

“DR. J. B. LANDRUM,

“DEAR SIR:—Your letter of March 30th received. In the death of your father, Spartanburg has lost one of her best men; the church, a faithful minister, and his immediate neighborhood, a true friend.

“Of the loss to his family it is almost presumption to speak. I had received from my sister, Mrs. Mary Owen Dean, one of our Spartanburg papers containing notices of this great bereavement.

“The first sermon Brother Landrum preached in Spartanburg county was in 1829, at Cedar Shoal church, one mile from Hobbysville, then called Hobby’s store. At the time Miles Rainwaters was pastor of the church. Landrum was too small to be seen in the tall pulpits then in use, and Andy, a colored servant of Gabriel Styles, my uncle by marriage, was sent to Hobby’s store, and soon returned to the waiting congregation with a dry-good’s box, on which the boy preacher stood in the pulpit.

“Two weeks afterward, he came with Rev. Thos. Ray, pastor of the Bethel church, and preached on Saturday. In the afternoon, he and Mr. Ray went to my father’s (John Dean’s) and spent the night. He preached again on Sunday. He did, indeed, look like a little boy. He was very slender. \* \* \* My mother, Mary Farrow Dean, did make him a present of a suit of blue jeans, and the next time he preached at Bethel he had it on. He seemed to impress every one, even in those early days, as a preacher on whom the special blessings of God rested, and all were astonished at his eloquence and power. In 1830, when my mother died, Brother Landrum preached her funeral, and twenty-three years afterward, in 1853, he preached my father’s funeral.

“So many years have elapsed since the early days of your father’s ministry, and my mind has been so crowded with

the cares and anxieties of each succeeding year, that I find now I cannot recall incidents or items of interest and value.

“I may add that I believe I am the only one living that was with Brother Landrum when he organized the church at Spartanburg, and I became one of its members. It may be, however, that Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Archer, parents of Mr. John Archer, are living yet. They moved to Georgia.

“Yours very truly,

“MARY BROCKMAN WALKER.”

The letter given above fully corroborates a statement made by Mr. David Patton, an old gentleman now living near Gowensville. Mr. Patton says he was at Bethel when Landrum preached his first sermon there, and that he and his Uncle Ray went from the church to the house of 'Squire John Dean, and that Mrs. Dean presented Landrum a jeans suit. The above-mentioned suit was probably the first contribution that was ever made to him as a preacher.

With the close of the year 1829 and John Bostick's school, Landrum's school-days were at an end. The year had been to him one of severe application. He had not only applied himself faithfully and diligently to his text-books, but he had read the Scriptures extensively, and had eagerly devoured the contents of whatever other good books had fallen in his way, beside devoting much time to the preparation of sermons.

He was now a correct speller, a good arithmetician and grammarian, which was the extent of what was

considered "a good English education." It was a good foundation, which he widened and deepened in after years, and upon which he reared the structure of life-long usefulness. After leaving school, he was employed to teach by Mr. David Boyce, of Union county, uncle of Rev. James P. Boyce, D.D., now President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky. Mr. Boyce employed him to teach only his own children, but whether he took him to his own house, or whether Landrum still lived with his uncle Ray, we have not been able to learn. This was in the year 1830. It is stated that Mr. Boyce had two sons who were very wild and ungovernable, and fears were entertained that the young teacher would prove unequal to the task of controlling them. But the boys soon learned to love and obey him, and he performed his duties as instructor to the complete satisfaction of all concerned. He was still a diligent student himself, devoting most of his spare moments to reading and study, and advanced more rapidly than any of his pupils.

On January 15th, 1831, he was ordained by the Padgett's Creek church, Rev. Thomas Ray and Rev. Daniel Mangum officiating, and, as he himself expressed it, "clothed with all the functions of an ordained minister of the gospel." He further adds: "When I received this solemn commission I was but little over twenty years of age." The energies of the young preacher now began rapidly to unfold themselves, and his character was formed—that character which, through more than fifty years of change and trial, ever maintained its strict identity.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE OPENING OF HIS LIFE WORK—REV. THOMAS BOMAR AND DR. JOHN W. LEWIS—MOUNT ZION AND NEW PROSPECT—CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY—GREAT REVIVAL BEGUN AT THE MEETING OF THE SALUDA ASSOCIATION—BROAD RIVER ASSOCIATION, TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT—LETTER FROM HON. SIMPSON BOBO—PREACHING IN THE TOWN OF SPARTANBURG AND ORGANIZATION OF A CHURCH.

ON the 13th of June, 1830, Rev. Thomas Bomar, a good man and excellent preacher, who had long been the pastor of Mount Zion, New Prospect and Bethlehem churches in Spartanburg county, fell dead while in the act of starting to church on Sunday morning. He had been a preacher for twenty-eight years, was once or twice elected tax collector for his county, and at the time of his death held the office of "ordinary," as it was then called. He was a man of culture and of literary taste. We have in our possession a very neatly gotten-up little volume, containing a short sketch of his life and death, written by Wilson N. Hurt, together with a circular letter addressed to the churches of the Broad River Association, and a collection of poems, religious and patriotic, the whole on gilt edge paper, and superbly bound in red morocco. The publisher's endorsement is

Spartanburg, S. C., 1837, but no such work was done in Spartanburg at that date.

This good man had preached at Boiling Springs church on Saturday, and had gone to the house of John S. Rowland, Esq., where Geo. W. Royston now lives, to spend the night. He arose next morning, which was the Sabbath, in his usual health, but suddenly fell and died while making preparation to start back to Boiling Springs. His remains were interred in the Bethlehem church-yard, and the funeral sermon was preached a few weeks afterward by Rev. Drury Dobbins, from Rev. xxi. 4.

By the death of this eminent minister the churches before mentioned were left without a pastor, and Dr. John W. Lewis, an eminent physician, and at the time a member of the Legislature from Spartanburg, and Deacon Edward Bomar were appointed a committee to look out for some man to take the place of the lamented Bomar. By some means the committee found their way down to Bethel, about twenty miles south of Mount Zion, and at the same time Landrum accompanied his uncle to the same place, about twenty miles north of Padgett's Creek.

Whether this meeting of the committee with Landrum at Bethel was the result of previous concert, or whether they were drawn hither by what they had heard of the "boy preacher," or whether it was all one of those things which, for the want of a better name, we call accidents, we know not. We only know that Lewis and Bomar met Landrum at Bethel, the half-way point

between them, heard him preach, and invited him up to take a survey of the field. He accepted their invitation, and on his way from Cross Keys in Union to Mt. Zion, he spent a night in the neighborhood of Bethlehem with Mr. Ralph Smith, father of William J. Smith, afterward one of Landrum's warmest and truest friends. He arrived in the neighborhood of Mount Zion the next day, and the result of the visit was that he was called to supply Mount Zion, New Prospect and Bethlehem churches. This was probably during the same month in which he was ordained at Padgett's creek. He accepted these calls, and immediately repaired to the house of Dr. Lewis, where he sojourned for several years without cost. Dr. Lewis himself soon afterward became a preacher. Landrum afterward in his sketch of the Tyger River Association, paid a glowing and affectionate tribute to his name and memory.

Dr. Lewis afterward removed to the State of Georgia, and, in a sketch of his life in Harrison's Book of Georgia Baptists, we find it stated that there were two persons that were specially favored in their early days by his kindness and liberality. One was John G. Landrum, of South Carolina, and the other was Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia. A few years ago, Gov. Brown wrote to Rev. J. G. Landrum for a sketch of the early life of Dr. Lewis, and, in a letter to J. B. O. Landrum, dated Washington, D. C., March 8th, 1882, the same distinguished man says, "I have often heard Dr. Lewis speak in the warmest terms of affection of your late father." In the same letter, Gov. Brown says of Dr.

Lewis, "He was my friend when I needed a friend, and I had for him great admiration, and cherish still for his memory the kindest feelings."

We have before us some facts in regard to the life and character of Edward Bomar, the other committeeman, that met Landrum at Bethel. We insert them as showing the religious character of some of the men of that day, and as an illustration of the mighty streams of influences that may flow down through the ages from one consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ, however humble his position, however obscure his life.

He was born in Halifax county, Va., and came to South Carolina when a very young man. He was one of the eight male members that constituted the Mount Zion church at its organization. He was early elected to the deaconship and faithfully filled that office through a long life. He was a warm friend to Landrum from his first acquaintance, and a co-worker with him in building up the church and promoting the interests of Zion. His fervent piety and Christian example dispensed influences which still flow like rivers of incense among those who live after him.

He began family worship in his house in early life, and as long as he lived would never retire at night before he had sung and prayed. In his old age he became feeble and could no longer kneel to pray. His eyes also became so dim that he was unable to read. He would then give out the lines of a hymn from memory, and, after singing praises to God, he would pray sitting in his chair. He died in 1855, in the



eighty-ninth year of his age. His direct lineal descendants now number over one hundred, all or nearly all of whom are Baptists. Among them may be mentioned such men as T. B. Martin, deacon of Mount Zion church, Booker Bomar, late deacon of New Prospect, and John Bomar, long a member and deacon of the Spartanburg church, the founder of Glendale factory, and the man through whose agency that model and extensive manufacturer, D. E. Converse, was induced to engage in business in Spartanburg.

At the meeting of the Tyger River Association at Rocky Creek church, Greenville county, in 1855, a committee, of which Rev. J. C. Furman was chairman, pronounced a glowing eulogy on the life and character of Edward Bomar.

We have in our possession fragments of a letter written by Dr. Lewis to John G. Landrum, and dated at Oakland, Cass county, Ga., Sept. 6th, 1857. The letter is interesting as showing the position that he took, educated, liberal-hearted, benevolent man that he was, on a great question that then engaged the attention of the Baptists of South Carolina and of the entire South. It is further interesting as showing, by inference, the position of Landrum in regard to the same question. It was written in reply to one received from Landrum, and after some assurances of esteem and expressions of kindness, the writer proceeds as follows :

“Your remarks in regard to the Tyger River Association and the contemplated theological school at Greenville, S. C., have given to me a field of thought, and I

will spend this leisure time in detailing some of my views.

“In the first place, I am very much inclined to the belief that as religious bodies extend the area of their operations, in an inverse proportion do they deteriorate in spirituality, or rather depart from the simplicity of the gospel and become ‘secular.’ One hundred thousand dollars from South Carolina as a *nucleus* around which to build up a theological seminary in Greenville!!! Well, my dear brother, the idea to me is startling. Now add to this four hundred thousand more from the other Southern States, and you have the sum of *half a million*, interest of which, at seven per cent., is thirty-five thousand per year. Put it into operation and there will be *manufactured* (don’t be startled at the expression) in a few years a class of preachers who will declaim with measured automatical precision, and who will form a *class* among Baptist preachers, the élite of the clergy, whose calls to fields of labor will be weighed and measured by the accompanying salary. My brother, I don’t like the system, and would not give a dollar to it—don’t cut with me yet. Where did *you* learn theology, and *how* did you learn it? And if you could, when your theological school is in full operation, be the ‘fisherman’ boy of Tennessee again, do you think the theological *class* would recognize you as an equal? It would not matter that you had your thousands waiting on your ministry—hanging on your words; it would not matter that you were the honored instrument of adding thousands to the Church, there would be ‘a great gulf’ between the boy of

Tennessee and the theologian of Greenville. Brother Landrum, all this is in the nature of things, or rather it is the working out of human means and human wisdom ; it is the inevitable tendency. The accumulation of Church wealth has hitherto been the aggrandizement of the clergy and the deterioration of vital religion. Such, at any rate, has been my reading of Church history, corroborated by my own observation. It may be that you have concluded by this time that I am writing under the influence of the vice of the age, to wit, avarice. Admit it, and yet it does not affect, I will not say the argument, but the *history* of the question. The great lights of the Church have been those mainly who came from obscurity, men whom God called and qualified. A manufactured preacher can't move the masses, can't stir the mighty depths of the human soul, can't talk *feelingly* of the glories of the Cross of Christ. The truth is, preaching is the preacher impressing himself on the people. There is an affinity between spirit and spirit, between mind and mind, between speaker and hearer. The language of the eye, the manner, the tear, the galvanizing battery of the *man himself*—these are the 'weak things' which God has chosen to 'confound the mighty.'"

The above is all that has been preserved of this vigorous letter, but it is enough to show the sentiments of this eminent man in regard to the theological seminary, while the parenthetical "don't cut with me yet," and other kindred expressions, show conclusively that Landrum had taken strong grounds for the endowment of that institution. The truth is, Landrum, through life,

was a constant and uncompromising advocate of education and warmly espoused and supported every enterprise that promised an educated ministry to the Baptist denomination. We could not accomplish the task we have undertaken in a manner half satisfactory without saying a good deal of Landrum's friends and of those with whom, from time to time, he came in contact, and who were, more or less, co-workers with him. "A man is known by the company he keeps," and Landrum's life and life-work were so interwoven with the lives and works of others that it is impossible to separate them. "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Though one may tower far above the multitude in intellectual and moral power, yet in all the ordinary affairs which make up the sum of every man's life, others must act a part—must give direction and coloring to streams that mingle in the tide of his own destiny.

When Landrum accepted the call to Mount Zion, that church was only three or four years old. It is true that there had been a sort of preaching station there, called an "Arm of the Bethlehem Church," ever since about the year 1804; but it was not regularly constituted as a church until the year 1827. The Presbytery under whose supervision the organization was effected, consisted of Elders Thomas Bomar, James West and Abram Crow, assisted by Deacons Thomas Tinsley, Joshua Gosnell and Robert Bullington. There were about twenty-five members that entered into the organization. At the constitution of the Tyger River Associa-

tion, on 31st October, 1833, the church reported a membership of one hundred and twenty-five, showing a rapid increase in numbers during the first years of Landrum's pastorate. The names of the delegates to the first meeting of the Tyger River Association were J. G. Landrum, John W. Lewis, John Bomar, Jr., and Hezekia Pollard.

The beautiful site on which the house of worship was erected is on a high ridge on the historic Blackstock road, eight miles west of Spartanburg, and was presented by John Chapman, Sr.

Mr. Chapman was one of the first deacons of the church, and continued to discharge the duties of his office until his death, which occurred in his ninety-fourth year. His son-in-law, W. P. Evins, Esq., an accomplished scholar and considerable philosopher, once said of him, "I think old Father Chapman is the most perfect man I ever knew. In my whole intercourse with him, I have never once heard him speak evil of any human being;" and after the subject of these memoirs had lived a close neighbor to him for many years, he was once known to say of him, "My wife has never been sick but that old Brother Chapman has been sure to come to my house the next morning before breakfast, and to ask, 'How is the good lady this morning?' He would then immediately return home; for he was a man of unusual industry and never loafed or loitered anywhere." During his life he had the pleasure at least once of entertaining the great missionary Luther Rice and the eccentric Lorenzo Dow. He was so

impressed by the latter that he named his youngest son Lorenzo Dow Chapman. Mr. Landrum visited him just before his death, and in answer to a question in regard to his condition, received this reply: "I am only waiting for the messenger, death, and I don't understand why he tarries so long." Such was one of the men on whom Landrum leaned during his early ministrations at Mount Zion. With such members as John Lewis, Edward Bomar, John Chapman and John Wingo, no wonder that the church moved upward and onward, and the word of God "grew and multiplied."

The New Prospect church, to which Landrum was also called, was constituted seven years before the Mount Zion, June 3d, 1820, with a membership of twenty-six, including males and females. The church was organized in a meeting-house called Mount Vernon, standing near the sight of the present house of worship in the upper part of Spartanburg county, about eighteen miles northwest of Spartanburg Court House. The Presbytery consisted of Rev. Thomas Bomar, Rev. H. McDougal, William Underwood and William Lancaster from Cedar Springs; John Cantrell, James Turner, William Dobbins and Davis Pope from Buck Creek and Samuel Gilbert from Boiling Springs. Rev. Thomas Bomar was Moderator and William Lancaster, Secretary. The organization was brought about chiefly through the instrumentality of Rev. Thomas Howard, who was its pastor during several of the first years of its history. Robert Bullington and Joseph Wilkes were the first deacons and William Wilkins the first clerk. During

the first twelve years of its history, it met in a little, inconvenient log house, and was supplied with preaching by Revs. Thomas Howard, Thomas Bomar and William Harman. Rev. John G. Landrum was called to supply it in 1832, and, excepting an absence of nine months in the army during the Civil War, preached to it without intermission through a period numbering exactly fifty years. There was little to encourage the youthful preacher when he first took charge of New Prospect. The membership had dwindled down to seventeen. The uncouth, incommodious log hut, called a meeting-house, stood in the midst of a community abounding in almost every kind of vice. The still house and the grog shop, those emissaries of Satan, were busy day and night, while horse-racing, Sabbath-breaking and their kindred vices were shedding baleful influences far and near. But under his ministry the little church began to revive; the neighborhood began to feel its influence; society began to improve, slowly at first and almost imperceptibly; but as the years came and went, one stronghold after another was gained, and men began to talk of the great changes that had taken place and to congratulate themselves and each other upon the success of their church, and the progress of their community in intelligence, morality, and in all the refining and elevating arts and acquirements that follow in the wake of the ship of Zion. Forests were cleared and houses beautified; schools were established and children educated; intelligence and thrift rapidly took the places of ignorance and indolence, and the community, ere long, became known far and

wide as one of the most progressive, civil and enlightened of the land. An elegant new house of worship soon took the place of the log hut, and in 1873 the church embraced a membership of four hundred and fifty-seven. It is stated by a committee, recently appointed by the church to look up some facts connected with its history, that during Landrum's pastorate as many as fifteen hundred members were gathered into the church. For a quarter of a century or more the standard of morality throughout the whole region that comes under the influence of this church has been such as would put the mixed population of towns and cities to shame. It has been very seldom, too, during that period, that the church has had to deal with backsliding or offending members, owing, in a great measure, to the absence of all the usual temptations which allure the feet of so many young members into the forbidden paths of vice and folly. Influence, sentiment and example throughout the entire community have, for a long time, all been on the side of the church, and the world has had but few representatives to advocate its fashions, its feasts and its sinful pleasures.

This church licensed T. J. Wilkins to preach the gospel, who sought a field of labor in the West, and some years ago was called to his reward. It ordained the Rev. Thos. J. Earle, whose name among up-country Baptists is a synonym for piety, culture, modesty and usefulness. He has long been a successful teacher, as well as an eminent preacher, and no purer name than his is recorded on the Baptist roll or enshrined in the Baptist heart.



The first deacons of the church were Robert Bullington and Joseph Wilkes. The first clerk was William Wilkins, and he was succeeded by W. H. Foster. From time to time the church has ordained the following deacons: William Robbs, W. F. McDowell, L. P. Wolf, S. Lancaster, Jason Wall, W. T. Wilkins, J. M. Brian and Henry Liles, all of whom, except Robbs, Wolf and Wall, are still officiating.

Many prominent lay members might be mentioned whose influence has been constantly exerted to promote the cause of the Divine Master, and whose exalted integrity has been recognized and honored throughout the community and county. Among these may be mentioned B. C. Wall, R. T. Wall, James Foster, Moses Foster, Thomas Brian, Elijah Alverson, Paul Cox, Felstan Coggins, G. W. Smith and Dr. W. P. Compton.

The last named was a practicing physician, and a man of high Christian character. He carried his religion with him into the every-day duties of life, and, as he went from house to house alleviating pain and ministering to the suffering, he also frequently pointed his patients to the Great Physician, who alone could heal and save the soul. He represented Spartanburg county in the State Legislature, and was a member of the famous "Wallace House" in the stormy session of 1876. He married for his second wife Miss Lizzie Landrum, daughter of his beloved pastor and friend, with whom he lived happily until God called him to a higher sphere and to a higher state of happiness in the mansions of the blest.

The New Prospect church did not unite with the Tyger River Association until the year 1844. We think that up to that time it had been a member of the Salada Association.

We have long wondered at the almost marvelous growth of the New Prospect church, and the almost marvelous development of the country around it, and as we have done so, we have admired and loved more and more the great, good man who was the head and centre of it all, and we have thought that if his life-work had been confined strictly to this church alone, and that if his name had never been heard of beyond the limits of the New Prospect neighborhood, we could find even there enough of the fruits of his life and labors to justify us in pronouncing him one of the great men of the age. It may be, however, that his work there is more sharply defined and stands out in bolder relief. The line that encircles it is plainly visible, and the work itself is rounded up to something like perfection, and there it stands for all time, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." At other places, though the current may be as deep, the boundaries are less marked; though the structure may be more massive, the finishing touches of the workman are less plainly visible.

The Bethlehem church, to which Landrum was called to preach during the same year in which he took charge of Mount Zion and New Prospect, was constituted in 1800. When the Tyger River Association was organized in 1833, Bethlehem was by far the largest church that belonged to that body. It numbered then two

hundred and fifty-two members. As its history was written several years ago by Mr. Landrum himself, and will be published in this volume, we will not here take it up.

With the call to the above-named churches, Landrum's life-work began in earnest. He opened a school at Mount Zion, into which he gathered the boys and girls of the neighborhood, and it was not long before his reputation as a teacher had extended beyond his immediate locality, and pupils came from other communities to avail themselves of the benefits of his instructions. He was assisted at one time in this school by Mr. M. N. Chapman, son of John Chapman, Sr., who has been mentioned before. M. N. Chapman had a finished education for that day, and enjoyed the reputation of being the finest penman in the State. He was at one time a representative in the State legislature, having received the highest number of votes ever before polled for any one man in Spartanburg county. From him Mr. Landrum afterward purchased the beautiful home near Mount Zion, at which he lived so long and happily.

The young teacher held frequent prayer meetings with his pupils, read the Bible daily in his school, preached to large congregations on Saturdays and Sundays, and frequently during the week, and all the time added to his own store of information by extensive reading, and enlarged his own intellectual capacities by intense application to study. Many of his pupils afterward reached eminent positions in life. Some of them, who are still alive and in distant States, have, since his death, paid

graceful and becoming tributes to his memory in letters filled with sweet and grateful recollections of the long ago. "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

There were, at this time, comparatively but few churches in the upper counties of South Carolina, and they were situated so remotely from one another, that it was no unusual thing to find whole neighborhoods that rarely, if ever, heard the gospel preached. The Baptist churches that did exist were, in many cases, extremely weak, and were supplied to a great extent with preaching which, to say the least of it, was not adapted to the strengthening of the faith nor to the promulgation even of sound Baptist doctrines. Under this state of things, the light of the churches flickered faintly and feebly amid the surrounding darkness, and the struggles of the noble few were less for growth and progress than for very existence. The prospect was, indeed, calculated to discourage a less ardent Christian than John G. Landrum. But with a firm trust in a risen Redeemer, he "laid aside every weight," and "putting on the whole armor of God," bent every energy of his soul to the great work, and a great day of grace was at hand.

In August, 1831, the Saluda Association convened with the Brushy Creek church, eight miles from Greenville C. H., and during the meeting there began a revival of religion which for extent and duration has hardly a parallel in the history of revivals.

Several circumstances connected with the beginning of this revival are worthy of notice. One was the death

of Rev. Lewis Rector, which took place a short time before its commencement. Lewis Rector was a man far ahead of the age in which he lived. It is said that he had had the hillsides on his farm ditched thirty years before hillside ditching became generally known and practiced in his part of the country. He was also a man of powerful intellect and unquestionable piety. He had preached to the section of country lying along the southern base of the Blue Ridge and extending as far south as the counties of Laurens, Newberry and Union, with all the powers of his great mind, and with all the fervor of his warm, devoted heart, ever since about the year 1800; but to those who judged by the immediate fruits, his preaching had seemed almost in vain. Yet the good old man, strong still in the faith, looked out into the unexplored future, and, just before he died, cried out, as if filled with the spirit of prophecy: "A great revival of religion is near at hand. I have labored and prayed for it, but I shall not live to see it." As Moses from the top of Pisgah looked over upon the sweet fields of Canaan, so from the last mount of earthly affliction Lewis Rector caught a sight of the coming harvest.

Another circumstance connected with the beginning of this revival was a strange phenomenon in nature. The rays of the sun were dimmed by a dark spot on his disk, visible to the natural eye, and men who were not alarmed felt humbled, as under the finger of God, when they saw the pale, sombre hue that rested on the whole face of creation. The preachers who were at that

meeting at Brushy Creek, eager to lay hold of every means adapted to the awakening and humbling of sinners, made happy and forcible allusions to the surrounding scene. Several preachers were there from Georgia, who had recently been in a great revival at home, and all things being seemingly ready, the great work began. Landrum was there, a young man and a stranger. But he was appointed to preach and he did preach with a power that astonished his hearers and caused the most hardened sinners to tremble. The meeting closed on the fourth day, but the revival extended to other parts of the country and continued with little or no abatement for three years. During these years men and women rode on horseback fifteen, twenty, and frequently as far as twenty-five miles to hear the gospel preached; the preachers went from house to house, preached from stands in the woods, and often, when these rude accommodations were wanting, stood under the spreading oak by the roadside, and "reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." It is difficult now to state the precise results of this revival. Within an area of twenty-five miles square, thirteen new churches were formed, while the old ones were filled to overflowing. It is safe to estimate that during the whole period there were added to these churches between two and three thousand souls. Nor was the great work confined to the ignorant and excitable; the best material in the country was gathered into the folds of the Church, and a new era dawned in the history of the Baptists of Upper Carolina.

We get several glimpses of John G. Landrum during the year 1831, which reveal the fact that, young as he was (he was just twenty-one years old), he was a prominent actor in the great scenes around him. The Broad River Association met that year with Buck Creek church, and the historian of that Association, Rev. M. C. Barnett, has made the following record: "The name of John G. Landrum now appears for the first time as a member of this Association. He was at this time quite a young man, but possessing such gifts and qualifications as a minister, that the Association was proud of him almost to excess. He was appointed (perhaps imprudently) to preach on the Sabbath, in the place of old and experienced ministers, which did not so well comport with the Scriptural injunction in reference to the younger's being subject to the elder. However, he did not, as I have been told, disappoint the anxious anticipations of his brethren. He always possessed the power of making great efforts. Some men fail when there is the greatest anxiety for their best performance. This is said by Alexander Campbell to have been a weakness of Andrew Broaddus, of Virginia, that most distinguished minister of the gospel. Landrum never disappointed the expectations of his friends on extraordinary occasions. I heard him preach at an Association not fourteen years ago on the holiness of God. His thoughts were sublime, and when he supported his position by a quotation from Isaiah's vision, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory,' his voice echoed over the hills as musical

as the 'sound of a dulcimer sweet;' while it fell upon the ears of listening thousands in most overpowering eloquence, making it another one of his efforts that met the anticipations of his brethren. He has now been in the ministry between forty and fifty years. Of course, his sermons are more profound, doctrinal and methodical than they were in his younger days, but whether they are more interesting to the common listener, is doubtful."

The above paragraph was written in 1871, just forty years from that Association at Buck Creek. It is further added, "Dr. John Lewis was a co-delegate with Landrum at this meeting."

We, who have often listened to Landrum's full, sounding voice, and have felt the power of the stately *movement* of his sermons before large audiences, know just how he said "Holy, holy," etc. at Buck Creek, now fifty-three years ago. And though scholars and theologians may smile at the thought, yet the remembrance of those tones awaken strange and strong echoes in our hearts even at this distant day. There is a power in simple words which dry scholarship can never wield and which mere intellect can never attain. David Garrick said he would give a thousand pounds to be able to say "Oh," like Whitfield said it; and the elder Booth turned the hilarity of a gay dinner party into weeping by a repetition of the simple words of the Lord's prayer.

The first public advocates of the temperance cause in Spartanburg were Hon. Simpson Bobo, Major H. J.



Dean, and Dr. Young, father of General P. B. M. Young, of Georgia. The first-named of these is still living, full of days and honors ; the other two have long since passed away.

It was about the year 1830, when these three men, whose souls were stirred by the ravages that intemperance was making upon society, and whose hearts were sickened at the scenes of debauchery to be witnessed, especially on public days, at Spartanburg, came together, determined to do something toward stemming the mighty torrent and abating the awful scourge. After a consultation, they concluded to call a public meeting in the court house, without making known the object for which such meeting was to be held. Accordingly, notices of the meeting were posted on the street corners and on the highways, and when the day arrived a considerable crowd assembled in the court house, eager to know what was to be done. By a preconcerted arrangement, a certain prominent citizen, known to be a constant dram-drinker, was called to the chair. The object of meeting was then stated by one of the trio to be the organization of a temperance society, and while the speaker had the floor he made a strong speech against the evils everywhere apparent, and called upon all good citizens to unite in one effort for their abatement. Then, like those who were struck dumb by the announcement that "he that was without sin should cast the first stone," the audience began to disperse. They went out one by one, chairman and all, until only four men were left to organize the society, the three already named and

one other. But the movers in the cause were not discouraged. They completed the organization—held the ground already gained, though it seemed hardly worth the holding—and vowed that they would wage unceasing war against the gigantic evil that was nursing crime and preying on the vitals of society. They boldly raised the temperance banner then in Spartanburg and called upon the people of the county to rally beneath its folds. The first to respond to the call were Major John Stroble, Dr. John W. Lewis and Rev. John G. Landrum. By these additions the little band was doubled in number, and greatly strengthened in intellectual and moral power. Then the crusade began in earnest. As we have in our possession a letter from Mr. Bobo, the only surviving member of that little band of moral heroes that began the temperance war, and as it throws some light on the early life of Landrum and relates some interesting facts connected with that period, we shall offer no apology for inserting it almost entire. The letter was written in 1882, and addressed to Dr. J. B. O. Landrum :—

“ DEAR DOCTOR :—You were kind enough to request of me a draft of my reminiscences of your father, my old and tried friend, and the friend of all whom he knew, and especially of the pure and the good of the human family. I first met him and heard him preach, I think, in 1829, at New Hope church, in this county. He was then very young, and was known as the *boy preacher* of great promise. He was the protégé of the Rev. Thomas Ray, a Baptist preacher of high standing in his com-

munity, and a good man, to whom he was related. I have often heard Mr. Landrum speak of him with great affection, and acknowledge himself indebted to him for many acts of kindness. In 1830, I think, he first came to Spartanburg, and preached in the village and surrounding country with great acceptability, producing a decided religious influence wherever he went. He was very soon called to several churches in the county, and continued to preach in the village. As there were no church buildings here, he preached in the court house, where he always had good congregations. I think it was in 1834, he organized a church of his denomination in Spartanburg, and caused to be built the first house of worship in the place. I need not tell of the remarkable success of his ministry. He received into the church many thousands of members—I have heard him say how many, but have forgotten the number—have no doubt more than any man in this county ever did. His influence over his members was remarkable for good, and his place will not be easily filled, in organizing and training up a pure church. Very early in life, in 1830 I think, he joined the first temperance society ever formed in the county, and was to his death a noble and consistent worker in the temperance cause, going far and near to advance it and to break up the drinking habits of the people. To show the magnitude of the efforts of him and his co-laborers in the temperance cause, in 1843 there were nearly three thousand persons in the county pledged to total abstinence. When Mr. Landrum first came among us, dram-drinking was common with mem-

bers of the church, so much so that it was a matter of constant reproach to the church. Treating with whiskey at elections by candidates was almost universal. A candidate refusing to do it could not be elected to office. He and his co-laborers never ceased to oppose this degrading practice until it was entirely broken up, at least before the public, and no one could be elected to office who was known to indulge in it. Intemperance is still a monstrous evil in the land, carrying ruin and desolation to the homes of many heart-broken wives, mothers, and children, yet there has at last come a time when the good people of the land are looking with hope to its final overthrow. The State has refused to grant license for the sale of whiskey outside of the incorporated towns, and may we not hope that the last stronghold of the hateful monster will be broken up and drunkenness driven out of the land.

“Mr. Landrum was very much admired for his manner of performing the marriage ceremony, and was very often called upon to perform it. Though he was four or five years younger than myself, he performed that ceremony for myself and wife. He was our bosom friend through life, and paid his last visit to us on the occasion of the celebration of our golden wedding in 1881, which was a joyous meeting to us all. On this occasion he met my children and grand-children to the third generation. I have known of many interesting occasions, but I know there are other and abler pens to tell them, and therefore I will forego the pleasure. My friend has fallen asleep in Jesus, and is now at rest in the abode of

the good. God grant that we all may be permitted to join him in that blessed home.

“ Respectfully,

“ SIMPSON BOBO.”

Hon. Simpson Bobo, the writer of the above letter, is now nearly four score years of age. He has generally avoided politics, but has represented his county in the State Legislature a time or two, and was for many years one of the leading lawyers of the Spartanburg bar. From early manhood he has been a warm-hearted Christian and a devoted member of the Methodist Church. He has abandoned the practice of the law and retired to the bosom of his family, and in his beautiful home in Spartanburg, surrounded by his descendants to the fourth generation, he is spending a serene and happy old age.

Maj. John Stroble, to whom we have alluded as being among the first outside of the town of Spartanburg to espouse the temperance cause, was also a devoted and conscientious member of the Methodist Church. He was born in Collettin county, S. C., August 29th, 1799. He was one of the civil engineers who located the South Carolina Railroad which, when completed, was the longest railroad in the world. He, too, represented Spartanburg county in the State Legislature for a period of ten or twelve years, and through life was a diligent worker for the public good. He moved to Spartanburg county in 1833, and settled on North Tyger river, in the vicinity of Bethlehem church ; though it was in July,

1830, while spending the summer at Spartanburg, that he united with the temperance movement, and was elected the first secretary of the first temperance society ever organized in the county, on the 20th of that month, the duties of which office he faithfully discharged for nineteen years. He was an ardent life-long worker for the cause. Reading the history of John the Baptist, when a boy, he was impressed with the words: "He neither drank wine nor strong drink," and he resolved to be thus far like him.

In a lecture before Stroble Lodge, I. O. G. T., several years ago, Mr. Landrum said, he and Maj. Stroble had known each other for fifty years, and through all of those years they had worked side by side for the temperance cause.

Miss M. E. Stroble, from whom we have obtained most of our information concerning Major Stroble, her father, in speaking further of him and Mr. Landrum, adds: "They were warm-hearted Christian brethren, belonging to different denominations, but working for the glory of God and the good of their fellow-men. Friends were they as Jonathan and David were friends.

\* \* \* \* \* The death of Mr. Landrum was to us a loss. We never remember the time when we did not listen to his impressive preaching, his kind, fatherly words, and feel the warm grasp of his hand. It was always pleasant to have his presence in our home, and we would gladly have entertained him more frequently than we did, but so many others were anxious to enjoy his society that it seemed to us our turn did not come often."

Major Stroble died many years ago, and his dying words were: "I commend body, mind, soul, friends, children, substance—all to Jesus."

It is pleasant to record these reminiscences of the affectionate and beautiful relations that sprang up and endured through life between Landrum and such men as Bobo and Stroble. They are lasting tributes to the high-toned, generous, Christian character of them all, and the advocates of the temperance cause especially will ever cherish their memories with unflinching gratitude and profound veneration. Nor will they forget that other honored name indelibly associated with theirs in the noble work, that of the gifted, pure-hearted, lamented Dean, who fell earlier in the battle. Let us recapitulate, for we love to dwell on the circumstances that brought these men together and bound them with the silken cords of a friendship that could be severed only by the hand of that ruthless earthly destroyer, Death; and we have an abiding faith that the time will yet come in the era of the world's progress, when the laurels of such men will be more fadeless than "victor's wreaths and monarch's gems;" and when their lives will shine with a steadier, brighter, purer lustre, than that which has graced the annals of all the world's conquerors and blood-stained heroes.

Landrum and Dean were Baptists, staunch and true; Bobo and Stroble were Methodists, conscientious and devoted; and yet in early manhood they joined hands and hearts in a common cause, and toiled side by side for the elevation of mankind and the glory of God.

What a rebuke to that narrow sectarianism which can see no good beyond its own circumscribed boundaries, and which is ever saying to him who does not bow the knee to its creed and extol all its selfish ends, "Stand aside; I am holier than thou!"

Peace to the ashes of the sainted heroes! Calm and bright be the closing days of him who still lingers on the brink of time! It is true that the temperance wave rises and falls like the ocean's restless tide; but unlike the tide, each succeeding fall does not settle to its former level, and each succeeding rise rolls farther and farther inland. God hasten the day when the temperance waters shall rest on mountain, plain and hill, to ebb and flow no more!

We regret that in this connection we have not been able to give any particulars as to Dr. Young, whose name, it will be remembered, appeared with those mentioned above in the first temperance organization in Spartanburg. The career of his gallant son in the Civil War, and in the halls of legislation since the war, is a part of the history of the country, but we have not had the means of information at our command that would enable us to say more of Dr. Young himself.

In the year 1831, Landrum and others began to preach in the town of Spartanburg. Spartanburg now numbers between five and six thousand inhabitants, and boasts its complement of churches, schools and colleges; but at that time there were but three Baptists, out of a population of a thousand or fifteen hundred, in the whole town. One account says there was but one pro-



fessor of religion, and that a lady upward of seventy years of age. But Mr. James Harris and wife, who still survive, were members of the Baptist Church at that time, and there were probably a few others of other denominations scattered over the town. But there was not a single house of worship and no church organization of any kind. If there were more than the number stated pledged to the service of Jesus Christ, they were hidden away in the multitude not to be known by their fruits. How the people spent their Sabbaths with no "church-going bell" to summon them to worship; what were the influences brought to bear upon the young; what was the character of the amusements and employments of a thousand people in the absence of Sunday schools, benevolent societies and all religious influences, we are left only to imagine.

But the influence of the revival started at Brushy Creek soon began to be felt, not definitely at first, but vaguely and mysteriously. The manifestations were allied to those of presentiment—that unaccountable feeling which sometimes weighs heavily upon the heart, and which, men say, heralds the approach of mighty events. An observer would have been struck at first with the air of restlessness worn by those he met; he would have seen that restlessness then settle into a deep solemnity, pervading the entire community, and he would have sought in vain for the cause in any outward circumstance or condition. It was the troubling of the waters of the pool of Bethesda by the angel of God.

When Landrum first began to visit the town, he

preached from the judge's stand in the court house; afterward he stood under the branches of a great oak near by, and preached to large congregations, so uncomfortably situated that nothing but the intense interest of the occasions could have held them together. So thrilling were the scenes that transpired here, that the spot became enshrined in the hearts of the people, and some were known to shed tears when they visited it, many years after the scenes by which it was hallowed had passed away. Samuel Gibson and Thomas Ray, of the Baptist, Michael Dickson, of the Presbyterian, and Charles Smith, of the Methodist Church, all took a part in the meetings under the oak, and their labors laid the foundations of the present Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches in Spartanburg.

At one time, too, during the year 1832, Rev. John Watts, of the Methodist Church, and Rev. John G. Landrum held a joint meeting in the court house, at which meeting twenty-two persons united with the Baptists, and a considerable number with the Methodists. The preachers would alternately give opportunities for converts to unite with the denomination of their choice, and all worked together in perfect harmony. Rev. John Watts was still living in 1882, though bowed down with age and infirmities. His daughter, Miss Sallie E. Watts, wrote during that year from Sandy Flat, S. C. : "Even the state of the revival in Spartanburg has escaped my father's memory. However, this fact exists clearly in his mind that the Rev. John G. Landrum joined Rev. Armstrong, Rev. Dr. Lewis and him-

self on the second or third day of the meeting, and labored with zeal and power, both on the stand and around the altar." To Landrum, more than to any one else, does the Spartanburg Baptist church owe its origin.

Many of the converts of the meetings just mentioned went to Mount Zion and Bethlehem, about seven miles from town, and became members of those churches. It was not until February 23d, 1839, that the church in Spartanburg was constituted and put into regular working order. The Presbytery that constituted it consisted of Revs. Samuel Gibson, Elias Rogers and John G. Landrum. There were only twenty-five members that united in its organization, eleven males and fourteen females. Major John Earle Bomar says: "Rev. J. G. Landrum had been preaching at Spartanburg occasionally, and I think part of the time stately, since 1830, 1831 or 1832. I remember to have seen among my father's old papers (after his death, which occurred in 1836), a subscription bearing date of one of these years, the object being to raise money to pay Landrum to preach at regular times. The old church building was erected about the time the Baptist church was organized. About the same time the Methodists built their church. Previous to this time, there was no house of worship of any denomination in the town of Spartanburg, and preaching was held in the court house, and sometimes at private residences. On more than one occasion, within my memory, it was held at my father's house, principally, I suppose, on account of my grandmother, Mrs. Rebecca Earle, who at that time was the only Baptist living in

Spartanburg, if not the only professor of religion there, and was very old and a cripple, being unable to leave the house.” \*

At the first meeting of the Spartanburg church after its organization, Rev. J. G. Landrum was unanimously elected pastor, to preach every second Sunday and Saturday before. In October of the same year the church united with the Tyger River Association, then convened with the Millford church, located in Greenville county. H. J. Dean, J. Bomar and G. W. Bomar were the delegates to that body, and the church reported an aggregate of seventy-two members. Just before the meeting of the Association, and in the same month, forty-two members were added to the church by baptism and many others by letter. The revival went on, and in sixteen months the membership increased from twenty-five to about one hundred. Then something like a reaction took place, and we find by reference to the records that the church had trouble with some of its members. Several cases of discipline are reported, chiefly for the sin of drunkenness, and some were excluded from the fellowship of the church.

Another *union* meeting is mentioned as being held in 1841, at which fifteen were received by experience; then, during the ten years which followed, there were only twelve additions by experience. But there were fre-

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\* It will be seen that Mr. Landrum himself, in his historical sketch of the Tyger River Association, also states that there was only one Baptist, and that the same person mentioned by Major Bomar.

quent accessions by letter, and at the close of the decade the membership had increased to one hundred and seventy-five, including many from the highest circles of society, among whom were numbered men eminent in the professions of medicine, law and literature. Then it was determined to build a better house of worship, and the present beautiful and commodious church edifice arose at a cost of about ten thousand dollars, every dollar of which may be said to have been paid by the time the last sound of the hammer had died away on the mountain air.

In the meantime, Spartanburg had grown to a town of considerable proportions, and other denominations had entered the field in force. Wofford College was established within its limits, with an able faculty, under the auspices of the Methodist denomination, and Landrum saw that the surrounding circumstances called for renewed efforts and increased vigilance, if he would keep pace with the tide of progress and meet the demands of the times. He seemed to rise in power and resources as the tide rolled on, and upheld the purity of his faith and the dignity of his church with the same earnestness and convincing power with which he had at first stirred the depths of wickedness and shaken the foundations of unbelief. He was now in the prime and vigor of manhood, and his mind had reached the full maturity of its powers. The frail body which had been thought destined to an early grave, as if it had been thrilled by the glowing fires of the mind or animated by the bounding impulses of the heart, had expanded into

noble proportions, and was capable of sustaining almost any amount of mental or physical toil. And rarely were the powers of endurance and the capabilities of mind subjected to a severer trial ; for the demands made upon him were such as would have completely overwhelmed any man of ordinary ability and endurance.

Up to this time, he had given but one Saturday and Sunday in each month to the Spartanburg church, with an occasional night or evening, as opportunity might suggest. The remaining Saturdays and Sundays in the month had been given to as many churches, scattered over a wide extent of territory ; and here and there was one that had its meeting on Tuesday or Wednesday, or on whatever day might suit the convenience of the preacher. In passing to and from these regular charges there was generally a series of appointments to fill on the road ; and, indeed, whenever it was known that Landrum was to be at any place at any time, there was almost sure to be a crowd there before him, waiting in eager expectation for his appearance. There was no singing in the house to invite the people in ; when the preacher entered the door of the church, such of the crowd as had not preceded him pressed immediately after him, and by the time he rose in the pulpit everything was as still as the grave.

To those who knew him only during the later years of his life, when good preachers and forcible preaching had become, in a measure, common, and when people had come to regard both with that sort of indifference usually generated by familiarity, some of these pictures may

seem too highly colored. But the writer himself cherishes many vivid recollections brought down from early boyhood, of illustrations of the facts just mentioned, and there are many others still living who will give the same testimony.

We have said that the circumstances at Spartanburg called for increased effort and enlarged operations. One revival after another took place as the years rolled by, and many good men and women were added to the membership of the church. In October, 1857, Landrum was elected to preach to the church on the first and third Sundays, and on every Tuesday night and Saturday before the first Sunday in each month; and one year afterward the call was extended so as to embrace the second Sunday and Tuesday night after the first Sunday in each month. During this period of his pastorate, he also preached on the afternoon of one Sunday in each month exclusively to the colored people, and it is said that the love and admiration in which he was held by these people was not surpassed by that of the whites. To perform all this work now on his hands at Spartanburg, "he rode," says Major John Earle Bomar, "from his home, a distance of eight miles, through sunshine and rain, heat and cold, and very rarely missed an appointment." We have heard from members of his family, that on the homeward night journeys from Spartanburg, he was often so exhausted by previous labors that he would fall into a sound sleep, and his faithful horse would follow the well-known road and carry him safely to his own gate.

There is a break in the records of the Spartanburg church, extending from September 1st, 1861, until April 10th, 1864, the clerk of the church having enlisted in the Confederate army at about the former date.

After the first battle of Manassas, General O. E. Edwards, deacon of the Spartanburg church, who had borne a gallant part in the battle, returned home and raised the Thirteenth Regiment, S. C. Volunteers; and Mr. Landrum, thinking his duty demanded it, went with this regiment, which contained many of his flock and many more of his friends and loved ones, to the scene of active operations in Virginia.

We have in our possession a letter and a fragment of a written appointment of Rev. John G. Landrum as colporteur, in the army, by the late Rev. Dr. J. O. B. Dargan, chairman of a board that seems to have had charge of religious work among the soldiers. The letter is written from Darlington, S. C., and bears date September 23d, 1861.

The writer's name is one that is loved and cherished by many Baptists of South Carolina, and as a scrap of the religious history of the times which will perhaps, in the years to come, be highly interesting, if not so now, we put both the letter and fragment on record.

“MY DEAR BROTHER LANDRUM:—Yours of the 18th inst. came to hand a few days since. I delayed writing immediately in order to see Brother Lide in relation to the amount of funds from the Tyger River Association. It was not in my power to see him until Satur-



day last. We are highly gratified at your acceptance of the appointment of colporteur under the auspices of the board. On the following page please find a formal commission. It is of no importance, but it may be convenient for you to have it. We do not think that the double office of chaplain to the regiment and colporteur of the board will at all conflict. Brother Lide promised to write to Dr. Pressly to-day, requesting him to forward to you at the camp near Columbia what funds were contributed by your Association.\* It may not be safe to send money by mail, so that the Doctor may wait for an opportunity to remit to you by some responsible person.

“I wrote to Brother Rice yesterday requesting him to make an effort to increase the amount. We may have other funds which we will feel at liberty to appropriate to your support, but our main dependence, I think, will be upon the brethren in your section. We will be put to it to obtain Bibles, Testaments and Tracts, but Brother Rice has full instructions, and will make every effort to supply you. We are very anxious to obtain a colporteur for Virginia also, if we can get the necessary amount to pay his salary. I have written to

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\* By reference to the minutes of the Tyger River Association, of that year, held about one month before the date of the above letter, we find the following: “After hearing the report, addresses upon the subject of colportage in our army in Virginia were made by W. D. Rice, General Superintendent of the Sunday School and Colportage Board of the Convention, J. A. Broaddus, W. Williams, J. P. Boyce, J. G. Landrum, M. T. Sumner, C. J. Elford and L. Vaughn, and contributions amounting to \$137.00 were made to the cause.”

Brother Walters, chaplain of Colonel Sloan's regiment, on the subject.

"I trust, my dear brother, the Lord will bless, sustain and protect you, and give you a great harvest of precious, immortal souls among the brave defenders of our country. From present appearances, I think you will all soon be in active service, probably upon the sea coast of our own beloved State. We do not require it, but the board will be grateful to hear from you occasionally.

"May the good hand of the Lord, our God, be upon, around, and over you.

"Your affectionate brother,

"J. O. B. DARGAN."

Then follows the commission, a part of which has been destroyed:—

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :

"This is to certify that Rev. J. G. Landrum has been appointed colporteur of the S. S. and Colportage Board of the Baptist State Convention of South Carolina. The field of his labors will be in the Thirteenth Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, Colonel O. E. Edwards, and among all others of the brave men organized for the State defences, to whom God in his good providence may give him access. We commend him to God and the word of his grace, and to the prayers and sympathies of all good men in dis—" \* \* \* \*

Mr. Landrum remained in the army about nine

months preaching, and laboring almost incessantly among the soldiers of his regiment, when his health beginning to decline, at the urgent solicitation of many friends, he returned to his churches at home.

Colonel O. E. Edwards, the commander of the Thirteenth Regiment, was one of the deacons (as has been said) of the Spartanburg church. He was an active, working Christian, and carried his religion with him into all the affairs of life. He was a relative of the Hon. Simpson Bobo, and a member of the strong law firm of Bobo & Edwards, later Bobo, Edwards & Carlisle, and brother to Colonel B. W. Edwards, of Darlington, the beloved president of the South Carolina Baptist Convention. He frequently represented his county in the State Legislature, and was one of the most popular men Spartanburg county has ever produced. He was known, and loved, and honored, by the whole people of his county, and no truer, nobler, braver man fell in all the great Civil War than this warm-hearted, genial Christian hero. The writer, though not a member of his regiment, saw him receive his death wound at Chancellorsville. McGowan's brigade had just driven the enemy from a line of breastworks, and were holding them against a furious charge for their recapture. McGowan had been wounded, and Edwards as senior colonel, had assumed command of the brigade. He was walking dauntlessly on top of the breastworks, a conspicuous mark for the enemy's bullets, one of which did not long shun the mark. We were with him also just before the opening of the battle, in the hush and stillness that immediately

preceded the onset, during which both sides seemed to be silently gathering strength for the impending struggle—the time of all others the most trying to a soldier's nerves and to a soldier's courage. He was calm and collected, almost cheerful and gay. Some one said: "How do you like this suspense?" He replied: "Oh! I like it better than fighting."

It was fondly hoped that his wound would not prove mortal and that his valuable life would be spared to the country, but after weeks of suffering, borne without a murmur, he died in the triumph of the Christian faith and in the full assurance of a blessed immortality.

The period of Landrum's ministrations at Spartanburg extended through twenty-six years; having taken charge of the church at its organization in 1839 and resigned in 1865, much to the regret of the church and congregation. During this period he received many tokens of the affection with which he was regarded by his people, some of them tokens of a very substantial kind. Among these may be mentioned a splendid gold watch and chain from the ladies of his congregation which cost one hundred and ten dollars. On the inside of the watch case was the inscription: "Rev. John G. Landrum; Presented by the Ladies of Spartanburg."

He may almost be said to have planted the first germ of religion in Spartanburg. He left a strong and influential church there, numbering among its members many humble, devoted Christians, as well as some of high, social standing and of great influence in the Coun-

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cils of the Baptist brotherhood. Some of these have passed away, but others have risen up to take their places; and with such members as John Earle Bomar, Dr. J. J. Boyd, John H. Montgomery and others, perhaps equally active and devoted, the church is doing a great and a grand work.

## CHAPTER V.

JAMES RAINWATERS AND JOSHUA RICHARDS—NATHANIEL JACKSON—EXTRACT FROM MINUTES OF GREENVILLE ASSOCIATION—THE FIRST BURIAL AT MOUNT ZION—SKETCH OF THE TYGER RIVER ASSOCIATION FROM ITS ORGANIZATION AT MOUNT ZION IN 1833, TO ITS DISSOLUTION AT NEW HOPE IN 1875.

IN following up the history of the Spartanburg church in the preceding chapter, we have been carried, chronologically, far beyond many of the events and transactions which it is our purpose to record.

When Landrum first came into Spartanburg county, it is believed that there were only two Baptist preachers to be found within all its borders. There may possibly have been others, but we can find no record of them. The two alluded to were James Rainwaters and Joshua Richards. Rainwaters is represented as having been a strong man for his day, and the epithet seems to have been applicable both to mind and body, as he was equally noted for physical industry and intellectual vigor. He removed to the State of Georgia, and his name has an honored place in Harrison's Book of Georgia Baptists.

The other, Joshua Richards, was an Irishman, fully

the peer of Rainwaters in physical and intellectual strength, but given to the eccentricities and waywardness of his race. He had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War and was proud of his record. He was careless of his person, slovenly in his dress, and sometimes repulsive in his manners. He walked to his appointments and gave to distance neither thought nor consideration. He was at one time sent as a messenger to the Charleston Association. He made the journey on foot, and on arrival at the place of meeting was in a plight not very favorable to his admittance into the councils of refined and intelligent Baptists of the lower part of the State. But a neatly written letter by Dr. Lewis, which he bore to the Association, secured for him the consideration and kindness of brethren, and he is said to have returned delighted with his visit. There is a tradition in the county that Judge O'Neal once sent for him at Spartanburg, having come to cherish kindly feelings toward him from what he had heard of him, and that Richards responded to the request, clad in his old, tattered Continental uniform, with musket on his shoulder and cartridge box at his side. Thus accoutred, he is said to have been cordially entertained by the Judge.

Near by our borders in Union county lived Nathaniel Jackson, who frequently preached at various places in Spartanburg. He was a maternal uncle to John G. Landrum, and, like Richards, had been a soldier of the Revolution. He was shot in the cheek at Cowpens, and wore the honorable scar as long as he lived. In

the minutes of the Greenville Association for 1883 his name is lovingly and honorably mentioned in a sketch of "Head of Tyger Church," written by W. H. Goodlett.

The following very suggestive statement is copied verbatim from the records of "Head of Tyger Church": "Whare as we the Tyer Setelment and also the adjacent Neighbors have for this many years past had the Reverent Nathaniel Jackson as a Stated Preacher with and for us with any componsation worth notices, and as we are acquainted with his situation in life, we think it our Dewty as a peopel to pay something to him as a Recopence for his services, as the Laborer is said to be worth of his hire, therefore we propose to pay to Thomas Barton and Reuben Barrett agt October meeting 1812 the sums to our Names Enexéd to Inable tham to get for Said Jackson a hat, a Bige coat, a pare of Bcots, an a nex handkerchief, and if there is not enof subscribed by us for that use to get at their Desivisions agreeable to the Superscription Witness our hands 28th day of March 1812."

The first burial that ever took place in the Mount Zion cemetery was in 1832, and was that of Joshua Hawkins, an old Revolutionary soldier. He had fought in the battle of Brandywine, had been wounded and captured by the enemy, but had been released on parole. While at home he began to scent the breeze that preceded the gathering storm at Kings Mountain, and like the racer trained to the track, the first notes of preparation aroused a spirit within which could not be easily re-



strained. That spirit got the better of his moral principle, and in flagrant violation of the terms of his parole, he hastened toward the scene of the coming conflict, and arrived in time to bear a gallant part in the battle of Kings Mountain. He carried a leaden ball in his flesh as long as he lived, and requested that after his death it should be extracted, adding that he did not wish to be buried with British lead in him. His request was complied with. He was buried with the honors of war, Captain Coleman Wood, a soldier of 1812, commanding the company, and Rev. John G. Landrum, the officiating clergyman. During the funeral discourse the preacher held up the ball in his hand and exhibited it to the large crowd present.

On November 1st, 1833, the Tyger River Association was organized at Mount Zion church. A "Historical Sketch" of this body, prepared by Mr. Landrum, is accessible to the public, and we propose to notice only such facts connected with the history of the Association as are not mentioned in the sketch just named, and as will give the reader some idea of Baptist progress in our part of the country, and of the religious work accomplished by our fathers.

We are met at the outset by difficulties arising from meagre and imperfect records, and as we proceed we shall often find that the very things which, above all others, we wish to know are not recorded, or if recorded at all, it is done in such a way as to be unsatisfactory and almost useless. It is gratifying to know that in our own day a better system of records is generally kept,

and it is hoped that those who are to live after us will know more of the religious transactions of our day than we know or can learn of the past.

On Friday, November 1st, 1833, delegates from ten churches, dismissed from the Broad River, the Saluda, and the Reedy River Associations, met at Mount Zion church for the purpose of organizing a new association. The movement was the natural outgrowth of the great revival which began in 1831, coupled with the inconveniences attendant upon the broad extent of territory occupied by the existing associations. On motion of J. Bomar, Jr., Elder Phillip Ramsaur was requested to open the meeting by singing and prayer, and to act as moderator until the meeting was regularly organized. The names of delegates were then enrolled, and John G. Landrum was elected moderator and John W. Lewis, clerk. Two newly constituted churches, Mountain Page and Pleasant Grove, petitioned for admission into the body and were cordially received, making in all twelve churches that were represented in the first meeting. A committee was appointed to frame a constitution, and to draw up rules of decorum and an abstract of principles. The constitution adopted was mainly the work of Landrum, Lewis and Gibson, and was reverently maintained, with but few alterations or amendments, through the whole history of the Association. It was provided that it could not be changed except by a two-third's vote of all the members delegated, and the sentiment of the body was usually opposed to changes of any kind in the constitution.

It may be interesting to many to see the first tabular statement of the Tyger River Association, and we append it entire. Ministers' names are in small capitals; licensed preachers in italics. Those marked thus \* were absent. The contributions reported were all for minutes, and there seems to have been no demand for money for any other purpose. The Association held only two days, Friday and Saturday, and nothing is recorded of the meeting on Sunday. Indeed, the whole proceedings occupy only one page and a half of the minutes. It will be seen that Bethlehem was by far the largest church and Mountain Page the smallest.

The minutes of the first meeting, including the constitution, rules of decorum, abstract of principles, a tabular statement, make up a little pamphlet of eight pages, and five hundred copies were printed by O. H. Wells, of Greenville, for thirteen dollars. The balance of the contribution of \$19.52 is not accounted for in the minutes. It was probably paid to the clerk for his services, as the clerks during the early years of the Association were always paid. Later, when education, missions and charitable and benevolent enterprises appealed yearly to the liberality of the Association, the clerks generally donated their salaries to some one of the benevolent objects presented, and finally the practice of paying them for their services was by common consent abandoned. Their work became heavy as the Association enlarged its boundaries and increased its operations. Yet there were always brethren found who cheerfully performed all the duties of clerks without any remunera-

## STATEMENT OF THE TYGER RIVER ASSOCIATION.

Churches.	Districts.	Delegates' Names.	Members.	Contributions.
Bethlehem, . .	Spartanburg, .	ABRAHAM CROW, Eber Smith, Jas. Foster, Ransom Foster, Jas. Yates, R. Daniel, . .	252	\$2 50
Clear Spring, .	Greenville, . .	Wm. Howard,* Henry Brockman, J. L. Westmoreland, Wm. Johnson, . . . . .	194	2 80
Brushy Creek, .	Greenville, . .	P. C. Lester, James Watson, J. D. Smith, Edmund Miller, Daniel Mayfield, . . . .	165	2 00
Mount Zion, . .	Spartanburg, .	J. G. LANDRUM, J. W. LEWIS, John Bomar, Jr., Hezekiah Pollard,	125	2 20
Head of Tyger,	Greenville, . .	Jesse Center, Jefferson Barton, Wm. Howard,		
Washington, .	Greenville, . .	ISAAC LEMONS, J. J. Reynolds, William Robbs, J. N. Green, R. Jackson, B. Farmer,	115	1 30
Green Pond, . .	Spartanburg, .	Philip Johnson, Geo. Johnson, Wyatt Vaughn, David Ross,	108	1 56
Cedar Grove, .	Laurens, . . .	M. Scruggs, M. Hughes, M. Fowler, . . . . .	97	75
Bethuel, . . . .	Greenville, . .	Frederick Hawkins, Nathaniel Vannoy, John Wilkinson, . .	66	2 25
Pleasant Grove,	Greenville, . .	J. C. Green, Joel Hammet, Jesse Foster, Wm. Cunningham, Jr., . . . . .	47	2 50
Holly Springs,	Spartanburg, .	John Ballinger, J. M. Collins, J. C. Ballinger, T. R. Tucker, . .	53	1 16
Mountain Page,	Buncombe, N.C.	S. Morgan, . . . . .	24	50
			1246	\$19 52

tion. Among those who served longest in this capacity, were J. M. Roberts, C. J. Elford, O. E. Edwards and A. B. Woodruff, all of whom, except the last named, have gone to their reward. He has patiently and laboriously served as the clerk of the Tyger River and Spartanburg Associations for a period of about twenty years, and is one of the best clerks in the denomination. He has also frequently served the Baptist State Convention in the same capacity.

The second annual meeting of the Tyger River Association was held with the Clear Spring church in Greenville county, on the 31st of October, 1834. Landrum was again elected moderator, and Lewis, clerk. The introductory sermon was preached by Landrum from Ephesians, ii. 19, 20 : " Now therefore ye are no more strangers, and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God ; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone." The circular letter was written by Lewis, according to appointment, the year before, on the subject : " What is Love ? " It was a thoughtful, an able essay, in which the subject was philosophically treated and vigorously handled. We find that through all the early years of the Association, the circular letters were prominent factors in its operations. They were carefully prepared on subjects assigned by the Association, and were extensively read and diligently preserved. Indeed, the greater portion of the time, during which the Association was in session, seems to have been taken up in considering the circular letter

and in establishing and maintaining fraternal relations with other Associations. At the meeting at Clear Spring as many as six of the ablest brethren were appointed to write to as many different Associations, and as many as twenty-seven messengers were appointed to bear these missions of love and fraternal greeting. Nor was all this idle formality. The men appointed to write, *wrote*, and did their best; and the men appointed to go, *went*, though the distance was often great and the difficulties numerous. In the list of appointed messengers at this meeting we find that Landrum's name occurs five times in the six appointments, and that associated with his are the names of Lewis, Rogers, J. L. Westmoreland, M. M. Wallace, Jesse Dean, Wilson Cobb, Jesse Center, S. Gibson, Jefferson Barton, and others who were afterward prominent in the councils of the body and had a good report among all men.

Six new churches joined the Association at Clear Spring, viz., Unity, Milford, Greenville, Sandy Spring, Rocky Creek and Abner's Creek, bringing into its councils two ordained ministers, Elias Rogers and Samuel Gibson, and a delegation representing about four hundred members.

Rev. Samuel Gibson, who makes his first appearance in the Association at Clear Spring in 1834, was a remarkable man. He was born in England and landed with his wife and wife's sister in Charleston, about the year 1815. He was indebted to a Sunday-school in England for such education in books as he had; but he was endowed by nature with remarkable powers of

intellect, and he became an astute logician and really a learned and profound theologian. It is said that he was often asked by those who did not know his history where he had received his education. He began to exercise his gifts in an humble way in England, though without any thought of becoming a preacher. Determining to leave England and seek his fortunes in America, he found himself in Charleston, friendless and almost penniless, as his means had been barely sufficient to defray the expenses of the voyage.

The next day after he had landed being Sunday he repaired to a Baptist church in the city, where one of those little circumstances occurred which we class in the chapter of accidents, but which sometimes show how God provides for all those that love him. When the minister had given out the hymn, the leader of the music failed to pitch the tune, though he made several efforts. The minister also, it seems, was unable to sing the hymn, and things were getting into an embarrassing condition, when Gibson arose in the congregation, raised the tune, and, with the aid of his wife and sister-in-law, sang the hymn through, carrying three parts without the help of another voice. This circumstance introduced him at once to the notice of the brethren, and learning that he was a blacksmith by trade and was wanting something to do, they employed him to make some repairs about the church bell, for which they paid him ten dollars, though he insisted on not taking more than two. They also offered to assist him in finding employment, and kindly invited him to stay among them. But Gibson

was never the man to tax the kindness of friends ; and poor in this world's goods, yet rich in the natural resources of a powerful intellect, and happy in the love of the fond, confiding being who had followed him across the wide waters, he bade adieu to his newly-found friends in Charleston, and set out for the interior in search of a place on which to lay the foundation of his fortunes.

He settled in rather a wild, thinly-populated region in Greenville county, where the gospel had seldom been heard and the restraining influences of religion seldom felt. The Sabbath was generally disregarded, and all the vices peculiarly incident to society in a rude state went unrebuked.

This condition of things first made a deep impression on his wife. "The harvest," she said, "is ready, and there is no laborer to reap it;" and Gibson began to preach, moved, as he always declared, by her entreaties. This noble woman was his constant support for more than thirty years ; and often when he was tempted, from slight indisposition, to neglect an appointment, she would say, "Go on, Sammy, a good pulpit sweat will cure you ;" and he would go on, and he asserted that he always found it as she had said. Through her influence he applied himself assiduously to study, and became one of the most learned and powerful preachers of his day. Well does the author remember, when a little boy, to have gazed with childish wonder, mingled with awe, upon a little red-faced old man, with white hair, scrupulously neat in his dress and peculiarly solemn in his



appearance, seated in a sulky and driving a snow-white horse rapidly toward a neighboring church; and well does he remember how that wonder was increased and that awe deepened, when he noted the death-like stillness that reigned in the congregation as he ascended the pulpit, and saw the trembling of strong men and gay women under the power of his soul-stirring words.

He was a warm advocate of education, a rigid disciplinarian, and, firm almost to stubbornness, he never swerved an inch from what he thought was right. The thriving church at Milford, in Greenville county, still bears the marks of his training; and while his influence is still felt in different parts of the country, he is often referred to as a living example of what, under the most adverse circumstances, a firm faith, coupled with untiring effort and final perseverance, may accomplish. He was buried at Milford, within a few steps of the pulpit from which he had so often proclaimed the gospel and warned the ungodly to "flee the wrath to come."

His wife died not many years ago, having lived to an old age, and having been entirely blind for several years of the latter part of her life.

Elias Rogers, the other ordained minister that came into the Association at its second meeting at Clear Spring, was a member of Unity church and was at the time preaching to that church and to the Rocky Creek church. He was a man of strong will, of great moral courage, and of robust physical frame. He raised his voice at that early day against the sin of drunkenness, and

advocated total abstinence as the only safeguard against it. His boldness was not always subject to the dictates of prudence, and his uncompromising hostility to the use of ardent spirits, rendered him unpopular with many, and frequently involved him in personal difficulties from which a man of feeble physical powers would hardly have extricated himself. On one occasion he preached a strong temperance sermon somewhere in Greenville county, and some of his words being reported to a notorious bully who was not present, gave mortal offence to that dignitary of the still-house. The bully swore roundly and profanely that he would whip the preacher on sight or compel him to retract and apologize. Rogers was warned of his threats and advised by his friends to try to avoid an interview. But the interview could not be avoided. The bully confronted him in a crowd and asked if he had said what had been reported. Rogers asked, "And what if I did say it?" "Why," continued the bully, "I said when I heard it, that if you said that, I would whip you as soon as I laid eyes on you." "Well," replied Rogers, "Mr. M—, I said it; and as for whipping me, that is a thing which has often been tried and has never yet been done." It is needless to add that the bully concluded that prudence was the better part of valor, and the preacher went unpunished.

The name of Rogers is not found on the minutes after 1845. We think that he moved to the West in the fall of that year.

At this second annual meeting of the Association a

committee was appointed on protracted meetings, and, in accordance with the recommendations of that committee, protracted meetings were held in March, May, and August of the next year, with Unity, Clear Spring, and Milford churches, under the auspices and direction of the Association. These meetings began on Friday before the fifth Sunday in each month named above, and usually continued through the greater part of the next week. They were attended by the whole or nearly the whole ministerial force of the Association, and were powerful instruments for good. It is doubtful whether our custom of holding union meetings on the fifth Sundays is much improvement on that of the protracted meetings of our fathers. On reading the early records of the Association, one is struck with the zealous care with which it guarded the pulpit against impostors. In the correspondence between different Associations, the names of impostors are frequently mentioned, and one Association warns another against them. We find the following in the minutes of the meeting at Clear Spring: "We concur with the Moriah Association, in noticing JESSE DENSON, as claiming himself to be a Baptist preacher. We disown him, and warn our churches against him."

At this meeting J. G. Landrum was appointed to write the next circular letter on the *General Judgment*, and John W. Lewis to preach the next introductory sermon.

It is not in accordance with our purpose to follow the Association year by year, through the whole period of

its existence, however strongly tempted we may be to pursue such a course. We have noted particularly the first two meetings, in order to give the reader of to-day some idea of the plan upon which the body started out and of the nature of the work in which it engaged, together with a glimpse of some of the men who figured in its councils. The prominent idea of the Association seems to have been that it was what it claimed to be, an Advisory Council, and advice was given on a variety of subjects, and warnings against a variety of dangers, in an outspoken manner, and without stint or measure. Numbers of questions were sent up by the churches to each annual meeting, which were answered faithfully and conscientiously; and hardly a meeting passed during which some impostor was not branded in no very *mincing* terms.

At the third annual meeting held with Head of Tyger church, there was a preamble introduced setting forth the fact that great excitement prevailed in certain parts of the country, on account of the efforts made in other sections in the Abolition cause; and that men under the garb of ministers of the gospel had been traversing the country, intending by their *public course* one thing, and their *private course* another, and had, by their conduct, caused suspicion to attach to the ministers as a body; therefore it was resolved, "That this Association, both ministers and delegates, disclaim against all interference either by men from abroad or at home, in this matter: and we especially recommend to the churches which we represent, and we would enjoin particularly upon the

deacons, strictly to examine into the credentials of all strange ministers before they are invited to preach to the churches.”

The public was also warned in particular against one JOHN B. SMITH, who had been published in the *Christian Index* as an impostor. Among the queries sent up, and answered at this meeting and at several successive meetings, were the following :

Do females have a right (agreeably to Scripture) to vote in the election of deacons, or to the setting apart of gifts to the ministry?—Postponed to next Association. (Answer, next year.—The female members have a right to vote.)

Who are the elders of the church? Answer.—The ministers and deacons : and in the absence of the ministers, the deacons.

Is it right, according to Scripture, to suffer a brother to preach, who believes in witchcraft, and professes to have the art of healing the same? Answer.—The Association advises her churches to discountenance all such characters.

Is it right that a preacher of the gospel should obtain leave of the church to which he belongs in order to supply another church which requires his labors? Answer.—We think it is not necessary.

Ought not afflicted members of the church to feel it their duty as well as privilege to call upon the elders of the church to pray for them? And ought not the elders to feel it their duty to attend to such requests? And, moreover, would it not be well for the elders to assemble

for the express purpose of praying for the afflicted in their churches? Answer to first clause.—We leave it optionary with the sick. To second clause.—It is the duty of the elders so to act.

Shall a member of a Baptist church be permitted to retail spirituous liquors, and yet retain his membership in the church? Answer.—We deem it inconsistent with a Christian profession, that individuals should be engaged in the demoralizing business of retailing spirituous liquors—that such should be considered as accessory to the crime of drunkenness, together with all the nameless evils which are inflicted upon society; and therefore, whatever forbearance particular cases would require on the part of the church, yet ultimately, that all who should persist in the business, after due labors had been employed to convince them of their errors, should be excluded from the fellowship of the church.

What shall be done with a member of the church, who, hearing an evil report on a minister of the gospel, gives the report circulation, and also says he believes it? Answer.—We think such member subjects himself to the censure of the church.

The above specimens have been selected from the minutes of three annual meetings. They are sufficient to show that the churches generally looked to the Association for information, and that the Association, in its official capacity, encouraged the churches to so look, by returning prompt and faithful answers to their questions.

In 1837, at Pleasant Grove, the circular letter, prepared by previous appointment, on the subject of tem-

perance, was rejected in accordance with the recommendation of the committee appointed to examine it, "on account of its great length," and a circular printed in the minutes of the Edgefield Association was adopted as the circular letter of the Tyger River Association. It was an able letter on the subject of Foreign Missions, showing the progress of the work up to that time, and making a strong appeal to the brotherhood for their sympathies, their active aid, and their prayers. This seems to be the first time that the attention of the Association was directed or invited in any way to the subject of missions. Indeed, for the first twelve years of its existence, this subject seems never to have been once presented to the body for its official sanction or endorsement. This seems to us strange, knowing as we do that Landrum, its moving spirit, and many of his co-workers, were strong advocates of missions. It is probable that the Association had not yet been adopted as the channel through which missionary work was to be carried on; and that the friends and advocates of missionary work labored at other places and sent their money through other channels. During the meeting at Pleasant Grove, in 1837, the Association took into consideration the expediency of becoming a constituent member of the Baptist State Convention, of South Carolina, and "after having freely deliberated on the subject agreed to do so." Then in its explanation to the churches, and in its address to them the next year, we find about the only action taken that looked toward missionary work before the year 1845. It is a significant fact that after becoming

a member of the State Convention, the Association took great pains to explain to the churches its reasons for so doing, and to define exactly its true position. The following record is made :

“The Association informs the churches composing it, that having united itself to the Convention, and being disposed to contribute to, and promote the objects it advocates, does not make it binding upon the churches to contribute to the objects of the Convention, but that they are left to act as they respectively think best in the matter.”

The State Convention met on Saturday before the second Sabbath in December following, at Edgefield C. H., and Landrum, then twenty-seven years old, rode on horseback from his home, near Mount Zion, and represented his Association in that body.

Notwithstanding the very conciliatory message sent out, many of the churches next year clamorously and almost angrily remonstrated against the action of the Association in becoming a member of the Convention, and demanded that its action should be rescinded and the newly-formed relationship dissolved. Then the Association replied, with some firmness, in the following words :

“The Association being an advisory council, deems it inexpedient to refer her proceedings to those churches she is appointed to advise, either for their approval or disapprobation. She, as a body, is firmly and conscientiously convinced that the objects contemplated by the Convention, to wit, Education and Domestic and



Foreign Missions, are objects which should enlist the sympathies and efforts of all Christians. The Association has plainly and positively declared in the eleventh article of the minutes of last year's session, referred to in some of the church letters, that the act by which she united as a body with the Convention, was totally independent of the churches, and in no wise nor in any degree binding upon them. We hope, therefore, that the churches requesting the above-named article to be referred to them, will, if they do not accord with us in opinion, at least permit us to discharge what we conscientiously believe to be both our duty and our privilege."

This unvarnished enunciation seems to have had the desired effect on the turbulent churches, and we hear of no more dissatisfaction in regard to the connection of the Association with the State Convention. Landrum was appointed to write to the Convention, and was also one of the delegates to attend its next meeting.

This meeting of the Association was held at Bethlehem, in October, 1838, and on Sunday, after a sermon by A. Rice, of the Saluda Association, at the stand, a collection was taken up among the congregation for Foreign Missions, amounting to \$65.12½. The Finance Committee of the Association reported \$41.60 sent up for minutes.

This was the first public collection of which we have any account in the history of the Association, and we do not understand that this was taken up by authority or under the direction of the body.

The next year at Milford, the Association requested the churches to send up contributions for the support of Elder Isaac Lammence, who was "aged, needy, infirm and helpless;" and Elder S. Gibson was appointed agent to take charge of contributions for him, to procure necessaries for his support, and to report annually to the Association.

In response to the above-named request, the churches next year sent up \$134 for the support of Lammence, and the Association resolved that the request made last year in regard to him, "be continued in the minutes of this meeting, and until, in the providence of God, there shall seem to be no further necessity."

The churches continued to send up punctually about \$100 every year for the support of the aged Lammence, and Gibson continued his faithful and loving agency until 1847, when death kindly relieved the old preacher of his earthly wants and the churches of their earthly charge. The name of Lammence was afterward written *Lemons*, and a more extended notice of him will be found in Landrum's "Historical Sketch of the Tyger River Association."

At the meeting held with the Green Pond church, in 1843, a collection was taken up at the stand on Sunday, amounting to \$27.50, and the Pleasant Grove, Greenville and Bethlehem churches together, sent up \$12.16 for missionary purposes; and the Association resolved that it all be forwarded to the State Convention, to be applied to Foreign Missions.

At Bethel, in 1844, the Finance Committee reported

\$45.47 sent up for minutes, and \$4.25 for Foreign Missions. At the stand on Sunday, after preaching by Landrum, Barnett, Martin and Andrews, the sum of \$59.18 was collected for the American and Foreign Bible Society. In the minutes of this year's meeting is printed a short history of twenty-seven out of the twenty-nine churches that now belonged to the body.

The year 1845 is known in the history of South Carolina as the "dry year." The rains were withheld from the early part of April until the latter part of August; the heavens became as brass, and the earth as iron, and many crops were planted, and cultivated, and gathered, without receiving the visit of a single refreshing shower. The people looked upon the great disaster as a judgment from God; and their hearts were filled with awe and alarm. The Association met that year with Head of Tyger church, and it is a fact of the deepest significance that it resolved to appoint a Board of Domestic Missions, consisting of seven members, to meet at least quarterly, and to have the direction of missionary work within the bounds of the Association. To aid this board in its operations a collection was taken up in the Association, which amounted to \$61.10, and an appeal was made to the churches to furnish additional means for the maintenance of the board, and the promotion of its work. The churches also sent up to this meeting for minutes, \$33.26; for Foreign Missions, \$8.37½; for Elder Lammence, \$101.52, and a collection was taken up at the stand for Foreign Missions, amounting to \$16.72. The Association concurred "with the Salem

Association in setting apart Friday, the 5th day of September next, as a day of fasting and prayer to Almighty God for an intervention of His mercy to stay the great calamity which threatens our land and country ; that we may be supplied with the common blessings of life and the out-pourings of the Holy Spirit upon his poor, unworthy children."

The following question was sent up and answered :

"What course should a church take with a member who continues to run his distillery in the midst of the present awful and unparalleled drought, and the great scarcity of grain produced thereby, when his neighbors and the members of his church are threatened with starvation for want of bread?" Answer.—First, labor to bring him to a sense of his duty, and in case such labor proves unsuccessful, exclude him from the fellowship of the church.

The clerk, J. M. Roberts, of the Greenville church, at this meeting refused to receive any compensation for his services, and his example, set in an hour of apparent calamity, was followed, as has been stated, by succeeding clerks, until the Association finally ceased to make appropriations for such a purpose.

The above facts and figures are sufficient to show that the Association had imbibed a new spirit, and that in times of calamity and distress, God's true children always draw near to Him with offerings of their substance and chastened affections. We believe that the history of missions and other benevolent enterprises from that time to the present will show that the Lord's

treasury has always been more easily and abundantly supplied in times of scarcity and calamity than in seasons of fullness and prosperity.

But it would seem that the Association was not yet sufficiently humbled under the power and sovereignty of God, and a sudden and unexpected calamity befell the body while in session.

Reuben James, an honored delegate from Clear Spring, and apparently in good health, while standing by the table engaged in transacting business with the Finance Committee, suddenly fell backward, and died in the arms of his brethren.

Such an occurrence, it may well be believed, filled the whole assembly with feelings of the deepest awe. The Association passed strong resolutions of sympathy and condolence, and declared that it felt admonished by the severe visitation "to humble itself in prayer and self-examination before the Lord." John L. Westmoreland and Stephen Griffith were selected to carry the corpse and the heart-rending news to his wife and family. The writer will never forget the impression made on his childish heart, when arising one morning from bed, his joy at finding his father at home one day earlier than expected suddenly gave place to unutterable sorrow on hearing the cause of his return.

The Association met in 1846 with the Brushy Creek church, and the records show a marked increase in the interest manifested in the several objects which it had undertaken to promote.

The report of the Board of Domestic Missions showed

that a good deal of missionary work had been done within the bounds of the Association; the union meetings had been promptly held and well attended, while there were evidences that the cause of Foreign Missions was gaining ground and taking deeper hold on the affections of the churches. From about this time forward, a regular missionary sermon was preached at the stand every year, by some one appointed the year before, and a collection annually taken up on Sunday for the benefit of missions.

There was also a "Book Concern" established at Greenville by the Association, with C. J. Elford as manager, and under the general direction of the Board of Domestic Missions. The Board employed a traveling agent, and in one year fourteen hundred volumes of Bibles, testaments, Sabbath-school and other religious books were put into circulation, and three thousand seven hundred pages of tracts and a number of Bibles were gratuitously distributed; and the Board reported a balance of funds still on hand of \$96.61.

At the meeting in 1851, at Bethel, the Furman University, which had just been established at Greenville, was represented in the Association by Profs. Furman, Edwards and Mims, and also by the traveling agent of the University, Dr. Pasley, and Elder Samuel Gibson, all of whom made addresses in behalf of the endowment of that institution.

The Association now numbered thirty-seven churches, with an aggregate membership of three thousand two hundred and twenty-four; and with the faculty of the

Furman University added to its able corps of ministers, it was a great moral and religious power in the land.

The Domestic Mission Board and Book Concern were continued until the different boards established by the State and the Southern Baptist Convention had reached a degree of efficiency that seemed to obviate the necessity of such organizations in the Association. While the Domestic Board of the Association existed, it expended in its operations about \$400 annually.

At the meeting in 1855, the aggregate contributions for the different objects before the Association amounted to \$475.31, and a resolution was passed requesting the churches to report to the Association amounts contributed during the year through other channels, from which we are to infer that a great deal of benevolent work was done by the churches in their individual capacity, which was not reported to the Association. Indeed, we know that many scholarships were taken in the Furman University and in the Johnson Female University, and later that large contributions were made by individuals and separate churches to the endowment of the theological seminary, of which we find no mention in the records of the Association.

During the year 1855, the harvest of death was unusually abundant, and the Association was called upon to mourn the departure of many of its prominent and most faithful members. At its meeting that year at Rocky Creek, there were seats strangely vacant and voices strangely silent. Colonel John T. Coleman, of Greenville, James Layton, of Cedar Shoal, Prof. J. S.

Mims, of Furman University, the veteran Edward Bomar, of Mount Zion, Rev. Jesse Center, of Glassy Mountain, Major H. J. Dean, of Spartanburg, and Isaac Woodruff, of Bethel, had all been called to a higher sphere of action. The Association reverently paused in its proceedings, and paid loving tributes to their characters, and while bowed down with sorrow, poured forth expressions of devout gratitude that they had lived, and that they had been enabled to lead lives by which God had been honored, and good had been done to men.

At the meeting at New Prospect, in 1856, seventeen churches reported flourishing Sunday-schools in their midst, and the Association urged upon its ministers the importance of manifesting more interest in the Sunday-schools connected with their churches, and of organizing them where such schools did not exist. From that time forward there was a standing committee on Sunday-schools that made its report annually, and the Association always manifested a lively interest in Sunday-school work.

At this meeting, the Greenville church suggested a plan of systematic beneficence, which plan was recommended to the churches.

The Clear Spring church sent up the following query :  
Is baptism by immersion valid, which is administered by one who does not believe it to be the only Scriptural mode ; or administered by one who believes it to be the baptism spoken of in the New Testament, yet does not require a confession of faith, but relies on immersion as



accomplishing everything, except an abstract belief in the doctrines of Christianity?

J. H. Walker, Rev. R. Furman and R. P. Goodlet were appointed a committee to report on the above-mentioned query, but their report was laid on the table without being recorded, and we do not read that it was ever called for again.

In 1857, the Association met with Holly Springs church. The contributions sent up by the churches aggregated \$520.53 in cash. In the report of these contributions, we note, *one dollar for Father Gibson*, and *thirty-five cents for African Missions*.

The letter addressed to sister Associations, says :

“We have in contemplation the location of a Southern theological seminary within our bounds. Our dear Brother Boyce, who is the agent for this State, will be with you and present his claims to you. We commend him and the cause he advocates to your prayerful consideration, and hope that he will meet such success as the object merits.”

The meeting in 1858 was with the Reeder River church.

The Greenville church reported that it had contributed during the year to Foreign Missions, \$1017; Domestic Missions, \$200; Bible Board, \$100; total, \$1317.

The Association this year was called upon to mourn the death of Elder Samuel Gibson, who had been gathered to his people like a ripe shock into the garner. He was pronounced “a self-made man”—“an able minister of the New Testament”—“eloquent, forcible and faith-

ful"—“a minister of great purity of character, sustaining in private life an unblemished Christian reputation.”

Two other ministers, Thomas Hammett and J. Holland Center, had fallen during the Associational year in the vigor and promise of young manhood. The latter was only twenty-two years old, and both were young men who bade fair to accomplish much in life, and the Association mourned for them, as a mother mourns for her children.

The sad list of deaths was closed with that of Deacon Zachariah Lanford, of the Bethel church. It was said of him that “he was modest, courteous, discreet and wise in counsel; safe, faithful and conscientious in all his actions,” and that the Association felt it “due to departed worth to place this tribute of respect to his memory, and to award him the plaudit of ‘good and faithful servant.’”

While the angel of death had been busy within the bounds of the Association, the Holy Spirit had also visited many of the churches, and the committee on the state of religion reported that *five hundred* persons had been added to the visible kingdom of the Redeemer, within the bounds of the Association since its last meeting.

Committees of three members each were appointed to report at the next annual meeting on the following subjects: Foreign Missions, Domestic Missions, Destitution in the bounds of the Association, the Bible Cause, Education, Sunday-schools, Colportage, Deceased Ministers, and such other subjects as were afterward determined.

It was recommended at this meeting that Sunday-schools be established for the oral instruction of the colored people, but we hardly think that any of the churches acted upon the recommendation. It is a well-known fact, however, that in many Christian homes within the territory of the Association, the servants were often assembled for religious worship and instruction, and that all of the churches had portions of their meeting-houses set apart for the exclusive use of the colored population. They attended preaching with the white people in large numbers, were received as members into the same church, and frequently the pulpit and the whole meeting-house were accorded them for the use of their own preachers and their own congregations. It is doubtful whether, in all the luxurious freedom of the present day, their opportunities for sound religious instruction and healthy religious development are as great as they were in the days of slavery.

In 1860, the faculty of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary were added to the ministerial force of the Association, and in point of talent, consecrated piety, and theological learning, it was now hardly surpassed by any religious body of the South. It had now twenty-six ordained ministers and seven licensed preachers, and thirty-eight churches with nearly five thousand members. From its southern to its northern boundary the distance was fully seventy miles, and from its eastern to its western, the average must have been more than thirty miles, making up an area of territory of something over two thousand square miles.

We have thus hastily sketched an outline of the history of the Tyger River Association during the first twenty-seven years of its existence, down to a period within the memory of many still living. The remaining part of its history must be still more briefly told.

During the war, its annual meetings were continually saddened by the news of the fall of many of its beloved and honored members. Its main work consisted in providing for the spiritual and temporal wants of the army and in noble efforts to relieve suffering and supply the destitution at home. There was an aggregate diminution, during the war, of about five hundred members in the churches represented, but with returning peace and prosperity to the country, the Association again rallied, and ere long regained about its former status. New men came into the body, new enterprises were set on foot and old ones revived, and the Association started out in a new career of service to the Master.

In 1874, the plan of organizing county Associations began to be talked about and discussed among the brethren, and was warmly advocated by some and decidedly opposed by others. It was held by the advocates of the plan that the Tyger River Association had become too large and unwieldy, that its annual meetings were burdensome to the communities in which they were held, that its constituency were too much scattered, and that permanent committees could not come together without great inconvenience; whereas with an Association whose boundaries should be marked by county lines, central committees could be appointed which could come

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together easily and frequently at the court house, and the whole machinery would run smoothly and economically. But what was stronger than all argument, it was told and rather industriously circulated that Landrum was in favor of the proposed change. Landrum had always been the head and centre of the Association. He had been its moderator twenty-five times—oftener than all others put together; indeed, had he not refused to accept the position, and had not the constitution of the Association been so altered as not to allow one moderator to hold his office longer than three years in succession, it is doubtful if any other man ever would have presided over the Association. He had been present at every meeting except one; it was now approaching its forty-second anniversary, and he was the only living member that was present at its organization. If Landrum had said to break up the Association, so much did the people love and reverence him, that whatever might have been their preferences, many of them would have yielded with scarcely a murmur. Still, to many, it would have been a great trial. The annual meetings of the body were associated with many sweet Christian experiences among the living, and with many consecrated memories of the beloved dead. So far from being burdensome to the communities in which they were held, their coming had always been hailed with delight, and never but once in the whole history of the Association had there failed to be an application from some church and community for its next meeting; and then, in the poverty and distress caused by war, it was a

matter of temporary oversight, rather than studied or wilful neglect. The intercourse of the delegates among one another and with the families that entertained them had been of the most delightful kind, and many strong fraternal ties had been formed, and personal attachments had sprung up, which would endure through life, and be severed only by death.

Under the influences of feelings excited by such reflections, it was hard for the brethren to see that a change of organization would not do violence to all that they had loved and cherished in the past, and break up relations which had been endeared by time and consecrated with the prayers and hopes and Christian experiences of more than one generation.

Such is a brief description of the feelings and sentiments of the delegates when the Association met at New Hope church on August 13th, 1875. Rev. W. L. Brown, of the Broad River Association, preached the introductory sermon from John xv. 14,—“Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.”

Dr. William Williams, of the Theological Seminary, was elected Moderator; A. B. Woodruff, Clerk; and E. S. Allen, Treasurer.

Early in the session a number of churches petitioned for letters of dismissal, and a resolution was offered to the effect that the moderator and clerk of the Association should be authorized any time between the close of that session and the beginning of the next, in case they had satisfactory evidence that any church connected with the Association had voted to ask for a letter of dismissal,

to furnish such letter of dismissal without further action on the part of the body.

It was plain to many that this resolution contained the seeds of dissolution, and in the discussion of it, feeling ran high and words were spoken which we do not care to record.

It turned out that Landrum's position had either been misunderstood or misrepresented, and that instead of advocating the dissolution of the body, he was deeply grieved at what seemed to be, at the time, the prospect of abandoning his life work. He addressed the Association in a speech full of deep feeling and tender regard. Speeches were also made by Dr. John A. Broadus, Rev. R. F. Whilden, Rev. J. L. Vass, Rev. L. C. Ezell, and Brethren E. M. Cooper and A. B. Woodruff.

The resolution was adopted, and the report of the committee on time and place of next meeting was re-committed with instructions to await further developments.

Though the organization was considerably disturbed, and it was clear that it would be weakened by the withdrawal of many of the Greenville churches, still it was by no means certain that it would dissolve; as nearly all of the Spartanburg churches and some of the Greenville ones would still adhere to the old organization, at least until it was clear that some better arrangement was demanded.

After reflecting upon the situation until the next day, Landrum came to the conclusion that under all the cir-

cumstances it would be better for the Spartanburg and Greenville churches to divide, with a view of forming separate Associations, and he accordingly framed and introduced the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted :

“ Whereas, there is a desire upon the part of churches of this Association in Spartanburg county, to form an Association in Spartanburg county ; and, whereas there are other churches in Greenville county desiring to form a similar organization in Greenville county, therefore, be it

“ *Resolved* 1. That the Tyger River Association, in accordance with the wishes of these brethren as above expressed, do now agree in brotherly love to divide into Greenville and Spartanburg divisions as the best means to reach this end.

“ 2. That the churches be left to decide for themselves with which division they will unite.

“ 3. That the Spartanburg division meet at New Prospect church, on Friday before the third Sunday in August, 1876, and that churches desiring to be connected with this division send up delegates accordingly—and that the Greenville division meet at a time and place to be agreed upon by themselves.”

The adoption of these resolutions put an end to all controversy, and the delegates generally yielded with becoming grace to what seemed to be the inevitable.

Dr. Williams presided throughout the meeting with admirable tact and ability. Once, when considerable demonstrations of feeling were being made, he called



out in his own peculiar manner, "Oh! brethren, the Tyger River Association is not going to die! *It is going to be the daddy of two Associations!*"

At the close of the meeting he delivered an earnest exhortation to the delegates, when the hymn beginning "Blest be the tie that binds," was sung, during the singing of which the brethren extended to one another the parting hand, and were afterward led by Rev. John G. Landrum in a devout, earnest and eloquent prayer. The moderator then declared "the Tyger River Association adjourned forever."

Thus, as all things earthly do, the organization passed away. It had existed exactly forty-two years, and had accomplished the work which God had assigned it. From a humble, obscure beginning it had come to be one of the largest and ablest religious assemblies to be found in our denomination. At the time of its dissolution, it had thirty-eight ministers of the gospel, embraced thirty-six churches, and represented five thousand and eighty-six church members. We have hastily and imperfectly sketched its history not only because it is a history worth preserving, but, mainly, because the life of John G. Landrum could not be written in anything like detail and fullness without it. Whatever the organization accomplished—and it accomplished much—was more his work than any other man's. His life-work was confined to its borders; his spirit pervaded all its operations; his home was in its midst, and closely identified with it from the beginning; "he ne'er had changed and ne'er had wished to change his place." He was its acknowl-

edged leader from its first meeting, and though, in the course of its history, he came in contact with the best talent in the denomination, he lost nothing of his supremacy by the contact. He was its acknowledged leader to the end.

## CHAPTER V.

LANDRUM A SCHOOL TEACHER — CONSTITUTION OF ABNER'S CREEK CHURCH—VISIT TO TENNESSEE—MARRIES MISS ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY—BOILING SPRING CHURCH—PREACHES TO CHURCH AT NEW-BERRY — DESTITUTION NEAR THE MOUNTAINS — ANOTHER TRIP TO TENNESSEE, ETC.

HAVING devoted the main part of the preceding chapter to a sketch of the Tyger River Association, we return to the personal history of Landrum. We think it best, as we find him in particular connections and in certain departments of his work, to follow him through those connections and departments rather than attempt to carry his whole life-work along together and to give the desultory accounts which strict chronology would require. In 1834, Landrum opened a school at Rock Spring, near the residence of the late Isaac Morgan. He had previously taught at Clay Ford Academy, near the present residence of Calvin Foster. At Rock Spring he had among his pupils one who afterward became his second wife, and her brother, T. J. Earle. On taking charge of this school, it was necessary for him to change his place of residence; consequently, he left the house of Dr. Lewis, where he had spent several years so pleasantly, and where he had ever been treated more like a

son than a guest or boarder. The associations of these years engendered an affection and cemented an attachment between these two men, which could not be diminished by the advance of years or obliterated by any earthly change.

While teaching at Rock Spring, he boarded with Mr. James Ballenger, who had gained the sobriquet of "Old Wagoner James." This man was a genial, whole-souled, merry-hearted old gentleman, and he and his wife Judith made the year 1835 an exceedingly pleasant one to the young teacher and preacher. It is stated on good authority that they refused all compensation for the year's board, and that their house was ever a perfect "traveler's rest" for all who chose to enter. The "old wagoner" was noted also for the fine horses that he kept, and the delight he took in raising and managing them—a trait, which, if we mistake not, has come down to some of his descendants. He and his wife were ever afterward strong friends and supporters of Landrum. In trials that afterward came upon him they came promptly to his aid and stood by him with unswerving devotion.

During this year at Rock Spring, he was one of the Presbytery, with Elias Rogers and William Rhodes, to constitute the Abner's Creek church. This church is situated on the Buncombe road, about four miles northwest of Reidville. It united early with the Tyger River Association, but did not grow as it was hoped it would do. Still it lived, and by the influence of such men as Rev. Jesse Allen, R. B. Monk, Rev. L. Vaughn,

the Brockmans and others, it was held together. During late years it has had precious and extensive revivals, in which many young men and women of liberal views and progressive tendencies have united with the church, and it is becoming a strong and influential member of the Spartanburg Association.

In 1835, after an absence of eight years, Landrum claimed a short respite from the active duties which were now crowding upon him, and paid a visit to his mother and the home of his childhood. Eight years had wrought wonderful changes in him and in many of the loved ones that embraced him in all their wealth of love on the threshold of the old homestead. But there are some things which, even in this restless, changing world, never change—among which is a mother's love—except, perhaps, as the years pass by and the changes come and go, it takes deeper root in her heart and entwines itself in stronger tendrils around the object to which it fondly clings. We can only imagine in this case the overflow of joy with which she embraced her son, returning in all the bloom and vigor of young manhood, with his life consecrated to God and his voice tuned to the proclaiming of His everlasting truth.

The fame of "Trigger" had preceded his return, but the sobriquet began to fall flat on the ears that listened to his noble words, and to seem out of place to those who gazed upon his finely-developed form. During his stay, he preached at the old church at Mount Pleasant to a large congregation of almost breathless listeners, and frequently at other places in the neighborhood. At

the close of his sermon at Mount Pleasant, an old brother named Lamb prayed, and thanked God for *sending the boy over the hills* to preach to them.

An affectionate sister, Mrs. Ballenger, has retained through all these years vivid remembrances of the scene that took place when the time arrived for him to return to South Carolina. She says: "I well remember the morning he left to go back home. We children did not feel like we could tell him good-bye. We hid ourselves where we thought he could not find us, but he would not leave until he had hunted us all up and told us good-bye. It seemed like it would break his heart."

After leaving the family at the old home, and before returning to South Carolina, he paid a short visit to Mrs. Alexander, his sister, who had moved with her husband from Middle to West Tennessee. He was accompanied on this tour by Garland Foster, one of the deacons of Mount Zion church. On the return homeward, he passed through North Georgia, and by the present site of the great city of Atlanta. North Georgia was at that time inhabited almost exclusively by the Cherokee and perhaps other tribes of Indians. He traveled for three or four days among them, stopping at night at the agencies, or stands as they were called. He was one night the guest of Ross, an Indian chief of some celebrity. Dr. J. B. O. Landrum says: "I have often heard him (my father) speak of this trip through the Indian country. He said that one night a large crowd of Indians had collected at one of the stands and were waiting for the mail which was to bring them some

papers printed in their own language. While waiting they broke out into singing 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' and he described it as being the sweetest music he ever heard."

A little book bearing the title, "The Southern Christian," being a memoir of Anthony Jefferson Pearson, a young Presbyterian divine of eminent piety and great promise, of Spartanburg county, was published in 1835, a few copies of which are still preserved. It was written by J. Boggs, and published by Ezra Collier in New York. A copy of this little book having fallen into our hands, has been perused with more than ordinary interest, furnishing, as it does, an example of consecrated talent, self-sacrifice, and the most exalted piety.

The subject of the memoir and Landrum were about the same age; they may be said to have planted the North Pacolet Presbyterian church and the New Prospect Baptist church side by side; "the one was taken, and the other was left." Pearson died in the twenty-fourth year of his age, five months after he had received his regular commission to preach from the Presbytery of South Carolina. The last chapter of the book referred to contains a letter from Landrum, which the author of the book says was received after the volume had been made up, but which, "as strongly confirming what had been said of the catholic spirit and heavenly temper of the Southern Christian, was most cheerfully subjoined."

We give the letter as a specimen of Landrum's early composition, and as an evidence of the strong attachment, which, regardless of denominational lines, sprang up between these two youthful soldiers of the Cross.

It was a beautiful, though unconscious, tribute to the generous, Christian spirit which engendered such an attachment that forty-seven years afterward, when the writer of this letter lay in the icy arms of death at Mount Zion, an eminent Presbyterian minister rode fifteen miles through a storm of rain to pronounce a eulogy over his remains, and to mingle his tears with those that were falling around his bier.

“MOUNT ZION, *June 27, 1835.*

“ANTHONY JEFFERSON PEARSON.

“I became intimately acquainted with the Rev. J. L. Kennedy, now of Pendleton, S. C., in the year 1831, with whom I spent some delightful hours in conversation. He often asked me if I had ever become acquainted with A. J. Pearson, remarking, at the same time, ‘he is an interesting young man; upon an acquaintance, you would be highly pleased with him.’ Mr. Kennedy always spoke in the most exalted terms of him. He admired him for his piety, evenness of temper, and prospects for future usefulness. All others, whom I heard mention him, spoke in the most exalted terms of him, and gave me a strong prepossession in his favor.

“Some time in the year 1832 I enjoyed the long-anticipated pleasure of being introduced to the young brother of whom I had heard so many interesting facts; and upon an intimate acquaintance, which was soon formed, I indeed found him an interesting young man; intelligent, agreeable, and pious; a true lover of the Lord Jesus Christ and all his genuine followers.



“Some time in the same year the Presbyterian church at North Pacolet solicited his labors. Not being yet licensed to preach, he attended and delivered lectures on the catechism ; in doing which he always used to pass the place of the writer’s residence, so that he saw him frequently, and was always anxious that he should call, which he seldom failed to do. By these interviews our acquaintance was increased, and I can truly add, the more I associated with Jefferson Pearson, the more I became attached to him. The first time I ever heard him speak in public was shortly after he had commenced his lectures at North Pacolet, when he delivered an impressive exhortation after a sermon had been preached from John ix. 28, ‘The Master is come, and calleth for thee.’ In his exhortation he frequently urged sinners to comply with the calls of God, by repentance and faith, warning them of the bad consequences of resisting the Holy Spirit, etc. Though frequently with him, I do not remember to have heard him again until he was licensed to preach ; after which he made an appointment to preach at his father’s residence on a certain evening. Being very anxious to hear him, I attended his appointment. He gave an excellent sermon indeed, from the text, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ His division of the subject rendered it plain and easy ; his illustrations were simple and readily understood ; his language, chaste and perspicuous ; his sentences, beautiful and sublime ; and his applications, forcible and impressive : in a word, his performance was as I anticipated ; for I had often

remarked, when speaking of him, that his devotedness to his studies, his most excellent piety, together with his good natural talents and fine opportunities to improve them, would certainly render him an illustrious minister of the Lord Jesus. After hearing the above-named sermon, I heard some persons express themselves fearful that his manner of address was not sufficiently animated ; and, indeed, I had some fears myself on that account ; but on hearing him again, my fears were entirely removed. On a certain evening, which I shall never forget (it being the last time my lot was cast with this worthy disciple of Jesus), I had an appointment to preach. Jefferson Pearson made it convenient to meet me (he being then a domestic missionary) and cheerfully took a part in the services of the evening, and exhorted after the sermon with great warmth. He proposed in his exhortation to offer some of the high inducements calculated to influence sinners to seek an interest in Christ, in doing which he spoke of the torments of hell which they might escape, and the glories of heaven which they might gain. In this exhortation, he set forth the horrors of the damned in torment, in most awful colors. What a description ! I thought surely there was not a sinner in the house that could avoid trembling, in view of such an awful catastrophe as was so eminently and awfully set before them. And on the other hand, the grandeur, the glory, and the endless felicity of heaven, he portrayed in the most eloquent and enticing manner. It seemed as if he, while in this strain of imagination, did not only 'see in part,' but

that the veil was removed from before his eyes, and that all the glories of the heavenly region had burst into his mind with so much force and beauty, that one might almost have been led to conclude that 'he had been caught up to the third heavens.' In this memorable exhortation were contrasted the depths of hell and the heights of heaven. In treating of them alternately, the attentive listener's mind was caught by the most sudden transitions from the lowest and most wretched degree of misery to the most exalted and heavenly summits of bliss ; and then, in a thought, from the highest realms in glory down to the very bottomless pit.

"In the closing remarks, he seemed, as it were, to hold out to the sinner destruction in the one hand and salvation in the other, and in the most powerful and pungent manner, bade him make his choice.

"In a few days the Lord called this child of heaven home to the full enjoyment of those pleasures on which he dwelt so delightfully. This last discourse of A. J. Pearson had a captivating influence on my feelings ; and so shortly afterward hearing of his departure, it became indelibly instamped. It will, I doubt not, be remembered by me in eternity.

"Finally, when I am brought to view the many interesting traits exhibited in his character, I frankly confess that I have known but few, if any, of equal worth. If he had a single fault, my partiality toward him never suffered me to behold it.

"JOHN G. LANDRUM."

There is, perhaps, nothing in all of Landrum's life, which more beautifully illustrates his lofty and generous spirit, and his utterly unselfish and magnanimous nature, than the above voluntary tribute to Pearson's character and worth. The circumstances were such as would have awakened the envy of a man of narrow soul and selfish ends, and the gifted young Pearson would have been regarded with the jealous eye of a rival and his virtues, at most, permitted to rest in silence. But it is highly honorable to them both, that they soared above that spirit of envy, from which preachers of the same denomination are not always free, and each recognizing and appreciating the worth of the other, mingled lovingly together in social intercourse and worked together for the glory of God.

On his return from Tennessee in 1835, Landrum began to make preparations for settling down at a home of his own, and of procuring him a help-meet to share with him its comforts and blessings, as well as the joys and sorrows of life. The preparations were made with his usual good sense and foresight, and unlike many young ministers who rush hastily into matrimonial alliances, and burden themselves with the care of families before they are capable of adequately providing for their sustenance, thereby hampering and diminishing their own life-long usefulness, he delayed to step into wedlock, until he was well prepared with a comfortable home, and adequate means to make his life-partner contented and happy. He had been industrious and economical, and had accumulated sufficient means to

purchase a nice farm near Mount Zion, which we have before mentioned, for which he paid thirteen hundred dollars. He erected on it, in 1834-'35, a first-rate house for that day, the main body of which is still standing in a good state of preservation; and all things being ready during the next year, 1836, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Montgomery; Dr. John W. Lewis being the officiating clergyman. Dr. Lewis himself was still a bachelor, and several years afterward the present bridegroom was the officiating clergyman in turn, on the happy occasion of Lewis' marriage.

Landrum's bride was the daughter of John and Margaret Montgomery, and was brought up in the Presbyterian faith, the family being staunch members of the Nazareth Presbyterian church. She was the fifth child, and had had early lessons of piety impressed upon her by religious parents, and had enjoyed such educational advantages as could be had in the best common schools of the country. One of the instructors of her girlhood was Jonathan Hadden, a good old Presbyterian elder of Nazareth church. It is said that Mr. Hadden always opened his school with prayer in the morning, and at the close in the afternoon, would catechise his scholars on the Scriptures. His pupils were not always as well posted as he would have wished, for on one occasion, in answer to the question, "Who was the wisest man?" little Chevis Montgomery, brother of Elizabeth, promptly, and in a loud, clear voice replied, "Solomon Thompson!" But such off-hand shoots from the little urchins under his charge were by no means indicative of

the standard of Scriptural knowledge in the school, and the good man impressed many lessons of inspired truth upon his pupils, which yielded rich fruit in after years.

Miss Elizabeth was afterward sent to the Poplar Spring Academy, which, we suppose, was presided over by Rev. J. L. Kennedy, as we have been informed that he taught there some years following 1830. He was an able teacher for his day, or for any day. Anthony Pearson studied the classics and higher mathematics under him, and he afterward established a school of high grade at Equality, in Anderson county, which was attended by many young men from different parts of the country; and as late as 1861, though then an old man, he was conducting a successful school at Williamston, S. C. While attending the school at Poplar Springs, Miss Elizabeth Montgomery boarded with her uncle, James Anderson, commonly known as "Tyger Jim," a sobriquet applied to him from the fact that he lived on Tyger river, and a cousin of the same name lived on Ennoree. He was one of the sturdy men of the times, who, by energy and good management, acquired a handsome property, while his ready wit and overflowing cheerfulness made him the delight of a wide circle of acquaintances and friends. His youngest son, Maj. Frank L. Anderson, lives at the old homestead, and is a high-toned Christian gentleman of the true Southern type, and of the staunchest mould. Many a time through life did Landrum receive a hearty welcome at the home of "Uncle Tyger Jim," and their intercourse and associations were of the most cordial kind.

John Montgomery, Miss Elizabeth's father, was a prominent man in his day. He was a justice of the peace, and had served in the war of 1812 as orderly sergeant of Captain Brannon's company. His wife, Margaret Montgomery, was the granddaughter of Alexander Vernon, and daughter of Michael Miller. She was a woman of decided character, a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church, well versed in the Scriptures, and is said to have known nearly all of Newton's poems by heart. She lived to the age of ninety-four years, and died only a few years ago. She and her husband raised twelve children, all of whom lived to maturity and brought up families. Among her grand-children now in this country may be mentioned B. L. Montgomery, of Cross Anchor; Major John W. Cunningham, of Greer's Station; Perry E. Chapman, of Mount Zion; Capt. John H. Montgomery, president of the Pacolet Manufacturing Company, and Colonel Thomas J. Moore, State Senator of Spartanburg county. At the time of her marriage with Rev. John G. Landrum, Miss Elizabeth Montgomery was twenty-three years old, her husband twenty-six. She had been thoroughly instructed in all the duties of domestic life, was a model housekeeper, and an adept both in the science and art of that prominent ingredient in the cup of domestic happiness—good cooking. Dr. Samuel Johnson once said that when a man came home hungry and found no dinner on his table worthy of his appetite, it was little consolation to him to know that his wife could read Greek. And we doubt if any of the tired, hungry

preachers or wayfaring men and women, who so often enjoyed the hospitalities of Landrum's home, and feasted on the provisions of his plentiful board, ever stopped at the time to inquire, even in their own minds, after his wife's higher accomplishments.

In the midst of her household duties and the cares of a family, she found little time for extensive or connected reading, though she was fond of religious literature, and especially so of the writings of Bunyan. Her husband being away the greater portion of his Sabbaths, she early established the home Sunday-school in the family, and devoted herself to imparting religious instruction to its members. She made home as happy for her husband as an earthly home could be made, and richly deserved the encomium that Rev. M. C. Barnett pronounced upon her twenty-one years after marriage—"She was, in all respects, a pastor's wife."

She remained a member of the Presbyterian Church for several years after her marriage, and, so far as is known, this fact never disturbed in the slightest degree the congeniality and perfect accord that existed between herself and husband. She attended the meetings of her church as often as convenient, while he was always engaged in his work at other places. On one occasion they left home together on horseback, the usual and about the only mode of traveling. He was going to meet an appointment at one of his churches; she to attend one of her church meetings at Nazareth. They traveled the same road for a mile or two, when the road forked and they were to take different directions. On



arriving at the fork, he remarked, "Well, I take the right, and you the left." This was probably nothing more than a casual remark intended to be applied only in its most literal sense. But it seems to have made a deep impression on the mind of the loving wife, and to have brought vividly before her the fact that in the Christian journey through life, she and her husband were apparently traveling different roads. She shortly afterward united with the Mount Zion Baptist church, and was baptized by her husband.

During the year of his marriage, 1836, Landrum taught school at Mount Zion, and gave such time as he could spare from his school and churches to his farm and household. That time would seem little enough, when it is remembered that he was engaged in school five days in the week and preached every Saturday and Sunday, some of his churches being as many as fifteen miles from home. Yet his farm prospered under such supervision as he was able to exercise over it, and what, with his salary as a teacher and such sums as the churches contributed to him as a minister, he enjoyed an ample competency, and always had means to bestow upon charitable and benevolent objects, as well as to lay by for the exigencies of coming years. He continued in charge of the school at Mount Zion for a period of ten or twelve years, assisted a portion of the time by Mr. Chapman, as has been stated. His school at this place became very popular, and was attended by many who afterward occupied eminent positions in life. His house was open to boarders, as were the

houses of the neighborhood, and on his school-roll were the names of the Chapmans, Wingos, Highes, Fosters, Turners, Bomars, and others. The daughters of John Bomar boarded at his house, afterward the wives of Maj. John Earle Bomar, Maj. Thomas Bomar, and Dr. R. E. Cleaveland. Rev. J. L. Norman, of Gowansville, is, perhaps, the oldest living pupil of John G. Landrum. Mr. Norman says: "I went to school to him two months in 1830 at Marshal Wilbank's school-house in Union county. This was all the school that I ever went to in my life. I was two years younger than Mr. Landrum. He was pronounced a splendid teacher by those who professed to know what good teaching was. \* \* \* \* His activity in the ministry and at school soon began to develop his body. He would participate in all the games of base and ball at school, and was what might have been called a professional wrestler. He could throw down the largest boys in the school, many of whom were much larger than himself."

Those who attended his schools at Mount Zion, bear the same testimony to his love of innocent sports and recreation. He is represented as having been a swift runner, and as having participated in all the athletic amusements of the boys, with hearty zest and enthusiasm. He was also a good shot and an expert angler. It will be remembered that in the letter already given from Dr. Lewis, he is styled the "fisherman boy of Tennessee." He and Dr. Lewis kept a pack of hounds between them, and often participated together in the excitement of the chase. We have been told that

several years ago W. C. Camp, Esq., was having some chimneys built on his farm, and it came to his knowledge that the workmen had taken up, with a view to putting into the chimney, a large flat rock, on which Landrum used to stand and watch for deer, while others of the hunting party were making a "drive," and that on learning the fact, the 'Squire, in the goodness and reverence of his heart, ordered the hands to carry it back, and leave it undisturbed; feeling that the associations connected with it, had rendered it sacred, and that it ought not to be used for ordinary purposes.

These manly exercises and athletic sports furnish one key to the development of Mr. Landrum's fine physical frame, and the establishment of life-long and uninterrupted health. They show, too, that notwithstanding his sickly appearance in youth, he was really endowed with a strong constitution, and was capable both of great effort and endurance.

It is deplorable that so many of the great intellects of the present day are encased in feeble suffering bodies, just ready to fall into the grave, and that scholars and preachers who aspire to teach others how to live and how to die, often, from ignorance or utter recklessness, persistently violate the known laws of hygiene and the first principles of physiology, until they suddenly sink into untimely graves, or are left with impaired intellects, and frail bodies to battle with life-long disease, and to drag out a miserable and almost useless existence on earth.

As early, perhaps, as the year 1830, one Jonathan

Guthrie, claiming to be a Free Will Baptist preacher, made his appearance at the Boiling Springs church, and began to proclaim his doctrines, and to create dissensions among the members of the church. This church is located about seven miles north of Spartanburg Court House, and is one of the oldest churches in the country. The earliest records state that it was *re-constituted* in 1792, from which record it is supposed that its first constitution was long prior to that date. There is no account, however, of the time when it was first constituted, nor of the causes that made a re-constitution necessary.

Guthrie was a religious fanatic, bold, insinuating, turbulent and aggressive. He soon succeeded in winning over to his doctrines a majority of the church, and then he and his party took possession of the church property, and unceremoniously turned the minority out of doors. The church in its new role was repudiated by the Broad River Association, and by the Baptist denomination generally; but Guthrie held his ground until about the year 1837-'38. About this time, either the Broad River or the Tyger River Association, requested Rev. J. G. Landrum to go over and look into the status of the church, and to do what might seem necessary to bring back the church to the Baptist faith, or to organize the remnant that had persistently refused to affiliate with Guthrie.

Landrum found the ousted party few in numbers, and greatly discouraged and demoralized; while the dominant ones were bold, bitter and defiant, deprecating all interference on the part either of individuals or religious

bodies. They refused to allow Landrum to hold any meeting in the house, and some went so far as to threaten personal violence in case he persisted in interfering with them.

Under these circumstances a stand was erected at a place near by, and Landrum preached regularly for a time to congregations in the open air. Among those who had stood out all the time against Guthrie were J. C. Kimbrel, Richard Turner, Absalom Nolen and Solomon Bishop. It is said that these four men met regularly throughout the dark days of the church, and held regular conferences and transacted regular church business. The following entries are to be found on the old church book :

“The arm of Mount Zion church commenced in 1828 at the school house of A. K. Brannon, by the name of Little Bethel ; members as follows :” [Here follow the names of four males and seven females.]

Again : “The arm of Mount Zion was vested at Little Bethel in the year 1835, and was constituted in a church at Boiling Spring, in place of one that Guthrie tore up in the year 1830.—Solomon Bishop, C. C.”

Landrum never failed at any time or place to draw congregations, and the people about Boiling Spring turned out to hear him, including many of the adherents of Guthrie. Many of the last-named were reinstated ; Guthrie fell into grossly immoral practices, and found it convenient to go West, leaving the care of his flock to others ; and at the end of three years from the time Landrum began to preach at the stand, the regular

Baptists, acting, it is said, under the legal advice of Mr. Bobo, re-occupied their house and re-organized their church. The followers of Guthrie went off and built another house in the neighborhood, after having tried to undo the repairs they had made on the old house. It is said that they actually prized up the house and took out a *new sill*, which they had some time before put under it. Their organization soon afterward went to pieces and their new house of worship was abandoned.

Having devoted a portion of his time for three years to reclaiming and re-organizing the Boiling Spring church, and having recovered for it its house of worship and established it on a firm, healthy basis, Landrum resigned the care of it into other hands. The work he had accomplished had been voluntary, and mainly, if not entirely, gratuitous.

This church united with the Tyger River Association in 1840, and soon grew to be a large and flourishing church. From 1840 to 1854 it was supplied with preaching by J. Hamilton, S. Drummond, D. Scruggs, M. C. Barnett, R. Woodruff, — McAbee, and A. Padgett. In 1854, Mr. Landrum again assumed charge of it, and continued to be the nominal supply until 1861, though the demands upon his time were so heavy that he was compelled to engage an assistant, Rev. William Lankford, to preach to the church in his stead during a portion of the time. The church has frequently been blessed with great revivals, during which, large accessions have been made to its membership; and at the breaking up of the Tyger River Association, it was

one of the largest churches belonging to that body. Perhaps the greatest revival it has ever had was under the pastorate of Rev. John S. Ezell, which began in 1863. Since that time, it has been supplied by Rev. T. V. Gowan and others, and the church has gradually enlarged its borders and extended its influence.

About the year 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Landrum were called upon to suffer an affliction which shrouded their home in gloom and put their faith to the severest trial. They had attended preaching at Mount Zion, and on the return home Mrs. Landrum called on a neighbor, while Mr. Landrum preceded her, carrying in his arms their eldest born, a little bright-eyed, promising girl of some three years of age. On arriving home, he put the little girl down in the house, having first stirred up the slumbering coals on the hearth, and went out to procure more fuel for the fire. Scarcely had he reached the wood-yard, when he heard the child scream, and on running back found her clothing in flames. The flames were extinguished, as he himself expressed it, "in the quickest possible time," and it was thought that the child was not seriously burned, as no marks of the fire could be found on her body. But it soon became evident that she had drawn in the flame with her breath, and, after a few days of suffering, she died. It was a heavy blow to the fond parents, and it fell in a manner peculiarly distressing.

In speaking of it to the writer of these pages, more than forty years afterward, Mr. Landrum said, "I felt like I could have torn the flesh off of my living body ;

but," he added, "I learned to leave it all with God—to put it all behind me and to press forward to the things before."

Mr. Landrum never wrote much. For a man that could write, and write well, there is remarkably little from his pen left behind him. A circular letter on the "General Judgment," in 1835; another on the "Communion of the Saints," in 1840; two more on the "Office and Duty of Deacons," and "Duty of Churches to Pastors;" together with some historical and biographical sketches, comprise about all of his written productions, with the exception of fugitive letters and heads of sermons. As to his letters, we have not been able to secure more than fragments of one or two for perusal; and as to the notes of sermons, the paper on which they are written gives ample proof of the fact that they are the productions of his youth. They are dim with age and covered with the dust of time, and if he ever wrote a single sermon in full, the copy has not been preserved. He was applied to, time and again, for reminiscences of his work and incidents of his life for publication, but he always either declined to furnish them or furnished only the most meagre and unsatisfactory outline. The present writer remembers that while once writing some sketches for the *Religious Herald*, he applied to Mr. Landrum for information in regard to his life and work, and insisted on his overcoming that excessive modesty which had so long debarred the public from facts which they really wanted to know. His reply, it is remembered, was written on



one page of note paper and contained nothing calculated to aid his biographer or to satisfy public interest. And yet he loved to talk about the good works of others, and probably more than one-half of all that he ever wrote for the press is to be found in his sketches of other men. In Judge O'Neill's "Bench and Bar of South Carolina," there is a biographical sketch of Major James Edward Henry, which was written by him, and it will be seen in his "Historical Sketch of the Tyger River Association," how fondly and lovingly he dwells on the names of the good men who had helped to make its history. Outside of religious works, his main reading was confined to biography and history, and in these he was deeply and widely versed. Especially was he conversant with the political and military history of his own State, and was fond of talking about the exploits of her heroes and the fame of her orators and statesmen.

His life was too active to admit much use of the pen, and after reaching mature years, he preached without manuscript or notes. He talked incessantly, and could some Boswell have followed him, note book and pencil in hand, only for a few months, the public could have had a book surpassing in interest the life of Sam Johnson. But alas! his words, so full of wisdom, power, and true Christian philosophy, all died away on the ambient air, and there is no magic hand to gather up their echoes and set them on the living page.

These circumstances would render it impossible for any living man to present to the public a life-like biography of John G. Landrum. His history is merged

into the general history of his denomination and country; while the every-day life, the fire-side talk, the evening walk, the neighborly intercourse, the fatherly advice, the tender warning, the bold rebuke, and the thousand and one things that make up true biography, must be sought for in the deep silence of death, and sought for in vain.

He was through life an ardent advocate of every measure that promised to increase the facilities for acquiring knowledge, and to scatter the blessings of education over the land. The Furman University, the Theological Seminary, the Johnson Female University, the Limestone Springs Female High School; each and all had in him a constant advocate and uncompromising friend. The last named, founded in 1846, and ably presided over by Dr. Thomas Curtis and son, for a period of fifteen years, received from him many substantial tokens of warm support and hearty encouragement. The relations between him and Dr. Curtis were most intimate, and in his sketch of Maj. Henry, for O'Neill's "Bench and Bar," before alluded to, he thought it worth while to say of the lamented Henry, that "he was a strong supporter of the Limestone Springs Female High School." There is a letter before us from Dr. Curtis to him, which is full of warm friendship, and the most implicit, unsuspecting child-like confidence. We would like to make part of the letter public, but dare not do so, lest we invade the sanctity of the family circle, and betray the generous confidence of the noble dead. His relations to Judge O'Neill were of the same warm, friendly, confidential nature.

After Dr. Curtis was lost at sea, a will of his was found, written in his own hand, to which Landrum and O'Neill were made executors, but which, owing to some little technical defect or oversight, could not be legally executed. Under the influence mainly of O'Neill, who lived at Newberry C. H., Landrum was prevailed upon to preach to the Newberry church one Sunday, and Saturday before in each month, which he did for two whole years, 1847 and 1848. He had the year previous to 1847, supplied the Greenville Baptist church, at Greenville C. H. Greenville was twenty-five miles from his home at Mount Zion, and Newberry was over sixty. He attended these churches on horseback, riding fifty miles once a month, to and from Greenville, and one hundred and twenty miles as often, to and from Newberry. The city pastor of to-day, who is snugly ensconced in his comfortable parsonage, and who, with cane and umbrella walks the smoothly paved streets, or rides in the comfortable street car to the meetings of his flock, and to the homes that he visits, can form from experience no idea of the amount of physical toil that Landrum, during his life, performed as a herald of the Cross of Jesus Christ.

During the year 1848, there seems to have been an unusual scarcity of preachers and preaching in the region near the mountains, and included within the boundaries of the Tyger River Association; and Mr. Landrum actually supplied, by weekly appointments, Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill, Head of Tyger and North Fork of Saluda churches, making in all eight churches

of which he was the regular pastor, and which required of him sixteen sermons, and at least two hundred and fifty miles horseback journeying every month. In regard to the churches named above which held their meetings in the week, we have been able to gather but little information, except concerning the Cross Roads church. This church was organized as an arm of Head of Tyger in 1809, but was not formally constituted as a separate church until 1820. It was located one mile west of its present site, where the roads cross each other; hence the name Cross Roads. In 1845, some gentlemen, who were not then members of any church, invited Mr. Landrum to come and preach to the congregation at the old meeting-house. He agreed to comply with the request, and during the same year he was prevailed upon to accept the regular charge of the church. He retained this charge until the fall of 1849, about four years, supplying the church all the time in the week; his Sabbaths being employed elsewhere. During his charge, a new house of worship was built, and many of the best citizens of the neighborhood were added to the church by baptism. Among these were J. J. Hunt, Col. R. P. Goodlett, A. D. Goodlett, John Campbell, J. J. Whitten, Dr. A. W. Whitten and others, beside some pious and refined ladies. The two Goodlett's were both made deacons, which office they filled well for a number of years. R. P. Goodlett moved to Greenville, where he died several years ago. A. D. Goodlett lived and died an honored member of the Cross Roads church. He was noted for his good sense, sound doctrinal views, and

upright life. He was a strong believer in the sovereignty of God, and in His grace and providence, and was regarded by some as a "Hard Shell." He was a firm supporter of his pastor; always ready to help him, and to sympathize with him in his work.

During a part of the time of Mr. Landrum's ministry at Cross Roads, Rev. Samuel Gibson preached to the church one Sabbath in the month, but the regular church meetings were still held in the week.

Again, in 1853, Mr. Landrum was called by the same church to the same kind of labor, viz.: weekday preaching, and he supplied it until 1855. Rev. Bailey Bruce, of North Carolina, supplied it then one year, when Rev. Thos. J. Earle was called to the charge of it, and he has faithfully and ably supplied it now for a period of twenty-eight years. He is a man of culture, unquestionable piety, and spotless integrity, and his people love him with a devotion which will hardly admit of any change in their relations until death shall snatch him from their embrace and transfer him to a higher sphere.

It may be added that the church is now known as the Gowensville church, having changed its name in 1878, in order to adapt it to the name of the thriving little educational village near which it is situated. In this village is the Gowensville Seminary, founded by Rev. T. J. Earle, and presided over by him for many years with marked ability and success. He has given the best years of his life and the best energies of his soul to the cause of true Christian education, and though blessed with an ample share of this world's goods, there is yet

no abatement in his activity and no diminution in his zeal. The world will be much the better for T. J. Earle's having lived in it.

In 1849, Mr. Landrum attended, as a delegate from South Carolina, the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention held at Nashville, Tenn., making the greater part, if not the entire, journey on horseback. He spent the first night on this journey at the house of Mr. Theron Earle, the father of his second wife, and here occurred one of those little incidents which illustrates the sensitiveness and the deep sympathy of his nature. Early in the morning of the next day Mr. Earle informed him that his pocket-book was missing, and instituted search about the premises and inquiries among the servants for the missing treasure. Mr. Landrum was exceedingly troubled at the occurrence, and refused to proceed on his journey until it was found or satisfactorily accounted for, though Mr. Earle insisted that he should not give the matter a thought. He lingered until the afternoon of the next day, when Mr. Earle remonstrated so strongly against detaining him longer, that he mounted his horse and started; and the pocket-book being soon afterward found, so desirous was Mr. Earle to appease his anxiety, that he actually sent a man after him, who overtook him at Green River and informed him of the happy fact.

On his way through Tennessee he was informed that the cholera was raging in Nashville, and that, in consequence, the delegates from the States would not attend; but he went on and found that the report was unfounded

or greatly exaggerated. The Convention met, and it is believed that he was the only delegate present from South Carolina, though we cannot assert this positively, as we have not had access to the minutes of the meeting. While he was in Nashville he was the guest of the superintendent of the State penitentiary, and had an opportunity of inspecting the workings of that institution, which was then a novelty to a South Carolinian. On his return home he had an opportunity of again visiting the old homestead and the scenes of his childhood, and of mingling again with the friends of his early youth. His mother had moved to West Tennessee, and, after remaining a short time in his old neighborhood, he directed his course to that part of the State in which she resided to pay her another filial duty, and to receive again a mother's loving embrace and a mother's priceless blessing. He remained, however, in the old neighborhood long enough to have his father's grave marked with tombstones, and the spot enclosed with a balustrade of heart cedar. This balustrade was in a good state of preservation in 1882, thirty-three years after its erection.

After remaining a few weeks with his mother, he bade her farewell for the last time, and began the journey homeward, his youngest sister, Mary, returning with him to South Carolina. This lady, a year or two afterward, married Thomas Ballenger, and she and her husband removed to Texas. We are indebted to her for an account of an incident which occurred on the homeward journey from Tennessee, which we will relate :

On the return to South Carolina, the party frequently passed through communities in which acquaintances resided, but so sensitive was Mr. Landrum in regard even to the appearance of reaping any personal advantage on account of his name or acquaintance, that he would often avoid these persons, and on asking for a night's entertainment, would always studiously conceal his name until he had found whether or not his party would be admitted simply on the merit of travelers. If not admitted on this ground he would pass on.

It happened on one occasion that he had considerable difficulty in securing entertainment for the night. One after another informed him that he did not "take in travelers," until he and his party had ridden for several hours in the night. At last he reached the house of a Mr. McComico, with whom he had boarded in youth, and to whom allusion has already been made.

Mr. McComico announced, through a servant, that he did not "take in travelers," when Mr. Landrum, somewhat out of patience, replied, "Tell your master that I intend to sleep at his gate," and immediately began to make a show of carrying out the intention.

The servant soon returned with the answer from his master, that if he would go around to the barn, he could make himself more comfortable.

"No," replied Mr. Landrum, "I won't do it. Tell him I am going to lie right here."

Mr. McComico, hearing the threat repeated, and thinking, perhaps, that he had an unusual character to deal with, went out to the gate and found to his great joy



that John Landrum stood before him. We need hardly add that the traveler was warmly received and bountifully entertained.

Mr. Landrum reached his home some time in September, having been gone three or four months. He reported that the only fruit he saw while away was on Tryon Mountain in South Carolina—a fact which, at that time, was considered remarkable, but which, we suppose, has since been satisfactorily accounted for by the discovery of the thermal belt.

In 1852, there was great political excitement in South Carolina, caused by the continued agitation of the slavery question by the abolitionists of the North. To such a pitch did the excitement rise, that a State Convention was called to consider the propriety of severing the relations which had hitherto existed between the State and the Federal union.

After he had decided upon his life-work, Mr. Landrum had never had any aspirations for political office or honors, though he was a warm-hearted patriot and held as a part of his religious creed, that every good citizen should feel a lively interest in the affairs of his country, should support good men for office, and should let his voice be heard against demagogism and political corruption.

It is remarkable that in times of revolution and upheaval in affairs of Government, old political leaders usually go down, and new men rise to the surface; and that in times of dread and alarm the people generally turn their eyes toward men who have never figured in

politics and have never aspired to be leaders of parties. It was so in the case just mentioned, and Mr. Landrum was called by the united voice of the people of Spartanburg county to represent them in the Convention. He yielded to their wishes, and he, with Dr. J. J. Vernon, Col. R. C. Poole and two others whose names we have not been able to learn, were members of the State Convention that assembled in Columbia in 1852. Mr. Landrum was an ardent admirer of Calhoun, and believed with him in the doctrine of State Sovereignty, and deprecated heartily all interference on the part of the general government with our State institutions, but in concert with a majority of the Convention, he thought that the time had not yet come for the State to secede from the Union; and so, secession was delayed eight years longer.

It may be remarked here that Mr. Landrum was also a member of the convention of 1860, which passed the ordinance of secession. That convention, too, was largely composed of religious men and quiet citizens of known integrity, who had never figured in politics. Landrum voted for the ordinance because he was a patriot, and because he, in common with the best men of the country, thought it was right, and demanded by every consideration of self-respect, justice and honor. The results failed to vindicate the wisdom of the policy, but all the bloodshed and disaster which followed did not tarnish the honor nor impugn the motives of the men who adopted it.

Some time between the years 1850 and 1860, the

Baptists of North Carolina, just beyond the mountains, with whom the associations of upper South Carolina had long held friendly and fraternal intercourse, became violently agitated on questions of doctrine, and for several years there was a standing feud between parties, each of which claimed to hold the true faith. We do not know the precise nature of the questions in dispute, but think that the disturbance was due to the promulgation of the Free Will doctrine by a few zealots of the Guthrie stamp, who succeeded in accomplishing on a much larger scale what Guthrie had accomplished at Boiling Spring. A considerable number of the churches composing the French Broad Association withdrew from that body, and formed themselves into a separate association called the Big Joy. The Salem Association also broke up into two separate bodies, the seceding one styling itself the Union Association. But, in the course of a few years, the Free Will agitators began to lose ground; many of them fell into disrepute, and the churches that had been led astray by them on sober, second thought, became ashamed of themselves and their leaders, and began to long to return to the native fold. It was proposed and agreed to, to submit the points in dispute to a board of prominent ministers and theologians, to be selected from surrounding associations. The Tyger River Association, of South Carolina, sent Rev. John G. Landrum and Dr. Jas. C. Furman, and the Broad River, Rev. M. C. Barnett and Rev. Wade Hill, to meet those selected from North Carolina, in Hendersonville, N. C. The ministers named all attended,

and labored earnestly to bring about a reconciliation. The plan they proposed and submitted to the churches was ratified immediately by many of them, and, in a few years, all the bolting churches came back to the original fold. Since that time the doctrine of the Free Wills has never been a disturbing element among the Baptist churches composing the Associations above named. This account of the trouble among the North Carolina churches, and of the manner of its adjustment, is given on the authority of Rev. James Blythe, of Saluda, N. C.

## CHAPTER VI.

CALLED TO BETHEL CHURCH—HISTORY—PREACHES  
AGAIN TO BOILING SPRING CHURCH—SPEECH AT  
COWPENS—DEATH OF MRS. LANDRUM.

IN 1854, Mr. Landrum was prevailed upon to assume the pastoral care of the Bethel church, located at Woodruff, S. C. He had received a call to this church as early as 1835, but had declined to accept it.

Bethel is one of the oldest and largest Baptist churches in the country. It is probable that it gave its name to the Bethel Association, as it was a member of that body until 1836, and M. C. Barnett, in his history of the Broad River Association, says that the Bethel Association was constituted and held twenty-three of its annual meetings with this church in succession. In 1839, it entertained the Baptist State Convention, and it has been the place of meeting four times for the Tyger River and the Spartanburg Associations. If Mr. Barnett's information was correct, it has a record for hospitality to religious bodies far surpassing that of any other church, either in town or country, of which we have any knowledge. The church is located at one of those natural centres of population which from the earliest times seemed to attract the best of human society. It is on the summit of the elevated ridge which

divides the waters of the Enoree and the Tyger, and is approached by fine, natural roads from at least six different directions. One of these roads is the famous Buncomb road, the finest natural road, perhaps, in the State. From Musgrove's to a point near Hodges, at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains, a distance of sixty odd miles, it follows the crest of a ridge which is crossed by neither hills nor streams. The thriving little town of Woodruff has of late years sprung up around the Bethel church, and the early completion of the Spartanburg and Greenwood Railroad promises to make it one of the most attractive places in the State.

A very interesting history of this church was written two years ago by Hon. A. B. Woodruff, who has been the clerk of the church for thirty-two years, and deacon for twenty-eight years. His history is published in the minutes of the Spartanburg Association for 1882, from which we extract and condense nearly all of the facts that we relate.

“The early history of Bethel church is enveloped in clouds and uncertainty. No record is on hand that gives any intimation as to the organization of the church, or the time when it was constituted. Nor are we able to obtain, from any living source, information giving any light on this part of the subject. The first record we find reads as follows: ‘September 16th, 1787, the Church of Christ on Jamey's Creek—members received for baptism.’ The first name on the list of members is, ‘Joseph Woodruff, ordained deacon.’ The first record for the transaction of business, is as follows: ‘February

7th, 1789, being church conference, William Moore called to account for disorderly walk, and found guilty, and is under the church's censure.' \* \* \*

“I think it possible, that on the 16th of September, 1787, the congregation assumed the character of a Baptist church, as the list of members begins with Nos. 1, 2, 3, etc., on that date; and yet there is strong probability that it was known as a place of preaching and religious exercises for years; perhaps many years previous to the above date. My father, the late Thomas Woodruff, who was quite an old man at the time of his death, has frequently told me that his understanding was, that this was first an arm of the Durban's Creek church, and that they worshiped as such for many years. Adopting this theory, which is the best we have, we are brought to the conclusion that religious exercises were held as above stated, until it gradually grew into a church, assuming its work and responsibility without any formal constitution. The first religious exercises were probably held in a small log house, situated just below the old grave-yard, on the path leading to the spring. This building was also used as a school house, and the school was taught by an old man familiarly known as ‘Master Lindsey.’ The next house was also built of logs, and was situated in the lower part of what is now the old grave-yard. When these houses were built, or whether they were ever formally dedicated to the service of Almighty God, will never be known. This second house gave place to the third—a building of more extended and imposing dimensions—about the year 1803.

In the back of one of the old books is this entry: 'The old meeting-house sold the 13th day of October, 1803, to William Hendrix. The meeting-house to be delivered the Thursday after our next Bethel Association.'

"This last-named house was a long, low-framed building, never ceiled, and with a gallery across each end. The pulpit was situated in the centre of one side. It was a high, square-shaped box with steps running up at one end, and closed with a door. The book board was so high that a minister of small stature might find some difficulty in making himself seen over it. One can imagine how, upon a warm summer day, about three or four preachers could enjoy themselves sitting upon a bench nailed to the wall, with the door buttoned tight, which was rarely neglected, cooped up in this box, and with no ventilation, except a small window in their rear, about as high as their heads. This pulpit, which is now over eighty years old, and from which has so often flowed out the everlasting gospel—sometimes in thunder tones as from Mount Sinai; sometimes in streams of living light, and sometimes as the soft dew upon Hermon, or the sweet droppings of the honey-comb—is now in a state of first-rate preservation, in the possession of Mr. E. F. Davis, a citizen near by, and is used by him for a wheat box.

"The house, of which I have just made mention, was for its time a goodly one, was beautifully situated in a grove of large spreading oaks, and near to the corner of the same old grave-yard. Many very precious memories gather around this sacred spot, some of pleasure, some



of pain, but all combining to fix it in the affections of those who are still permitted to call them up. Samuel Woodruff, an old and venerated member of the church of this period, when upon his death-bed, requested that he might be buried as near to the meeting-house as possible. His request was carried out, and a spot was selected for his grave just outside the corner of the graveyard and within a few feet of the church door. There he and his wife are sleeping side by side, near the place that was so dear to them in life.

“The house now occupied by the church was built in the year 1849. It is a spacious building, and will comfortably seat the very large congregation that meets there to worship. It contains a substantial baptistry, dressing rooms, vestibule, etc., which make it altogether very comfortable and convenient.

“The cemetery, which occupies a part of the church land, would probably run back coterminously with the church. The oldest inscription we find is that of Mrs. Anney Alexander, who emigrated with her husband from Ireland in the year 1778, and died in the year 1796. The next we find is that of William Moore, who died in 1798. There had evidently been burials many years before those mentioned, but the graves are not marked by inscriptions. A traditionary statement, which I had from my father, was, that the first burial at this place was that of a man killed in a horse race not far from the church.

“There seem to have been several changes of the name since the first organization of the church; in fact, there

appears about as much confusion in connection with the name as with the origin of the church. On the fly leaf of one of the very old looking record books, half printed and half written in a very bold hand, is this inscription: 'Fund Book for the Bethel Church, Jamey's Creek, Woodruff's Meeting House.' This was in the year 1800. \* \* \*

"The first record that gives us any information in regard to the men who proclaimed the Word of Life to the people at this place, is the following: 'July 20th, 1789. The voice of the Church as a call to Brother Shackleford to take the pastoral care of her.' From this time till May 4th, 1816, it would seem that Brother Richard Shackleford was in charge of the church, as no change is indicated by any record to be found. During the term of his ministry, there appear to have been added about three hundred and sixty-five members to the church. About the year 1802, a most remarkable revival occurred within the bounds of the church. Thomas Woodruff, then a young man, was teaching school in the neighborhood near where Dr. M. W. Drummond now lives. Upon one occasion he observed that a little girl named Rhoda Bragg was absent from her seat longer than usual, and, becoming uneasy about her, he went in search of her and found her down on her knees by a tree praying. He approached her without being observed, and to his astonishment heard his own name mentioned in her prayer. He became excited himself. The other children at the house, becoming alarmed at their absence, followed on and gathered

around them. The teacher immediately sent off for Rev. George Brewton, a most excellent citizen and minister of the neighborhood, who came and commenced a meeting. The neighbors gathered in and erected a shelter and joined in the meeting, which went on for days, and resulted in the conversion of very many souls. The records show that about that time there were one hundred and eighty-eight members added to the church by baptism.

“On the 14th of January, 1806, we find that Daniel Tolleson was received by letter. Opposite his name is a marginal note which simply says, ‘Subsequently ordained to the ministry.’ What became of him is not stated, except that he was dismissed by letter. I have often heard it said that he was the only member that the church ever ordained to the ministry, that he turned out badly and the church was careful not to ordain any other. During this period, and still later, we find many cases of discipline that are quite interesting. One brother is excluded for ‘disputing the veracity of the Scriptures, speaking evil of rulers, and despising government, drunkenness, speaking great swelling words of vanity.’ Many of them were hunted up by committees for being absent from church meetings. Some were excluded for removing out of the bounds of the church without applying for letters of dismission, and some were made to account for leaving church conferences without permission. And, what is strange, when we consider the puritanical habits of these dear, good people of the olden times, they very often appointed females on their com-

mittees, and required them to look up and investigate matters of dealings, *grievances* as they were called. It may also be inferred that at least some of the members loved to talk, or were hard to control. On one occasion a motion was offered to adopt a rule to prohibit members from speaking more than twice on the same subject during conference. The discussion of this motion was continued for four consecutive meetings, and then 'dismissed,' as the record has it. Sometimes offending members were held 'in suspense' for awhile and then restored to fellowship. What this condition of *suspense* was, is hard now to realize. I suppose it was a kind of semi out-and-in condition, in which the offender was permitted to feel that he was not exactly right nor totally wrong."

We wish that our space would permit us to copy literally the whole of the excellent history from which the foregoing extracts have been taken. But we must condense the facts and give only an outline of many things which we might wish to state at length.

The great revival which began at Brushy Creek in 1831, was not long in reaching Bethel. Uncle Tommy Ray was the pastor, and conducted a series of meetings in which he was assisted by Rev. Thomas Greer, who came with him from Padgett's Creek. During these meetings one hundred and seventy-five members were added to the church by baptism. A large proportion of these were genuine converts—persons whose lives and deaths demonstrated the power of the Christian religion over the human heart. But this great revival was

quickly followed by a terrible convulsion, which shook the church to its centre, and threatened for a time its very existence.

We quote again from A. B. Woodruff's History: "About the latter part of 1832, South Carolina took exceptions to some of the Federal legislation, known as the 'Tariff Act,' and called a convention of her people to consider the propriety of resisting the said 'Tariff Act.' The party favoring this step were called nullifiers. With this party Rev. Thomas Ray had identified himself, and being a man of fine sense as well as a large property owner, he was elected to the convention and thus became connected very closely with the Nullification movement. This gave offence to some of his friends at Bethel, and the trouble began. Under the great outside pressure, it grew until the church was torn into two distinct factions, known at that time as the minority and the majority. Hard sayings were indulged, bitter feelings ensued, and the future of the church was exceedingly dark. The matter went up to the Bethel Association, and in December, 1833, a committee from the Association visited the church with a view to an adjustment of the difficulty, but without success. In October, 1834, the church received a resolution from the Association advising them to appoint a day of fasting and prayer, and to invite ministers and brethren to attend with them to aid in the settlement of their trouble. This proposition was accepted by the church, and on the 28th of November, 1834, the church, with various ministers and brethren, met and observed

the day as contemplated. It is said to have been one of the most solemn and impressive occasions ever known in the history of the church. The very atmosphere seemed to be filled with the mighty inspirations of the day. And just at the right time, too, as if guided by Divine Providence, Revs. Josiah Furman and Jonathan Davis made their appearance. They came in the fullness of the blessed gospel, talked to the church in the wisest, most affectionate manner, and advised them, as the record has it, 'to lay aside all party spirit and hardness, to forgive one another and unite as a band of Christians in the spirit of meekness,' which was cordially accepted by the church. The members then withdrew from the house and formed a line in the yard in front of the church, and, as some of the songs of Zion were being sung, they passed up and down, and gave to each other the right hand of Christian fellowship. Husbands, wives, children, parents, all joined in this expression of mutual forbearance and mutual love, which, as the record again has it, 'was a time of general joy.' This was the settlement of the mighty difficulty, but as the ocean, after having been swept by a great storm, continues to lash and foam and fret long after the storm has died away, so the angry passions that had been raised in this tumultuous strife, yielded slowly but steadily to the pressure of the brotherly love which was re-occupying the hearts of those Christians. Satan was vanquished, but he retired muttering and sullen, from a position he had once thought impregnable. A resolution was immediately adopted by the church, regretting the painful

differences that had existed between themselves and Brother Ray, and giving him assurances of Christian fellowship and a cordial invitation to visit them as a minister and brother.”

In March, 1834, previous to the settlement of the above-mentioned difficulty, Rev. William Rhodes was called to supply the church “until the next meeting of the Association.” Then an effort was made to procure Rev. John G. Landrum, but he declined to come, and in September, 1835, Benjamin Hicks was chosen as the supply of the church, and he served in that capacity for one year. He is represented as having been a man of fine, portly appearance, of pleasant manners, and a warm-hearted, earnest preacher. At one time when he was very sick, and thought he would never recover, he composed the hymn—the first two lines of which are :

“The time is swiftly rolling on  
When I must faint and die.”

The hymn was set to music by William Walker, and is to be found in his “Southern Harmony.”

Samuel Gibson supplied the church in 1836, and in 1838, Thomas Ray came back in answer to a call previously made. A. B. Woodruff says: “His return gave general satisfaction. No man had ever found a warmer place in the hearts of the members of Bethel church than he had. This he had realized, and he came with his own heart overflowing with feelings of gratitude for this long desired re-union, and the brighter prospects of the future before them. He continued in charge of

the church, until, pressed by the weight of years, he sought repose in the retirement of home."

It has been already stated that the church has always exercised its right to ordain members to the ministry with great caution. Indeed, we believe that Bethel church, after having ordained Tolleson in 1806, never ordained another until 1883, when it ordained H. K. Ezell; though during that period, frequent licenses were granted, and many of its members took letters of dismission, and were ordained by other churches. We read that at one time a special meeting of the church was held, in order to consider the "gifts" of aspirants to the ministry, and that one brother's "gift in doctrine was deemed unprofitable"; another was found to possess the "gift" only of "singing, exhortation and prayer," and he was granted permission to use it when and where he might feel the impression; another still, was allowed to use his "gift" within the bounds of the church.

We believe that as many as twelve preachers have been members of this church, nearly all of whom were converted under its ministrations, and began to exercise their "gifts" within its bounds. Among these may be mentioned James Allen, William Rhodes, Warren Drummond, Simpson Drummond, James Woodruff and Richard Woodruff. Of all the preachers that the church has sent forth, we believe Warren Drummond was the only one that was ever called to the pastoral care of the church. This was done in 1868, and he supplied the church for three years, at the expiration of which, on account of advancing age and failing bodily strength, he resigned, and sought the



retirement of his home. He died two years afterward, on the 5th of October, 1873, at a good old age, and in the full triumph of the Christian faith. "He was an independent thinker and preacher—formed his own conclusions, and preached independently what he believed to be the truth. He was successful as a revival preacher, warming up very often to a height of impassioned eloquence, that would captivate and sway a crowd as some mighty influence." Simpson Drummond and Richard Woodruff are still living, and their membership is still with the old church. The former "is modest, and retiring almost to a fault, but delights to hold up the banner of the Cross, and enlist soldiers for Jesus. He merits and enjoys fully the confidence of his brethren, and sustains a most excellent Christian character." The latter "retains many of the peculiarities of an eventful ministerial life, and still loves to talk of a Saviour's dying love, and to persuade sinners to repent." He is a man of warm heart and deep, earnest piety, and, but for constitutional eccentricities of disposition, would have been a widely useful man.

The church has been supplied from time to time with preaching of a high order, and has enjoyed the ministrations of an unusual number of able men. Revs. Samuel Gibson, Drury Scruggs, John G. Landrum, Tolaver Robertson, James C. Furman, John A. Broadus, M. C. Barnett and L. C. Ezell have all successively occupied its pulpit and instructed it in the way of life. Drury Scruggs' ministrations extended through a period of nine years. He was considered by many an able and

acceptable minister. He removed to Tennessee, where, we are told, he continues to preach, though he is now old and infirm. During his pastorate at Bethel, he resided in the north-eastern part of the county, not a great way from the Cowpens battle-ground, at least forty miles from his charge. Some of the visible fruits of his labors were the addition of one hundred and twenty-two members to the church.

When John G. Landrum assumed pastoral charge of the church in 1854, the congregation was perhaps the largest that assembled at any place in the county, and, in intelligence and refinement, it would have compared favorably with any congregation in the State. The present large and commodious house of worship had been completed, and, without the committee rooms and vestibule that now diminish its seating capacity, it was capable of seating a larger audience than any other church building within our knowledge. Yet on the second Sunday in every month it was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the preacher who stood in the pulpit was made aware of the fact that he stood face to face with the intelligence, wealth, chivalry and beauty of the land, and, also, with the enemy of souls moving in high life, and imparting to his wiles the gloss of respectability and refinement.

For six years Landrum met the vast audience monthly, and held it and swayed it as perhaps no other man at that time could have done. He was now in the prime of life and his preaching powers had probably reached their climax. During his connection with the church

one hundred and seven members were added by baptism, and the church was greatly revived and strengthened.

From 1860 to 1866, including the whole period of the Confederate War, Rev. Tolaver Robertson, of Laurens county, was the supply. He was a man universally beloved, a great revivalist, and, during his ministry of about forty years, he baptized more people than any man that ever lived in Laurens county. He died a few years ago in the full assurance of a blessed immortality. We have been told that the Reedy River Association has taken steps toward erecting a monument at Warrior Creek church, in Laurens county, to the memory of him and of Rev. Silas Knight, two of the honored fathers of that Association.

During the ministry of Tolaver Robertson at Bethel, the church resolved to have preaching twice a month, and Dr. John A. Broadus was the first pastor after the adoption of this resolution. His term of service extended from January 13th, 1866, to June, 1868, when, from failing health and the demands of the Board of Trustees of the Theological Seminary, he offered his resignation, which was accepted with sincere regret. He was succeeded by Rev. Warren Drummond, whose pastorate has already been mentioned, and he, in turn, was succeeded by Rev. M. C. Barnett, who died during the first year of his pastorate, 1872.

In January, 1873, Rev. Landrum C. Ezell, under arrangements previously made, entered upon the work of pastor, and has continued in charge until the present time. He preaches twice a month to large congrega-

tions, and enjoys very largely the confidence and love of his flock. "He is an intelligent worker, a sound theologian, and zealous in his high calling." He belongs by birth and marriage emphatically to preaching families. He is the son of Rev. John S. Ezell, who, without any early advantages, by native force of mind and heart, came to be a preacher of unusual intelligence and power. H. K. Ezell, his youngest son, has recently been ordained, and is following in the footsteps of his father and eldest brother, giving the promise of much usefulness in the cause of the Master. As it has been frequently necessary to mention the name of the lamented M. C. Barnett, in the progress of these pages, it may be well to say here that he was one of the most remarkable preachers of the State. His memory was simply wonderful—wide in its grasp and tenacious even to the most minute particular in its hold. He was literally full of Scriptural quotations and knew just how to use them with most powerful effect. He was fond of literature and loved study for its own sake. He was, moreover, a natural orator, deep in thought and rapid in utterance, and there was a fascination about him in the pulpit which at once arrested all eyes and reached all hearts. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of election through grace, and he preached it to the end of his days with a loftiness of thought and charm of language that were the admiration of all who heard him. He was no revivalist, no exhorter, and hardly ever attempted to take the lead in a protracted meeting. He preached the gospel truth as he understood it in the most pointed and

eloquent language that he could command, and then took his seat, having said more in thirty minutes than most men can say in an hour. The writer of these memoirs well remembers how his boyish ideal of the orator was realized in Barnett, and how his boyish heart swelled with admiration at the sound of some of his lofty, rolling sentences; as when once speaking of the prayer of a certain woman, which was answered by our Saviour, he said: "She laid hold of the key that unlocks heaven, and moved the mind that moves all things." Nothing that the boy had ever heard had so impressed him with the reality and grandeur of prayer as did that one sentence.

Barnett died early, when at the zenith of his power and usefulness, and the churches mourned for him as for "a prince, and a great man in Israel." He never belonged to the Tyger River Association, but he was known and loved in all the Baptist churches of the country. He and Landrum were life-long friends, and their relations to each other were of the most intimate and endearing kind. Barnett took Landrum's place at Mount Zion for several years, and also at Bethlehem, in order to give the latter the opportunity of responding to some of the many calls that were coming to him from other churches. While filling the pulpit at Mount Zion, Landrum's home was his home, and the intimate associations there with the family but endeared and strengthened the ties that had already bound them together.

The church at Bethel, in the progress of its history,

has had an unusual number of legacies bequeathed it. Again and again have the thoughts of the dying saints turned fondly to the dear old church, and again and again have they left it substantial bequests in their wills.

As early as the year 1828, Rev. Spencer Bobo, a minister of the community died, bequeathing to the church a sum of money, to be used for charitable and benevolent purposes; but not until June, 1838, was the amount paid over by the executors of his will. The principal and interest then amounted to four hundred and twelve dollars.

Again in 1853, Mrs. Hannah Pilgram, on her death-bed, requested that five hundred dollars be given out of her estate to the church, the interest of which should be used for charitable purposes. The money was afterward paid into the church treasury by her son, Samuel Pilgram.

In 1859, the executors of Robert Alexander paid over to the church one hundred dollars, in accordance with the provisions of his last will and testament.

In 1868, on the death of Thomas Woodruff, one of the oldest members of the church, it was found that by the provisions of a will previously executed, the sum of five hundred dollars had been bequeathed by him to the church. Only a part of this last bequest was collected.

All these legacies, except the last, were swept away by the war, and up to the beginning of the war they had been more a source of wrangling and dissatisfaction than of real good. While they gave evidences of an affection for the church which was gratifying to the living, it

would have been far better if the testators themselves had applied the money before death.

As regards the lay membership of Bethel church, we can say only a few words. Throughout the church's history, it has been composed largely of men of means, of social position, and of sterling integrity. Among those of the olden time we mention Joseph Woodruff and Robert Page, the first deacons; Broadrick Mason and Lewis Lanford, also deacons from the year 1819; Philip Brewton, elected clerk in 1824 and served thirty years; James Page and Caleb Allen, deacons; and at a later date, William Clayton and Zachariah Lanford; then there were such members as Philip Pilgram, Isaac Woodruff, Jonas Brewton, Sr., Benjamin Griffith, Thomas Woodruff, Ephraim Drummond, William Jones, Simeon Brewton, Jonas Brewton, Jr., Chaney Lanford, Sterling Willis, John Leatherwood, Harrison P. Woodruff, Jared Drummond, and Harrison Drummond, all of whom "in their moral worth and Christian character constituted a tower of strength and support seldom found in any one church."

Volumes might be written about these men, but we must be content to mention only their names. They have all gone to their final reward, and their works will follow them both in this world and in that to come. Many of them are still represented in the church and country by descendants who have proved themselves worthy of the names and characters of their ancestors. Among the living, we may mention John S. Rogers, Ephraim Drummond, Jr., James and Jesse Leatherwood, James

Carnel, S. S. Robuck, Dr. C. P. Woodruff, Richard Woodruff, Simpson Drummond, and John S. Todd,—another “tower of strength and support” not unworthy of the first.

Up to 1882, the church had had thirteen hundred and sixty members upon its rolls. The present officers are John S. Rogers, A. B. Woodruff, H. E. Drummond, M. W. Drummond, Washington Lanford, Seaborn S. Drummond, deacons; A. B. Woodruff, clerk; John W. Martin, treasurer.

A. B. Woodruff has been clerk of the church for thirty-two years. He was also clerk of the Tyger River Association for a number of years, as has already been stated, and is now the clerk of the Spartanburg Association and assistant clerk of the Baptist State Convention. He has represented Spartanburg twice in the State Legislature, is one of the directors of the Spartanburg, Laurens, and Greenwood railroad, one of the trustees of Cooper-Limestone Institute, was, till quite recently, one of the trustees of Furman University, is a member of the executive board of the Spartanburg Association, is superintendent of a large Sunday-school in his church, leader of church music, and is, moreover, trial justice and postmaster of the town of Woodruff. We believe that he is also secretary of the State Sunday-School Convention. In short, wherever in our county and State, there is good to be done and sacrifices of time and money to be made for the cause of Jesus Christ, there we may expect to find A. B. Woodruff. Quiet, self-sacrificing, patient, hopeful, earnest, he toils on, sus-



tained by a lofty faith and cheered by the approval of an enlightened conscience.

The name also of Col. E. S. Allen is worthy of honorable mention in this connection. He, too, has twice represented his county in the State Legislature. He was treasurer of the Tyger River Association, and has held that office of trust in the Spartanburg Association from its organization to the present time. He is devoted to Sunday-school work; having instructed a class of young men in the Sunday-school for a number of years. He is an active worker in his church; a man of fine business attainments, benevolent and liberal, and is known and honored far and wide.

Then there is H. E. Drummond, the faithful deacon, the son of an honored sire; modest, active, liberal, sensible; devoted to the interests of his church, and prominent in its councils and all its operations. But time and space forbid to say more. Bethel church was worthy of the six golden years that Landrum gave to it out of his busy life, and he was worthy of all the affection and reverence with which the church regarded him.

We have lingered long at Bethel, perhaps too long; and yet we would love to linger still. Our dead treasures lie there in the grave-yard, and we trust that our own bones will rest by their side. Many living memories, too, cluster around the dear old place;—hallowed associations with the living, and sweet reminiscences of the dead. The reader will call up memories of other places dear to his own heart, and he will pardon the

weakness, if weakness it is, which causes another to linger near a place that is consecrated by a thousand sacred recollections, and to which he is bound by a thousand sacred ties.

If any one period of John G. Landrum's life, more than another, was characterized by unceasing activity and arduous toil, it was that extending from 1854 to 1861. He had prevailed upon the Bethlehem church to release him as the supply, in order that he might accept the call to Bethel, but he still preached regularly to four churches, and in addition supplied at least two more by weekly appointments. One of these churches was the Boiling Springs, to which he gave one day in the month, and every fifth Sunday. It will be remembered, too, that during the period named, he was giving two Sundays in the month, and one Tuesday night to the Spartanburg church. He also superintended the building of the new house of worship at Spartanburg, and with no help from abroad, raised principally by his individual efforts the neat sum of ten thousand dollars for that purpose. The building was completed in 1856, and the dedication sermon was preached by Dr. Thomas Curtis.

In 1857, the Baptists of South Carolina were called upon to raise one hundred thousand dollars, as their quota of the half a million, with which it was proposed to endow the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville. Landrum entered warmly and heartily into this movement; talked and worked for it both privately and publicly, and by his efforts and personal influence,

contributed in no small measure to its success. He was, during several of these years, vice president of the State Baptist Convention; Judge O'Neill being president. In the midst of his varied and pressing religious duties, he never neglected his duties as a citizen, but always took the warmest interest in public affairs, and scrutinized closely the political problems of the day. About this time of his life he served for several years as treasurer of the Board of Commissioners of the Poor, of Spartanburg county, without pay or emolument of any kind, and performed all the duties pertaining to the position with cheerfulness and exactness; though the greater part of the work was little less than thankless drudgery.

In 1856, the first monument was erected on Cowpens Battle Ground, in the eastern part of Spartanburg county, by the Washington Light Infantry, a famous military company of Charleston, S. C. The company marched through the country with their baggage train and camp equipage, and pitched their camp on the far-famed field. There was a vast concourse of people present to witness the erection, and the ceremonies of dedication were of the most imposing kind. Rev. John G. Landrum had previously been selected as the orator of the day, on account of his having been recommended to the company as being the most thoroughly conversant with the country's history that could anywhere be found. We have often heard the speech made on this occasion complimented as one replete with information, pathos and power. There is good authority for stating

that Dr. Thomas Curtis, who heard both, pronounced it superior to Preston's great oration at King's Mountain. If the speech was a written one, the manuscript has been destroyed, or at least it is not to be found among Mr. Landrum's papers. It is quite probable that he spoke from notes, and the notes were afterward thrown away.

There are doubtless many still living who remember the occasion and the address, but the only account of both that we have before us, is one given by the *Spartanburg Express*, in its issue of May 1st, 1856. A few extracts from that account may be of interest to the reader. After describing some preliminary details, the writer says :

“The work being completed, the company changed their fatigue dress for their full dress uniform, and formed in a double column around the monument, to consecrate it to its sacred purposes.

“The Rev. Dr. Gilman, the chaplain of the company, made a few remarks alike appropriate to the patriotic as well as the sacred solemnities in which the assemblage was about to engage. He then read a portion of the twenty-first chapter of Deuteronomy, and offered up a most fervid prayer.

“Hon. W. D. Porter, State Senator from Charleston, and former captain of Washington Light Infantry, who had accompanied them as a guest, was called for, and made a beautiful *ex tempore* speech.

“Rev. J. G. Landrum was then called out, and gave us a fine speech, in which he exhibited a store of infor-

mation that he had gathered up from different sources, that would be interesting and valuable to the public. He defended the militia from the slur that some are disposed to cast upon their conduct at the battle of Cowpens. He spoke, at length, on the defeat of Gates at Camden, and of the gloom which overspread the land in consequence of that disaster, and of how the English commander wrote home to say that South Carolina was again a British province. Then Greene took command. Before this, however, there had been several encounters, and among them King's Mountain and Blackstock's. Greene therefore thought if he had any friends they were in the up country. He sent Morgan up the Broad river, with directions to take the road leading toward Ninety Six. He stopped at Grindall's, and gave out that he was there for recruits from the whigs and the friends of the cause of liberty. Here he received information to the effect that Col. Tarleton was some six or seven miles on the other side of the river in Chester district, and was evidently intending to cross the river above him, and cut off his retreat. Morgan, therefore, on the 16th of January, 1781, left Grindall's and came up and camped on this spot, about sundown. He perhaps intended to cross the river and go into North Carolina, but his scouts came in and informed him that Tarleton was upon his rear. He then determined here to give him battle on the following morning, and here on the following day was fought the battle in commemoration of which this monument has been erected.

“Mr. Landrum said it was difficult now to detail all the positions occupied by different portions of the army, but he thought those given by Dr. Johnson in his recent pamphlet substantially correct. As to the ravine, there is no doubt but that it lies on the confines of the muster-ground. Though seventy-five years had worked great changes, and the ravine was filled up and the road obliterated, we are now on the spot where the front line was engaged. Notwithstanding the night before the battle was bitterly cold, Morgan was up all night, the greater part of the time encouraging the men, preparing them for the morrow, and charging them to stand firm, and not to retire until they had fired at least three rounds. A great deal has been said about the conduct of the militia on the occasion, but the fact is, they gave way, because it was intended that they should give way. They behaved bravely and nobly, and when, in after years, Morgan was defending, in Congress, the militia system, he declared that the militia were *regulars* at Cowpens.

“When the order came to Washington to charge, he charged with such fury that his men rode straight through the British ranks, treading many into the earth as they went, then re-formed and charged again from the rear. Mr. Young, then a boy of sixteen years of age, who was in the charge, says, he changed his tackey for the best British horse he ever rode, and made the quickest swap he ever made in his life. Just then the Continentals became closely engaged, and soon drove the British from the field. Morgan rode between them and

the militia, and said: 'Form boys, form! Old Morgan never was beaten in his life!' 'I need not tell you,' said Mr. Landrum, 'that I was not there. My head is gray,\* but I am not quite old enough to have been there. I wish to God I had been there.'

"Then, after speaking at considerable length in reference to the monument, and announcing that the people of Spartanburg would enclose it with an iron railing, he took his seat amid loud and prolonged applause."

Of course, this meagre outline, hastily sketched by some one present for a little country newspaper, can give us but a faint idea of Mr. Landrum's Cowpens' speech. We insert it because it is the only preserved record of the occasion, and because the man who made the speech, and the newspaper that published the outline, have both passed away.

In 1857 Mr. Landrum was called upon to endure one of those afflictions from which mortality cannot be exempt, and which, sooner or later, all the families of the earth must undergo. The angel of death crossed the threshold of his happy home, and bore away the wife of his bosom and mother of his children, to regions beyond the boundaries of time, leaving the fireside desolate, and the loving husband and motherless children overwhelmed with grief.

Mrs. Landrum's health had been gradually, though almost imperceptibly, declining for several years, and it

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\* He was forty-six years old.

was feared that her disease would develop into consumption, but as she maintained her usual cheerfulness and went about her daily business with her usual alacrity, the pallid cheek and the departed lustre of the eye did not excite immediate alarm. She was suddenly attacked, however, with typhoid-pneumonia during the latter part of the winter of 1856-7, and after suffering only one week, she peacefully passed away. She was conscious up to within a few hours of her death, and she called her husband and children to her bedside and talked to them long and tenderly. She gave them the most minute directions in regard to her burial, even designating those of her lady friends whom she wished to dress and lay out her body. Among her last words to her husband, she said, "You have been a kind husband and have made me happy."

She was attended in her last sickness by Dr. J. J. Vernon and Dr. John C. Oeland, both of whom she held in very high esteem, and everything that medical skill and yearning affection could suggest was done to assuage her sufferings and smooth the pathway of death. Her body was followed to the Mount Zion church-yard by a large concourse of people, and Rev. M. C. Barnett preached the funeral sermon.

By this sad bereavement Mr. Landrum was left, as he himself expressed it, "to be both father and mother to his children." This double care was now to be bestowed on six living children, the youngest of whom was about three years old at the time of the mother's death. It will be remembered that the oldest child, Mar-



garet, died in childhood from the effects of a burn received by accident. We shall give a short account of the six that were living at the time of their mother's death.

Mary Amarylis, the second daughter, is now the wife of J. S. Ballenger. She is said to bear a striking resemblance to her mother in appearance, and to be very much like her in disposition. She was educated at Limestone Springs under Drs. Thomas and William Curtis, and graduated there in 1855, having taken a three-and-a-half years' course.

Franklin Vernon Landrum, the third child, received a good English education under the tutorage of Rev. T. J. Earle at New Prospect and later at Gowensville. He was a clerk for awhile in the house of Cleveland & Webber at Spartanburg, but on the breaking out of the war, he volunteered in Capt. Foster's Company, Fifth S. C. Regiment, was appointed sergeant and was afterward transferred to the Palmetto sharp shooters. He was three times wounded, twice severely. About the close of the war he married Miss Mary Wilkins, and removed to Warrentown, Ala., where he still lives.

John Belton O'Neill Landrum, the fourth child, is well known to the people of Spartanburg county, having represented them in the State legislature, and having for many years been prominently before the people as a skillful physician, an enterprising farmer, and sound, progressive Baptist. At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of Cooper-Limestone Institute he was elected

a member of the Board, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of his honored father.

Lizzie, the fifth child, was educated at the Johnson Female University, located before the war at Anderson, S. C. She is now the widow of the late lamented Dr. Compton. She has spent a good portion of her time in the noble work of teaching, is devoted to Sunday-school work, and is much loved by a wide circle of friends.

Richard Furman Landrum was the sixth child. He was educated principally at the Gowensville Seminary under Rev. Thomas J. Earle. He married Miss Fannie Fitzhugh, of Virginia, an elegant, accomplished, noble woman of the true Virginia type. He was a young man of high moral and religious character, of the most genial disposition and unaffected kindness of heart. Social, witty and popular, he was a charming companion and one of the truest of friends. He was clerk of the Wolf Creek church, and for several years postmaster at Earlesville. Could the wishes of his many friends have prevailed, Furman Landrum would have lived to old age; but the Great Disposer of events ordered it otherwise, and called him hence at the early age of thirty-two. He bore up manfully for many months against the ravages of a pulmonary disease, and, at last, passed away peacefully only about a year after the death of his father. His stricken widow, with four little children, now lives at Landrum City, on the Spartanburg and Ashville railroad.

Cheves Montgomery Landrum, the seventh child, was only three years old at the death of his mother. He

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received a good English education, married Miss Linnie McBee, of Greenville, and is engaged in the office of mesne conveyance of that city. He is an excellent penman, a practical surveyor, and a man of fine business qualifications.

## CHAPTER VII.

SECOND MARRIAGE—THE EARLE FAMILY—INTEREST IN THE SECESSION MOVEMENT—DURING THE WAR—MOVES TO NORTH PACOLET—DEATH OF SECOND WIFE—RECALLED TO MOUNT ZION AND BETHLEHEM—TAKES CHARGE OF WOLF'S CREEK CHURCH—CHURCH HISTORY—ORGANIZATION OF SPARTANBURG ASSOCIATION—LAST DAYS—SICKNESS AND DEATH.

THE duties of both father and mother pressed heavily on Mr. Landrum, yet he met the increased responsibility with increased exertion, sustained by a sublime trust in the goodness and wisdom of God. His work, as a minister, called him away from home every week, and not unfrequently kept him away for days, and sometimes weeks together; but the children always knew when to look for him, and nestling closely to one another in love, they yet vied with one another in efforts to merit his approval. His eldest daughter, Mary, then quite young, assumed the charge of the household, and for many years she stood in the place, and performed, as best she could, the loving duties of the mother that was gone. And when another household claimed her love, and her heart and hand had been bestowed upon the man of her choice who was worthy of them both, then

her younger sister, Lizzie, stepped into her place in the family home and in the affections of the family circle. Her untiring and unselfish devotion to the family through many succeeding years, extending through another period of bereavement, made her the centre, if not the head, of the household, and endeared her especially to the father's heart. It was not until the family had passed through its most trying years that she would consent to leave it, and then to bestow her hand on one of the best of men.

In 1859, Mr. Landrum was married to Miss Nancy Miller Earle, a noble, consecrated woman, well worthy of his affections and well qualified to adorn and brighten his home and to cheer and comfort his heart. She came of a high-toned religious family that has given to the country and to the Baptist denomination its full quota of noble men and women. She was the sixth child and second daughter of Theron and Hannah Earle, and sister of Rev. Thomas J. Earle, who has already been frequently mentioned in the progress of this memoir. Her father was the son of Baylis and Mary Earle, who emigrated from Virginia before the Revolutionary War. Theron was born at Earlesville, in Spartanburg county, S. C., and spent the days allotted him on earth not far from the place of his birth. He was married in early life to Miss Hannah Miller. He was a man of great energy and industry and acquired a fine property. He was remarkable for his good practical sense, his kindness to the poor, and his general intelligence. Though he was modest and unpretentious, his sterling qualities of

head and heart were appreciated and admired by a wide circle of friends. He was for a number of years Adjutant of the Thirty-sixth Regiment, S. C. M., and was honored by his fellow citizens with a seat in the State Legislature. He and his wife had seven sons and two daughters born to them, of whom four sons and the two daughters lived to maturity.

One of his sons, Dr. M. B. Earle, became an eminent physician in the city of Greenville.

Crawford Montgomery Earle, another son, began business as a merchant in Greenville, but died soon after his first stock of goods was placed in the shelves.

The remaining two sons, Thomas J. and O. P. Earle are still living. The former of these is so well known and he has already been so frequently mentioned that further notice here is unnecessary. It would be difficult to write much about religious and educational progress in Spartanburg during the last twenty-five years without mentioning the name of Thomas J. Earle. O. P. Earle is a member of the Wolf's Creek church, near which he lives. He has inherited many of the strong traits of his father, and is a worthy representative of a worthy name. He is quiet and unobtrusive in his demeanor, attentive to his business, well-to-do in the world, kind to the poor, while his strong sense and known integrity give him position and influence among all who know him. With his beautiful home backed by his broad acres of fertile lands, and his elegant and loving family making home more beautiful still; with the confidence and esteem of his fellow-men secured by uprightness

and integrity, surely he may say, like the psalmist, "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage."

Elizabeth Earle, one of the two sisters, became the wife of Gen. J. W. Miller, a man whom Spartanburg county often honored with various positions of trust and responsibility, and who proved true to every trust that the people committed to him.

The education of Nancy Earle was begun in the schools near her home, taught by such teachers as could be procured by the patrons. One of her teachers was William Dickson; another was Richard Golightly, who taught two years near her father's house. She afterward went portions of two years to Mr. Landrum when he was teaching at Rock Spring, as has already been stated. It is well that the events of the future are concealed from mortal vision. The teacher at Rock Spring and the timid little school girl would have regarded each other with an interest, perhaps, not very favorable to intellectual progress and development, could they have opened the book of life and read the decrees of destiny. Her education was finished in the Greenville Female Academy, taught by Mr. Halenquest. She joined the Wolf's Creek church, December 3d, 1846, and was baptized by Mr. Landrum in North Pacolet, at a place near the home of her childhood, having been specially awakened to her need of a Saviour on the 6th of October, 1845, the day on which her brother, Thomas J. Earle, joined the church at New Prospect.

She was reserved and modest, but accomplished and

intelligent, of decided character, true piety, and of remarkable neatness and order.

Three children were born to her and Mr. Landrum, only one of whom is now living. One died in infancy, and another at three years of age. The latter, little Earle, was a bright, promising boy, and his death was a sore trial to both father and mother. The third child is Miss Nannie Earle Landrum, who was educated under her father's direction in the Williamston Female College, where she graduated before his death. Since his death she has taken a two years' extra course in Richmond, Va., with the special view of preparing herself thoroughly for the noble work of teaching. She is now a teacher in the Cooper-Limestone Institute, an institution secured to the Baptists mainly through her father's instrumentality, and which he loved as "the child of his old age."

It has already been stated that Mr. Landrum was a member of the Secession Convention of South Carolina in 1860, and his work as chaplain and colporteur in the army has also been detailed.

Mr. Landrum never carried politics into the pulpit, and no man entertained a more hearty contempt than he, for the politico-sensational preacher, who would debase the high calling of a minister of the gospel, by a vile subserviency to demagogism and party purposes; yet he held that his calling as a minister, so far from interfering with his rights and duties as a citizen, clothed those rights and duties with a higher significance, and a more sacred importance. In a word, he held that a



preacher ought to be an example to others, in temporal as well as in spiritual things, and a better and more watchful citizen by virtue of his position as a teacher and expounder of God's word. He had long watched the cloud that had been slowly gathering on the northern horizon ; and when Mr. Lincoln was elected president of the United States by a party pledged to the overthrow of Southern institutions, and to the annulling of the rights of the States under the constitution, he considered that one party to the federal compact had flagrantly violated its obligations, and that the other party was thereby not only released from its obligations, but was compelled to look after its own interests. He openly declared himself in favor of secession, and when he was nominated as a delegate to the State Convention, he publicly warned the people not to vote for him if they did not wish the State to withdraw from the Union, for, if he went to the convention, he would certainly advocate and vote for secession.

On his return home from the convention, he was serenaded by the old artillery company, that had for years drilled and paraded at Timmon's Old Field, and a salute was fired in front of his residence in honor of the passage of the ordinance of secession. The country was now thoroughly aroused, and soon afterward the Thirty-sixth Regiment of Militia was assembled by order of Colonel Legge, at Bomar's Old Field, and a call was made for volunteers. Mr. Landrum appeared upon the field on horseback, and urged the men to go forward in defence of their country, declaring among

other things, that he would vouch for the artillery company's doing its whole duty. It is said that when a few minutes afterward, the order was given for volunteers to step to the front, the artillery company, with the exception of one single member, marched forward in a body, amid the beating of drums, the waving of banners, and the shouts of the assembled multitude.

More than one great divine in the world's history have been fascinated with the pageantry of war, and have lost sight of their holy mission amid scenes of human slaughter; but it may be truthfully said of Mr. Landrum, that he realized fully the responsibilities of his mission as a preacher of righteousness, and that his soul recoiled with horror from the thought of war and bloodshed. It was only a stern sense of duty—the irrepressible instincts of a high-toned and noble manhood—that brought him out on such occasions as that just named; and when the occasion was over, he returned immediately to his life-work with ardor unabated, and aspirations untainted by the worldly contact.

The war came on with all its untold horrors. It is not only the carnage of the battle-field, and the heart-sickening scenes of the hospital that make war horrible. To these must be added the unsettling of society; the destruction of property; the blighting of human hopes; the frustrating of human plans; the searing of conscience; the sway of angry passions; the reign of every vice; the disregard for law; the wide-spread desolation and demoralization that settle like a pall upon the land and people. Religion languishes, for religion would

bring "peace on earth, and good will to men"; while demons reign, and rejoice in the wild fury of the strife, and the moral degradation of mankind.

Mr. Landrum deplored the war as all good men did, but he accepted it as a direful necessity and as the only path of safety. While in the Secession Convention, in Charleston, he wrote to his wife, under date of December 29th, 1860, "I am quite well and at my post. We are approaching near to the point whether we shall have peace or war for our rights. Commissioners are at Washington in negotiation with the President. I cannot say what will be the result of their mission. I, however, hope for the best."

Through the kindness of Miss Nannie E. Landrum, we have quite recently been permitted to examine some of his letters from the army to his wife, and we make some extracts from them as showing something of the nature of his work, his tender affection for his family, and the minute care he bestowed upon everything about home.

We shall disregard the chronological order of these letters. From Camp Pemberton, S. C., he writes :

"January 31st, 1862.

"I write to you to let you know that I am always thinking of you, and though I do not see you, still I remember you and would not have you think for a moment, that I regard our separation as a *light* thing. On the contrary, it is one of the great privations and sacrifices of my life to be separated from my family at this time; and nothing but the fact that the country is

involved in war which threatens its ruin, and the destruction of all that is dear to you, myself, and our children, could reconcile me to the separation. The war seems to be assuming a dark and threatening aspect. When it will close, the God of heaven only knows, but I fear not soon. Still, I hope it will not last long. \* \* \* I am, through mercy, in good health and am performing my duties as well as I can."

" *October 10th, 1861.*

"I am well, through mercy. Tell — that he had better not come now, as he did not come at first, as I never before saw as much sickness in all my life. I have just returned from Columbia on a visit to the sick. I have started from Columbia a barrel of molasses, a barrel of sugar, and a bushel of rice. They will be at Spartanburg by Saturday next. Send the wagon down on that day and have them hauled home."

" *October 4th, 1861.*

"I am quite well and am located pleasantly. I have a splendid tent entirely to myself, and I sleep as comfortably as at home. We have much sickness in camp — mostly measles. I am quite anxious to hear from home. You must write to me, and tell Mary and Lizzie to write. I think of you all every half hour in the day; indeed, you are but seldom out of my mind. I have Earle and Furman and 'Gomery always before me in my thoughts. Do take good care of them, and make them obey you. Lizzie must see to Furman and 'Gomery, as Earle requires so much of your care.

“We are making great sacrifices in this separation, but I trust our country and our God will reward us. I have much to do here—preaching and holding prayer meetings every night, with large assemblies, first at one tent and then another. I am treated with great courtesy by the officers and soldiers. \* \* \* Tell Kennedy to make the boys mind him and to gather the peas as fast as they ripen, to pick the cotton as it opens, and to commence gathering the Joe Laurens field of corn as soon as it will do. If the weather continues dry, I think it may do by the 15th of the month. They must shuck it and put it into the big crib.

“I pray that you may be happy and cheerful in my absence and that God will support us both under the sacrifices we are called to make for our country. You must send George for the mail every Saturday as usual, and if the club is broken up since I left, you had better send him on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and I will try to write at least three times a week. Tell Elvira and Charlotte to make their boys behave themselves and to do their work without any fuss. Tell Kennedy if he wants any advice about anything to send word through your letters. Tell him to take good care of the horses and to feed the hogs bountifully twice or three times a day both in the pen and in the lot. I have every confidence in his doing the best he can.”

“COLUMBIA, *December* 31st, 1861.

“As the convention does not meet to-day till twelve o'clock, I will write to you. Though I have no news

of interest from the war ; still I may say that affairs about our coast are quite exciting. The enemy are accumulating in great numbers against South Carolina. Where they will strike a blow is yet unknown. Troops are pouring down from the up-country in great numbers. If they can get arms, as I suppose they can, I do not think the enemy will be able to advance on the main land. The up-country is doing all that ought to be expected of it. The State of South Carolina has now about thirty thousand troops in the field. We are getting a strong force, too, from Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia. But it is a trying time for our country, and all will be expected to do their duty. You, no doubt, think it hard that I should leave home, and subject my family to many privations and hardships, that they would not have, perhaps, if I were at home ; but I hope you will remember that in these sacrifices you do not stand alone. Others, *very many* others are called on, do endure like sufferings, and far greater sufferings ; and I assure you there is not one hour passes over my head, in which I do not think of my family. The separation is painful to me, far more than you are aware of ; but I sincerely pray the Lord to take care of you in my absence. I hope you will all keep well and hearty, but if you or any of the family should be sick, I want you to send for Dr. Vernon, and if he should be out of the way, send for Dr. Cleveland. I saw the latter the night I left home, and spoke to him to attend to any of my family in case of sickness. In the absence of Dr. Vernon, he promised to do so. Dr. Boyd would

willingly come, if you were to send for him. I wrote to Belton yesterday, in regard to having the wheat ground up, and in the letter I enclosed a paper of needles, which I hope will come safely to hand. I have searched the town of Columbia over for cotton cards, and can find none—not a single pair.”

“COOSAHATCHIE, S. C., *November 12th, 1861.*

“I hope you will not be uneasy about me. I am quite well, and getting on well. \* \* \* I think of you every hour in the day ; but still feel under the circumstances that I am discharging a very important duty to God and my country. I hope you will feel that I appreciate the sacrifices you are daily and hourly making in my absence, but I pray that you may make them with patience and fortitude. If the country was not engaged in a most bloody war, and I did not feel that it is necessary for my influence and example to be thrown into the scale, I certainly could not be hired to stay away from home. If, at any time, you should wish to visit your Ma or Thomas, or any one else, I want you to take Miles and the carriage and go. As the weather is good, tell Kennedy to try to get the wheat sowed as fast as possible. I forgot to tell him to brush it in as he plows it. I want the hogs fed what they can eat. Tell him to take good care of the keys.”

“CAMP JOHNSON, *October 11th, 1861.*

“I am going to Columbia to-day to see the sick in the hospital. I hope you all keep well and will be able to

get along comfortably. I feel it, no doubt, a greater sacrifice to be separated from you than you do. But the war has called many men from home, under far more trying circumstances than I have encountered in leaving home. We must commit our cause into the hands of a righteous God, and do our duty. I trust you will pray for me, that I may do my duty acceptably to God and my country."

"RICHMOND, VA., *June 2d, 1862.*

"A great battle is being fought near Richmond. It has lasted now two days, and is expected to continue to-day, but has not commenced yet. The battle-field is some six miles from the city. Our division (Gen. Hill's) has not been in the fight. I came here last night to hear from Franklin (his son). Col. Jenkins' Regiment, was in the fight both days and lost a great many men, but I cannot hear that Franklin was either killed or wounded. All the wounded have been brought to Richmond, and I walked three hours from house to house where they were left, to see if Franklin was among them, but could see or hear nothing of him. I saw many of Col. Jenkins' wounded, and they all knew him, but did not know how he came out of the battle. *I think he is safe.*"

These easy, impromptu letters, written with no thought of their ever being seen by others than his own family, give us a clearer and deeper insight into Mr. Landrum's character than whole volumes of description could give. They are the natural promptings of the heart, when hidden away from the world; when the voice of ambi-



tion is hushed, and no extraneous aids are to be called in to bolster up a character for a passing occasion. They are life-pictures of the tender, thoughtful husband, of the affectionate father, of the kind master, of the provident householder, of the true patriot, of the devoted man of God. In such pictures, the great unbend themselves; the grandeur which enveloped them as they towered above the multitudes and magnified them into unearthly giants, vanishes into thin air; the beings of wonderful proportions shrink back into men of life size, and their qualities of mind and heart shine forth in the clear light of truth.

After his return from the army, Mr. Landrum remained at home during the rest of the war, preaching to his churches, and doing what he could to relieve the wants, soothe the afflictions, and strengthen the hearts of the people. The truth is he was one of the men that was more needed at home than in the army. The wails of sorrow were going up all over the land, and the faith of many devout children of God was sorely tried. Before the close of the war, grim want had begun to show his haggard face and had crossed with stealthy, ghost-like tread, the thresholds of some darkened and desolate homes.

It is not our purpose to detail the sufferings and privations of those years, but merely to say that through them all Mr. Landrum was indefatigable in his attentions to the temporal as well as the spiritual wants of the people. The heart-stricken widow found in him a comforter and friend, and the cries of distress never fell

unheeded on his ears. We note in one of his letters from the army directions "to carry a load of corn to the poor house"; and when he was at home, his corn crib and larder were always accessible to those who were in need.

The last meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention that he attended was held in Savannah, just at the beginning of the war, probably in May, 1861. He was there the guest of his relative, Dr. Sylvanus Landrum, now of New Orleans, but then a pastor in Savannah. It was the first time the two had met in life, but the acquaintance ripened into warm friendship, and led to the visit of Dr. Landrum since the war, which has been mentioned in the early part of this memoir.

In August, 1863, Mr. Landrum was again called on to pass through the deep waters of domestic bereavement, and the faithful wife of his bosom, after so short a period of connubial happiness, departed with the Angel of Death. She was sick for several weeks, through all of which she bore her sufferings without one murmur of complaint, and died in the full triumph of the Christian faith. During her sickness the Tyger River Association held its annual session at Bethel, and it was the first time in its history that Mr. Landrum had failed to attend its meeting. His absence seemed a strange thing to those who had attended the meetings of the Association from boyhood, and, when the cause of it became known, many fervent prayers went up in behalf of him and his afflicted family. Mrs. Landrum left an infant daughter only six weeks old, her little boy, Earle, having

preceded the mother to the better land ; and again was Mr. Landrum called to the duties of both father and mother. The little infant was taken and kindly and tenderly cared for by its grandmother, who lived with her son, T. J. Earle ; but, at the end of about two years, the grandmother, too, was called home, when the child was brought back to her father's house, there to grow and develop into a noble, Christian woman. At the close of the war in 1865, Mr. Landrum, like very many of the best of our citizens, found himself involved in debt. He had the management of several estates, and was the legal guardian of one or two families of orphan children. By a law of South Carolina, passed during the war, all persons acting in a fiduciary character were authorized to invest the funds which they held in Confederate bonds, and every principle of patriotism required trustees and guardians to comply with the law. Beside, there was hardly any other investment that could be made. Lands could not be purchased, except at fabulous prices ; money could not be loaned on any reliable security, and negro property was as unsafe as the government itself. People who owed money before the war, with the first flood of confederate currency, rushed forward to pay, and it was considered selfish and unpatriotic in the creditor not to accept the proffered payment. The creditors reasoned that if the Confederacy established its independence, its currency and its bonds would both be redeemed ; if it failed, then there would be little probability that the individual debtor would be able to redeem his *ante bellum* paper. So, the law just mentioned

was welcomed as a measure of great relief, and interest, as well as patriotism and good faith, prompted every man who held funds in trust for another to invest in Confederate bonds. After the war, the courts refused to recognize the validity of these bonds, and the result was bankruptcy and financial ruin to many of the best men and best financiers of the country. What was worse still, many men, hitherto of high character, did not "hold fast their integrity." They were found in the dark and crooked paths of dishonor, and the bogus transfer of property and all those arts and tricks by which dishonest men evade the law and defraud honest creditors, became the order of the day. Yet it is a consoling thought, and one that reconciles us to human nature, that there are a few men in the world whom not all the demoralization and disasters of war, not all the injustice and oppression of tyrannical governments, not wealth nor poverty, nor "height nor depth, nor any other creature" can cause to swerve one iota from the known path of moral rectitude. Mr. Landrum belonged decidedly to this small class—if small it is—and he did not hesitate a moment as to the course he would pursue. He never dallied with sin or temptation, nor held a parley with the enemy of souls. He declared that he would maintain his honor and redeem his sacred promise, though the heavens should fall and he and his should be overwhelmed with temporal ruin. The old homestead near Mount Zion, which had been purchased with the accumulations of his early days, and which was endeared by the fondest and happiest recollections of his life, was

sold to Mr. Randolph Turner, and with the proceeds of the sale and other means obtained by personal sacrifices, he met every demand of his creditors, principal and interest in full. He and his family now moved to a farm on North Pacolet, the property of his second wife, on which he soon erected a good house, and, approaching now the age at which most men begin to seek repose and retirement, he finds himself beginning life anew, as it were, under far more discouraging circumstances than those which attended the first beginning. But, though he may have lost some of the enthusiasm of former days, yet the same thrift and good management of the best years of his life remained, and soon accomplished much in restoring his losses and administering to the comfort and well-being of his family. His home was again one of plenty, and his family was again soon surrounded with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. His children, of whom several were yet in their minority, were sent to the best schools in the country, and *their bills were paid*, while he, himself, still rode on horseback to his churches, and preached as in days of yore. His home was about three miles from the present site of Landrum City, on the Spartanburg and Ashville railroad, and, having previously supplied, by weekly appointments, the Wolf's Creek church near this place, he now made arrangements by which he was enabled to assume regular pastoral charge of the church and supply it on its regular Saturdays and Sundays. This charge was not relinquished until death. It is a fact worthy of mention that about this time he was

offered a considerable salary to supply a church in the county town of a neighboring county; he declined the offer on the ground that his own people near his home needed his services and that his first duty was to them. Indeed, through life, he was remarkably adapted to preaching to country churches and country congregations, and he had the good judgment to know that in his own appropriate field, among those who had known him and loved him so long, he could accomplish more for his divine Master than among strangers whose acquaintance was yet to be cultivated and whose sympathies were yet to be enlisted. So

“Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
And ne'er had changed, nor wished to change his place.”

The Wolf's Creek church was established in 1803, as an arm of the Green's Creek (N. C.) church. The first records mentioned it as having met “in society,” from which we infer that it began operations under a sort of organization, hardly deserving the name of church. The first pastor was Rev. John Blackwell, who seems to have served the church for a long period, as he emigrated to the West in 1832 or 1833, and no other pastor is mentioned in the records until about that time. The subjects on which he preached are frequently recorded, and we are led to believe that he was a man of ability and of great faith and earnestness.

For thirteen years succeeding John Blackwell's pastorate, Rev. William Harmon was the pastor. He was venerable in years, and near the close of his ministry,

the church called Rev. Jesse Center as "assistant pastor," "Father Harmon," as he was called, still being considered as the pastor of the church.

As early as 1846, Rev. John G. Landrum preached to the church on stated days in the week, and under his preaching many accessions were made to the membership. Then Rev. Samuel Gibson and Rev. Lawson Padgett, until the close of the year 1849, when Rev. Jesse Center returned, and supplied the church until the close of the year 1852. The church then was three years under the ministry of Rev. John G. Landrum; three under Rev. T. J. Earle; three under Rev. A. J. Cancellor; one under Rev. B. Page; and three under Rev. L. Vaughn. We note that during several of these years, Mr. Landrum preached regularly to the church once a month, on some day in the week.

The records mention the preaching from time to time, of others whose names are now scarcely known to this generation; such as Joel Zacheus, David Blackwell, Hugh Henderson, Thomas Grogan, Josiah Durham, Thomas Rice, William Christopher, John Bankston, and others.

The church in its early days seems to have devoted a good deal of time to matters of discipline, and to the discussion of important doctrine and duties. Drunkenness was the great stumbling-block and barrier to the church's progress, but the records show that this sin was neither connived at, palliated, nor excused. Many good men were excluded from the fellowship of the church, who afterward made satisfactory acknowledgments, and became very useful and faithful members.

It was a practice at the opening of each conference to call for the "fellowship" of the church. All who were in full fellowship, at a signal from the moderator, were required to hold up their right hands. Those who did not respond in this way, were expected to rise and explain. This practice opened the way for many confessions, charges, criminations and recriminations, and often led to very serious results. The practice was not discontinued, however, until about the beginning of Rev. T. J. Earle's pastorate, in 1857.

In the record of December 27th, 1827, appears the following entry: "Church met in conference, and, after divine worship, took into consideration the ordinance of washing of feet. After investigation of the subject, finding the church not all of one mind with regard to that ordinance, and believing it to be our duty to bear with one another in these cases, in order to keep the unity of the spirit and the bonds of peace, we agree to leave it discretionary, and that it may not appear as a bar in the church, request that all members keep their seats at such time. Unanimously agree to bear the church's request to brother David Blackwell."

The first house of worship was a small log house near the banks of Wolf's Creek, from which the church took its name. In the course of time, another house of larger dimensions, but still of forest logs, was built about a mile from the original site; then, in 1855, the present framed building was finished and dedicated.

The building of the Spartanburg and Ashville railroad, and the location of the town of Landrum near the



church, have been the means of adding greatly both to the congregation and church membership.

The Sunday-school work of the church of late years, has been conducted very successfully, owing in a large measure to the earnest efforts of E. Alverson and T. E. Prince, the former of whom is a deacon of the church, and licensed minister of the gospel. The latter is also a deacon.

The church, since its organization, has received by letter and by baptism, an aggregate of six hundred and fourteen members. It has excluded seventy-two, and restored thirty-six. The records show periods of great coldness. During the six years following 1840, only one person joined the church by baptism. During the ten years following 1854, one hundred and twenty-five persons were baptized.

Time and space will permit us to mention only a few of the men who have been identified with the church's history.

One of the original founders of the church was Hugh Henderson. He was born in Ireland, and reared by pious Presbyterian parents, but he became a Baptist, and was one of the first deacons of Wolf's Creek church. He was licensed to preach in 1807, and ordained in 1821. In the church records of 1837, he is mentioned as "an old and beloved father in the gospel." He was for several years pastor of the Boiling Spring church. His body has long since mouldered in a deserted and forgotten grave, while his soul no doubt is flourishing in immortal youth and still expanding into wider useful-

ness and mounting to higher spheres in the mansions of the blest.

William Harmon has already been mentioned as pastor of the church for thirteen years. He is represented as having been a man of limited education, but of sound sense, and possessed of a rich fund of practical information. He was earnest and faithful in his calling, and was considered, in his day, a good preacher. He, too, lived to a good old age, and died without a stain on his good name, in the full anticipation of a bright immortality.

David Blackwell, Thomas Grogan, and Benjamin Page, previously mentioned as preachers, were all members of this church, and were ordained by it to preach the gospel. The last named lived down to the present times, having been dead only a few years.

Among the deacons who have served the church from time to time, we note the names of Thomas Rice, William Christopher, Jefferson Barton Page, Josiah Durham, Joseph Davis, James Page, Henry Grogan, Robert Talley, S. W. West, Pleasant G. Page, and Young O'Shields. The first clerk was Baylis Earle, already mentioned as the grandfather of Mr. Landrum's second wife. He is represented as having been a man of more learning than was usual for his day. The names of his two sons, Theron and Aspasis would indicate that he was familiar with Plato. Tradition has it, too, that he was very outspoken and decided in his views, often making issues with the preachers themselves, on points of doctrine. It is told upon one occasion he informed a

preacher after services that he did not like his prayer that day. The preacher promptly replied, "I don't care if you didn't, for I did not pray it to *you*."

William S. Mills, a lay member, was a man of large means, and by his liberality contributed much to the financial prosperity of the church. He bore a considerable part of the expense incurred in the erection of the present house of worship.

The following members lost their lives in defence of their country during the war: Jefferson B. Page, John E. Hall, Pleasant G. Page, J. H. Daniel, A. A. Rudisail, W. M. Bowling, Jonas Saunders, E. W. Jackson, S. W. Hannon, G. W. Hall, William Townsend and John Wofford.

About the time Mr. Landrum took regular charge of Wolf's Creek church, he also resumed the charge of Mount Zion and Bethlehem. It will be remembered that he had given up these charges in order that he might serve other churches, and the separation, like many other earthly separations, had proved to be of much longer duration than had been anticipated. Mount Zion and Bethlehem always regarded him as their own, and if, at times, they were prevailed on to release him, it was with the understanding that the release was temporary only. They felt that they had merely *loaned* him for a time to other churches. He now returned to both and renewed the relations which had been formed in his boyhood—relations which were neither severed nor interrupted again until his death. He now gave his Saturdays and Sundays to the three churches named and

New Prospect, and with these charges, and the cares of home and his farm, his duties began to run in something like weekly, monthly, and yearly orbits, with seldom an incident or tangent to break the completeness of the circle. His closing years came on kindly and softly, and though the current of life was still broad and deep, and moved with majestic force, yet its flow was noiseless, and scarcely a wavelet ruffled its placid surface. We do not mean to assert, however, that with the advance of years, Mr. Landrum sank into a state of indolence and luxurious repose;—far from it. His field was as wide as ever; his appointments were met with the same promptitude that had been characteristic of his early days; and whatever enterprise was inaugurated for the public's good, was sure, if approved by his judgment, to enlist his sympathy and active support. But we mean to say only that the vigor and impetuosity of his early manhood were tempered now by the wisdom of age into a quiet energy, that moved with less demonstration along the well-beaten paths of experience. He was the trained veteran that no longer became excited at the sound of the battle.

His children one after another married, and left the family altar, until his youngest child alone remained. Then when the little town called by his name sprang up on the Spartanburg and Ashville railroad, he secured some lots, and built a comfortable residence, and again changed the place of his abode. His son Furman and wife kept the house, and he himself came and went as duty and inclination required. His youngest daughter,

Miss Nannie, being now in girlhood, was kept away at school a good part of the time. He became strongly attached to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Furman Landrum, and in his will, executed awhile before his death, he did not forget to bequeath her and her children the beautiful home, which she had made to him so pleasant and attractive.

He had taken an active part in organizing the Spartanburg and Ashville Railroad company, and had helped with his means and all of his influence to build the road, and it was in acknowledgment of his valuable services that his name was given to the little mountain town, to be perpetuated through all the coming years.

The causes which led to the dissolution of the Tyger River Association, and the part that Mr. Landrum acted in that event, have already been detailed.

In August, 1876, the churches composing the Spartanburg division of that association, with several churches from the Broad River Association, met by their representatives at New Prospect, and organized the Spartanburg Association, adopting, with some unimportant alterations, the same constitution and rules which had governed the Tyger River through all its history.

Many of the delegates came up to New Prospect in no very good humor, or devout frame of mind. Some of them were hampered by peculiar instructions from their churches, and were prepared to make peculiar and exorbitant demands. It was feared by some who had the good of the cause at heart, that it would be very difficult, under the existing state of feeling, to effect an

harmonious organization, if indeed an organization could be effected at all.

It was fortunate under these circumstances that there was one man present in whom all had confidence—whom all honored and revered. By a common impulse, as it were, Mr. Landrum was unanimously chosen temporary chairman, and after a few words of explanation as to the object of the meeting and a few affectionate, fatherly admonitions, he proceeded quietly and industriously to the organization, calling for the church letters and having the names of delegates enrolled, as if the Association had been in existence from time immemorial. There seemed to be no place for objections and no opportunity for discussions; the turbulent brethren brought forward their letters and answered to their names when called as the others, and the organization was speedily and quietly completed. It was like Neptune in the *Æneid* raising his placid head above the troubled waters, while the angry billows sank into repose, and the raging winds hushed their howlings, and were lulled into peaceful rest.

The Association was then permanently organized by electing Rev. John G. Landrum, moderator; A. B. Woodruff, clerk; E. S. Allen, treasurer; and took its position among its sister Associations of the State. Its career of nine years, we trust, has been productive of good and conducive to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom on the earth. It is now composed of twenty-seven churches, representing at last report an aggregate church membership of four thousand one hundred and ninety-three.

At the meeting of the Association in 1879, information was received through Major Thomas Bomar, to the effect that Hon. Peter Cooper, of New York, had intimated a willingness to donate the celebrated Limestone Springs property, or so much of it as was in his possession, to some religious or benevolent incorporation, to be used by them for educational purposes. Mr. Landrum was appointed chairman of a committee to confer with Mr. Cooper, and the final result was that Mr. Cooper donated the property, valued at \$22,000, to the Spartanburg Association, with the provision that it is to be used for purposes of education. The Association was then incorporated by an act of the Legislature, a board of trustees was elected, with John G. Landrum as President, and in the fall of 1881, the famous Limestone Springs Female High School was re-opened under the name of "The Cooper-Limestone Institute for Young Ladies." Mr. Landrum worked indefatigably for this enterprise, and gave to it the best energies of his declining years. He was through life an earnest advocate of education. He was one of the trustees of Johnson Female University, and served on the board of trustees of Furman University for a period of fifteen or twenty years. The Cooper-Limestone Institute was the pet of his old age, and he lavished upon it the affections of his great heart and gave it his best thoughts and his most fervent prayers. During the last seven years of his life he preached to the Limestone church on every fifth Sunday, reaching it from his home at Landrum by rail, a distance of some fifty miles.

The last sermon John G. Landrum ever preached was at Wolf's Creek church, on the second Sunday in January, 1882, from the text, "Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men." He preached to a crowded house, and it was generally remarked that he displayed unusual earnestness and emotion. He spoke of his friends and brethren who had gone to their reward, whom he said he should soon join; of his deceased wives, the mothers of his children, whom he would meet in heaven, and made an earnest and affectionate appeal to the unconverted, assuring them of the deep interest he felt in their welfare and his heart-felt desire that they should be saved.

On the next Tuesday night he made his last public prayer. Rev. Milnor Jones, of the Episcopal Church, engaged in missionary work in the mountains, failed to reach Landrum Station on Tuesday morning in time for the train, and was compelled to remain over until the next day. He made an appointment to preach at the academy that night. Mr. Landrum invited him to his house and accompanied him to the academy. After the sermon, Mr. Landrum closed with prayer. Several who heard it, remarked that it was one of the most fervent and feeling petitions they had ever heard. Mr. Jones writes: "Rev. John G. Landrum closed the exercises with a prayer of unusual eloquence and power, and even how much more would we have appreciated it, had we known that this was his last public ministration—that the lips which there pleaded so earnestly before the throne of grace, would soon be cold and dumb in death."



As it is, I shall always be thankful to our God and Saviour Jesus Christ that I was included in his last prayer, and received the blessing of his last benediction."

On Friday following the meeting, Mr. Landrum complained of heart-burn. His son, Furman, gave him a little soda, which seemed to relieve him. On Friday night he ate a hearty supper, and was taken very sick during the night. His son, Dr. J. B. O. Landrum, was sent for, who came and found him suffering from extreme nausea, with constant disposition to vomit. Aside from this he complained of a severe pain in the chest, such as, he said, he had never felt before. Dr. Landrum promptly administered an emetic, and he obtained partial relief. Dr. Landrum called in Dr. George R. Dean, and when he arrived, it was thought that he was better, and from that day till his death he seemed to be improving. Dr. Landrum, with his family, visited him again on Sunday and found him still seemingly better, but complaining of a lurking pain in the region of the heart. He was disposed to talk a great deal about death—said, so far as his preparation was concerned, he had made up his mind long ago that he was as ready as he ever would be. "But oh!" he exclaimed, "there is so much work for me to do!" He added: "But when I do die, I shall not plead my own works, but the merits of a crucified Saviour, and I shall die an humble penitent at his feet."

Dr. Landrum thought it not best to encourage him to talk about death, so the subject was changed, and the rest of the day was passed in cheerful conversation.

Dr. Landrum visited him again on Monday and found him sitting up and apparently doing well. He himself thought that he would be able to meet his appointment to preach on the next Sunday. Tuesday and Wednesday he remained about the house, and, as he did not complain much, the family thought he was getting on well, and that he would soon regain his accustomed health and spirits.

On Wednesday night his youngest daughter, Miss Nannie E. Landrum, read to him, as she was accustomed to do, for a considerable length of time, and he listened attentively and seemed to enjoy her reading. She read from the county papers, Harper's Monthly, and Jenkins's Life of John C. Calhoun. When his daughter arose to leave the room, he took her upon his knee and talked long and tenderly. He spoke of the probability of his early death, and told her all his plans for the arrangement of his worldly affairs. He then spoke of the goodness of Providence in bringing her up to be the comfort and happiness of his old age, and, after some wise and affectionate words of counsel, he bade her go, and they both retired to rest.

On Thursday, 19th of January, he arose about in the same condition of body and mind as he had been in for several days. He did not seem to be perceptibly improving, and yet he was certainly apparently no worse than he had been for the last five days. After breakfast he directed his son, Furman, to go down to Spartanburg and attend to some business that was weighing on his mind, and added: "Be sure to come back to-day,

Furman, for I may not live more than a day or two. However, I hope the Lord will spare my life at least one year longer." He was inclined, as he had been for a week, to talk much about death. To a visitor who spoke of his long and useful labors, he said, "I am depending solely on the merits of Jesus Christ to save me. I have done nothing." The day was bright and pleasant—about the only such day in the month of January. Toward noon he walked out to a place some three hundred yards from his dwelling, where he had some hands employed in cutting wood. The woodcutters say that he came up to them, stopped, looked up at the sky, and turned and walked away without saying a word. On his return to the house it was remarked by those who saw him that he seemed to be very much exhausted. He went into the house and said to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Furman Landrum, "Fannie, it is past twelve o'clock." Mrs. Landrum replied: "Yes, pa, do you want your dinner?" He answered: "Yes, I am hungry."

Mrs. Landrum left the room to hasten the preparation of dinner, while he walked toward the back piazza, remarking in her hearing, as he went, "This is a sweet, beautiful day." These were his last words. In a few moments Mrs. Landrum heard the sound as of a heavy fall, followed by a long, deep groan; and running to the back piazza, she found him lying motionless on the floor. She attempted to revive him, but life had departed. She called, but the trumpet-toned voice of John Gill Landrum was hushed forever. Fifty-two years a preacher

of righteousness ; seventy-two years in the battle of life,  
and never found wanting. Such is the record.

“Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ,  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master’s joy.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

INTERMENT AT MOUNT ZION—EXPRESSIONS OF SORROW FROM THE PRESS AND THE PEOPLE—CHARACTERIZATION AND INCIDENTS.

MR. LANDRUM'S body lay in his house all the next day after his death, while many sorrowing friends came thither to gaze for the last time on his familiar face, now cold and placid in death; and the news spread rapidly in all directions carrying anguish and bereavement to hundreds of warm and devoted hearts. On Saturday, the second day after his death, the officers of the Spartanburg and Ashville railroad dispatched an early train from Hendersonville to convey his remains down the road to Mount Zion for interment; and with considerate kindness, attached an extra coach to the train in order that all who might wish to attend the funeral services should be accommodated. Mount Zion is about three miles from the nearest point on the railroad. The day was cold and stormy. From morning until night, the rain fell incessantly, and the winds moaned through the forests and howled across the open fields, as if they, too, had caught the spirit of sorrow or had suddenly become wild with grief. But notwithstanding the inclemency of the day, the Mount Zion people turned out and met the cars with a sufficient

number of vehicles to convey all on board to the church. The crowd at the church was so large, that even standing room in the house could not be obtained by a great many, and after filling the aisles, doors and windows, many stood out in the drenching rain while the funeral services were going on. Dr. James C. Furman had been requested to preach on the occasion, but owing to unavoidable circumstances, could not attend. Rev. Thomas J. Earle, with a heart full of emotion, addressed a few solemn words to the assembled multitude and offered up a devout and humble prayer ; and Rev. R. H. Reid, an eminent and honored Presbyterian minister, the pastor of Nazareth church and founder of Reidville and the Reidville Female College, who had ridden some fifteen miles through the wind and rain to take a part in the obsequies, delivered the address, which is to be found in this volume.

At the close of his address, the corpse was borne to the church-yard by pall-bearers selected from each of his four churches, and tenderly consigned to its mother earth. As the grave received all that remained of John G. Landrum, it was all in keeping with the spirit of the occasion that the heavens should be darkened and the clouds should weep and the winds should howl a solemn dirge.

It would be out of place to notice here all the letters of sympathy and condolence which were received by members of Mr. Landrum's family when the fact became known that he was no more. But it is especially pleasing to notice some of the tributes of affectionate esteem,

which came from those who differed from him in points of doctrine and articles of religious creed. Beside the honest, loving tributes paid to his memory by Mr. Reid in two public addresses, from various others came voluntary testimonials to his worth as a man and to the high estimation in which he was held as a minister of the gospel. We have already quoted from Rev. Milnor Jones, of the Episcopal Church. Hon. John H. Evins, of the Presbyterian Church and member to Congress, himself soon to be cut down in the prime of his manhood and usefulness, in a letter to his wife from Washington, written in the midst of pressing duties with no thought of its ever becoming public, said: "Your letter gave me the first intelligence I had of Mr. Landrum's death. I always had the highest regard for him, and few men, in my opinion, have done more good in the world. I think he was the first preacher of any denomination (except the Presbyterian) that I ever heard preach. The news of his death made me very sad, and brought up a crowd of recollections running back through many years. I think Spartanburg owes him a great deal and should, in some suitable manner, strive to perpetuate the memory of his good works."

The following letter from Dr. B. F. Kilgore, also a Presbyterian, was addressed to Dr. J. B. O. Landrum, under date of January 24th, 1882:

"MY DEAR SIR:—I am unwilling to allow the occasion to pass, sad as it is, without writing to you. It is with deep sorrow that I have heard your honored father

and my much-esteemed friend has passed away. Full of years as well as honors, he has left perhaps more friends behind him than almost any man who could have gone. No one, I am sure, in our county or in upper South Carolina, was more revered and loved.

“I knew him nearly fifty years ago, when I was but a boy, and he was quite a young man, in his ministrations at Clear Spring church, Greenville county, and learned to love and admire him. In more mature years, I knew him as pastor of the Bethel church, where I and my family ever waited on his services with great pleasure and satisfaction. About this time, in my little political aspirations, I found him a warm and devoted friend. In the troublous times of 1860, we met as colleagues in the memorable convention which precipitated the late war. Having always advocated the same measures, we both buckled on our armor when the strife began, and hastened to the front. We were of the very few members of that convention who went to the field.

“In all the long period of my acquaintance with him, I have found him ever true, and equal to any position in which he was placed ; a warm and liberal minister attracting all denominations to him by his liberal views ; high-toned in all his opinions, both of church and state ; a man of whom it may be truly said, he was *sans peur et sans reproche*. \* \* \* It has never been more truly said of any departed one that ‘your loss is his gain,’ than in the case of my departed friend.

“Very truly, your friend,

“B. F. KILGORE.”



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Dr. James H. Carlisle, president of Wofford College, said, on hearing of his death : "The loss is irreparable ; there is not a man in all the world can take his place, and carry on his work." And yet Landrum was an uncompromising Baptist, and did more to advance the Baptist cause than any man that has ever lived in Spartanburg county ; and in some directions, more than any man that has ever lived in the State of South Carolina. The above tributes are not those that are paid to time-servers and compromisers. They are the voluntary offerings that the true and good, of whatever name or creed, bring to the shrine of genuine manhood and departed worth.

It is true, Landrum was no controversialist. It is doubtful if during his whole life, he ever once gave or accepted a challenge to controversy on any point of religious doctrine. In the great themes of the atonement of Jesus Christ, of salvation by grace, of the utter depravity of the human heart, of repentance, regeneration, the goodness, mercy, long-suffering, wisdom, holiness, and justice of God, and such kindred themes as proceeded from them, he found ample scope for all the powers of his mind and heart.

In vindication of the wisdom of his policy, as well as for the benefit of those who seem to think that it is the duty of a preacher of the gospel to be continually advocating the views of his own denomination, and attacking the views of others, and who are in danger of mistaking denominational zeal for the true spirit of the gospel, we will relate one or two facts.

When, in 1831, Mr. Landrum, then twenty-one years of age, took charge of New Prospect church, that church numbered about eighteen members all told, with a little log hut for a house of worship, and everything in the surroundings tending to discourage the hope of speedy growth and prosperity. At the same date, the North Pacolet Presbyterian church, located only three or four miles away, was in a most flourishing condition. Its membership consisted of one hundred or more, and was made up of the best families of the country. Many of its members were persons of wealth, intelligence and social influence.

Over fifty years have passed, and the wonderful growth of the New Prospect church and of the Baptist denomination in the surrounding country has been detailed. But that is not all. In the march of those years, the North Pacolet Presbyterian church went down, its membership dwindled and finally became extinct, and the church is now a thing of the past. The old members died and many of their children and grandchildren were converted under the preaching at New Prospect and joined the Baptist church. Again, three miles south of Mount Zion was Foster's Chapel, a Methodist church. It was one of the oldest churches in the county. Lorenzo Dowe once preached in its pulpit, and, in 1831, it was a flourishing church with a strong membership. If we are correctly informed, its white membership is now extinct, and the house is used for public worship by the colored people.

Three miles north of Mount Zion is Shiloh, another

Methodist church, which forty years ago was strong and prosperous, with a good house and an extensive camp-ground. The church still exists, but if we are correctly informed again, its membership has dwindled down to twenty-five or thirty, the camp-ground has been abandoned and the church is in a feeble and sickly condition.

We do not record these facts in a spirit of boasting, nor as evidences of the triumph of Baptist doctrines. There was little or no doctrine in the case, except the doctrine of salvation through Christ to repentant sinners. The results were attained through the earnest, protracted, well-directed work of one man for the cause of his Lord and Saviour, and all true lovers of that cause, of whatever sect or creed, will rejoice that the work was done.

Mr. Landrum was never a revivalist in the popular sense of the term. His preaching was of a character calculated to make people think and act, rather than to excite temporary emotions. Yet he certainly baptized a greater number of persons than any man that has ever lived in Spartanburg county. It is impossible now to state the number with any accuracy, but taking the fifteen hundred whom he is known to have baptized during his ministry at New Prospect as a base of calculation, it is safe to conclude that the whole number must have amounted to more than six thousand.

His manner of treating a subject in the pulpit was somewhat similar to that of Dr. Thomas Chalmers. He had but few points in a discourse, but these were strong ones, around which his mind seemed to move as if on hinges. No man ever understood better how to repeat

an idea in ever-varying forms of expression, each one of which advanced in regular climax toward the point of culmination, until it had been completely driven home to the hearts and understanding of his hearers. These repetitions were sometimes made with remarkable effect. The writer remembers, when a little boy, to have heard him preach a sermon from the text: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." He gradually rose in power as he advanced with his subject and carried his congregation with him. Having asserted the proposition that the works of the pious dead follow them here on earth as well as up to heaven, he began to detail, as illustrations, some of the scenes of the great revival of 1832-3, of which he himself had been a witness, and in which he had been a prominent actor. He told of one convert after another coming to the church and beginning to relate his experience by saying that he had been first awakened years ago by a sermon preached by Lewis Rector. And then another would come, saying, "I, too, was awakened by *Lewis Rector*," and still another, saying, "It was *Lewis Rector*," and when the meeting closed, to be resumed at some other church, it was the same story, *Lewis Rector*, *Lewis Rector*, and "I exclaimed," said the preacher, "well, surely Lewis Rector's works are following him." It is impossible to give on paper any idea of the effects produced in that case by the continued repetition of the name of Lewis Rector in such connections. It will be remembered that Lewis Rector

had preached all his life without seeing many tangible results.

Mr. Landrum's manner of delivery was peculiarly his own. Some of his gestures would appear awkward when judged by the set rules of gesticulation, and many of his figures, as well as his modulation and emphasis, might fail to meet the abstract requirements of school books, but from the moment he began, the interest of his hearers in the subject presented, increased; and as he proceeded, and the eye kindled from the glowing fires within, they forgot to apply rules, and every tone and every movement of his body seemed in perfect keeping with grand and mighty thoughts struggling for utterance.

He did not preach without extensive and thorough preparation, though after his early days, he never used manuscript or even notes. The notes mentioned in this volume were the helps of his youth, employed in the process of breaking himself to the harness. When this process had been completed, like Saul's sword and armor, they were thrown aside as hindrances, rather than retained as helps.

Notwithstanding he did not attempt to preach without preparation, yet on no occasion, in the whole period of his ministry, was he ever found unprepared. He seemed to be equal to the most unexpected emergencies.

About the year 1844 or 1845, he was sent for to preach on the occasion of the burial of Harrison P. Woodruff, at Woodruff. He arrived on horseback, having ridden a distance of more than twenty miles, only a few minutes before the time at which services

were to begin. He was informed after his arrival, that the dying man had expressed a desire that his funeral should be preached from the text, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and the mourning friends were anxious that it should be done. The preacher seemed not in the least disconcerted, but took the text and preached one of his most powerful sermons, dividing his subject into heads and arguing the immortality of the soul from Scripture and from nature, as systematically and powerfully as if he had had time to draw up a regular outline and to study each point in order.

At the Association on Sunday, when the vast crowd was gathered under the brush arbor, and the outskirts were in commotion; when men and women were passing to and fro all over the grove; when lovers and their sweethearts were laughing and talking all around in buggies and carriages; when horses were neighing and children were crying in many directions at the same time—here Landrum was "on his native heath."

His powerful voice rang out over the grove in the tones of a trumpet; the moving throng on the outskirts became still; the passers-by stopped; and even the light-hearted lovers in the carriages, sometimes turned pale and fixed their silent gaze upon the man who was wielding the powers of speech over all that multitude.

At the meeting of the Tyger River Association at Standing Spring, in Greenville county, in 1874, he preached the annual missionary sermon on Sunday under circumstances similar to those just mentioned. His text was from Revelation, "And I saw another

angel flying in the midst of heaven bearing the everlasting gospel.”

He was full of his theme and steadily rose in grandeur and power. He said he remembered the time when Adoniram Judson departed to Burmah, and when Luther Rice first traveled over the country to arouse the people to the importance of sending the gospel to the heathen. He then detailed the great and rapid progress that had been made in the glorious work; the triumphs of science, the spread of knowledge, the achievements of human skill and human genius, considering them all as but harbingers of the early conquest of the world for Christ.

The sermon was listened to with profound interest by a vast concourse of people, and when it was over an aged minister from another county stepped upon the platform, in the presence of the whole congregation, and lovingly embraced the speaker, while he and many others wept tears of joy.

Mr. Landrum never indulged in jest or levity, even in social intercourse with his friends, and he had no toleration for it in the pulpit.

Rev. John L. Norman, of Gowensville, is authority for the following: “Once at a camp-meeting at Holly Springs, there was a preacher present, who had created quite a sensation in some parts of the country by his preaching, and had had his own head turned by the injudicious compliments that had been paid him. He was appointed to preach, and began by saying that he would tell his congregation in the first place, how long

he was going to preach, as they had a right to know. He was going to preach *till he got done*. Then he said, he would not tell them where his text was, for he knew that they *wouldn't remember* it. He then proceeded to tell an anecdote. A preacher once took his text in Timothy, and a boy who had heard him, in attempting to locate the text for his father, said that it was to be found somewhere in *clover*. By the time the speaker had finished the anecdote it began to rain on the exposed congregation, and Mr. Landrum's patience was well nigh exhausted. He stepped forward in the midst of the confusion caused by the shower, and began to talk to the people. Leaning on the book board of the stand he told them to be quiet just for a few moments. It was true it was raining, and the arbor afforded but a partial protection, but there was a day coming when the rains would cease, and when there would be a rain of fire and brimstone, and many there would then fail to find the slightest protection against the fury of the storm." Mr. Norman says that he arrested the attention of the entire audience, and delivered a soul-stirring exhortation, even while the rain continued to fall.

We witnessed a somewhat similar scene at the meeting of the Tyger River Association at Head of Tyger in 1873. The last sermon at the stand was interrupted by a sudden shower of rain, and the congregation began hurriedly to disperse in the most informal manner. Just as the confusion was at its height, Mr. Landrum arose on the platform and called out in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard throughout the entire assembly,



“Keep quiet a few minutes longer. It is not going to rain much ; just a little, *just a little* ; and we will never all be together again in this world. I want us to sing one hymn to the glory of God before we part.” The effect was almost magical. It was like Neptune again stilling the tempest, or rather like Elijah commanding the clouds of heaven ; for just then the rain ceased, the sun burst forth in a blaze of light, and the hymn was sung by a thousand voices, with a zest and an enthusiasm which we have never seen surpassed.

An eminent theologian once said, “I never hear John Landrum preach, but I could almost weep over the fact that he did not receive a regular theological training.” So, more than one great scholar, while lost in the spell of the Cotter’s Saturday Night, or wrapt in the wonders of Tam O’Shanter, have bitterly regretted that the great Burns of Scotland was an uneducated plowman. They forget that the gratification of the wish implied by these regrets would have precluded the very cause that gave it existence ; and if Burns had been the man they now wish he had been, those humble strains so full of the sweets of nature, which go straight to the heart and awaken tones of responsive melody in every bosom not dead to human feeling, would never have been sung. It is idle, then, to indulge in any such regrets. One might as well regret that the lofty Southern pine, towering in the midst of the surrounding forest and answering the full purpose for which it was created, cannot by any species of engrafting, become the more durable oak ; or weep that he who stood up in the power of the Spirit of

God on the day of Pentecost, and swayed the surging thousands at his feet, was not Paul instead of Peter. Beside, Landrum was emphatically an educated man, and what does it matter where or how his education was obtained. He was educated for a specific work, and his education was the more effective, because it had the increased power always gained by concentration. His library was full of choice books in almost every department of literature. Among these we have noticed nine volumes of Gill's Exposition, seven volumes of Henry's Exposition, Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge, Fuller's Works, Bible Dictionary, and concordances, commentaries and sermons in considerable numbers. His selections in history and biography were also extensive. He read Josephus a great deal and was well versed in Grecian and Roman history. He was through life particularly fond of histories of the American Revolution, and, of all that he had or had read, he considered Charles Botta's the best written and the most reliable. He read regularly the Congressional Globe and was fond of biography. It will be remembered that, on the night before his death, his daughter read to him from the life of Calhoun. He knew Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress almost by heart, and often interspersed his sermons with apt quotations from it. He never read novels nor poetry, except devotional poetry. Among the sacred poets and hymn writers, Watts and Newton were his favorites. He believed strongly in an educated ministry, and in the support of the Theological Seminary and higher institutions of learning.

The young ministers in the country always found in him a friend and counselor, and more than one of them have owed position and usefulness in a great measure to his unflinching support in the hour of trial. There was something beautiful in the kind and fatherly care which he bestowed upon them, and the filial confidence with which they approached him under all circumstances. He was particularly attentive to strangers who happened to be at any of his churches or in any public assembly with which he was connected. There was a peculiar cordiality and a hearty affection in the shake of the hand which he would give to the stranger that reached his heart, and made him feel at home. Rev. E. L. Archer, a young Methodist minister, in a talk to the County Sunday-School Convention, in 1882, a few months after Mr. Landrum's death, told how this cordial grasp of the hand had once impressed him. He had happened upon one occasion to be in one of Mr. Landrum's congregations, in which he had few or no acquaintances. He was not even personally acquainted with Mr. Landrum, and was feeling keenly the embarrassment of his situation when, at the very first opportunity, Mr. Landrum came to him with a kind word, a cordial welcome, and warm grasp of the hand. Mr. Archer added, "I shall never forget that *shake of the hand.*"

He had remarkable tact for tracing family resemblances, and for recognizing young people by their resemblance to their parents. In a sermon at New Prospect a year or two before his death, he mentioned

the fact that he had been preaching there for fifty years, and that those who first heard him preach were all dead, and he was now preaching to a new generation. "But," he continued, "I know you. I can read the lineaments of your faces, and tell who your fathers and mothers were, though I do not enjoy a personal acquaintance with you all." He appeared at times to be absent-minded, but his memory was remarkably clear and tenacious. He never forgot an appointment with others, whether to preach, to transact business or to hold social intercourse. He never disappointed a congregation if in his power to meet them. The last sermon he preached at Mount Zion was on New Year's day of 1882. The ground was covered with snow to the depth of five or six inches, while a chilling north wind was shaking the ice from the trees, and driving the snow through the air; yet, seventy-two years old as he was, he drove seven miles that morning to meet his appointment. On the road he overtook an orphan boy making his way to church on foot. He took him into his buggy and said, "Well, I'll have *one* to hear me preach, if no more." But his congregation that day was respectable in numbers, for the people knew he would be there. He was not only punctual to his appointments abroad but equally so to his appointments at home. The family knew the day and the hour of his return, and, if not providentially kept away, he was sure to be there.

The last Association he attended was the Broad River, at Corinth church, in the fall of 1881.

At the close of the morning session on Saturday, he,

with some other brethren, was going to leave, and he spoke to the Association some words of encouragement and fatherly advice. It is said that he seemed to be unusually affected, and that the brethren generally felt that they were listening to him for the last time. Rev. W. L. Brown, then of Gaffney, now of Paris, Texas, made notes of his talk as follows :

“In speaking to the ministers present with reference to training their churches to give to Christ’s cause, he said : ‘ My dear brethren, train your churches to give to all of our objects of benevolence ; and as they learn to give, they will love to give, and giving will become a positive pleasure.’

“In speaking of the short crops, the result of the very dry year, he said : ‘ You must give a part of what you make *this* year to the Lord. When you sell your corn and cotton this fall, though you may have but little left after meeting your liabilities, you must give a *part* of that little to God. You must not be in debt to God. You can’t afford to forget God in your contributions. Give freely, and trust Him to give back to you. Take God into partnership with you and see if you do not get along better. If God has given you a short crop this year, if you will take him into partnership with you, maybe he will give you a larger one next year.’

“In speaking of education, he said : ‘ An educated man is more useful, can do more good than one who is not educated. Send your sons to Brother Manly (Furman University) and Brother Patrick (Greenville Military Institute). You can’t do better than that. Send

your daughters to Brother Sam's and Brother Griffith. They have charge of the Cooper-Limestone Institute. We want to see old Limestone prosper as in the days of the past, and we believe we shall see it. We know all these brethren that I have mentioned to be noble, good men.'

"Then to all present, he said: 'Go to work, my brethren. Work in your churches; work in your Sunday-school; train up the young to love the Saviour. I am glad to see so many young persons growing up to take the places of us who are growing old. I am proud of the young preachers. I want them to do better work than the old ones have done. I pray that you may be more useful and train your churches better, and have better Sunday-schools than any of us have ever had. I am an old man now. Perhaps I shall never meet with this Association again, and I bid you all an affectionate farewell.'"

A year or two before he died, Mr. Landrum preached the funeral of Rev. Bryant Bonner, at Grassy Pond church in Broad River Association. The previous relations existing between these two men had been peculiarly intimate. There perhaps never were two men more unlike in some respects and yet more congenial in others. Bonner was endowed with a keen sense of the ridiculous, was fond of jokes and anecdotes, and being a superb mimic, he could keep a social party in an uproar of laughter for hours at a time. Landrum, as has been said, never had much relish for fun, rarely told a joke, and never indulged in merriment over the blunders and

mistakes of others. Somehow the two met about Buck Creek in early life, and a mutual attachment sprang up, which became stronger and stronger as the years went by, and age came on apace. Bonner was the younger by seven years. He had been baptized by Rev. James Webb into the fellowship of the Buck Creek church when he was about twenty-five years of age, and from the time of his conversion he had had strong impressions to preach.

Landrum took him by the hand, as it were, and advised, encouraged and strengthened him. He was, however, not ordained until 1852, ten years after his conversion.

Then the two friends met on still higher and firmer ground, and their souls became knit together as David's and Jonathan's were. Like David and Jonathan, too, they made a covenant, not with regard to their descendants, but to themselves. They made a mutual promise to visit each other at least once a year, while life should last. This promise was faithfully kept until Bonner received the summons to "come up higher," soon to be followed by him he had loved so well. In the blest abode to which they have been called, their earthly covenant is now perfected, and they dwell as members of one happy family, while their "mouths are satisfied with good things, and their youth is renewed like the eagle's."

At the funeral at Grassy Pond, Mr. Landrum said, with deep emotion, "I had expected Brother Bonner to preach my funeral;" and when he spoke of his death

before the Tyger River Association, he said, "He was a large man, with a large heart, large desires, large affections, and a large soul."

Mr. Landrum was the guardian of six minor children at the close of the war. The most of these were educated under his direction.

One of them, Miss Ann Chapman, graduated in Ashville, N. C., with the highest honors of a class of eighteen. Another, the wife of Maj. C. C. Turner, of Spartanburg county, S. C., when on her death-bed, clasped her arms around his neck, and in feeble, though loving tones, thanked him again and again for all the watchful care and fatherly attention which he had so kindly bestowed on her.

He was, moreover, a kind of neighborhood lawyer, being often consulted in regard to matters in dispute among his neighbors, and many were the cases amicably adjusted through his friendly advice, which had promised years of discord and litigation. He was familiar with many of the forms of law, and wrote a greater number of deeds, mortgages, wills, etc., than any man in the county outside of the legal profession has, perhaps, ever done.

His servants were greatly attached to him and most of them remained with him after they were set free and served him as faithfully as when they were slaves, always addressing him and speaking of him as "Master," and looking to him for direction, advice and protection.

He was emphatically a public-spirited man, and was



through life closely identified with all the public enterprises, both of a religious and secular character, that were undertaken by the people of his county. He was a born leader of men, and in whatever position he was placed, he was sure to command the respect if not the admiration of the people. But, after all, it was in the quiet, every-day home life, that his character shone with its purest radiance and his lovable qualities of mind and heart beamed with their softest and most enchanting lustre.

We shall offer no apology for introducing the following extracts from letters received from his daughters, as they are the pure and artless tributes of filial love, and will give the reader a partial picture of his home life, which we dare not attempt to paint.

In a letter from which we have previously quoted, Miss Nannie E. Landrum says :

“The manner of his death was in accordance with his often expressed desire. He dreaded to be a burden or trouble to any one, and many acts of attention from us were done under protest.

“We have often remarked father’s special fondness for little children. My brother’s children would cry for him when he left, and would welcome his return with shouts of joy. I remember that little Bessie, then three years of age, was away from home when he died. On her return, her first movement was to go to his room and enquire for ‘grand-pa.’ He continued till his death a habit begun in my childhood, and never came home from his appointments without bringing confectioneries

or fruit to my brother's children. His devotion to his family has impressed me most of all. He was conscious of our faults, but never spoke of them in the presence of the family. He always took the greatest interest in home, even when burdened with other duties. He supervised the garden ever since I can remember, and it was always his pride.

“He was fond of music, and rarely did an evening pass when he was at home, that he did not ask me to sing and play for him. I have often known him to slip quietly into the room, while I was practicing entirely unconscious of his presence. He read a great deal, and when he took up a book or paper, he soon became so absorbed in it, that no amount of noise or confusion would disturb him in the least. He thought a great deal of his books, but often loaned them or gave them away. I remember, on one occasion, when it was bitterly cold, and snow was on the ground, we begged him to miss his usual appointment at Bethlehem. He would not think of such a thing; saying that he felt like a mere boy in vigor and energy, and he went in spite of the cold weather and our remonstrances.

“Father was entirely free from fault-finding in the house. He never complained when things seemed to go wrong, and never failed to speak a word of commendation when they seemed to go right. He had little patience with hypocrisy. I remember to have once heard him express his indignation at the conduct of a very pious (?) family, who were religiously selling the

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revised version of the Scriptures at several times their usual cost."

Mrs. L. C. Compton writes :

"As a father, he was too indulgent. Always solicitous and anxious about his children's welfare, and distressed deeply if any of them were sick or unfortunate, he spared no pains to relieve them to the utmost of his ability. Nothing afforded him more pleasure than to see his children fond of each other, and to have them together at his house. It was his desire to have his children and grand-children take dinner with him during the last Christmas holidays, and he had a most excellent dinner prepared for them, and was greatly disappointed that they all could not be there. He told a little girl that he had seen seventy-one Christmases, and that he had no idea that he should ever see another one.

"There never was a kinder husband, and, as a proof of it, his first mother-in-law used to call him 'a woman spoiler.' He was always considerate, easily pleased, and not fault-finding. I kept house for him a number of years previous to my marriage, and, although I must have been very deficient, being young and inexperienced, yet I cannot recall a single instance of his finding fault of the table or his clothing. He always praised every garment I made for him. He was not at all choice or fastidious about his eating. He loved everything cooked in different ways, and although he enjoyed eating, having always a good appetite, yet he never wanted any special

preparations made for him, but was always solicitous to have a bountiful table spread for his friends. He was what we women call 'a good provider,' and never let things get scarce in his meat house. He was especially fond of vegetables and took a great deal of interest in his garden. Doubtless many of his old friends can remember how much pleasure he took in showing them over his farm and garden. He took notice, too, of the poultry, and always seemed to understand and fully appreciate woman's work. He required his sons to be ever kind and considerate to their sisters. He had a remarkably fine memory, even in little things. He scarcely ever took memorandum, but seldom forgot anything he was charged with, however small or insignificant it might be. He had but little patience with any one who forgot what he was charged with. A common saying with him was *I forgot is a poor excuse*. He never passed a joke, nor could he take one; yet I never saw any one enjoy natural witty expressions more than he. He could mimic the tones of voice of other persons, and all the family have that gift except myself. I have often known him to laugh heartily when he would hear his children mimic the tones of certain odd characters in our neighborhood.

"He was remarkably fond of little children, and never failed to take notice of every little child that came in his way. He enjoyed their sharp sayings and never forgot them. He would study the dispositions of those children with whom he was often associated, seemed to have a clear insight into their future characters, and enjoyed

speaking of whatever worthy traits seemed to be developing in them.

“He was on some occasions very severe in his censure, and *always* lavish in his praise. I have heard persons say, ‘Mr. Landrum can make one feel the best or the worst as he approves or disapproves his course, and he can excel any one in doing either.’ He had no patience with gossiping and was very prudent in his remarks about others. He had a distaste for slang and by-words, but he would sometimes say of a weak, little-minded man, that he was a *feremy diddle* kind of man; or of one who lacked concentration he would say, ‘he jumps from thing to thing too much;’ or

‘Thus to display his noble parts,  
I’ll rhyme it in a song;  
He’s everything by fits and starts,  
And nothing very long.’

“He was remarkably fond of music, both vocal and instrumental, and said he wanted some one to sing ‘Beautiful River’ for him when dying. He often repeated hymns, especially those of Newton.

“It was a great pleasure to him, as well as to us, to visit his children in his last days, and he did so very often. He spent a night with me not long before his death, and upon my inquiry next morning as to how he rested, he replied: ‘Oh! very well. I had such a sweet dream. I dreamed I was at Limestone church and had some candidates to baptize. We went to the most beautiful stream of water that I ever saw, to perform the

ordinance. It was as clear as crystal. Instead of singing and praying on the brink of the water as is usual, I went down into the water, and there went down with me, a man whom I did not know, and whose countenance was the most lovely I ever beheld. He sang and prayed and—such a voice! It was so sweet and everything around was so bright, beautiful, and enchanting that I became excited and awoke to find it all a dream.’

“On hearing my father relate this dream, I was impressed with the thought that he had caught a glimpse of heaven and that he would soon be called away from earth.”

Through several of the last years of Mr. Landrum’s life, he was conscious that he was growing old, and we think we are not saying too much, when we assert that he was as fully reconciled to the fact, which, to the vast majority of mankind, is a most unwelcome one, as it is possible for human nature to become. It is hard for the old, who have led the masses for half a century, and who have been recognized and honored through all the years of manhood, as the exponents of truth and wisdom, to see contentedly and complacently younger men with no prestige and no experience come to the front with new measures and new methods, and boldly ignore the treasured wisdom of age.

We do not say that Mr. Landrum was entirely exempt from all the trials that are peculiar to the old, and that he did not sometimes deeply feel and indignantly resent what he considered intentional disrespect aimed at him by those whom he regarded as novices and upstarts.

But his insight into human character was deep and keen, and when he had carefully weighed the motives and measured the principles of a man, he was ever ready, even to his latest day, to pay him all the respect that was due to his merit. It may be said to his lasting honor, that he retired gracefully from the scene of life, at a time and under circumstances which rendered a graceful retirement exceedingly difficult.

A year or two before his death he asked W. R. Lipscomb, a faithful member of the Limestone church, to tell him candidly if he thought his mental powers had failed to any appreciable extent, and to give him, as nearly as he could, the measure of his present capabilities. Mr. Lipscomb informed him that he had never seen any evidence of the decline of his intellectual vigor, except in the faculty of memory. He had noticed at times that his memory was not as good as formerly.

This question, asked in confidence of a long-trying friend, throws still more light on that honesty of purpose which ever dwelt in Mr. Landrum's heart, and which formed one of the prominent traits of his character.

Several years before his death, the Mount Zion church and congregation, reminded by the steady ravages of time upon his once strong and robust frame, that the period was not far distant when the beloved pastor would be removed from this scene of earthly turmoil, and wishing to preserve some fadeless memorial of him, as well as to exhibit some token of their love and gratitude, engaged Mr. Albert Guerry, South Carolina's distinguished artist, to paint a life-sized portrait of him,

to be placed in the church, and to remain there as the legacy of future generations. It is said that men who had never been known to contribute to the cause of benevolence or charity contributed liberally to this object, and the necessary amount, about two hundred dollars, was raised without any difficulty.

Mr. Guerry executed the portrait in masterly style, and it will look down from the living canvas on the congregations of men and women that may assemble at Mount Zion through the ages to come, a perpetual, though mute, reminder of a faithful and glorious life.

The fifth Sunday in April, 1882, was set apart by the Mount Zion church for the memorial discourse (to be found in this volume) of Dr. J. C. Furman, who, it will be remembered, was prevented from being present at the interment in January. We make extracts from an account of the day's proceedings, given by the *Baptist Courier* :

“Perhaps never before was such a crowd drawn together in South Carolina, on such an occasion. Long before the time appointed for public worship, on all the roads converging to the site, were seen long lines of conveyances making their way to the place of meeting. A large cemetery, substantially enclosed with stone, stands on the side of the road, opposite to that on which the church edifice stands. Through the open gate, groups of men and women were passing in and out, as sad and tender lookers at the last resting-place of him, who had been their life-long friend; their religious counselor and guide. The mound which marked his resting-place was



covered with floral decorations laid there by the hands of loving women. A stand had been erected for the accommodation of the preachers present, with a desk in front appropriately draped in black. Sittings had been provided for more than fifteen hundred hearers. These proved insufficient, and many were seen standing beyond the seats, while others occupied buggies and carriages, and the windows of the meeting-house adjoining. Different estimates were made of the number in attendance. The largest was that there were three thousand present. Greenville county and North Carolina and Georgia contributed to the crowd, which, of course, was mainly supplied by Spartanburg. Our Presbyterian and Methodist friends were not only seen in the audience, but were represented by ministers present. The services were opened with an invocation by Dr. Whitfield, the successor of Bro. Landrum in the pastorate of Mount Zion. Prayers were offered by Brethren M. M. Landrum, of Georgia, R. F. Whilden and R. H. Reid, of Reidville. Dr. Furman read the Scriptures and preached a memorial discourse founded on 2 Sam. 3:28. 'A prince and a mighty man \* \* is fallen in Israel.' After the singing of two stanzas, during which the congregation stood up, a eulogistic address was delivered by Bro. L. C. Ezell, of Bethel church.

“It was a pleasing feature of the occasion that a large number of colored people were present. As is well known, they are very rarely present on occasions of public worship conducted by the whites. It was a strong illustration of the worth of the venerable man of

God, whose obsequies were being observed; that their recollection of him, and their ineffaceable respect for his ministerial character, counteracted the tendency to segregation, which has been engendered and nursed by bad men, not really friends either to the black or the white. Another very noticeable feature of the occasion, was the perfect order that prevailed in the vast assembly, through the necessarily long service. Ordinarily it occurs that on the margin of the congregation's meeting out of doors, some individuals take license to engage in conversation during the progress of worship. Groups are sometimes seen apparently oblivious of the sacredness of the occasion. But here, in the great seated mass or among the standers on the edge, not a single act was done that did not comport with the solemn scene. There was a subduing influence felt on all minds. The thoughts of the sainted man, now forever lost to view at the very spot where his presence seemed almost a necessary part of a great convocation, where his noble voice and his manly tears had been wont to stir the best thoughts, and to touch the tenderest feelings—this thought made every one realize that the moments were moments of deep and peculiar interest.

“By a well-conceived purpose, the good people of Mount Zion neighborhood had provided bountifully for the throng of attendants, many of whom came from a great distance and would be anxious to return home in the evening.”

We will just add a few words to the above extract in regard to the supplemental address of Rev. L. C. Ezell.

Mr. Landrum had long regarded him with something like paternal affection, considering him a young man of great promise in the work of the ministry. He had watched his progress, measured his ability and formed a high opinion of his character. Then with that parental fondness characteristic of his associations with the young ministers whom he admired and honored, he had taken him into his confidence and affections, and had in various ways encouraged and strengthened him in his work. With a heart full of appreciation, Mr. Ezell spoke in glowing terms of the greatness and goodness, of the exalted piety and genuine worth, of the indomitable energy and towering ability of him who was now no more.

In August, 1884, Mount Zion was the scene of a still larger gathering in honor of the memory of the sainted dead.

The Spartanburg Association was holding its annual session there, and, in accordance with a request from a committee appointed by Mr. Landrum's four churches, suspended its regular exercises for a considerable part of one day in order to participate in memorial exercises held in connection with the dedication of a handsome monument, which four churches had erected over their pastor's grave.

The crowd present was estimated at from three to five thousand. Dr. George R. Dean, chairman of the committee from the churches, was master of ceremonies. Two addresses were delivered at the stand in the grove, after which the vast congregation repaired to the ceme-

tery. Prayer was made there by Rev. T. J. Earle, and the monument was then unveiled in an appropriate manner by Misses Lizzie Camp, Maggie Compton, Iris Jackson and Sallie Hughston. The whole ceremony was most impressive and will long be remembered by those in attendance. The shaft of the monument is about eight feet high, with a square base, each face of which contains an inscription from one of the four churches as follows :

East side (front):

MOUNT ZION.

To our beloved pastor of fifty years. He shared our joys and sorrows at the altar and at the tomb.

REV. JOHN GILL LANDRUM.

South side :

BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem's devoted pastor of thirty-six years. He led us into green pastures. He made ours a house of spiritual bread. From our hearts and homes God took him. His work remains.

North side :

NEW PROSPECT.

The faithful, earnest and successful pastor of New Prospect Church for half a century, now rests from his labors. A Prince and a great man is fallen in Israel. He being *dead yet speaketh*.

West side :

WOLF CREEK.

A searcher for the truth, he was among the first in the cause of Temperance, Sunday-Schools and Missions. Punctual, humble, self-sacrificing, he was devoted to duty through a long life. "Well done, good and faithful servant."

These were the last public honors paid to the memory of him whose life we have thus imperfectly portrayed. That life is a theme upon which we have loved to dwell, and our only regret is that we have not had more time to devote to the task which has been assigned us, and greater facilities for accomplishing it. Then, perhaps, we might have more nearly done justice to the theme. But "what is writ, is writ : would it were worthier."

## LINES IN MEMORY OF JOHN GILL LANDRUM.

*Suggested by a dream that visited the author the night  
before the announcement of his death.*

I saw him as he must have looked  
In early manhood's prime,  
With his dark locks still all untouched  
By the cold breath of time.  
Earth's frost had melted from his head,  
Age marred not his face ;  
His form, with years no longer bowed,  
Moved with youthful grace.  
He stood within the sacred desk,  
With countenance serene,  
Ministering the Master's Word,  
His soul with love a gleam.  
Full soon the vision of the night,  
Chased by dawn of day,  
Vanished, and I with sorrow read,  
"He hath passed away."  
Yet gladly I recall the dream  
Impressing this sweet truth,  
God's faithful servant now hath found  
*In Heaven, eternal youth.*

There he hath entered into rest,  
 Beyond death's darksome river ;  
*They that turn souls to righteousness*  
*Shine as the stars forever.*

Greenville, S. C.  
 Jan. 30, 1882.

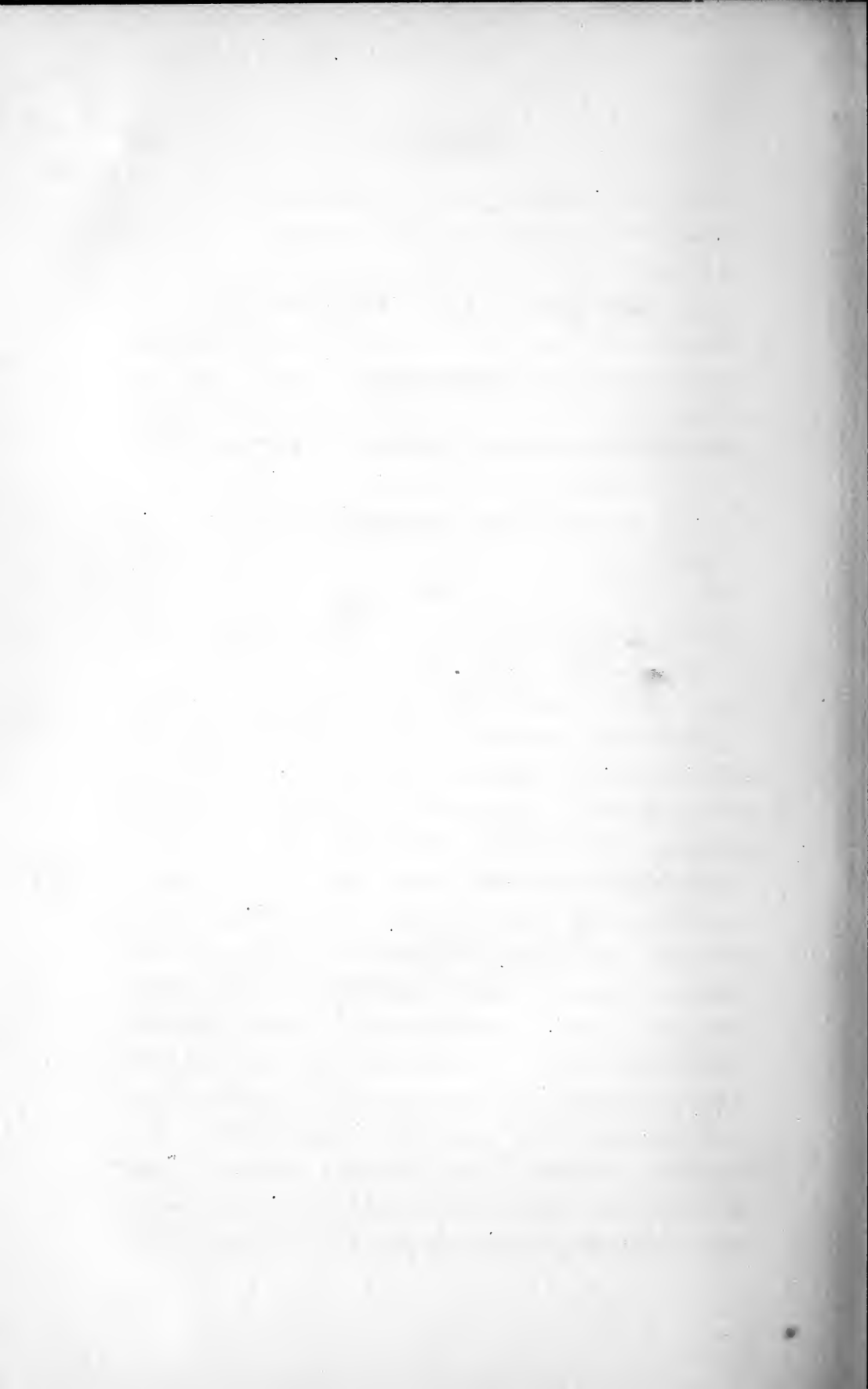
*A friend.*

### ACROSTIC.

BY PROF. A. S. TURNER, OF VIRGINIA.

Lo! A Prince in Zion has been ta'en away,  
 And mourners thread the streets day after day ;  
 No face is seen that does not deepest sorrow show,  
 Departed are our joys, and only bitter woe  
 Remains, since thou, oh ! counselor and friend,  
 Unto the grave art gone, and can no longer lend  
 Mankind thy sage advice—God pity on us send.

APPENDIX.





# MEMORIAL SERMON

DELIVERED AT

MOUNT ZION, APRIL 29TH, 1882,

BY JAS. C. FURMAN, D.D.

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TEXT:—Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel? 2 Sam. 3:38.

The first and crudest idea of greatness in man is that which appears as physical strength and powers. It is easy to see how in early stages of society and in narrow circles the possession of much more than the average share of bodily strength would make its possessor an object of notice. The legends of Hercules, whatever allowance be made for fabulous exaggerations, doubtless had their origin in matters of fact, and at the basis of those facts were the strength and courage of the hero. The feats and fame of Samson illustrate the same point. Goliath, of Gath, with his gigantic proportions, was a formidable menace to Saul's host. And when the valorous young shepherd from Bethlehem stepped dauntless into the field of combat, in cool defiance of his challenge, while religious indignation against an impious vaunt,

and faith in the God of the armies of Israel moved young David's heart, yet the perilous enterprise of courage was justified by his past experience of what skill and courage could, with God's blessing, accomplish in times when the implements of conflict were very different from those which the invention of gunpowder has brought into vogue, when there was no fighting at long range, when often the serried ranks met face to face, and the warrior could seize the beard of his foe with one hand, and with the other hold him to the blow, which should cleave helmet and skull at once. As an example of this, witness the contest between the servants of Ish-bosheth, and those of David. When Abner, the captain of the servants of Ish-bosheth, and Joab, the captain of the hosts of David, met at the pool of Gibeon, Abner said to Joab, "Let the young men now arise and play before us." Twelve being chosen from each army, arose, and each, catching his fellow by the head, thrust his sword in him, and they fell down dead. Witness also the battle between the Horatii and the Curatii, where the fate of each army depended upon the strength and valor of a few select men who were chosen from each army to decide it. Even in our own day, and especially in frontier or less civilized regions the professional bully acquires a notoriety, and exerts an influence ascribable mainly to the possession of brute force or brute courage. In like manner the prize-fighting, which even more than disgraces our civilization, is but an expression of men's tendency to merit in brawn and muscle, even when for purposes absurdly useless and confessedly demoralizing.

We have a higher type of human greatness in the capacity to acquire knowledge and its actual acquisition. "Wisdom is better than weapons of war." "A wise man is strong: yea a man of knowledge increaseth strength," are inspired aphorisms, which antedate Lord Bacon's famous saying, "Knowledge is power," and the almost equally familiar aphorism, "The pen is mightier than the sword." The universal acceptance of these and such like aphorisms show the concurrent judgment of mankind. Solomon's illustration is exactly to the same point. It is an immense peril averted, under great disadvantage, by the superior capacity of a simple man. "There was a little city, and few men in it," and therefore poorly garrisoned; "and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor, wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city." Ec. 9:14, 15. Great mistakes about the class of mighty men. They are hardly seen on the arena of affairs, and it is taken for granted that they are mere dreamers; perhaps mere drones. It is supposed that the quiet of the study is the repose of indolence. When the ear catches the rumbling of the locomotive, and the eye contemplates its majestic tread as it speeds its way, bearing along its freighted retinue over vast distances, with merchandise enough in a single train to stock a town—we are struck with the show of might. The joint work of road builders, and now of conductors and engineers and firemen and brakemen, and the vehicle, before us moving with more than strength, impresses us with the sense of

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power in action ; and we forget the silent thinking that lies back of the grand achievement. But who found the pathway for the iron horse through the defiles of the mountains, over sirbonian bogs, across lakes and rivers spreading like a sea? The quiet man of science dealing with abstractions, studying the problems of spatial magnitudes, or searching out the laws of nature's forces, is the prime worker in the stupendous movements. All traffic on land, and navigations of the seas, and polities of nations have been evolved, more or less wrought out by men who, to a large extent, worked out of sight. Alexander the Great overran empires, and for the time being was the observed of all observers, but his short-lived power sinks into insignificance in comparison with that of his Aristotle, who, as the expounder of the theory of thought, is to-day recognized by profoundest thinkers as a prime and a mighty man. The possession of knowledge makes a man a great man.

And this leads us to say that when to knowledge is added the power of expressing it, this is another element in a man's greatness. This may be done by writing or by speech. Valuable books have been written by men who could not speak. Cowper's diffidence prevented his accepting a lucrative and honorable position as a reader of certain papers in parliament ; but we know how sweetly and knowingly he could discourse in poetry and in letters. We know how musically the thoughts of Thomas Moore flowed, but he could not make a speech ; as has been said of him, "he could not think upon his legs." But when he who is a thinker

and a writer possesses the gift of speech, there is a great augmentation of power. The great men who moved our forefathers to the assertion of the independence of the colonies were great speakers. Without Patrick Henry and the Rutledges, and other men of like power, the hazardous enterprise could not have been undertaken. In later times the political legislation culminated upon a trio of orators—Clay, the impassioned declaimer ; Webster, the expounder of law with the aid of a finished and glowing rhetoric ; and Calhoun, the political philosopher, subjecting the principles of government to a severe Aristotolic analysis, and giving the results with the simplicity and force of true senatorial eloquence. In like manner, all over our great country, everywhere and every day, public affairs and private secular interest are attesting the controlling power of men who possess the invaluable gift of communicating thought and feeling by spoken language.

But secular interests are not man's highest interests, and the knowledge of philosophics and arts is not the most important knowledge. The earth may be explored, the depths of ocean sounded, and height of mountain measured, the laws of nature investigated ; the facts of political economy systematized ; the methods and means of curing disease may be ascertained ; travel, observation and reading may impart expanded intelligence, improved taste and refined manners—and the ends thus accomplished are exceedingly important. Delightful information, wealth, health and social enjoyment are precious boons, and yet they do not meet man's

greatest wants, nor satisfy his highest aspirations. If, having these and nothing more, he says to himself, "I am rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing;" then, in the highest sense, though he does not know it, he is "wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked." And this leads to remark

That the highest power lies in the understanding of divine truth, and in the ability to handle it successfully. Even what may be called the mere natural knowledge of Christianity, such as he has who only gazes on its surface, and its outward relation to society, is yet a grand possession: how much more so to understand it in its spiritual import. In the sense in which a life is a poem, the history of Jesus is the grand epic of the universe. Abraham, in indistinct perspective, looked toward it and was glad. Kings and prophets longed for the realization which passed under the eyes of men who lived in the days of the Incarnate Life. The very angels desire to look into the mysteries. "Redemption is the science and the song of all eternity. Archangels hymn its praise." The truth which it contains stands above all other truth in the height it sanctions; in its essential purity; in the breadth of its applications; in the exclusiveness and grandeur of the results at which it aims. Above the discoveries and inventions of science, and the deductions of reason, and the picturings of imagination, it is heralded with the announcement, "Thus saith Jehovah: O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord." The words which pour upon us from this high source are pure words, and therefore indestructible.

“Heaven and earth,” said Jesus, “shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.” They are words of wondrous power, for they affect man down to the very roots of his being. They are spirit and life, and control man’s conduct by changing his character. In doing this they work out a paradox;—they kill and then make alive: they lead through deep dejection, sometimes even by the very borders of despair to the sweetest hope and joy. Like the fire and the hammer on the rock, they break the hard heart, and yet fall with the gentle softness of the dew upon the penitent spirit: Working thus they impart a knowledge in comparison with which every other attainment is felt to be vain. We do not wonder that Paul should aver, “I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord,” for his Master before him had declared in his address to his Father, “And this is life eternal, that they should know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.”

In every human being who attains this wondrous knowledge, the elements of power exist. Even under the greatest natural disadvantages, the important inward reality will attest itself in some way. Thus it may be that the converted soul is the soul of a child, yet in that child’s simple carol you may hear the name of Jesus flow out with the sweet tremulousness of affection; it may be the soul of a deaf mute, and what the tongue fails to utter, the brightened eye will express; it may be the soul of a poor half-idiot, like poor Joe, who sat one day, by chance, on the doorsteps of Dr. Calamy’s church

in London, and heard the Doctor's text, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." From that day the poor imbecile was seen going about with gladness in his face, and when he was asked, "What makes you look so happy, Joe?" was always ready with the answer, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; and Joseph is a sinner."

Thus in the case of feeble powers and humble stations, the truth as it is in Jesus speaks impressively and savingly through the lips and lives of those who would be regarded as ciphers in great affairs, and as "a plowboy may show the road to a philosopher," private Christians, who, like Harlem Page, could not plan a sermon, or make a public exhortation, may speak simply, lovingly and effectively words that shall touch and guide and strengthen and comfort others more gifted than themselves. Aquila and Priscilla may be greatly helpful to Apollos. But when to the spiritual knowledge which sovereign grace bestows—the "unction of the Holy One"—are added those powers of mind and heart and utterance which fit one to melt and move men, and to do this on a broad scale, and through long, successive years, then we have "a prince and a mighty man," worthier of the title than he would be because he had royal blood flowing in his veins, or could boast gigantic strength, whether of body or of mind. The order of the terms in David's description is not accidental, but designed. It intentionally puts the strongest last. Some princes are in no sense mighty men, but all mighty men are, in some



sense, princes. The superiority of birth must not be paralleled with superiority of achievement.

On the other hand, the really mighty man does a princely work. He may have power with God and prevail like a prince. He may have power with men and become their leader in important ways, even in the highways of holiness.—The fall of such a prince and mighty man occurred, when, with the suddenness of Joab's blow against Abner, the hand of death struck off the dear and venerable man, whose departure has occasioned the gathering of this great sorrowing multitude. It would be a great satisfaction to me were I able to give a just analysis of the ministerial character of our lamented brother. Had I heard him preach as often as many of you have done, I should be better prepared for this work of brotherly love. But this privilege was denied me. For on my first coming into this section of the State, though I was frequently with him, yet being a visitor, the work of the pulpit was, to a large extent, devolved on me. And at meetings of the Tyger River Association, which we afterward attended as delegates, though he was invariably appointed to preach on the Lord's day, it sometimes happened that the great numbers in attendance made it expedient to divide the congregation. I was cut off from the opportunity of hearing him by having to preach at the same time. My deficiency springing from these causes, is, however, the less to be regretted because the work of depicting his character is in the hands of one who is very competent to do it, and who will do it with loving hands. And

yet without drawing on what he has already supplied to us of biographical incident, I may add a few things which may pass as personal reminiscences :

The first occasion of hearing him was previous to this period. It was at a meeting of the Bethel Association, perhaps in 1833, at Fair Forest church in Union district. In a capacious stand occupied by a large number of ministers, among whom were the tall forms of Thomas Green, Jonathan Davis, Thomas Ray, Ambrose Ray and Elijah Ray, each of them more than six feet in height, there was a youth of moderate stature, of fine face, over which emotion spontaneously flitted, with an indescribable nervous play upon the cheeks and an involuntary contraction and expansion about his eyelids and a gleam of expression from his eyes when anything fell from the speaker suited to call forth thought and feeling. It was John G. Landrum. When his turn came to speak, it seemed as if the attempt to reach so vast an audience must be beyond the capacity of his slender frame-work. But this illusion was soon dispelled. With a quality of tone for which we have no better word to express our idea than heartiness, he addressed the multitude, who hung with deepest interest upon his words. His text was, "Let not thine heart envy sinners," and in his description of the really pitiable condition of the ungodly, he touched the chords of deepest feeling in the vast assembly. We have seldom seen so large a mass of human beings so swayed by human speech. Men rose and stood and then pushed nearer the place where the young preacher was standing. A sea of upturned faces,

with eyes streaming with tears, and the audible sobs of women, sometimes rising in a wail that threatened to drown the speaker's voice, were evidences of his princely power. After this one exhibition, I was never at a loss how to account for it, that in his own Association, the Tyger River, the committee of preaching for the ensuing year would always assign him one of the important services, the Introductory or the Charity Sermon, and sometimes both of them. It might be said of him, as of the greatest of preachers, "the common people heard him gladly." A friend, now himself an old man, said to me lately, "I remember the first time I ever heard him. I was standing under a tree near Mount Zion church, and the text is indelibly impressed on my memory: 'The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory. No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.'" Another, who has a high relish for the right kind of preaching, told me that some twelve years ago he was returning, a young man of eighteen, to his home in Greenville, after an absence of days in Spartanburg, when he passed a church where a meeting was in progress. He was anxious to complete his journey, but concluded that he would hear a few words from Mr. Landrum, whom he had never heard. But all thought of leaving was soon abandoned, and if the preacher had gone on until night, he would have remained to hear him out, though it would have been necessary to ride miles in the night. At an associational meeting, held at Berea, he preached the missionary sermon. Sickness prevented my hearing him. Governor Perry, who was

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then editing the *Patriot*, referred in his paper to the glowing eloquence of this discourse, and my dear and honored brother, Prof. Edwards, whose fine judgment and cautious conscientiousness always kept him from extravagant expression in reporting the doings of the day, said to me, "Bro. Landrum preached a grand discourse: it was simply magnificent." Hundreds of such testimonies could easily be procured, but these, as samples, must suffice. The fact that the announcement of his preaching would draw a large congregation anywhere; the fact that he preached to large congregations at the same places through a long course of years; the fact that during his ministry he baptized five thousand converts, and the further fact that his churches would not have surrendered him as leader for any other man, bear witness that your deceased pastor was "a Prince and a great man." It would have been impossible for him to have gained and to have maintained such a hold upon the minds of others in the absence of superior intellectual powers. These he manifestly possessed. I was struck with this in conversation with him. More than once occupying the same bed with him, we almost consumed the night in delightful intercourse, in which I could not but admire the fecundity of his mind and the breadth of his views. In this way, more than by hearing him preach, I learned to respect his mental grasp and the versatility of his powers. There was an opulence of thought and an affluence of expression which in the presence of some things that denoted partial scholastic advantages, yet gave evidence that the

thinker and speaker belonged to that gifted class who are not wholly dependent on the schools. The matter of his conversation, if not like ingots of gold already subjected to the assayer's crucible, was yet like the native ore richly charged with the precious metal. But large original endowments are not the only conditions of a preacher's permanent hold on the interests of his hearers. "Heads that" will not learn "cannot teach." Our honored brother perfectly understood this, and acted accordingly. His son writes me word: "He was a hard student; he read a great deal and was a great searcher for truth. He was well posted in the history of the country and in general history. His library is full of splendid religious, historical and biographical books. He studied his sermons well; and he told me once that the people made a mistake in supposing it was an easy matter for him to preach. He said it always required an effort on his part, both in preparation and delivery; and that no one could preach without a prayerful preparation." Yet intellect and studiousness are not the only elements of a minister's acceptableness. Quite as important is the loving heart. Paul's compacted logic and rugged rhetoric gained force from his "heart's desire" and his tears night and day. "Speaking the truth in love" was the rule of his own practice, and the rule which he enjoined. By this rule our dear Brother Landrum's ministry was governed. How his great heart yearned for the good of others! Compassion for the guilty and the perishing, and tender regard for the image of Christ, even when seen amid the evidence of weakness and error,

gave its hue to his ministrations, and this serious and earnest tone of his spirit enabled him to steer clear of levity and acrimony. He could not be a joker and he could not play the pulpit pugilist. This kept him from controversialism and really enabled him to accomplish more for those views of Christian ordinance which he derived from the New Testament, than those men do who deem themselves special conservators of Divine truth—men who are ever goffed and trimmed for the arena of debate. His affectionate spirit was shown not only in the bosom of a family carefully provided for and indulged to the extent of his ability, but in his special interest in the young, in his kindness to the poor, in his large hospitality as a Christian bishop and his genuine politeness. You will indulge with the mention in this connection of two little incidents which illustrate his character in this last direction :

Toward the close of the war a heavy freshet had greatly injured the railroads, so that your speaker, instead of being able to return from Fairfield to Greenville by rail, was compelled to resort to private conveyance, and to make a detour by Shelton's Ferry, and on to Spartanburg. Two days' effort enabled him to reach that point by traveling in part on the portion of the W. & S. Road, which the storm had spared. From Spartanburg the next day in a one-horse wagon, the only vehicle that could be obtained, he set out for the home of our dear brother. On his way he met brother L. going to Spartanburg on business, but as soon as the latter learned the state of the case, he insisted, against

earnest remonstrance, in returning home in company with him, and entering tenderly into sympathy with the anxiety of an absent family with whom all mail communications were cut off, he provided horse and buggy and servant for the two days' trip, which was necessitated by the destruction of bridges. The other incident related to another person. It happened he was once thrown into the company of the late Dr. Johnson (W. B.) at the house of a common friend. After they had retired to rest, and the younger man had fallen asleep, he was awakened by the doctor's voice: "Brother Landrum, Brother Landrum," said the doctor, "can't—can't you, my dear brother, abstain from snoring? Unless you do, I cannot sleep." "Yes, sir," said our good brother. "And what did you do then?" I asked as he told the incident. "Oh," he said, "I sat up in my bed the rest of the night. I did not take a wink of sleep. I could not disturb so good a man as Dr. Johnson." Straws show which way the wind blows, and these incidents, little in themselves, are not insignificant as showing the real spirit of the man. They fulfill Dr. Witherpoon's definition of true politeness—"benevolence in little things." The mighty river has its head-springs, and these little bubblings of genuine kindness gleaming in the quiet work of domestic life, found a fit continuance in that stream of noble, public spirit, and earnest loving spiritual labor, which for half a century have gladdened and blessed this section of our State, as really as the fertilizing flow of the Pacolet or the Saluda. Lastly, I should fail of the great lesson of our brother's life, and

should do injustice to this occasion, if I did not mention his eminent prayerfulness. "We will give ourselves to prayer, and to the ministry of the word" was the resolution of inspired Apostles. It has been the history of all men, who as preachers have been pious and great men. Why this is so, is in one point of view obvious enough. Grant that success here pre-eminently is dependent on the divine blessing, and that the divine blessing is suspended on prayer—then the occupant of the pulpit who, failing to give God the glory, confides in his love and his oratory, may be surrounded by human admirers, but will yet in reference to the great proper ends of the Christian preacher, be like a windmill without the wind; like a steamer without an engine. "Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, and Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then, neither is he that planteth anything; neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." In harmony with the great primary law of efficient preaching, we may take what may be called a secondary view. When the preacher realizes that he is God's messenger to the people, when he enters into the thought, "We are laborers together with God: ye are God's husbandry; ye are God's building," when penetrated with a sense of his own insufficiency, he has been pleading for the sense of God's presence, and the help of his spirit; like Moses of old, he has been crying, "If thy presence go not with me, suffer me not to go up hence," there is a power greater than the mere natural magnetism of the secular



orator, which touches the secret springs of the soul, and makes the hearer feel that he is in contact with a man of God. Oh! to how many was it the privilege of our dear departed brother thus to speak! Like Moses from the sacred mount, with his face shining, so that the people felt that the glory of his countenance needed to be veiled, he has come to you with the awful solemnity and impressive tenderness of a legate from the skies, betokening his nearness and your own to the author of the glorious gospel of the blessed God. I do not wonder at the strong language of the Episcopalian missionary, at whose meeting at Landrum's Station our dear brother prayed in public, the last public service, by the way, he was ever to perform. For myself, I can say that not the least charming feature in John G. Landrum was his spirit of deep devotion. His prayers were in no sort what have been called preaching prayers, and yet had he done nothing but pray in public, he would have done more good than many preachers. But he has gone where prayer is no more needed. He now sees him, whom not seen he loved. He was faithful unto death, and has received the crown of life; and that crown he rejoices to lay at the Saviour's feet.

“Servant of God, well-done;  
Rest from thy blest employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.

“Soldier of Christ, well-done;  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.”

Brethren, remember the words he spoke to you, being yet present with you. Brother ministers, copy his edifying, his noble example. Impenitent hearers, remember that you have heard his last appeal to you—his last prayer for you. For you that harvest is past, that summer is ended, and you are not saved. Oh! hear its echo from the grave; the voice which has so often addressed you; and here in sight of his tomb, form resolutions which you failed to form in his living presence. Say in your hearts, Mr. Landrum's God shall be my God; Mr. Landrum's Saviour, my Saviour. Amen.

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#### ADDRESS OF REV. R. H. REID,

*Pastor of Nazareth (Presbyterian) Church, January 21st, 1882.*

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—The news of the death of your pastor, the Rev. John G. Landrum, reached me late last night, and sent a chill through my heart. The event was unexpected, as I had heard nothing of his declining health. Our work has intermingled in Mount Zion and Bethlehem congregations for thirty years. Our respective paths of life have occasionally crossed, not as often, however, as I desired. Our hearts have long been anchored on the same rock, the mercy of God in Christ, and our duties and trials have been similar.

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I have long since learned not only to respect and admire, but to love him as a co-laborer in the vineyard of our common Lord, whose heart was as true to Christ and His cause as the magnetic needle to the North Pole.

John G. Landrum was no ordinary man. As a citizen, he was public-spirited and liberal ; always throwing his influence on the right side in education and all railroad enterprises, and in everything looking to the welfare of the people of the county. When the cornerstone of Reidville was laid, a quarter of a century ago, he was present to make the opening prayer, and to invoke the divine blessing upon the new enterprise. I have seen him years ago, standing up in the Association, under heavy pressure, pleading in behalf of an educated ministry, for Furman University and the Theological Seminary then in Greenville, and admired his firmness and clear conceptions of the true interests of his church. He took a deep interest in all railroad enterprises of the county, and, as a compliment for efficient services rendered to one of these roads, a depot and thriving village bear his name.

I have had many glimpses of his character as a husband and father. He once pleasantly remarked to me, when conversing upon the subject of family religion : "I have shown my estimate of the views and practice of your church on this subject by selecting the mother of my children from your flock." He was kind and affectionate in his family. He told me, perhaps, ten years ago, that he had never received more than six

hundred dollars any one year from the churches to which he ministered; that, like Paul at Corinth, he had to make tents all his days for the support and education of his children. While laboring earnestly, zealously and successfully for the cause of Christ, he was not unmindful of his duties to his family, and labored and prayed for their welfare, both temporally and spiritually. The last words I ever heard from him were spoken in our County Sunday-School Convention, at Gaffney's, when he told us of his mother's Sunday-school in a log cabin in the vicinity of Nashville, Tenn., and of the particular lesson which impressed his boyish heart, the parable of the prodigal son. After giving a brief history of the Sabbath-school work in the county for the last fifty years, he closed with the following words, "I am an old man, standing on the verge of the grave. The last words I wish to leave with the fathers and mothers of Spartanburg are to train up their children in the fear and knowledge of God." His loss to his family is irreparable, and his prayers and example are a rich legacy to his children and grand-children.

His sermons were not controversial, but Scriptural and experimental. The chief feature that characterizes them was Christ and His cross. They seemed to have been steeped in that fountain which has been open in the house of David for all sin and uncleanness—always interesting and instructive, at times, eloquent and powerful. I will say for the Presbyterians of the county that they always liked to hear him preach, and had con-

fidence in his sincerity and piety. He was a Baptist by conviction, and I honored him for following his convictions. There was no difference between us in our views of the plan of salvation, the doctrines of grace and experimental religion. When he spoke on points of difference between his own and other evangelical churches, it was in a kind way, to which none could take exception. While zealous to win sinners to Christ and to advance the interests of his own church, he was not sectarian, endeavoring to pull others down, but always ready to help them when opportunity was offered. I remember, some ten years ago, I was conducting a protracted meeting at Nazareth, and having become discouraged, was hesitating about its continuance. When I reached the church on the fifth or sixth day, I found him there. He had been in the lower part of the county and was returning home. Hearing of the meeting, he had concluded to stop. After preaching for me at my request, he said: "Engagements ahead render it impossible for me to stay longer, but do not stop the meeting. There must be some interest where so many attend church during the week. Keep pegging away at them." I followed his advice, and the meeting resulted in a revival of religion in several families, and a goodly number of additions to the church. His usefulness was not confined to the Baptist Church.

As a pastor mingling with his flock, he seemed to enter by intuition into the situation and trials of each. None knew better how to utter the right word in the

right place; whether it was a word of sympathy or comfort, of rebuke or warning, or of advice in temporal or spiritual matters. I have heard it said that it was a rare thing for law-suits to originate in his congregations. What a grand thing to see such a man moving about among the families of a thousand members, dropping everywhere the right word in the right place! The wisest of men compares words fitly spoken to "Apples of gold in pictures of silver." Who can estimate the crop of good from the plantings, even of one laborer like him? Another has beautifully and truthfully said: "No lovely thing on earth can picture words of wisdom in all their beauty. They are the white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted from the islands of the blessed—green promise of the wheat that yieldeth angels' food—drops of crystal dew, which the wings of Seraphs scatter."

I once knew a guest of Job Johnstone, of Newberry, one of the ablest and most learned chancellors that adorned the bench of our State in *ante-bellum* times. The conversation turned one morning upon my old pastor, the Rev. David Humphries, of Anderson. The chancellor said he had long known him, and while he was not eminent in any one department of life, yet, taking into consideration his early advantages, looking at him from every stand-point, as a husband, father, citizen, preacher, presbyter, pastor; and considering his great influence throughout the Presbytery, he had deliberately come to the conclusion that David Humphries was one of the greatest men he ever knew. I have

often thought of the chancellor's judgment in connection with your deceased pastor. The two men resembled each other in many respects. He died in the church where he was ordained after a ministry of over half a century, the congregation desiring the services of no other while he lived. Like your pastor, whose cheerful and benevolent face you will see no more in this world, he was prompt to every call of duty. In the beautiful language of Goldsmith :

“ He watched and wept and prayed and felt for all,  
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way ;  
*Your* welfare pleased him and *your* cares distressed :  
To *you*, his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.”

Finally, in uttering these words, suffer me to say that I am not moved by any desire to flatter his family or his friends, but by honest conviction, after personal knowledge of him and his work, to some extent, for thirty years. A prince in Israel—a pillar of the church has fallen. His death is a great loss, not only to his family and the Baptist Church, but to the common cause of evangelical religion in the county. When I consider his long and useful life, his self-sacrificing labors, their effects under God upon the present prosperity of your church in this county, I feel that it is due both to him and to yourselves that you should perpetuate his memory, either by erecting a suitable monument over his grave, or better, perhaps, by endowing a professorship in some of your literary institutions to bear his name.

“ Why should our tears in sorrow flow  
    When God recalls his own,  
And bids them leave a world of woe  
    For an immortal crown?  
Is not e'en death a gain to those  
    Whose life to God was given?  
Gladly to earth their eyes they close  
    To open them in Heaven.  
Their toils are past, their work is done,  
    And they are fully blessed ;  
They fought the fight, the victory won,  
    And entered into rest.”



HISTORY  
OF  
BETHLEHEM CHURCH,  
SPARTANBURG COUNTY, S. C.

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The Church of Christ, with its pulpit, its prayer-meetings, its Sabbath-schools, its binding Christian fellowship, its wholesome discipline, and its zealous fervor for the glory of its divine Master, is God's organized form of resistance to the evil of this world, and the only certain means of reformation and regeneration. It is the citadel of God's moral power on earth. It is the purchase of his own blood. Its foundation stone is laid for eternity. Its faith and its hope abideth, its light, the light of the world, and its salt, the salvation of man. It is the City of the living God, placed "on a hill that cannot be hid," and its faithful laborers are never in vain. In order, then, to strengthen the confidence, and inspire the zeal of God's people, in future laborers, I promise to give a sketch of the history of what has been done through the instrumentality of one church, in the last seventy-two years.

The Baptist Church of Christ at Bethlehem, located

five miles south of the town of Spartanburg, was constituted in the year of our Lord 1800, by a Presbytery of Baptist ministers, consisting of Austin Cleyton, George Brewton, Joseph Camp, Royal and Barnett. The names enrolled in the constitution, were Robert Foster, Thomas Tinsley, Isaac Tinsley, Thomas Foster, James Crook, Sr., John Gideons, James Ridings, and others. Nearly all of the above-named were emigrants from Amelia county, Va., bringing with them, at the close of the Revolutionary War, much of the type and character of the true Virginian—all honest and industrious men, of plain, practical common sense.

Under the pastoral care of Rev. A. Cleyton, who was its first pastor, the Bethlehem church was greatly prospered—"the word of the Lord grew and multiplied." In a few years this little colony of Virginia Baptists had increased so in numbers and influence, that its congregations were immensely large. The people gathered from distant neighborhoods to this spiritual "house of bread," where they were fed with the food which endureth unto eternal life. Then there were but few Baptist churches located in the District of Spartanburg. These indications, given by Him who alone "giveth the increase," prompted the church to put forth branches in other localities. The present large and flourishing churches at Mount Zion and Holly Springs, were the first offsprings of the pious zeal and energy of the mother church at Bethlehem. Shortly after these, another branch was located on Gibb's mountain (a small eminence four miles west of Glenn Springs), through

the labors of Christopher Johnson, from which the Baptist Church at Philadelphia was constituted of members drawn from Bethlehem, Cedar Springs and Friendship churches. The latter church, now one hundred and four years old, was probably the first Christian church planted in the District of Spartanburg.

The Mount Zion church was fourteen years an arm, as it was then called, of the Bethlehem, before she had attained sufficient strength to be constituted a separate church. It had its house of worship and regular preaching, and by permission received members, but reported all its proceedings to the mother church. The Holly Spring branch remained for several years an arm, but was finally organized into a regular Baptist church. She may be said to be the eldest daughter of Bethlehem. She has been for many years a growing church, in numbers, intelligence and pious influence. Under the ministerial labors of Rev. T. J. Earle, she has been made to blossom as the rose.

The Mount Zion, from the period of her organization to the present, has been a flourishing church, embodying in her membership, from time to time, many excellent and influential men; she too, in her maturity, has put forth her branches. The Spartanburg Baptist church is a branch of the Mount Zion. The Oak Grove sprang from the Bethlehem. The Mount Calvary from the Holly Spring church. Thus it will be seen that the old Bethlehem (the house of bread) now hoary in the pious labors of more than three score and ten years, has fed her thousands with the bread of life—she has been

truly a fruitful vine of the Lord's planting. She and her branches have preserved a faithful record of their proceedings. Their lists of members from first to last, when aggregated, will amount to near four thousand names. Of the prominent men and workers in the Bethlehem church and her branches, we can only briefly notice those who have died and gone to their reward, and those who have, from time to time, emigrated to other States, bearing with them the standard of the mother church, to be planted in new and hitherto uncultivated fields of Christian labor. The amount of good accomplished by these pioneers in other lands, eternity alone will disclose. The year 1845 was marked by unprecedented droughts and failure of crops, to such a degree that the whole country was filled with distressing forebodings of suffering for bread. Many of the members of Bethlehem church were driven to seek homes in the West. Forty or more members received letters of dismissal at the same time and for the same reason. They were captives fleeing from famine. On the day of their dismissal from their mother church, they sat and wept on their seats long after the congregation had dispersed. They, and many others, found homes in the West, where they aided in building up other churches. We have already stated that Austin Cleyton was the first pastor. After a few years, he, too, removed to the West, where he closed the labors of a useful life.

He was succeeded by Rev. Thomas Bomar, an emigrant from Halifax county, Va. He was a man of good

education, eminent piety, excellent preaching talents, and in all respects, an influential man; filling the office of tax collector for several years, and when he died was the Ordinary of Spartanburg District. He was greatly beloved by his flock at Bethlehem, and continued to supply her some fifteen or twenty years, and was her pastor at the time of his death, in the year 1830. His loss was felt by all who knew him, and mourned by those who loved him.

Christopher Johnson was an emigrant from Virginia, an educated man and a good preacher. He was the father of the late Governor David Johnson, of South Carolina, and his elegant penmanship and plain and simple diction show that he was a man of intelligence far above the most of men of his day and time, and worthy to be the father of the distinguished son, in whom all South Carolina reposed confidence, and on whom she bestowed her highest honors. The Constitution and much of the business transactions of the Bethlehem church for several years are said to be recorded by him. He, after some years, removed his membership to the Philadelphia church where he finished his labors on earth. His remains lie beneath a dilapidated brick enclosure some half mile west of where Philadelphia church now stands.

Rev. James Rainwater was for many years a member of the Bethlehem church. He was a man much beloved and esteemed for his ministerial usefulness; with nothing more than a common-school education, he ranked with the best and most useful ministers of his day. His

zealous exertions in the temperance reform from the year 1830 to the period of his removal to the State of Georgia in the year 1838 will be remembered by all who knew him. He was a zealous, fearless man, open and outspoken against the wrong, and a warm defender of the right. He removed his membership to the Philadelphia church, where he continued until his removal as above stated. Very recently he closed the labors of his active and useful life, having been a minister of the gospel fifty years.

James Crook was a man of strong mind, much energy and purity of life and character. He was for some years a member of the Legislature of South Carolina, and wielded much influence for good, both in his church and community. He removed many years since to the State of Alabama, where he soon became a prominent citizen; he and his sons became wealthy and influential. He died a number of years since.

Dr. Eber Smith, an eminent physician, a man of vigorous intellect, much influence and for several years a member of the Legislature of South Carolina and a member of the Bethlehem church. The District of Spartanburg has seldom been represented by a stronger mind or a purer patriot. He also represented his church in religious associations. He became a member of the church late in life, but was steadfast to the end.

Ransom Foster, Esq., was long the clerk of the church, and a man of excellent business capacity, and certainly no church could boast of a better man, truly pious and of unblemished character. He was universally

beloved for his amiableness and sweetness of temper. Many years since he removed with his family to the State of Georgia, where he died of good old age, and was gathered to his fathers; a crown of life was his reward; sons and daughters survived him, one of whom still lives, Dr. Ira L. Foster, to shed luster upon the memory of an honored father.

William Foster (Mill Creek, as he was called), a venerable deacon of the church, was an excellent man, of sound sense, honest, truthful, industrious, and, in a word, possessing all the attributes of a good, old Virginia citizen. He was strictly a godly man, honoring his profession and the sacred office which he filled for many years. He lived to old age, when he, too, was gathered to his fathers. His remains sleep in the cemetery at Bethlehem. A large posterity, mostly pious, live to illustrate his example and purity of spirit.

Joseph Hurt, was also a deacon of the Bethlehem church for many years. He was a man of ready mind, a lover of all that is good, and an enemy to evil doing; indeed, he was a terror to evil doers, and the praise of those that do well. He exercised a strong influence for good in his community and performed the duties of a church member faithfully and promptly. He, too, died of old age, and his remains repose in the graveyard of the church he honored so well with a holy life and godly conversation. His posterity, widow and surviving children, after his death, sought a home in the West, where many of them still live, respectable representatives of a much-beloved father. Joel Hurt, elder

brother of the above, or old Captain Hurt, as he was called, was a man universally respected. He was a decided character, unaffected by the notions or opinions of men around him. He stood firm in the same high-toned old Virginia style of man. In his dress, his manner of life, his religion, his patriotism, his punctual discharge of duty to his God and country, he knew no change or shadow of turning. His word was taken by all who knew him for his bond. The same straight-breasted, long-waisted coat, with waist coat long and ample in proportion, and pants according to the same style common in revolutionary times, encircling his waist, all singularly neat, and generally of the same piece of cloth, constituted the outfit in which he appeared at home and abroad during his long and interesting life. He was polite and respectful in his intercourse with men, hospitable at his home, and kind and obliging to his neighbors. He was of ready mind and intelligent above most men of his day. He venerated his church and highly esteemed his privileges in the house of God; above all, he feasted his soul on the faithful ministration of the Gospel of Christ, responding to the words of his minister audibly when something that pleased him well fell from his lips. All church demands for the poor, for missions, or the pastor of his church, were promptly and liberally responded to, generally in specie, for he was one of those who thought nothing was really money but gold and silver. In his Christian character, he was himself gold tried in the fire. Capt. Hurt was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, came from Virginia with Col. Morgan



to recruit Gates' defeated army, then under the command of Gen. Green, fought in the battle of Cowpens, and at Guilford Courthouse, and to the close of the war, persistently refused a pension from his government, declaring that he got what he fought for and that was pay enough for him. This godly man slept with his fathers when he had attained the age of more than four score years. Time would fail us were we to take extended notice of many other prominent men, who were members and active workers in this church in different periods of history, of James Yates, Rev. Abram Crow, Rev. Gabriel Philips, John Foster, William Foster, Josiah Hatchet, Dr. Robert McDaniel, Thomas Hurt, James Foster, Jr., and others, who have passed away, leaving behind them a name worthy of remembrance.

The venerable deacon, James Foster, at the great age of more than ninety years, still lives to go in and out before the flock. Whoever looks upon the hoary head of this holy man of God, may see in him an excellent specimen of the men of whom we have been speaking. It should be said, in all justice and propriety, that the mothers of Bethlehem were worthy of the fathers; indeed, a more pious body of female members have seldom adorned a Christian church. Whoever writes the history of Mt. Zion church, will find a long list of names of worthy men and noble workers in the vineyard of Christ, who have also gone to their reward. Many of these delighted in the memory of the mother church, and felt themselves honored in being her descendants; of these we would only mention John Chapman, Sr.,

John Wood, Dr. John W. Lewis and Edward Bomar. We have been the more careful to record this history, because the fathers of the church have nearly all passed away. The aged deacon, James Foster, of whom we have spoken, and Richard Moss, are the only male members who still live to tell the events of the church, fifty years ago.

Seventy-two years have come and gone, since the good men of whom we have been speaking, united, under divine direction, to plant the church at Bethlehem. Its faithful record show that its pathway has led them through seasons of prosperity, and seasons of adversity and affliction. His discipline has been strict; yet tempered with Christian forbearance. Her forms of worship have been simple and plain, without ostentation or show. Her fellowship and unity of spirit has been without parallel, in sweetness and undisturbed communion. No serious strife or contentions have weakened her strength, or distracted her counsels. Her members have dwelt together in love and unity. They have been careful "not to fall out by the way." Men of this world in times of their greatest trials, have had reason to exclaim, "See how these brethren love one another." But few of the members of Bethlehem church have entered the race for wealth or worldly preferment. They have sought to be good livers, showing unbounded hospitality to friends and brethren, and even to strangers. They do not neglect the poor of the church, and their pastor always finds a sumptuous home in all their houses, and in all their hearts. The injunction of God's word "that

he that preaches the Gospel, shall live of the Gospel," have been recognized and practiced by this church from her constitution. The contributions of her members have been voluntary, and generally according to their ability, or "as the Lord hath prospered them." But no churches have ever loved or honored their pastor more, and few pastors have had greater reasons for loving their flock than the pastor of Bethlehem church.

Proof of this is seen in the fact, that the term of Rev. Thomas Bomar and that of the late pastor, J. G. Landrum, when put together, amounts to more than fifty years. She has had her winters and summers, her seasons of coldness and declining, and her times of refreshing. In the great revival of 1802-3, she was greatly renewed in spiritual strength and numbers also; in the revival of 1832-3, she added largely to her membership. She returned one hundred additions by baptism to the Association in the year 1832.

It may be truly said that old Bethlehem church is rich in history. Beside Bomar and Landrum, she has had but three others to supply the place of pastor: Cleyton, about five years, M. C. Barnett, ten years, and Richard Woodruff, two years. She may well talk of her departed worthies, of "sweet communions and solemn vows oft repeated," of the crowding of her gates with converts to the Lord and of the frequent visitations of the king of Zion.

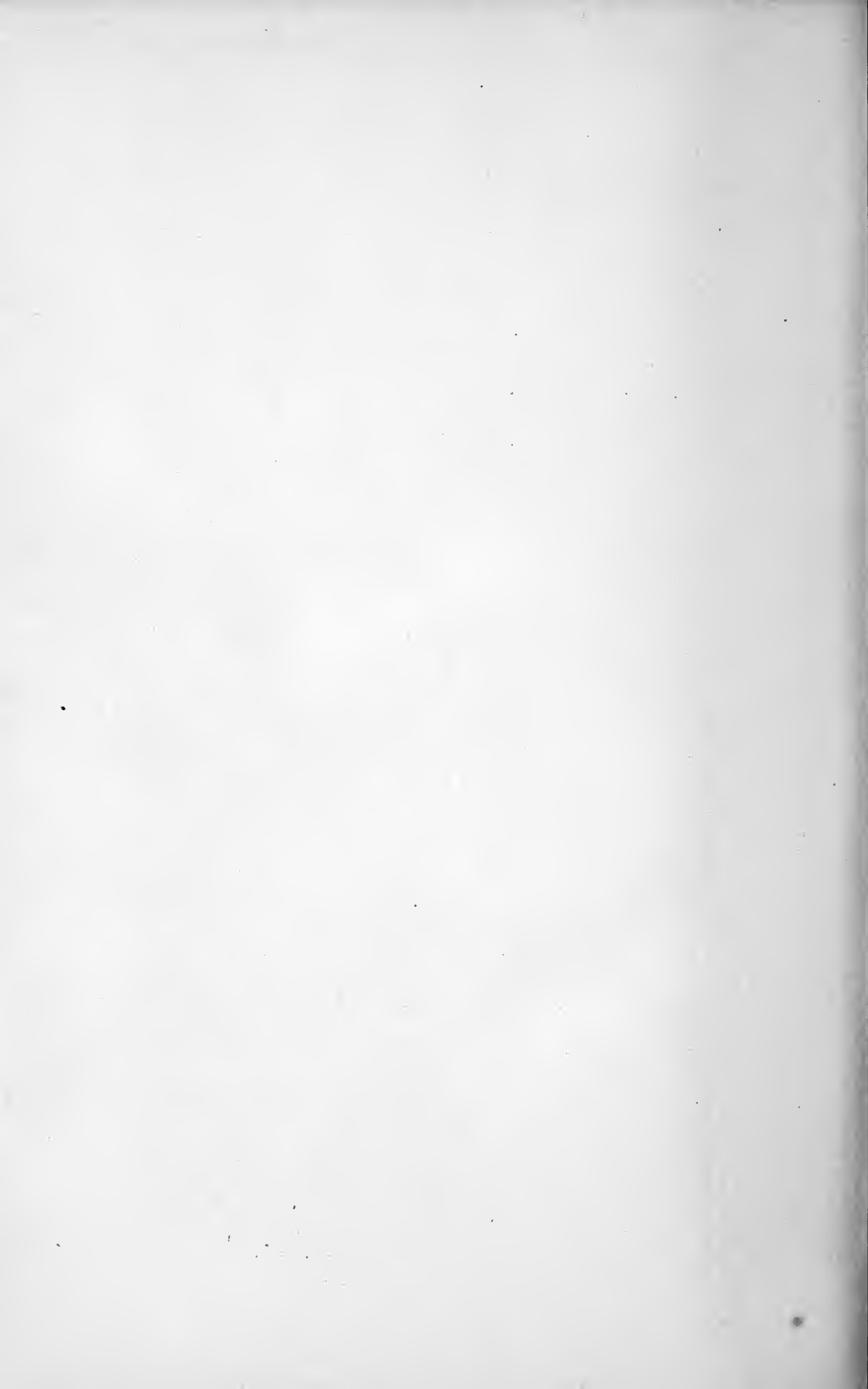
She should take encouragement from her past history to renewed zeal and energy in the future. Her field is yet white unto the harvest. New laborers are

preparing to enter the field. Her Sunday-school, over thirty years old, still flourishes. The stream of her influence widens and deepens, a bright future awaits her. Then, brethren, let us "thank God and take courage."











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