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In Memoriam

Matthew T. Scott.

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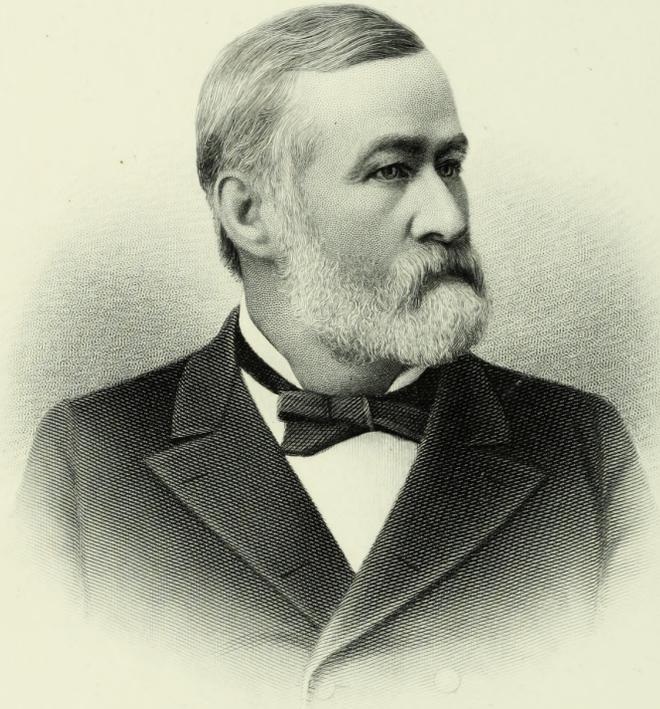
Composed in suffering and, in boy sedate,
Good without vice, without pretension great -
True to his word, in every thought sincere,
He had no wish, but that the world might hear.

Paul
Putnam
30p 77

G^d Rogers
with kind regards of
Mrs Matthew T. Scott

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Matthew T. Scott

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A SHORT SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF
MATTHEW THOMPSON SCOTT,
OF BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

PREPARED AS
A MEMORIAL FOR HIS CHILDREN,

AND OTHER YOUNG RELATIVES AND NEAR FRIENDS,

—BY—
MAJOR GEORGE B. PICKETT.

INCLUDING BRIEF MEMORIAL PAPERS FROM THE THIRD VOLUME OF
"THE SCOTCH IRISH IN AMERICA,"

WRITTEN BY
HON. A. E. STEVENSON,
AND
REV. W. L. GREEN, D. D.

Bloomington, Ill.:
THE BULLETIN PRINTING COMPANY.
1891.

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“HE JOINED
EACH OFFICE OF THE SOCIAL HOUR
TO NOBLE MANNERS, AS THE FLOWER
AND NATIVE GROWTH OF NOBLE MIND;
AND THUS HE BORE WITHOUT ABUSE
THE GRAND OLD NAME OF GENTLEMAN.”

General 29 Apr 37 Putnam

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PREFACE.

These pages have been compiled and printed for private distribution among the friends of Mr. Scott, and especially for his children, that hereafter they may know what manner of man their father was, and how he was esteemed in his lifetime by those who knew him. I may claim some fitness to write this introductory note. I knew him for twenty years. I took to him from the first. Our friendship soon became deep, constant, confidential, and it grew in strength to the last. Outside of his own immediate family, there was no one, perhaps, who enjoyed so close and affectionate an intimacy with him as myself. This is said, that it may be understood that my estimate of him is based upon thorough knowledge of the man as he was. Matthew T. Scott was well-descended, and well-bred. Such a man is not the product of a single generation. His sires were gentlemen. Valliant blood was in his veins. His grandfather was an officer of the Revolution. He was born in an ample, and a religious home. His father was a man of the highest character and standing. The qualities that were in his blood; the traditions of his family; the influences that came in upon his early years, all helped to make him what he was, a high-souled, large-minded, noble-hearted, christian gentleman.

He had a sturdy, stalwart, powerful physical frame, and was a man of great bodily strength and agility in his early days. He had a very vigorous, and well-disciplined mind. He was a close observer of men and things; an acute thinker; alert, shrewd, discriminating, not easily deceived, quickly piercing to the core of the matter, and discerning between the genuine and the spurious, the true and the false. He was a man of large intelligence, and highly interesting and entertaining to those who enjoyed an intimacy with him.

As touching his moral qualities, he was strong, bold, steadfast in every good sense of the words. A more fearless man it would not be easy to find. A gentler, kinder, more considerate and affectionate man it would be equally hard to find. Like all such men, in his affections and antipathies alike, he was intense and enduring. Whatever, or whomsoever he loved, he loved with the whole strength of his powerful nature, and his loyalty would stand a tremendous strain. His hatreds were according to the same rule. His self-sacrificing devotion to his friends was remarkable. I have never known any man who would so quickly and cheerfully put himself out, sacrifice his own ease, convenience and self-interest, to oblige a friend, as would this man. In my own experience, I have had illustration of this in more than one instance, which makes his memory peculiarly dear to me. Particularly, had he a very uncommon respect to woman. There was a high-bred chivalry

PREFACE.

in his nature which never failed to show itself in the most gracious courtesy and deference to even the humblest of womankind. All meanness, mendacity, cowardice and cruelty, he despised and detested. While polite and obliging to all, he did not at once disclose himself to everybody. It took time to find him out, to get into his rich nature, and know the man as he was within. Those who knew him best, esteemed him most. He was built on a large model in all good respects, and was full of warm affections, generous sympathies, high and noble impulses. He was a strong staff to lean upon; a brave, faithful, effectual friend to confide in to the uttermost. Upon the whole, a more valiant, loyal, brotherly soul mine has never come in contact with in this world. Now he has gone into the presence of the Great Master, Whom he implicitly trusted and reverently worshipped. His going brought a great grief to me. The world seems lonesome without him. The loss and grief to his family, words cannot tell. Into their sacred sorrow, I can enter in part, at least, with tender and tearful sympathy.

JOHN WALKER DINSMORE.

MY DEAR MRS. SCOTT:—I send you the enclosed, as a brief tribute to the memory of a man whom I loved as I have few others. I feel deeply that it is not worthy of him, but I have felt somewhat restrained by what I knew was his severe taste in such matters.

Affectionately Your Friend,

San Jose, California, Sept. 14, 1891.

JOHN W. DINSMORE.

INTRODUCTION.

“The just keeps something of his glory in his dust.”

When a few weeks ago, the press of Bloomington made known the fact that Matthew T. Scott was dangerously ill at his home in that city, perhaps the first and strongest impression it produced, was that of surprise, that a man of his robust constitution, vigorous health, cheerful temper combative courage, and strong will, could be so rapidly brought near the point of yielding to the power of any disease. But as from day to day his condition was announced as becoming more serious, anxiety took the place of confidence, an anxiety which soon spread beyond the large circle of his warm friends, to the public generally. For it gradually dawned upon the public mind, as it recalled his past relations with important public interests—his public spirit, his broad benevolence, his generous charity, that the threatened result would not be simply a private bereavement, but a public misfortune.

It is but just to gratefully acknowledge, in this connection, the kindness of the press of Bloomington, of all parties. Their notices, both at this time and later, were as generous as they were just; as grateful to his family and friends, as they were creditable to the hearts which inspired them.

When the sad, and to many, unexpected news spread through the city in the early morning of May 21, 1891, that this honored and useful citizen had indeed passed away, it is

no figure of speech to say that a feeling of gloom settled over the community. As the news of his death spread through the country by mail and telegraph, letters and telegrams expressive of sorrow and sympathy, began to pour in upon the family from all directions. Many of these were from distant cities and states, and from persons of various ranks in life—some whose names even were unknown to the family, but who at some time or place had been the recipients of kindness or courtesies from him. These kindly remembrances were deeply appreciated by the family and near friends, who felt that they demanded a more prompt response than it was possible at the time to make, did not the number of them, forbid the attempt to acknowledge each one separately. It was therefore suggested, that a short sketch should be prepared by some friend, familiar with his life, which should respond to these kindly letters and inquiries, and at the same time serve as a memorial to be preserved by his children and other young relatives and friends, to show the style of man he was, how he served, and how he was regarded by his generation.

His widow and two daughters, Mary Letitia and Julia Green, survive him. He also left one brother—the eldest—Mr. Isaac W. Scott, a gentleman of the highest character, who for many years was a leading and successful business man in Lexington Kentucky, but who for some years past has been a resident of Bement Illinois. Three sisters also survive him, Mrs. Dr. Ethelbert Dudley, Mrs. Dr. Henry Skill-

man and Miss Lucy W. Scott, all residents of Lexington Kentucky. His next older brother, Dr. John W. Scott, was for many years a successful physician in New York, but returned to his old home in the latter years of his life, where he died, and where his family still reside. His next younger brother, Dr. Joseph T. Scott, died unmarried in the flush of young manhood, many years ago. He was a man of fine promise, and of a very noble type of character. His youngest brother, Lieut. Col. Wm. T. Scott, was a gallant soldier in the late war, on the Union side, with many noble qualities. He also died many years ago, at his home in Frankfort Kentucky, where his widow and two children still reside. A widowed sister, Mrs. Charles Gallagher, died in Texas, in 1886, leaving one son and two daughters.

MATTHEW T. SCOTT.

“Honest, truth-loving, chivalrous, those whose convictions compelled them to antagonize him, could love and honor him, nevertheless.”

Matthew Thompson Scott was born on February 24, 1828, at Lexington Kentucky, which was then, probably the most prominent religious, educational, intellectual, and political focus of the undeveloped, but rapidly developing country, west of the Alleghanies, as well as a focus for wealth and refinement. It was the home of the greatest political leader of the day, Henry Clay, and a center of the most active political and religious influence. It was something at that day, for a youth susceptible as was Matthew Scott to the good influences of such surroundings, to be so fortunately placed. He imbibed the ennobling stimulus of these environments in his youth, and illustrated them in all his after life.

His father, Mr. Matthew T. Scott, Sr., was one of three brothers, who emigrated from Pennsylvania, at an early day to Kentucky; all men of sterling virtues and force of character—in this illustrating the characteristic qualities of the revolutionary stock of the Scotch-Irish blood from which they were descended. One of these brothers, Dr. Joseph Scott, settled at Lexington, where he was for many years, and until his death, a leading physician as well as a leading citizen. The other brother, Dr. John Scott, was the confidential friend, and served on the personal staff of Gen. W. H. Harrison, afterwards President Harrison. These gentlemen

each named his oldest son after the other, Hon. Scott Harrison, of Indiana, being the father of the present president of the United States, and Dr. Harrison Scott, a prominent physician of Illinois, being the eldest son of the elder Harrison's friend.

Mr. Matthew T. Scott, Sr., the father of the subject of this sketch, became connected with the Northern Bank of Kentucky at its incorporation, and for about thirty years, or until his death, in the capacity of cashier, or president, guarded its interests and directed its policy. When it is remembered that the business of this bank extended from New York to New Orleans, its transactions embracing a large part of the Ohio Valley, the responsibility of this trust can be understood. And when it is added, that this bank passed through several financial storms, which wrecked the business of the country, and ruined its industries, without ever suspending specie payment, or having its credit impaired, or omitting its regular dividend of 8 per cent, the skill and fidelity with which its affairs were conducted may be appreciated. The name of Matthew T. Scott became a synonym in Kentucky, for the highest personal and commercial honor, for scrupulous integrity—for sound judgment, and for all that is admirable in conduct and in character.

This little recital concerning Mr. Scott's father and uncles is given, to show the stock of people from which he sprang, and to indicate the kind of principles that were bred and cultivated in him in his father's house, and which it will be seen he illustrated in his own life.

Mr. Scott's mother, who died when he was only five

years old, was a woman of remarkable personal beauty, and of great sweetness and strength of character. She was the daughter of Mr. Isaac Webb, a Virginia gentleman, also of an old colonial family of prominence in that state, who came to Kentucky at an early date. He settled near Lexington, where he left many descendants who have maintained the reputation of the older generations, by their high social and business standing. One of his sons, Dr. James Webb, became the father of the wife of President Hayes.

Mr. Scott was prepared for college in the schools at Lexington, and was then sent to Centre College, at Danville. Those were days of strong sectarian pride and rivalry, and this college, then under the presidency of Dr. John C. Young, the distinguished divine and teacher, was the educational pride of the Presbyterian church, to which his family belonged. From this college he graduated at the early age of 18, in the class of 1846, with a high reputation for scholarship.

He was gifted with a strong constitution, and had the strength and activity of an athlete. He was generous tempered, fearless and manly, and of the most exuberant spirits. While singularly free from all the small vices which youths of his age so early affect—never indulging in liquor, tobacco or profanity—nor, though fond of games, in gambling in any form—he never affected any canting superiority to his associates, but was always popular with them, and a leader in their boyish sports.

At the age of 19 he went to Ohio to take charge of a large landed property belonging to his father, in which he

was given an interest. He remained here several years, when, impressed with the possibilities of early and great developments in the then sparsely settled state of Illinois he invested for himself and different members of his family, in a large amount of government lands, and at once, with the boldness, and confidence, and resolution, which characterized all his business ventures, proceeded to reduce them as rapidly as possible to cultivation.

About this time he formed pleasant acquaintances with Judge Davis, Judge Logan, Hon. Jesse W. Fell, Mr. Lincoln, that noble old Roman, Major John T. Stuart, and many others prominent in the earlier history of Illinois. With some of these, acquaintance ripened into friendship of a lifetime. Mr. Lincoln managed several lawsuits for him, and in one—a case of litigation with Governor Matteson—declined any fee, saying with characteristic honesty, that he had not earned it, the evidence was so plain.

The writer has heard Judge Davis recall with great amusement, some sport witnessed one afternoon, when business was dull about the Danville Land Office, and somebody proposed a running, jumping and wrestling match. The three Kentucky boys, Will, Joe and Matt Scott were chosen for one side. At the first round, Matt laid his man flat, Joe, with a run, jump and whoop, left his competitor away behind, and Will, who was fleet-footed as a hound, looked over his shoulder, and whistled at the champion who was trying to race with him.

As an illustration of the crude justice meted out in those early days, William Scott, one of the handsomest and most

popular men of his day, out hunting near Elkhart, rode across a man's field, and was sued by him for trespass. The old justice who tried the case acquitted him on this charge, no damage evidently having been done, but all the same, brought in a verdict against him for \$2.50, for a harrow, he alleged one of Mr. Scott's tenants had borrowed from the plaintiff. No appeal was taken from such even-handed distribution of reward and punishment.

Not very long before his death, in reply to the question of his old friend—Mr. Abel Harwood, of Champaign, Illinois—who asked him how much ditching and fencing he had made, and how much land he had broken up in his life, he answered after a moment's reflection, that he had made and owned from 275 to 300 miles of hedge fence. That he had reduced to cultivation for himself and others, as much as 16,000 acres of prairie land in Illinois and Iowa; that he had built on these lands between 160 and 200 houses. That he had made over 250 miles of ditch; by plows, by horse scrapers, by ditching machines, by spades. Many of these ditches being very large, and made by oxen, as many as 40 large cattle to a team which drew the great ditching plow; besides having made the tile drains for thoroughly tiling 5,000 acres. And that single-handed, he had conducted the largest business transaction ever consummated in the state of Tennessee by one man, the purchase and sale, of 46,000 acres of mineral and timber lands.

It was upon the farm at Chenoa, in 1855, that he made the test, and demonstrated the possibility, of cultivating large tracts of land without fences, except around his pasture lots

to confine his own stock. This was the first large farm in the country, ever made and cultivated in this way. His successful experiment encouraged others—who had been deterred by the cost of fencing in a prairie country—to follow his example, and led to the rapid settlement and improvement of that part of the country. The passage of the “no fence” law by the Illinois legislature, was the result of his testimony before a committee of that body.

In 1859 Mr. Scott was married to Miss Julia, daughter of Rev. Lewis Warner Green, D. D., then president of Centre College, Danville, previously president of Hampden Sidney College, Virginia, and of Transylvania University, Kentucky. Dr. Green was from an early colonial family of Virginia, whose descendants have ever maintained the highest social prominence wherever they are found; each generation producing under various names, women noted for natural refinement, mental culture, and all the social graces and virtues; and men distinguished for intellect, for high character, and public influence in Virginia, Kentucky, or other states. Among the most distinguished of the latter was Dr. Green.*

* NOTE.—Dr. Green was the son of Willis Green and Sarah Reid, Willis Green was the son of Duff Green and Ann Willis, and the grand son of Robert Green, (who married Eleanor Dunn, a Scotch woman), one of the early settlers of the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, and one of the first vestrymen of St. Mark's parish, Culpepper county, Virginia. It is stated by Dr. Philip Slaughter, that there has been a continuous succession of vestrymen in this family from Robert, of 1731, who was a member of the House of Burgesses, to the present time. Ann Willis, the wife of Duff Green, was the daughter of Mildred Washington, who married, first, Mr. Lewis, second, Roger Gregory, of King and Queen county, Virginia, and for her third husband, Col. Henry Willis, of Fredricksburg. By her second husband, Roger Gregory, she had three daughters, Frances, Mildred and Elizabeth, who married three brothers,

He was a man of brilliant intellect, of high and broad culture, of unsurpassed eloquence, and of that refined, genial, and gentle nature, that makes a man loveable even to his own sex. He was fitted both by nature and culture, for the high and responsible duties to which he devoted his life.

Mrs. Scott's mother, Mrs. Mary Peachy Green, was a lineal descendant of Dr. Thomas Walker, of Castle Hill, Albemarle county, Virginia, and of Col. Joshua Fry, who was sent by the English Government from Oxford University, to be first professor of mathematics in William and Mary College Virginia, and who was Washington's senior—"Colonel and Commander-in-Chief," reads his majesty's commission—in command of Virginia's forces in 1754. Dr. Walker and Col. Fry were closely associated in making sundry and diverse treaties, maps, boundary lines, and explorations, during this early colonial period; all of which have been preserved and published in detail, by Hon. William Cabell Rives, Dr. Philip Slaughter, and Dr. R. Channing M. Page. A son of Col. Fry, Henry, married (in her 17th year)

Col. Francis Thornton, Col. John Thornton, and Reuben Thornton, all of Spotsylvania county, Virginia. By her third husband, she had two children, Col. Lewis Willis, whom she named after her first husband, Lewis, and Ann Willis, who married Duff Green. Mildred Washington, who married first, Mr. Lewis, second, Roger Gregory, and third, Col. Henry Willis, was the daughter of Lawrence Washington, who married about 1680, Mildred Warner, of Gloucester county, Virginia. It was from this ancestress Dr. Green received his middle name, given him at his birth, by a relative of his grand mother, Mrs. Lewis, of Fredricksburg, the Lewis being for herself. Lawrence Washington was the son of Col. John Washington and his second wife, Ann Pope. And Col. John Washington was the son of Col. John Washington, son of Leonard Washington, who with his wife Ann, emigrated to America in 1659 from Warton, county Lancaster, England.

Susan, (Sukey) second daughter of Dr. Walker, in 1764; and his grand son, Joshua Fry—son of John Fry and Miss Adams—married Peachy, the youngest child of Dr. Walker, in 1787. It is probably no exaggeration to say of these two men—Dr. Walker and Col. Fry—that for social position, wealth, capacity, character and public services, they occupied in the colonial history of Virginia and the country, places second to none.

The law of heredity did not fail in the person of Mrs. Green. The mingled hereditary gifts, graces and virtues of her ancestors descended to her in full measure. The pastor of her later years—Rev. Dr. Dinsmore—wrote of her: “She was a woman of unusual natural endowments. She had a stately and even majestic presence, rare gifts as a conversationalist, a strong and active intellect, great force and energy of character, great courage, spirit, and ambition, unfalteringly loyal too, to whatever person or thing she had set her heart upon. Her mind had been enriched by the education of schools and books, by extensive travel in this and other lands, by life-long association with the best circles of society, and by a large acquaintance with distinguished people in this country and in Europe. For many years she was the wife of a distinguished clergyman, who held various high positions as a pastor, a college president, and a theological professor. She was to him a veritable help-meet, strong, valiant, devoted. Through all her life, even to the last of it, her warm interest in affairs, social, religious, and public, and especially her active sympathy with the young, and her fondness for their society, continued almost undi-

minated. For many years she had been a sincere disciple of Jesus Christ. Her piety was in harmony with her nature, not so much of the effusive and sentimental, as of the stalwart and heroic type. If called upon to suffer or die for her Lord she would not have hesitated for a moment.”*

If any apology were necessary for narrating so much of family history, it is, that one of the main objects in preparing this sketch is, that it shall serve as a memorial for the children of Mr. Scott—and other young relatives—showing not only what style of man he was, but who and what kind of people his and their ancestors were. In this fast age, and among our migrating population, where families become

* NOTE.—Mrs. Green was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Walker Fry, of Spring House, Boyle county, Kentucky, who married Miss Eliza Smith—a famous wit in her day—sister of Hon. Speed Smith, of Richmond, Kentucky. Thomas Walker Fry was the son of Joshua Fry, a man eminent for learning and probity, whose name was a household word in many homes of Kentucky and Virginia. It is related of this Joshua Fry—the son of John Fry and Miss Adams—that he was called from William and Mary College at the age of 19, by the death of his father, who was supposed to be a very rich man. The estate proved to be insolvent. The creditors agreed to leave the property in young Fry's hands, and to accept from him as he could pay it, 50 cents on the dollar, in settlement of all claims. In a very few years—three or four—he paid them every one, one hundred cents on every dollar, and then, although, by the laws of Virginia at that time, the lands thus redeemed would have belonged to him as the oldest son, divided the entire estate, real and personal, into three equal parts, giving one third to his only brother, William, who died unmarried, and one-third to his only sister, Tabitha, who married Bowler Cocke, of Turkey Island, (on James River) and died without children. The incident is also preserved of him, that on one occasion—after his removal from Virginia to Kentucky—word came to him of the financial distress of an old friend in the former state. He mounted his horse, and attended by his faithful body servant, Morocco, rode back to Virginia, extricated his friend from his difficulties, advancing a large sum of money he never charged or made any account of, and without any ado, or telling any one of

scattered to the four winds, this kind of information soon becomes lost, though it is very interesting to later generations and not without most salutary influences. There is nothing more contemptible than the false pride, that assumes the credit of ancestral virtues without emulating them, and demands consideration which has not been personally and honestly earned. But there is nothing more natural or commendable than an honest pride in an honorable ancestry. It excites laudable ambition. It sets up a high standard of life and conduct, and stimulates to its attainment. When a father shows by his own life and conduct, that he is more anxious to leave to his children the inheritance

the transaction, mounted his horse, and with Morocco, rode back to Kentucky. Mrs. Green, whose reverence and affection for her grand father were unbounded, was greatly touched once, at the manner in which she was introduced to two very aged and very stately ladies, at Richmond, Virginia: "This is the grand daughter of the man, whom these ladies cherish in their hearts, side by side with General Washington." Mr. Fry and his wife, Peachy Walker, lie in the cemetery, at Danville, Kentucky, surrounded by a host of their descendants. This Joshua Fry was the grand son of Col. Joshua Fry, of William and Mary College, Virginia, and his wife, Mary Micou-Hill, (a widow 25 years old when married to him) the daughter of Philip Micou, physician and surgeon, a Huguenot exile from persecution in France. "Paul Micou," says Dr. Slaughter, "brought his wife and perhaps some of his elder children from France. He certainly brought his library, pictures and plate." The wife of Mr. Joshua Fry, and grand mother of Mrs. Green, was Peachy Walker, daughter of Dr. Thomas Walker, of Castle Hill, Albemarle county, Virginia. The first wife of Dr. Thomas Walker and the mother of his twelve children, was Mildred Thornton, who married first in 1798 Nicholas Meriwether, and by him had one child. After his death when she was 19 years old, Mildred Thornton-Meriwether, the widow of Nicholas Meriwether, married Dr. Thomas Walker. Mildred Thornton-Meriwether, who married for her second husband, Dr. Thomas Walker, was the daughter of Col. John Thornton and Mildred Gregory, and Mildred Gregory, her mother, was Mildred Washington—sister of Augustine and John Washington,

of a good name, than to leave them lands or money, he delivers them a stronger and more impressive moral lesson, than is conveyed by any formal precept, however high, or even however sacred its source. And when this good name has been transmitted as a family heirloom through generations, it acts with cumulative force in proportion to the height of the standard, and to the time during which it has been maintained.

and daughter of Lawrence Washington—who had married for her first husband, Mr. Lewis, for her second husband, 1755, Roger Gregory, of King and Queen county, Virginia, and for her third husband, Col. Henry Willis, of Fredricksburg, so that Dr. and Mrs. Green were remotely related by blood. The second wife of Dr. Thomas Walker—Elizabeth Thornton—was the double first cousin of his first wife, their mothers being sisters—Frances Gregory and Mildred Gregory—and their fathers being brothers—Col. Francis Thornton and Col. John Thornton. Rev. Philip Slaughter, D. D., who has done so much to rescue from oblivion the names and memories of churches, families and persons who were prominent in the early history of Virginia, tells of the old home of Col. Joshua Fry and his wife, Mary Micou-Hill, the daughter of Paul Micou, the Huguenot exile: "On a beautiful eminence in the Piedmontese Valley, between the two streams, Robinson River and Crooked Run—in old times the Meander—stands a house hoary with a century's mosses, having in it an historical room, originally dedicated to the muses of music and the dance, in which William Wirt in his youth played his pranks and wrote comedies, and where Thomas Jefferson in his journeys to and from Washington, in his French Landau, refreshed himself with hospitable cheer. This old mansion was 67 feet long, but only one story high, and still belongs to a lineal descendant of Col. Fry. Extensive additions have been made, but the 'historical room,' 24x19 feet, remains intact" Col. Fry died at Will's Creek, Virginia—near the present city of Cumberland, Maryland—May 31, 1754, while on the march, in command of the first expedition sent by the colony of Virginia, to expel the French from the Upper Ohio Valley. The army attended his funeral, and on a large oak tree, which now stands as a tomb and a monument to his memory, Washington cut the inscription, which can be read to this day, "Under this oak lies the body of the good, the just, and the noble Fry."

The child who has not this stimulus to honorable ambition, for at least one generation, is unfortunate indeed, and poor, though he may have inherited millions, until by his own life and conduct, he builds up an honorable name for himself.

But to return from this digression. Soon after his marriage, Mr. Scott brought his young wife to Chenoa, the village he had laid out a few years before. Here he spent several of the happiest years of his life, actively engaged in cultivating and improving his lands, not only there, but in other counties of the state, and giving the same faithful and careful attention, to the investments he had made for other members of his family. He and Mrs Scott lived in mutual interchange of neighborly kindnesses and courtesies with the people of the village and surrounding country, entering cheertully into all social and religious movements, having for their object a healthy, moral tone for the young and formative community. This had the effect to attract the most desirable class of settlers, with the result of building up upon this foundation, a little city, whose population, for intelligence, culture and respect for law—moral and religious—ranks equal to any community in the state. Mr. Scott would repeat with great glee, a remark made to his wife by an old man to whom she had taken some little delicacy, "Why, I heard you was a high-flyer, and you're a very common woman."

Almost the first step taken by the young couple, was to secure the organization of a Presbyterian church, for Mr. Scott, though not a communicant then, nor for many years

later, was its chief supporter and main reliance. The unpretending frame structure dedicated with so much courage and faith, has since given place to a commodious and beautiful brick church, with graceful spire, stained glass windows, and frescoed walls, second in size and beauty to but one Presbyterian church in McLean county. Among its pastors such honored names have been enrolled as Rev. William L. Green, D. D., who with his refined and cultured family, accompanied by the lovely household of Mr. E. D. Churchill, made a most delightful and valued addition to the small community; Rev. M. M. Travis, to whose zeal, perseverance and faithfulness the new church building is due, and more recently, the gifted and sainted Rev. Frank S. Rice.

Upon the death of Dr. Green, Mrs. Green and Miss Letitia—his only child except Mrs. Scott—joined the little circle at Chenoa. Mr. Scott now enlarged the modest cottage into a residence of quite spacious dimensions, and commenced the practice of that generous but unostentatious hospitality which had distinguished his father's house, and which continued to make his home throughout his lifetime, the center of all that was cordial and gracious in the entertainment, not only of his friends and relatives, but of strangers whenever properly introduced.

Here in the course of a few years, Miss Letitia was married to Mr. Adlai Ewing Stevenson, since representative of this district for several terms in the National Congress, and more recently, First Assistant Postmaster-General, during President Cleveland's administration.

At this time Mr. Scott was deeply interested in his

business, and inspired by the cheering hopes which the successful development of his plans justified. His faith in the safety and future value of land investments increased with observation and experience, and he continued to increase his landed estate whenever his means or his credit would make it possible. The next step was to improve and cultivate. He was never a mere speculator, but a liberal, enterprising, far-seeing business man, whose operations all tended to developing the resources, and building up the prosperity of the community, in which he was interested. His extensive dealings of course involved him in debt, and at times deeply, but the reputation he had established for integrity and sound business judgment with the banks and money lenders, always enabled him to command the means to meet his obligations without materially reducing his land investments.

About 1870 the failing health of his wife induced a change of residence, and Mr. Scott removed to Springfield, where he and Mrs. Scott had already established many pleasant social relations. During the residence at Springfield, two little girls, orphan cousins of Mrs. Scott, from Tennessee, joined the family circle. Their father, Col. Edmund Winston, of La Grange—an extensive planter of Alabama and Tennessee—had been forced to succumb to the desolations and ruin of the civil war, and these lovely children found in Mr. Scott's tender heart, and Mrs. Scott's motherly affection, all the tenderness, and care, and training, and education, they afterwards lavished so freely on their two daughters by blood. And most sweetly and richly has the response been manifested, in the tenderest devotion.

The younger sister, Miss Nannie, married Mr. W. A. Gardner, of whom it is sufficient to say here, first and emphatically, that he is a gentleman, and second, that he is a rising young lawyer of Chicago. Miss Sue vibrates between the two homes, the only cause of dissention being, which shall share the most of her time.

Two charmed years were spent in this beautiful city, but the demands of his business rendering frequent absence from home necessary, Mr. Scott was most reluctantly forced to change his residence to a point nearer and more convenient to it. He selected Bloomington, where they already had many friends and pleasant acquaintances, and which had become the home of Mr. and Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, and of young Lewis Green Stevenson.

Having become, as he intended to be, a permanent resident of Bloomington, he bought the beautiful home in which he passed the last twenty years of his life, and in which he died. He soon began to feel identified with the interests of the city, and in conjunction with several other gentlemen, organized a company to mine for coal. Mr. Scott was made president, and Mr. James B. Stevenson, secretary and treasurer—offices they each filled until death. The importance of this enterprise to the city of Bloomington need not be more than suggested. Its subsequent growth, and present prosperity, as well as that of the surrounding country, is due more to that, than to any other enterprise within the county.

And here it is but just, to refer to two other gentlemen associated with him for twenty years, in the office of the McLean County Coal Company, in the most intimate and

confidential relations—Mr. Lyman Graham, and Mr. David Bowen. He recognized their affectionate interest, and valuable assistance, as a strength and stay to him, in many an anxious and perilous hour.

Besides this, Mr. Scott was interested in several other smaller ventures, tending to advance the growth of the city, but was so much absorbed in his more important business, that he took but little concern about them, and was known to but few as having any connection with them. He was a liberal man, and took stock in such enterprises, more from a motive of public spirit, or a generous impulse to assist his friends, than as a matter of judgment. When failure followed, as was sometimes the case, he pocketed his loss without a show of disappointment, still less of reproach. *Noblesse oblige* was the key to—the grand unconscious motto of his unselfish life.

In important operations he acted promptly and boldly, and met difficulties and obstacles with the resolution and tenacity of a remarkably strong will. It may be said that he achieved his successes rather than met them.

He was more inclined to large operations, especially those which promised to be capable of extensive future development. In all of his investments he looked to their development for his profits, and they all had for their basis, real estate. He was always on the alert for such opportunities, and exhibited great sagacity in estimating them, and great promptness and boldness in seizing them when well satisfied of their soundness. As an illustration of this, in 1876 he became satisfied through the investigation of a

friend,* that there was the opportunity for profitable operation in some Kansas lands, contiguous to the great lead mining region in Southwest Missouri. A company was organized, with Mr. Scott as president, to prosecute this enterprise. Almost insuperable difficulties and obstacles were confronted and overcome, and the result was the development of the celebrated Galena (Kansas) lead mining district, which proved to be the richest district in that extensive and rich lead region. The Bloomington company's lands did not prove as rich as those adjoining but Mr. Scott and his associates are entitled to the credit for judgment and nerve in taking the initiative.

A sketch of the life and character of a strictly business man, must be, to some extent, a sketch of his business history, for it is only thus that his relations to the public can be understood and appreciated. And such a man was Mr. Scott. He was never a public man, in the ordinary sense. He was never an officeholder, or an officeseeker, having no taste for official or political life, even if his business interests would have permitted him to enter it. But during all his business life, he held many important relations to the public interest, through the business enterprises he conducted, for in all of them, the public was a large, indirect beneficiary. In fact, he never sought to figure personally before the public, in any light, or any relation. His influence was felt as a strong, steady, moving force, in the social, moral, and industrial movements of the community, rather than seen,

* Major George B. Pickett.

and no man of his real influence, and force, made so modest a figure before the public. Though, for several years, the owner of two newspapers, his name rarely appeared in either, and that, while he was among the most useful and influential men in the community.

Sure it is, if doing his full part in giving a pure tone to communities; establishing a high standard in the business world of which he was a factor, and illustrating it by his own example; if doing a splendid part in developing the interests and material resources of a great state, making it strong and prosperous; by his energy, honesty, skill, and foresight, furnishing a quiet but forceful stimulus to the exertions of others, and by his own enterprise, furnishing to hundreds and even thousands of laborers, the means of gaining an honest livelihood for their families; if to fear God, to be faithful to every trust, to be not only just, but kind and merciful to man, if these things count for anything in life, Matthew T. Scott has not lived in vain.

As has been so beautifully written of another, it may be truthfully said of him also, "Soft as a woman in speech, tender as a child in heart, stainless in honor, peerless in truthfulness, he lived through the years that God assigned him, and passed from the tumult and toil of earth, to the coronation that awaits the faithful. Aspiring not to civic honors, he was identified with the advancement of his city; stooping not to the deceits of trade, success crowned his business career; not a teacher of divine things, his life was a sermon, and his peaceful death a vindication of his christian faith."

As an evidence of the confidence in his judgment and integrity, reposed in him by his friends, it may be stated, that always in important business in which he was associated with others, he was placed in the management, and that success was always the result. The estate that he left is the fruit of his own energy, his own judgment, his own courage, not one dollar of which was gained by questionable methods, and with it he has left a character for integrity and honor, which has never been questioned, or suspected—a reputation of which his children may well be proud.

In politics, Mr. Scott was, until the war, a whig of the Henry Clay school, and voted for Bell and Everett in 1860. He was a strong advocate of compromise before and during the war, on a basis of the preservation of the Union. This put him, at the close of the war, in sympathy with the democratic party, of which he became a strong supporter. He was a man of positive character, and positive opinions, and always had the courage of his convictions. In 1878 he united with some democratic friends in forming a company to establish a democratic journal in Bloomington, to become the organ of the party in that congressional district. Mr. Scott was made president of the company, and the Bloomington Bulletin was the result, with Hon. John H. Oberly as editor. Mr. Scott subsequently became the proprietor of the paper, and later disposed of it to Hon. Owen Scott, the present representative in congress from the district, who has conducted it most ably and successfully.

By inheritance and by conviction, Mr. Scott was a Presbyterian. In fact, he was, by instinct, reverential, and

this instinct was cultivated by his early training and life long associations. He was a man of frank and sincere nature, and despised insincerity and hypocrisy in all its forms; but of all forms of hypocrisy, religious hypocrisy was the most repulsive to him; and this, with his exalted standard of a consistent christian life, was doubtless one of the controlling reasons for postponing so long any public profession of his faith. He was always a reverential worshiper in the house of God, a liberal but unostentatious supporter of his church, and its agencies, equally liberal and unostentatious in the support of charitable and benevolent movements, and generous in his private charities.

Personally, Mr. Scott was, at all periods of his life, a handsome man, with a large, handsomely shaped head, indicating a vigorous and active brain; his features were well proportioned, and regular, and his expression, when in repose, was that of an intelligent, thoughtful, strong-willed, and self-reliant man. At other times, his features showed great flexibility, and animation, and mirrored faithfully, the play of the passing thought, or emotion.

He was a man of buoyant spirits, of a genial, social disposition, fond of company, and a welcome addition to any social gathering, with his distinguished bearing, and winning, cordial manners, that no contact with the rough side of pioneer life could ever rob of their courtliness.

His friendships wound themselves about the strongest fibres of his being. No man, woman or child, who ever had occasion to test this quality, in this man, ever found him lacking. No sacrifice, no inconvenience to himself was too

great, if he could serve a friend. And in this relation, he knew neither politics nor creed, rank or station, poverty or wealth. He was singularly free from that kind of bigotry of opinion on any subject, which would incline him to place those who differed from him, beyond the pale of friendship or of sympathy.

He simply followed his own tastes, his own ideas of propriety, and business judgment, and left others to do the same.

But it was within his home, and among his intimate friends, that Mr. Scott showed in his most attractive light, and it is the light reflected from these sources which is at once the most searching, and the most significant, of the real character of a man. There the disguises with which insincerity and sham virtues may have deluded the public, are thrown aside. But to his family circle, and to his intimate friends, his character shows in its native quality.

Here, in his home, the whole wealth of his rich and loving nature was lavished, without stint, upon the dear ones whom he shielded with a love tender as it was strong. It was here that his natural and unaffected courtesy, his chivalrous deference to woman—the instinctive chivalry of a manly nature—shone with brightest lustre. As a characteristic illustration of this trait, he went one evening with a friend to a public meeting, where a petition was to be circulated they had each fully decided not to sign. As the exercises progressed, a sweet-faced, middle-aged lady, with the petition, approached some men near him, who repulsed her very rudely. Mr. Scott instantly sprang up—and with a

look at the roughs, which would have extinguished them, were it not that some forms of coarseness are impervious to rebuke—and with a bow that would have done honor to Chesterfield, said to the lady, “Allow me, Madam, to have your paper a moment,” and wrote his own, and his friend’s name out in full, and handed it back to her. When his friend twitted him with having committed them both to something they did not approve, he said, “Well, I couldn’t knock those fellows down, and there was no other way to relieve that poor woman.”

For his children, his love was idolatry. He loved them with an abounding affection, which overflowed and embraced all other children with whom he was brought into association. Indeed, his ready sympathy with little children was one of the beautiful traits of his character. Many a neglected little stranger in the street, cheered by his hearty, tender sympathy, has wondered who the great, strong, unknown friend could be.

He was a man of strong, active intellect, capable of mastering any subject in its details and principles, to which he might devote himself, and could have achieved distinction in any of the so-called intellectual pursuits to which he might have applied himself, as he achieved success in the lines of business which he followed. He was deliberate in forming his opinions in important matters, and self-reliant. He sought information, but not advice, except upon technical subjects, and from experts.

He was also a man of wide and general intelligence, keeping well up with the advancing knowledge and current

history of the times, and in touch with public opinion on all social, moral and political movements in the country. Never having allowed himself to be brought before the public in any way, which would have developed his ability as a public speaker, his talent in that direction was never tested, but as he was a fluent talker and a vigorous writer, with a remarkable power of logical statement and condensation, there is no doubt that with the constant and methodical training which the bar, or the pulpit gives, he would have become a ready, forcible, and effective speaker.

After what has been said, it is unnecessary to sum up the character of Mr. Scott with a formal array of words, expressive of his qualities, and with the strong adjectives with which admiration and friendship would emphasize them. This fashion of eulogy has become so stereotyped as to lose its significance, and sincere esteem and affection shrink from using it. It has been the plan and purpose of this paper to show him as he appeared to his friends, and acquaintances, in his home life, in his social relations, in his business connections, and in his relation to the public interest, and let him stand forth in the light reflected by these. This is the true light, which casts no delusive tints, and under which no stains can be hidden, and love and friendship are willing that he should be judged by it.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

To show that the estimate of his life and character as exhibited in the foregoing paper, is not that alone of partial friendship—and that made more partial by sympathy excited by his recent death—but was the judgment formed by the public generally in the communities in which he had lived, or was generally known—we present further, some extracts from the public press, published before and since his death, as well as extracts from private letters from some of his friends who had known him longest and best. Some of these are from persons with whom he had had antagonisms on political or local questions more or less warm, and are therefore the more valuable and the more grateful to his friends on this account. They are reprinted in a collected form for the benefit of his children especially.

“I feel that a true and upright man, one of the manliest of men—the soul of honor—has been called away. His genial companionship, his reverence for God’s word, and all things sacred—his tenacious regard for the simple truth, his unostentatious generosity, and large-hearted christian benevolence, were among the qualities that greatly endeared him to my heart. I never had a better friend among men. I can never forget his kindness in, so many ways, to me and mine.”

Another:

“I seriously think that Matt Scott was possibly the truest and best friend I have had in this world. A dear, noble fellow!”

Another:

“Mr. Scott was one of the best and most generous of friends to me.”

Another:

“Surely you must find comfort in the reflection that his life was not spent in vain. That those who knew him best, loved him most. That the lives and fortunes of many were made happier by his kindness and generosity. That the community, the state itself, became more prosperous through his wise and philanthropic efforts.”

Another:

“If we could only have been there to pay our last tribute of respect to the noblest, best, and kindest man we ever knew—and there is no one whom we loved or honored more.”

Another:

“I need not tell you how sincerely I feel this as a personal loss. He was my best friend, noble, generous and true. In an intimate friendship of many years, there was nothing in the history of his life that I cannot recall with pleasure, and much that I can recall with gratitude. I need not tell you how sincerely I realize, that I have sustained a personal loss in his friendship, which I can never find in another.”

Another:

“He was to me the model of a gentleman, a most upright business man, and all that constitutes a pure, brave, and noble man, was embodied in him. His generosity ought never to be forgotten by the many who have been its recipients.”

So many like this:

“Our acquaintance with Mr. Scott antedates our commencement of business with him, and covers a score of years. Our early acquaintance was strengthened into warm friendship, by business relations, so that we feel as all others who enjoyed his friendship, the loss of a man of sterling worth, whose place cannot be filled.”

And this:

“I never knew a man who had more entirely, and without reserve, my admiration and affectionate regard. He was a gentleman of the old school, candid, faithful, true and free from all methods of indirection. From my own feelings, I can well understand the deep sense of loss and distress in the home where Mr. Scott lived, and was best known.”

Another:

“He knew how we admired and loved him—and how we shall miss him out of our lives is too distressing to talk of.”

Another:

“Those who knew Mr. Scott as we knew him, realize too well all that you have lost, and we who possessed in him a friend when one was most needed, feel that it is a privilege to be one with you in this deepest of sorrows. An inscrutable Providence, who has stopped the workings of that masterful mind, and stilled the beatings of that kind heart can alone comfort and sustain you.”

Another:

“Since hearing it I can think of nothing else. I knew him well, and knowing him, could only love and admire him

—so noble, so good—my ideal of all that was manly and lovable.”

Another:

“ I have just learned, to my inexpressible sorrow, of the death of Mr. Scott—one of the very noblest men that ever lived. I was very proud of his friendship; I shall deeply mourn his taking off; I will not write the news to my wife to-day – she is not well, and was so devoted to him.”

Another:

“ Words cannot express the shock of grief the sad message brought to me. I have lost one of my *truest, best*, friends; one who was truly ‘a friend in need.’ I did love him very truly, and the world seems *lonelier* to me since he has gone.”

Another:

“As for me and my house, we feel that death has snatched from us one of the truest friends we ever had. I never expect to find a better.”

Another:

“ What a friend he was ! Surely no one ever had a better. God gives us few such. There are few, who have the means to be so generous, and still fewer who have the disposition. I could never when talking ‘face to face’ with him, express the gratitude of my heart, for all his kindness and thoughtful remembrance.”

Another:

“ For myself I mourn the loss of a true friend, for Mr. Scott was always so kind to me, especially when I most needed friends, that I can never forget it.”

Another:

“When I first knew Mr. Scott, near thirty years since, at Chenoa, he did not make a profession of religion, and was not a member of the church; but can truly say, his daily walk in life was that of a true hearted christian, and I know he did far more for the upbuilding of the church, and the cause of Christ there, than any of the church members.”

Another:

“I knew Mr. Scott only slightly, but admired him greatly. He was so thoroughly my ideal of a gentleman.”

Another:

“He was a good, kind man, a *grand* man, for he was so noble, generous, and kind to all alike. My son and I hold him in a very sacred remembrance, for all the generosity shown us in an hour of need.”

Another:

“We mourn the loss of a dear friend, whose place cannot be filled on earth. My husband felt the blow as sorely as if it had been a brother. It is rarely one finds so noble, true a man, and his memory will be precious to his friends. Life is worth living, if one can leave so good a name when called from earth. How gemmed must be his crown, rich reward for all his generous deeds on earth.”

Another:

“I too have lost a good, true friend—even as a brother, one whom I have so loved—his kind, loving heart embraced so many in its affections, and made him beloved as few men are.”

Another:

“We all loved Mr. Scott, his grand, noble, christian character has been a ‘living epistle read and known of all men.’ His kind, comforting letter of sympathy sent us when our dear father passed away was a source of pleasure to his children, and I have it to-day in my possession. I know ‘it is well’ with him.”

Another:

“His strength of character, and intelligence, marked him as one whom men delight to honor. It is a pleasure to know that those whom we love are so worthy, and he won the admiration of all who knew him.”

Another:

“I never knew him personally, but from others I have heard enough of his noble, useful life—so filled with good deeds—to know that you ‘sorrow not as those who have no hope,’ but have the blessed assurance, that ‘it is well with him.’”

Another:

“We meet with so few of his stamp, it seems as if it would have been a mercy to humanity to have spared him. But oh no! He is gathering the wheat unto himself. One by one they go to reap the harvest of a well spent life—and of the many good deeds done to ‘his little ones.’”

Another:

“I had for Mr. Scott much more than an ordinary attachment. I am reminded now that long ago I held him in high esteem, and have always been proud to regard him as my

friend. I recall his high qualities, his many virtues, his marked good sense, his manly bearing, his winning manners and warm attachments."

Another:

"My heart goes out to you and yours. I have always admired Mr. Scott's generous and noble christian character. My mother, too, so often spoke of him with so much affection."

Another:

"His death is a loss to every church and every noble cause in the city."

Another:

"In the decease of Mr. Scott the community, the church, and this society have lost a noble man and sympathizing member; and we each individually feel bereaved of a friend, whose continuous kindness will ever remain a precious memory. We are assured that with him 'all is well' and rejoice that he publicly professed his faith in Christ as his personal redeemer, and his loyalty to Him."*

Another

"How lovely and good he was to us, and how sweet will

* NOTE.—He closes a beautiful letter to a cherished friend with these words: "And now, concerning that one thing of chiefest importance to every soul on earth, of greatest interest for the million times millions of years which will make not even a beginning of eternity—I would beg you not to defer making your peace with God. Do not delay, and not only give your heart to Christ, but 'confess him,' and you will be better off than all the unconverted crowned heads and millionaires of the earth; for their glory is so short-lived and so insignificant, compared with the unspeakable, and everlasting blessedness of the saved. Don't be ashamed to confess that you love Christ, who loved you and died that you might be saved, if only you will trust Him."

ever be our thoughts of him. We will miss him always. We never had a better friend."

Another:

"My husband feels deeply the loss of a warm friend, who, he remarked, "was the embodiment of so many good qualities, everything courteous, noble and good."

Another:

"It must to all his friends, as to me, seem a personal loss. He was so generous, pure-hearted, and cordial to all his neighbors and friends, it seemed simply a pleasure to him to give pleasure. So many of my pleasantest thoughts and associations connected with our home and life in Bloomington, are associated with Mr. Scott."

Another:

"While I have not met Mr. Scott for some years, yet I have always remembered him gratefully for the kind feeling he had for me, and the gracious treatment he at all times accorded me, during our association some years ago."

Another:

"Besides the deepest sympathy for you, and your daughters, I feel that *we* have lost a dear friend, by the passing into the regions of the blessed, of one of the noblest men we ever knew.

Another:

"The whole community is to be pitied, which loses a true-hearted, generous and honorable gentleman. I have been thinking, as I lay here, ill, of the many times, when a

bashful school girl, I was made to feel that he was treating me with all the deference and polite respect that would have been given to a brilliant woman."

Another:

"We *loved* him. He has stood by us through all our days of sorrow and adversity, and his love and sympathy expressed in so many different ways, have helped to smooth the rugged path, and left a memory, that will brighten all the years to come."

Another:

"Eulogy would fail to express to you our idea of him. Utterance of our appreciation and sense of loss would be poor and feeble. By all of mine Mr. Scott was loved and cherished."

Another:

"I feel that I have met with an irreparable loss; one whose place can never be supplied."

Another:

"Your husband was a faithful friend. It seems as if the world could not spare one so noble, kind and generous in every relation of life. I can never forget his regal hospitality and his touching gentleness to my darling—I can never recall it without my heart welling up into my eyes."

Another:

"I myself am bereft of a personal friend. I feel indeed that I am one in affliction and bereavement with you and your children."

Another:

“Our hearts are too sad for anything we can do or say—such a noble, grand and good man, what a loss to the country, to say nothing of his family and friends.”

Another:

“How feeble is my poor pen to express the esteem for your noble husband by both Mr. —— and myself. His loss is not only yours and the dear children’s, but the many friends who loved and honored him, will miss his wise counsel and his many unselfish acts of kindness.”

Another:

“I shall always feel grateful to your husband for his kindness to me. He possessed all the characteristics that form a noble man, with the rare self-depreciation that charms. He has left his precious ones a rich legacy, in a character and career without a blemish.”

Another:

“I have thought of you and yours so much, and have longed to see you and talk with you of him we all loved so truly. So much seems taken out of my life since he has gone. Such a friend as he was to me; so kind, so thoughtful, I will never have another like him.”

Another:

“I cannot think of any man in my wide circle of friends, that I honored as I did your husband. He was so *true*, so good! on a *higher plane* than *most men*, I was proud to call him my friend. I have such sweet and enduring recollections of him, I can *never* forget him.”

 IN MEMORIAM.

 M. T. SCOTT.

When a man of broad, human sympathy, is called from the earth; when a spirit leaves us, which, beyond the age of 60, was bound to us by the ardor, and generous freshness of youth; when we lose a brother, whose great heart made him chivalrous, and full of tender and considerate courtesies, in the most trying circumstances of life; when a keen, self-poised mind, delighting itself alike in truth, for its own beauty, and in the most rigorous and heroic ventures of business competition, is snatched from our companionship, and we lose the pleasures, and profits of the same, we are called upon to mourn with a peculiar sorrow. Such a feeling remains with us in the death of our brother, Matthew T. Scott.

Foregoing any further tribute to his worth, but carrying the same in our hearts, we beg to write as his epitaph, in our records:

Always a gentleman,
 Generous of heart,
 Tender in his attachments,
 Clear and exceptional in his intellect,
 Noble in his life—

MATTHEW T. SCOTT,

BORN February 24, 1828;
 DIED May 21, 1891.

JAMES B. TAYLOR,

H. S. SWAYNE,

CHARLES L. CAPEN,

Committee College Alumni Club.

B. P. COLTON, Secretary

FROM THE NEWSPAPERS.

Bulletin.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

MR. MATTHEW T. SCOTT EXPERIENCES A RELAPSE AND IS
VERY LOW.

There will be great anxiety and regret throughout the city when it is known that Mr. M. T. Scott, one of our most prominent business men, is in a critical condition. Mr. Scott has been ill with grip for some time, but of late seemed steadily improving. The newspaper statement that he sat out on the porch yesterday was wholly incorrect, as he was unable to leave his bed, nevertheless he was apparently gaining strength. This morning he ate a rather hearty breakfast and soon after fell asleep, and Dr. Taylor, the attending physician, found him in a semi-comatose condition, and was unable to rouse him and he has since remained in that state. He seems to recognize those about him, but is unable to speak. Dr. Taylor has remained with him through the day and has had Dr. White, Dr. Parke and Dr. Hill in consultation. Relatives have been summoned by telegraph.

At 4 o'clock Mr. Scott was worse, being in a complete stupor. The physicians do not think he can live till morning, while he may die at any moment.

Pantagraph.

DANGEROUSLY ILL.

MR. MATTHEW T. SCOTT, OF THIS CITY, BECOMES SUDDENLY
WORSE AND WILL PROBABLY DIE.

Mr. M. T. Scott, who has been ill for a month past, was taken very much worse yesterday morning, shortly after partaking of light refreshments. He had been suffering from what has been commonly termed grip, but what the doctors pronounced to be pneumonia, and a slight bronchial affection. He had been very ill, but was thought to be improving some, and yesterday morning his family and friends thought that there was no doubt of his ultimate recovery. After breakfast he fell into a sleep, from which he could scarcely be aroused. His breathing grew stentorian, and although physicians were promptly summoned, he seemed to sink into a comatose state, and all of yesterday afternoon and night remained in that condition. His physicians say that he is now suffering from paralysis of the brain, and they give but very slight hopes of his recovery.

Mr. Matthew T. Scott, more commonly known as Mr. Matt Scott, is one of the most respected and best known of Bloomington's citizens. He has been a prominent figure here for twenty years, and his character is one of the very highest. He is a very bold, daring, nery business man, and has been engaged in many and various enterprises, some of them, of very large amount. He is intensely devoted to his family, and to those whom he loves. He is of a very positive and determined nature, and of very abstemious habits.

He never drank a glass of liquor in his life, and never did he use tobacco.

He is sixty-three years old, and was born in Lexington, Kentucky, and comes from a prominent and honored family of that state. * * *

His condition last night, up to a late hour, was unchanged. The physicians say that there is a slight chance for his recovery, but some of his most intimate friends, who watched by his bedside last night, fear the worst.

Pantagraph.

It is with profound sorrow that the *Pantagraph* this morning announces the death of Mr. Matthew T. Scott. Bloomington has lost one of its most honorable, upright and capable citizens and business men. Mr. Scott was endowed in no ordinary degree by nature to take a prominent rank among his fellow-men, being of great courage, of strong personality, and of vigorous mind and body. He brought into his business relations a sound judgment, with great boldness, sagacity and energy, and succeeded to a marked degree. He was a man capable of the largest transactions, and was built for the broader arena of life. He was of a most generous and kindly nature, a warm and steadfast friend, and achieved success without making enemies. Mr. Scott was widely esteemed throughout central Illinois, and his death will be sincerely mourned by hundreds outside of this city and county. His family is bereft of an affectionate and loving husband and father, and the community has lost a strong and useful man.

Bulletin.

The death of Mr. Matthew T. Scott is regarded on all sides in the light of a public calamity. Men of such eminent business qualifications and enterprising spirit are so rare, that when one is cut down in the zenith of activity and usefulness it is like the breaking of a link in the commercial chain. And aside from such considerations, the loss from the community of a man of pure life, kind heart and high honor, must always be a source of keen regret. Mr. Scott's name, so prominently identified with the development of Illinois, will not be forgotten.

Bulletin, May 21st.

IN PEACEFUL SLEEP.

MR. MATTHEW T. SCOTT RESPONDS TO THE LAST SUMMONS.—
THE END OF A NOBLE LIFE.—SKETCH OF AN EVENTFUL
CAREER.—AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF
CENTRAL ILLINOIS.

The death of Mr. Matthew T. Scott occurred at 8 o'clock this morning, at the residence, corner of Taylor and Clayton streets. The end was peaceful and painless, the spirit gently going out while loved ones were watching at the bedside.

Four weeks ago Mr. Scott was in vigorous health, and giving active attention to large business interests. He was taken down with grip, complicated with symptoms of pneumonia, and bronchial troubles. Last week his condition became alarming, and a council of physicians was held. Subsequently he rallied, and his friends were encouraged to

believe that he was on the road to recovery. Yesterday he seemed noticeably stronger, with returning appetite, and ate a light breakfast with evident relish. Soon after he fell into a heavy sleep, or stupor. Dr. Taylor, the attending physician, summoned Dr. Parke and Dr. Hill in consultation, but despite all that skill and experience could suggest, the patient lapsed into a comatose condition from which he never recovered, although at times seeming to recognize those about him. It was known that death was at hand and relatives were summoned by telegraph. His only brother, Mr. Isaac Scott, of Bement, arrived yesterday afternoon, and his brother-in-law, Hon. A. E. Stevenson, who was in Kentucky, reached home this morning.

Mr. Scott was born in Lexington, Ky., Feb. 24, 1828, making him 63 years of age. He came from revolutionary stock and from one of the most prominent families of the early Kentucky aristocracy. His father, Matthew T. Scott, Sr., was for many years cashier, and later, president of the Northern bank of Kentucky, and was one of the most widely known and influential financiers of the state.

The deceased was educated at Centre College, a noted institution at Danville, Ky., and on May 12, 1859, married Miss Julia Green, daughter of Rev. Dr. Lewis W. Green, president of Centre College, Ky. The union proved most congenial and felicitous, Mrs. Scott being a woman of rare intelligence and culture, and is overcome by grief at the loss of the companion of so many years.

About forty years ago, Mr. Scott came to Illinois, and it may be truthfully said, that no man gave more earnest effort

toward developing the young and growing state. He located first at Chenoa, and then lived for a time at Springfield, but for a quarter of a century he has made Bloomington his home, and has been identified with almost every public enterprise looking to our advancement. It was largely through his instrumentality that the McLean county coal mine was opened, and carried to a successful issue. He was the president from the first, and owned * * * a controlling interest at the time of his death. He was also interested in a number of enterprises of lesser moment. To Mr. Scott was largely due the establishment and maintenance of the *Bulletin* in its early and trying years. He was interested in the paper from the start and finally became the owner, erecting the present building and continuing the paper until it was purchased by Mr. Owen Scott. While operating the *Bulletin* he acquired the *Odd Fellows' Herald*, of which he was still owner at the time of his death. He was a man of rare judgment and foresight and unbounded courage in financial operations, and would make a deal involving a hundred thousand dollars with less flourish than employed by the average business man in the smallest transaction. To employ a trite expression his word was as good as his bond. Mr. Peter Whitmer, the banker, said to the writer this morning, "he was generous and enterprising and the soul of honor, and the better one knew him the greater the respect and the warmer the friendship."

He was an active member of the Second Presbyterian church and a close personal friend of the pastor, Dr. Dinsmore. He was a large hearted man, and no worthy charity

ever appealed to him in vain, and many will bless his memory, although his deeds of kindness were without ostentation. In point of fact he was personally modest and retiring, never courting newspaper publicity or taking a conspicuous place on public occasions, and in politics, while a life-long democrat and a man of strong convictions, and one who carefully studied and intelligently discussed current issues, he was never a candidate for office.

Mr. Scott will be greatly missed from this community. His high intelligence, courteous bearing and rare business enterprise and sagacity made him a prominent figure without the seeking. * * *

Leader, May 21st.

DEMISE OF MR. SCOTT.

AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS HE EXPIRES THIS MORNING.—BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF HIS LONG LIFE.—DEATH OF ONE OF THE FOREMOST CITIZENS OF BLOOMINGTON, GREATLY ESTEEMED BY ALL, AND HONORED BY HIS FRIENDS.—HIS BUSINESS CONNECTIONS.

This morning at 8 o'clock Mr. Matthew T. Scott, the large stockholder in the McLean County Coal Company, breathed his last at his beautiful home, at the corner of East Taylor and Clayton streets. The scene at the home was indeed a pathetic one, and the news of his death is a sad blow to his hundreds of friends and acquaintances.

About one month ago Mr. Scott was taken with a severe cold, and it took such a violent hold upon him that he was

confined to his home, and later to his bed. He became very ill, but by the heroic treatment of our best physicians, showed signs of improvement and recovery, and up to yesterday morning was steadily growing stronger. Yesterday morning he partook of a good, hearty meal, after which he laid down upon his couch to take a short rest. He soon fell to sleep from which it was found quite difficult to arouse him. His breathing grew strong and heavy, and although physicians were immediately summoned, he sank into a lethargic state, and continued so the remainder of the afternoon, and until within a few hours of his death this morning. Shortly before his death he grew some brighter, and the friends and relatives were again given substance upon which to base hopes for his recovery. The family had gone to breakfast, when the father and husband sank into a sleep of rest, from which he did not awaken. He breathed his last at 8 o'clock. * * *

During the great immigration to the country in 1852 Mr. Scott came to McLean county, and since that time he has been identified with the progressive steps that it has taken since that year. If there ever existed a true representative of the southern gentleman, it was Mr. Scott, for he was a gentleman in every respect, and his character and good acts are such as will add to the memory of his name. He was honest, outspoken and would allow nobody to be more courteous and considerate to a friend than himself. Owing to his positive, determined nature he often led the average man to believe that he was gruff and haughty, but such was not the case, for there never lived a more thoughtful, generous-

hearted man than he. It was necessary for a man to thoroughly know him to appreciate his good nature and high character. He was a genuine christian in every respect.

* * *

His ancestors were distinguished, and it was a great pleasure to him to tell of them to his friends in his usual entertaining way.

The funeral arrangements are as yet incomplete, but it is quite probable that it will take place Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Pantagraph, May 22d.

AN ACTIVE LIFE CLOSED.

MR. MATTHEW T. SCOTT, OUR WELL KNOWN CITIZEN, PASSED AWAY YESTERDAY MORNING AT 8 O'CLOCK.—A SKETCH OF THE BUSY LIFE AND SUCCESS OF AN EARNEST, UPRIGHT MAN.

The city received a severe shock yesterday morning when the announcement went forth that Mr. Matthew T. Scott had breathed his last. Although his life had been despaired of for the last few days, yet it was anxiously hoped that his recovery would finally result, and when his death was learned, it dashed to pieces the faint hopes of many anxious friends. It was only four weeks ago that Mr. Scott felt the illness coming upon him from which he was never to recover. He had been in vigorous health, and considered the slight indisposition from which he suffered as a light cold, or at the

worst, a slight attack of the grip. This soon became complicated with bronchial affections and symptoms of pneumonia, and Mr. Scott was seriously ill for a time, but when he seemed to be recovering he was taken with a relapse, and the physicians realized that he was in a precarious condition.

Soon after breakfast Wednesday morning Mr. Scott fell into a heavy sleep, from which he could scarcely be aroused. When he was restored to consciousness he had lost all power of speech and the physicians pronounced his latest ailment paralysis of the brain. He never regained the power of speaking. His life was given up by the physicians. Some of his relatives and a few of his life-long friends were at his bedside, including the members of his immediate family, and his brother. For a day he lingered in a condition bordering close to death, and at 8 o'clock May 21st, the end came. He indicated by motions that he suffered no pain, and his mind seemed clear to the very last. He recognized those about him, but his tongue was sealed. It was a sad moment for those about him, and when the news of his death went abroad over the city the effect was noticeable,—an effect such as is produced only when a community awakens to the fact that one of its busiest, most earnest and whole-souled men has been taken away. * * *

When Mr. Scott was eighteen years of age he went to Ohio, where his father had much land, which he took charge of and managed. In 1852 he commenced to invest in Illinois lands and soon afterwards came here, locating where Chenoa now is, where he had a good deal of land. He was much interested in getting the Chicago & Alton railroad located

through his land and did much for that road. * * *

Some three years ago he became largely interested in the iron mines of Tennessee, and purchased 47,000 acres of iron lands in the western part of that state. Last summer he sold this property to a syndicate of English gentlemen reserving for himself a one-fifth interest. His whole management of this gigantic operation showed rare business capabilities and skill. He was one of the wealthiest men of this county, and was a business man of great boldness and energy.

The people of Bloomington knew Mr. Scott chiefly as a business man of ability, but to his near and dear friends he was a model of courageous, christian manhood. He was a man of strong and vigorous character, and his dislikes were as pronounced as his likes. He was a thoroughly honest and upright man and it was only those who did not know him, who did not like him. He was intensely devoted to his family, to his friends, and to all whom he loved, and would do all that mortal man could do to oblige a friend. He was an intensely conscientious man, and would die rather than knowingly do a wrong thing. He never drank a glass of liquor in his life, and never even tasted it, although he had no conscientious scruples against doing so, and generally kept some liquor in the house. He used no tobacco, but kept cigars always on hand for his friends. He never used profane or obscene language and objected to others using it in his presence.

He was very determined and positive, and when he had once made up his mind, he never changed it except for mighty reasons. As a business man, he was extremely bold

and self-reliant, and much preferred big transactions to small ones. In fact he became interested in transactions in proportion to their greatness. Some four or five years ago he united with the Second Presbyterian church of this city, since which time he has been a devoted member of that communion. * * *

The business interests of Mr. Scott are said to be in a very satisfactory condition, as for a year past he has been actively engaged in arranging his many business affairs, having realized and spoken of the uncertainty of life to a person of his years. His loss to this city will be great, and his place will be hard to fill. He will be missed no less as a business man, than as a progressive, earnest citizen, who was anxious for the welfare of the city and state. He was an uncompromising democrat, and always voted the ticket.

Not only has Mr. Scott voted the democratic ticket, but he has always been an active member of the democratic party. At the time when political affairs were not the brightest in Central Illinois, he, with several others, organized the democratic newspaper, the *Bulletin*, and when the others dropped away from the undertaking, Mr. Scott staid with it to completion. Hon. John H. Oberly was secured as editor, and Mr. Scott spared neither effort nor money to make it successful. It was he who built the present home of that paper.

Mr. Scott carried no life insurance at the time of his death. Active as he had been all through life, he took an active interest in affairs about him even during his heavy illness, and seemed always to be conscious of his condition. It is needless to say that he will be missed in the city—this

city that he has helped in so many ways. Realizing the benefits which he has brought to them, the citizens of the city unite in their sorrow with the members of his own family, who have undergone the deeper bereavement.

The funeral services will be held Saturday, at 3 p. m., from the residence, corner of Taylor and Clayton streets.

The Eye.

DEATH OF MATTHEW T. SCOTT.

DEMISE OF AN EXEMPLARY CITIZEN AND EMINENT BUSINESS MAN.

The death of Mr. Matthew T. Scott occurred last Thursday morning, at his late home in this city. The immediate cause of his death was la grippe, which toward the end, merged into pneumonia. The daily papers of the city have published sketches of the life of Mr. Scott, and paid fitting and generous tribute to his career as an exemplary citizen and successful business man. Matthew T. Scott deserved, and his memory today, deserves all the commendable things that have been said and written of him. He was a man peculiarly adapted by nature to combat and surmount the obstacles of life. His manner inspired confidence, because he was confident of his own ability, and those who followed his counsels in business matters never found cause to regret it. He ventured upon large enterprises, not because he was of a speculative nature, but because of his far-sightedness and his ability to measure large concerns. These traits led Mr.

Scott to organize, at an early day, the McLean County Coal Company, and it was due to his energy and business sagacity that the plant became one of the most successful and prosperous in the west. Through the attributes named he was enabled to accumulate, during an active career of less than average length, a handsome fortune, by purely legitimate methods. One feature conspicuous in his operations, not particularly touched upon, is the great faith that Mr. Scott had in the material resources of the country, and their possibilities in wealth-yielding. This is testified by his founding and promoting the coal mine here, and his large investments in mineral lands elsewhere.

For the rest, the eminent citizen whose body has just been borne to the tomb, had a character of rare attractiveness. His personality was inviting, and from first to last, his natural geniality and equable temper continued unruffled. He was a true man, a resourceful man, and a man whose success did not arouse envy, because his own upbuilding meant the advancement of many others. The death of such a man as Mr. Scott, means a serious loss to the business community everywhere; it means a lamentable loss to the city of his residence, and an irreparable loss to his family and friends.

Leader.

ARRANGEMENTS COMPLETE.

THE LATE M. T. SCOTT TO BE INTERRED TOMORROW.

The funeral arrangements for the interment of the remains of the late M. T. Scott are now perfected.

The services will be held at his late home, corner Taylor and Clayton streets, at 3 o'clock tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon, and will be conducted by the Rev. Dr. Dinsmore, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, of which congregation Mr. Scott was a member, and a faithful worker. The funeral procession will move north on Clayton street to Grove, thence west on Grove to Main, and south on Main to the cemetery, where the remains will be buried in the family lot, in the new portion of the burying grounds.

The death of the husband and father and friend is indeed a hard blow to all, and in this hour of family bereavement, it seems as though the entire populace extends its sympathy, to those from whose midst he was stricken, and expresses its sorrow at the city's loss.

Telegrams of condolence have been received from all parts of the country at the residence this morning, and their number shows the esteem in which he was held by so many people.

There will be a large number of relatives and friends in the city to attend the funeral tomorrow, among whom will be Rev. Dr. Craig and family, of Chicago, relatives of Mrs. Scott.

The room in which the remains now rest is filled with the choicest of flowers, and the scene is a very impressive one. The funeral tomorrow will undoubtedly be one of the largest held in this city for many years.

Leader.

CONSIGNED TO EARTH.

THE REMAINS OF MATTHEW T. SCOTT LAID TO REST.—THE FINAL PARTING A SAD ONE.—THE FUNERAL THIS AFTERNOON FROM THE LATE RESIDENCE OF THE DECEASED.—LOVING FRIENDS BURY THE CASKET BENEATH FLOWERS.—BRIEF CEREMONIES BY DR. DINSMORE.

It was a large crowd of mourning friends that gathered at the residence of Matthew T. Scott this afternoon, to bid the last farewell to one whom they had loved so dearly. The body reposed in an elegant casket in the east parlor. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. At the head of the coffin was a broken shaft, the gift of the McLean County Coal Company. "The Gates Ajar," was the present of the Stevenson children.

On the casket lay an anchor and a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley from his adopted children, Mrs. Gardner and Miss Sue Winston. A floral pillow inscribed "Friend and Brother" was from the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson and wife. There was also a wreath from Mr. Scott's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Graham, and numerous other tributes from Mr. and Mrs. Owen Scott, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Davis, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, and Mr. and Mrs. Patterson. The most pathetic offering was a pillow of immortelles, which reposed near the head of the dead. On it was the single word, "Papa." * * *

The services were simple and impressive. The Misses

Eversole and Evans, and the Messrs. Wilson and Hamilton rendered the music in a touching manner. There was no funeral oration. Dr. Dinsmore, the warm friend of Mr. Scott, made a few sympathetic remarks on the integrity and purity of the dead. With hearts almost bursting with grief, the sorrowing family and friends followed the remains to their final resting place, and laid them tenderly away.

The honorary pall-bearers were, Judge John M. Scott, R. E. Williams, Dr. J. L. White, and W. O. Davis. The active pall-bearers were: Messrs. H. M. Senseney, R. F. Evans, Peter Whitmer, James S. Ewing, Owen Scott, and James Colter, of Chenoa.

Pantagraph.

BORNE TO THE GRAVE.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MATTHEW T. SCOTT ON SATURDAY
LARGELY ATTENDED BY HIS OLD FRIENDS.

Many sorrowing friends were present Saturday afternoon at the family residence, to show their love and regard for the late Matthew T. Scott. There has probably been no more impressive funeral for a long time in this city, than was that of this man, where so many of the representative citizens were present. Not only from this city, but neighboring towns sent many who had known and honored him in his lifetime, and at his death took this occasion to make a last recognition of their friendship. Mr. Scott was known, not simply as a resident of Bloomington, but as a progressive citizen of the county and central Illinois.

The spacious Scott residence at the corner of Clayton and Taylor streets was crowded Saturday, and many were compelled to remain outside. The services began promptly at 3 o'clock, and were short but very impressive. A brief talk by Dr. Dinsmore, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, was a beautiful tribute of one who had known Mr. Scott for many years, and had enjoyed the warmest friendship with him. Mr. Scott had been a member of the Second Presbyterian church for a number of years, coming for admission into the church in company with his younger daughter. He had always been a faithful and active member, and was upright in all phases of his life. The speaker told of the pleasure there is in thinking of a man who had left no painful memory behind him. Mr. Scott left such a legacy. In business he was honest and upright, in the house he was good and true, in all things a thorough, consistent gentleman. Before Dr. Dinsmore's address Rev. Dr. Craig, president of the McCormick theological seminary of Chicago, offered a heartfelt prayer. The music was given by Misses Dora Eversole and Hattie Evans and Messrs. Frank Hamilton and Elmer Wilson. The services were brief, and soon after four o'clock the long procession was on its way to the grave. At the cemetery there was a short prayer by Dr. Craig and the usual benediction by Dr. Dinsmore. The honorary pall bearers were Messrs. R. E. Williams, Dr. J. L. White and W. O. Davis. The active pall bearers were Messrs. H. M. Senseney, Peter Whitmer, R. P. Morgan, of Dwight, J. Colter, of Chenoa, and R. F. Evans.

As said before, there have been few such services in the

city that have called out so many business men. Business generally was laid aside, to do reverence to one who had been most active in its circles. The floral decorations were profuse, and elegant. Among the most conspicuous were "Gates Ajar," presented by Mr. Lewis G. Stevenson and sisters, nephew and nieces of Mr. Scott; a beautiful piece, bearing the words, "Brother and Friend," by Hon. and Mrs. A. E. Stevenson; and a piece entitled "Papa," by the two daughters of Mr. Scott; a scythe, from Mr. Peter Whitmer; a pillow of rosebuds, by the employes of the McLean County Coal Company; an anchor, by Mr. W. A. Gardner, of Chicago. Wreaths were given by Mr. Lyman Graham, and also by the College Alumni Society, and bouquets of lillies by Miss Grace Cheney, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Swayne, Mrs. Eliza Stevenson, and Dr. and Mrs. Dyson. Besides these, there were many other bouquets and offerings, the tributes of sincere mourners to one whom they regarded most tenderly.

Many guests were present from other cities, being relatives or close acquaintances of Mr. Scott. Mr. Isaac Scott, the oldest and only surviving brother of Mr. Scott, was present from Lexington, Kentucky. Among others present were Hon. Patrick Joyce, of Louisville, Kentucky, Rev. Dr. W. G. Craig, Professor in the McCormick Theological Seminary, and a cousin of Mrs. Scott; Hon. A. Harwood, of Champaign; Rev. R. C. Conover, of Lexington, a class-mate of Mr. Scott at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky; Rev. S. H. Stevenson, of McLean; Col. R. P. Morgan, of Dwight, and John McWilliams, of Odell; David McWilliams, of Dwight. Chenoa, the town founded by Mr. Scott, and his home for a number of years,

sent down a large number, demonstrating their kindly remembrance of him, and their sorrow for his death. Among those present were Messrs. E. D. Churchill, Sr., Miss Lily Churchill, James Colter, W. A. Haynes, F. Myers, J. E. Wightman, E. M. Pike, George Harris. A number of the tenants living upon Mr. Scott's farms were also present, among these being Mr. John Stroll and Mr. George Stroll, of Monticello. A number of the employes of the McLean County Coal Company, of which Mr. Scott has been president for a number of years, attended also. Telegrams of condolence were received from many who were unable to be present.

The death of Mr. Scott removes one of our best and most active men. Every citizen of the city, be he rich or poor, is a loser thereby. Upon Mr. Scott's widow and two daughters the most poignant grief has fallen, his death being peculiarly sudden and distressing. The common sorrow of the city also joins with theirs, and mourns that one in every way so commendable should have been so suddenly called.

Bulletin, May 24.

THE LAST EARTHLY HONORS.

THE REMAINS OF MATTHEW T. SCOTT COMMITTED TO MOTHER EARTH—A NOTABLE DEMONSTRATION OF GENERAL SORROW.

The funeral of the late Matthew T. Scott took place Saturday afternoon from the residence, and was one of the most imposing gatherings of the kind seen in Bloomington for

years. The deceased was not a member of any of the orders, and the attendance was made up of old friends and acquaintances, who claimed the sad privilege of paying the last token of respect. The remains were exposed in the forenoon and the familiar features were calm and peaceful in the long repose. At 3 p. m., the hour of the funeral, the neighborhood was crowded with people and vehicles. The house is large, but only a comparatively small proportion of attendants could secure admission. The casket was hidden by fair flowers. Music was furnished by members of the choir from the Second Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Dinsmore, the pastor, made an address, simple and beautiful in diction and sentiment. It was not a conventional oration, but the expression of the thoughts of a man of feeling, upon the death of a cherished friend. The remarks were brief and extemporaneous, but came from the heart, and consisted of a strong tribute to a noble life, but just gone out. The procession to the cemetery was an imposing column, and it was with keenest sorrow that the last farewell was taken. The honorary pall bearers were Judge John M. Scott, R. E. Williams, Colonel R. P. Morgan, Dr. J. L. White and W. O. Davis. The active pall bearers were Messrs. H. M. Senseney, R. F. Evans, Peter Whitmer, James S. Ewing, Owen Scott, and James Colter, of Chenoa.

The death of Mr. Scott recalls many things of interest, in connection with the history of commercial enterprises in Central Illinois. In the case of Bloomington, probably no one thing contributed more to the growth of the city than the sinking and maintaining of a coal mine of adequate

capacity. Mr. Scott was the original mover in the enterprise, and it was his capital and pluck that pulled it through. Old citizens will remember that in the early days, the mine was a very serious problem. It did not pay, and it seemed that it must be abandoned, and it would have gone by the board had not Mr. Scott, with his money and his courage, shouldered the load, and carried it to the splendid success that it is to-day. Without the coal mine, our manufacturing industries would cut a small figure.

Concerning Mr. Scott's connection with the founding and development of Chenoa, the *Pantagraph* says:

The death of Mr. Matt T. Scott has cast a gloom over the city of Chenoa, as Mr. Scott laid out that city, naming it after the Indian name of Chenowa, in 1856. The town was located west of the Chicago & Alton railroad, and business houses and residences were first built there. He offered to give the city land for a park, and it was laid out, but the city did not accept and improve it, and it reverted. Mr. W. M. Hamilton laid out East Chenoa, and business for a time was divided between the two sections, but now all business houses are on land that formerly belonged to Messrs. M. T. Scott, Humphreys & Pickett. Mr. Scott bought a large two-story house there, opposite the M. E. church, and resided in it for a time. He sold it to Green Miller, and moved to Springfield in 1867 or 1868.

From the third volume of "The Scotch-Irish in America."

IN MEMORIAM.

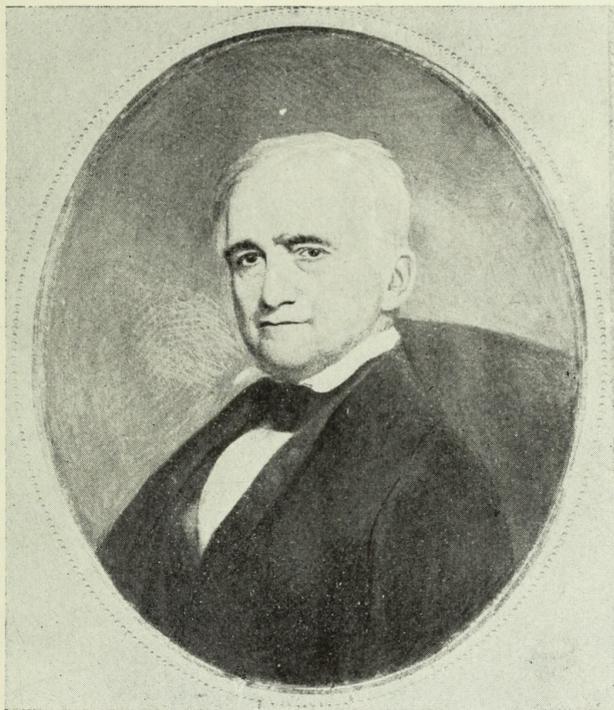
MATTHEW T. SCOTT.

Matthew T. Scott, a member of the Scotch-Irish Society, died at his home, in Bloomington, Illinois, May 21, 1891. He was born in Lexington, Kentucky, February 24, 1828; was the fourth son of the late Matthew T. Scott, Sr., for many years president of the Northern Bank of Kentucky, and one of the most eminent financiers of his day.

The Scott family was of Scotch-Irish stock, and emigrated to this country in colonial times, settling first in New Jersey. They were a prolific race, and their descendants became scattered in the surrounding states. It is from a Pennsylvania branch that the subject of this paper came. His ancestors and relatives of the Revolutionary generation showed the love of liberty and manly spirit which is characteristic of the Scotch-Irish stock, by serving in the continental armies during the war for independence. The later generations have, wherever found, always occupied the highest social positions, and have been distinguished for force of character and integrity, and for ability in the professions or business they followed.

Mr. Scott himself was a noble representative of the vigorous intellect, the sterling moral qualities, and the manly, generous self-reliant nature, which seems to be hereditary in the Scotch-Irish blood from which his family sprang.

He was descended from Robert Scott, an old covenanter hero, who lived in the latter part of the sixteenth century,



Affectionately your Father
M. J. Scott

and fought at the battle of Bothwell Briggs for the covenant and the crown. Robert Scott was a member of the old Scottish Parliament, and opposed the union of the crowns during the reign of Queen Ann, because of the ignoring of the Scottish crown and name, in the new Parliament of Great Britain. For this offense he, with a number of others of the two houses of the old Parliament, suffered in the tower of London with the risk of their heads, until released by an amnesty of George I, when he was brought over from Hanover to take the throne, in virtue of being a descendant of the Stuarts. Robert Scott and his friend, the Earl of Belhaven—a member of the upper house of the old Parliament—emigrated in disgust to the north of Ireland.

His eldest son, John, emigrated to this country about 1725, and John's son, Matthew, married at Carlisle, Pa., in 1862 or 1863, Betsy Thompson, daughter of William Thompson, commissioned colonel in the Revolutionary army, June 25, 1875, promoted brigadier general, March 1, 1876.

The subject of this sketch was educated at Centre College, Kentucky, graduating from that institution in 1846. He soon thereafter removed to Illinois, and by judicious investments, and prudent business management, laid the foundation for future success. At the time of his death he was one of the largest landed proprietors in the state.

In his early manhood he foresaw, as did few of his contemporaries, the great future of Illinois. He was the proprietor of the village of Chenoa, in Central Illinois, and its present prosperity is in a large measure due to his foresight and liberality.

In the highest sense, Mr. Scott was a man of integrity—in the loftiest sense a man of personal honor. Faithful to every obligation, he was incapable of an ignoble act. He was eminently a just man. Possessing in a marked degree the sturdy characteristics of his Scotch-Irish ancestors, his principle in action was:

“For justice all place a temple,
And all season, summer.”

Courteous to all with whom he came in contact, he was the highest type of the old school gentleman.

Declining the nomination tendered him by his party for congress, he chose the quiet of home rather than the turmoil of political life. He was profoundly interested, however, in public affairs, and in his advocacy of what he believed the right, “he took counsel ever of his courage, never of his fears.”

Mr. Scott was the founder, and for many years the proprietor of the *Bulletin*, the leading democratic paper of Central Illinois. He was one of the originators, and the principal owner of the extensive coal mines of Bloomington, to which that city is largely indebted for its present prosperity.

Mr. Scott was married in May, 1859, to Miss Julia, daughter of the late Rev. Lewis W. Green, D. D., president of Centre College, Kentucky.

His was indeed a happy marriage; his home was ever the abode of refinement and princely hospitality. Many who, in the years gone by, have been guests at his fireside, have heard with sorrow that he is no more.

Mr. Scott was a devoted member, and steadfast supporter of the Second Presbyterian church, of the city of Bloom-

ington, and the trusted friend and counselor of its pastor, Rev. Dr. Dinsmore.

Leaving a stainless record, he passed to his grave, followed in sorrow by almost the entire community, with whom his lot had been cast. He sleeps in the beautiful cemetery near the city he loved; his grave covered with flowers, by those, to whom he had in life, been a friend and benefactor.

Courageous in life, for him death had no terrors.

“ Without a sigh, a feature changed, or a shaded smile—
He gave his hand to the stern messenger.
And, as a glad child seeks its father's arms,
Went home.”

MANSE, POYNETTE, WISCONSIN, }
June 9th, 1891. }

During a series of years, it was my fortune to be thrown into the most intimate association with M. T. Scott. As memory recalls the unclouded brotherhood in which we walked—the many aspects in which his strong and ardent spirit disclosed itself—I am impressed afresh with the robustness and vigor of his nature; with the tenderness and fidelity of his loving heart. By nature and habit he was a man of affairs. By nature and habit he was a man of an abounding wealth of affection. The yearning for love was as constant a characteristic, as was that redundant vitality of brain which required the stimulus of large business interests. No burden of care, and no strain of fatigue, were adequate to weigh down, and repress the tides of sweet and tender affection, which were ever flowing spontaneously from the full

and inexhaustable spring within his bosom. No point in his character differentiated him in a more striking way from numbers of men whom I have known, than the union—singular in degree and constancy—of rugged strength, with depth and sweetness of affection. The interplay of these forces was continuous—their fires always aglow—their light and warmth irradiating all his waking hours.

Another marked feature, was his utter hatred of all duplicity. He hated a lie as an embodied deviltry. He never met with illegitimate pretension without an instinctive impulse to unmask it—to pursue it—to stone it out of existence. The intensity of this feeling often gave to his countenance the appearance of austerity, which might easily be mistaken for unkindness—yet the world would be a far safer place to live in, if more of this heaven-born fire, dwelt in the souls of the children of men.

As a business man, Mr. Scott was endowed with great fertility of resource. His arithmetic gifts were unusual. As evidence of his remarkable memory, in some directions, he repeatedly stated, that if the records should be destroyed, he could reproduce, from his own recollection, the exact description—section, township, range, and meridian—of every quarter section of land of the 20,000 acres he had located for himself and others, and also the description of the lands contiguous to them. Poets have dreamed more poems than they have written. He excogitated far more business schemes than he ever attempted to carry out. The play of his mind over business grounds which multitudes of men approach with anxiety, and traverse with toil and difficulty,

was like the rapid and exultant race of the collegian who drives the football before him. He pursued business with the zest with which the hunter trails the deer. His soul was ever athirst for action. In handling lands and mines he found a thoroughly congenial realm for the exercise of faculties, which delighted in the solution of an endless series of problems in profit and loss. What men call "speculation," was to him a prime part of life's stimulus—aliment—romance. Speculative schemes came to him as easily as wood-pigeons flock to their feeding grounds, or shaded roosts. The whole affair was one of spontaneous, easy, natural movement of inborn faculties. As the bird sings—as the fish swims—as the pointer beats the prairie in quest of game—with kindred ease and elasticity, did he sketch and work out the elements of a business plan.

A man of this build inevitably cumpers himself more or less. But the endowments to which allusion has been made, are accompanied with this admirable advantage. They fortify the soul with unflagging serenity, and courage in business. The unfaltering arithmetic habit of Mr. Scott's mind, had familiarized him with such a great variety of modes, in which money may be made, that he stood at all times filled with the vivid sense, that a loss here, may be repaired there. My impression is, that the "bother" which the majority of mankind find in the matter of "making a living," was to him, through life, one of the mysteries of human inaptitude.

My habitual impression, throughout years of most intimate daily intercourse with Mr. Scott, was, that his estimate of the value of money and property, was wisely graduated

—eminently sober—just—and moderated by manifold reflections. He saw so many methods by which values could be accumulated or enhanced—saw so many ways by which human life may be embittered and ruined beyond money redemption—valued at so high an estimate, those best enrichments which millions cannot buy—found such genuine satisfaction in helping others and gratifying his family—that he was defended and fortified solidly, on many sides, against contractions of spirit, and growths of avarice. He rises now before my vision, in the prime of his manhood—as one of the most robust, vitalized, brotherly, and generous men, that I have known on this earth.

Mr. Scott had a very rare gift for the mastering of languages. Had his whole time and strength been given, from earth youth, to that department, he would have made one of our most erudite linguists,—or he would have made a superb statistician,—or once more,—as a working member of the senate of the United States, he would on all questions of finance have risen to deserved eminence.

My associations with Mr. Scott were some years prior to his union with the church of God, but not prior to his profound reverence for, and interest in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was during all these years, one of the most regular and devout attendants on the ministry of the Word, and most decided in the avowed conviction that the *whole* truth revealed by God, should be tenaciously held and preached. The places of such men can not be easily filled, in any community, from which our gracious and Sovereign God may remove them.

GOOD NIGHT.

Sleep on beloved and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—
Good Night.

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, serene and deep—
Good Night.

Until the shadows from the earth are cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gleam be overpast—
Good Night.

Until the Easter glories gild the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good Night.

Until made beautiful by love divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shall shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good Night.

Only good night beloved, not "farewell,"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indissoluble—
Good Night.

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know, even as we are known—
Good Night.



S. W. Green

ADDRESS

ON
THE CHARACTER AND SERVICES OF

REV. LEWIS WARNER GREEN, D. D.

DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF A TABLET TO HIS MEMORY
AS ONE OF THE
PRESIDENTS OF CENTRE COLLEGE,
AT

DANVILLE, KENTUCKY,

June 10, 1891,

BY

REV. WILLIS G. CRAIG, D. D.

PROFESSOR IN
M'CORMICK THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Inscription on Tablet.

*"So when a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him, lies
Upon the paths of men."*

If an attempt is made to estimate with critical care and precision, the character and services of a man who has reached even comparative distinction, valuable aid will be derived from a thorough scrutiny of the special features of the region which produced him.

There is formative power in regional peculiarities, and when a particular vicinage is marked by distinct and easily recognized traits, we may well expect to see a race of men springing from its midst, fitted to give expression to the characteristic qualities with which it has been natively endowed. The great commonwealth, within whose borders we stand to-day, is rich and varied in distinctive features.

Segregated by its mountain ranges and water courses from neighboring states, it has been called the Switzerland of America. With scenery of unsurpassed beauty—soil of inexhaustible depth, and a climate, which the greatest travellers have declared to be the most delightful and health-giving in America, it received to its virgin bosom a population well fitted to develop its amazing resources; to found noble institutions, to establish ideal homes, and to build up and perpetuate a society which has won the admiration of the land. Men of family, of character, of great ability and

liberal training, founded this state on the corner stones of liberty, education and religion ; and cultivated men of high breeding, wide education, solid character, and distinguished ability have stood guard over its destinies from the beginning until now.

From the depths of this mighty productivity has sprung a people of broad mould and rare proportion, who illustrate well the undoubted principle, that a rich, mellow soil must produce a luxuriant growth.

You have known from the earliest days the jealous concern with which the fathers guarded the reputation of this honorable state. By many a ruddy fireside have you heard worthy sires, instructing ingenuous youth in the sacred principles of courage and cleanness ; of personal honor, and chivalrous devotion to right ; of fidelity to country, religion and home ; of open handed hospitality, graced with the utmost refinements of courteous intercourse ; and of well poised ambition to reach honorable distinction in the highest walks of human life !

These quick and potent counsels were swift to produce their legitimate results. Successive generations followed to illustrate the principles they were taught to profess, and to adorn the goodly land to which they owed their fortunate birth.

In the capacity of a great community to reproduce after its kind ; to preserve its fairest forms, its noblest types ; to embellish them, even from age to age, by the

close processes of a regulated culture, you have a right to take a pardonable pride.

To those illustrious men, who have manifested the peculiar qualities of the region in the most marked and emphatic way, a debt of gratitude is due.

If dead, their memories should be held in tender reverence ; if living, they should be honored. Whether living or dead, their virtues should be imitated ; and their descendants should press with accelerated footsteps along the pathway which they have marked out.

To this exalted circle of great men, born of this favored soil, belonged the subject of my sketch,

LEWIS WARNER GREEN.

He descended from a long line of worthy ancestors. Born January 28, 1806, on the plantation "Waveland," near Danville, Kentucky, he grew to manhood on the paternal estate. His great grandfather was Col. Henry Willis, the founder of Fredericksburgh, Virginia; his great grandmother, Mildred Washington, sister of Augustine Washington, aunt of Gen. George Washington. His grandfather was Duff Green, and his grandmother, Anne Willis, both of Virginia. His father, Willis Green, who moved in early manhood to Kentucky ; his mother, Sarah Reed. His first wife was Miss Eliza J. Montgomery, of Lincoln county, Kentucky. There were no children by this marriage. In April, 1834, he was again married, taking as his life companion Mrs. Mary Law-

rence, daughter of Mr. Thomas Walker Fry, of Springhouse, Kentucky. His children are Julia, wife of the late Matthew T. Scott, of Bloomington, Illinois, and Letitia, wife of Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, of Bloomington, Illinois.

In the development of his native qualities, he felt the pressure of influential hands, skilled to mould the glowing materials of his mind and heart into splendid forms. A mother of singular beauty, whether of person or of mind, with ministrations of utmost gentleness, tempered with the firmness of profound conviction, first laid the plastic touch upon his young life. When she was gathered to her rest, his older brother's wife, another saintly soul, a second mother to him, took up the delicate task of training an uncommon child for the mighty tasks of earth and the still grander labors of heaven.

And the fine response which he returned to everything, pure, and beautiful, and noble; the utter hatred and flashing scorn with which he struck and trampled upon the coarse, the vile, the loathsome, the treacherous elements of depraved human life, attest the quality and power of the early influence which brooded over his earlier years.

Soon he came beneath the skillful guidance of one of the few real masters of the day. A man also to the manor born, of powerful intellect, distinguished classical learning, a wonderful love of teaching, and a rare aptitude for its commanding duties, Lewis Marshall had gathered into his school a few lads from the leading families of the state,

who made a family circle around his feet. Among these was Lewis Warner Green. Here first, perchance, were experienced the sacred stirrings and serene pleasures of growing knowledge. Beneath the wise stimulation and accurate direction of the learned teacher, the beauty, the wealth, and the priceless contents of the classic tongues engaged and fascinated the budding intellect of the youthful scholar, and from that date it seemed assured that he would, if spared, reach distinguished eminence in the department of linguistic learning. The professors at Transylvania and Centre in turn aroused and directed his inquiries along the path of a broad and varied culture. In the early years of his vigorous manhood, he crossed the sea in pursuit of a discipline still more exact and extended, and there in the storied lands of the old world, passed beneath the commanding influence of the greatest scholars of that age.

One of the chief boons which Providence may grant to an eager, receptive young scholar, is to place him in contact with teachers who are not only masters in the technique of their own departments, and broadly sympathetic with all truth; but capable as well of entering into the possibilities of the student mind, of perceiving the agitations, and estimating aright the thrilling experiences of the ardent spirit, stirred to its very depths by the touch of vivifying knowledge. Such a blessing was vouchsafed this young scholar at a time when equal advantages were unusual.

At Halle he listened to the close, severely reasoned, analytic, linguistic processes of Gesenius. At Berlin he followed with rapt attention the majestic sentences of Neander, the father of modern church history, as he unfolded the unearthly history of the kingdom of God, passing through the nations ; he drank in from the sweet words of the saintly Tholuck the very essence of the Johannean gospel, and soared with Hengstenberg amid the lofty disclosures of Messianic prophecy. Under the conduct of distinguished oriental scholars, at the famous university of Bonn, he gave special attention to the study of Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, and Chaldee ; and thus laid the foundation of wide erudition in the department of linguistics.

Through the medium of these varied disciplines, his taste was formed, large information gathered, his character established, and the man made ready for his life work.

The brief time allotted to this address will not allow extended notice of Dr. Green's professional career. His first labors were wrought in this, his native place. The impression made by his fine talents and his polished learning soon brought him into wider notice ; and the broader constituency of the church at large promptly called for his services, in some of the most important centers of Presbyterian influence. Cities like Pittsburg and Baltimore, and a great state like Virginia in turn demanded his presence ; now in the professor's chair ; now in the pulpit ; now in the president's seat.

The country outside of his original district, sat with pleasure beneath the charm of his oratory; owned with genial confidence the scope and depth of his learning, and yielded with responsive emotion to the rare fascination of his winning manners and elevated life.

In the full prime of manhood, he returned to his native state, and soon to his early home, and to the presidency of his Alma Mater; here to yield the richest fruits of his mature powers, and here to die, May 26, 1863, where he was born, secure in the admiration of the entire community, and the tender love of a countless number of dear friends throughout the entire church, who had enshrined him in their heart of hearts.

In what remains to be said, I may properly ask you, in the spirit of this occasion, to consider Dr. Green

1. As a man of true genius.

I shall not attempt, by any subtlety of discrimination, to define the concept of genius, as it may be distinguished from talent, or mental ability, or common sense, or general faculty.

There is, however, among all careful thinkers, a ready admission of that peculiar, fine, exquisite quality, which we call genius. A swift, intuitive apprehension of the harmony and potency of truth in its essence, and in its relations—a keen sensitiveness to beauty in all its varied forms, and a rare facility of expression, enter, at least as elemental particulars, into the idea we have of true genius. Impressions

upon such a soul are instantaneous, vivid, and lasting. Ideas come winged and flashing from afar ; images cluster within the mind, bright and many tinted, illustrating the wealthy thought, and impassioned words give utterance to the living truth, which clamors for expression. Such men do not need to await the slow process of painful reasoning ; they do not need the crashing thunder of accomplished events to awaken them to the signs of the times, and their needs ; they see events coming from beyond, and seek to guide them when they come.

They see truth placarded in large letters where ordinary men are dull of sight, or perhaps, see not at all. "Luther had that true genius, that made him paramount among the men of his time, and left an imperishable influence upon all following times." Shakespeare had this marvelous gift, and before his penetrating gaze the labyrinth of human nature stood disclosed. He painted it, played with it, made it do his bidding. He walked with composure amidst its deepest secrets ; unravelled its profoundest perplexities ; described its highest aspirations and, like a seer standing on the hilltops, prophesied its destiny. Thomas F. Marshall and Richard H. Menafee possessed this sacred fire, and out from their impassioned souls burst the tempest of resistless eloquence, which swept men to conclusion, and to action, with a vigor and certainty unknown to the resources of a cold and passionless logic. To this order of gifted souls belonged the man whose character I seek to portray.

The swift and accurate intuitions; the bold, yet chaste imagination; the varied, yet skillful combination of fact and illustrative fancy; the insight into the human heart; the knowledge of the motives which sway men; of the fears that affright the race; of the dauntless hopes which after all bespeak our immortality; the elegant and copious forms of speech, fitted to express with equal readiness the boldest reasoned thought, the subtle distinction, or the most delicate fancy; these several capacities, which he manifested with abundant fullness, had their rise within that mysterious endowment, which we call, with admitted vagueness, *human genius*.

It remains, in each instance, to determine whether this gift is of certain value. The powers that pertain to such men, unregulated by careful thought and moulding experience, may prove an evil rather than a good; a curse rather than a blessing. If we would be judicious in our estimate, we must see what use this man made of his peculiar gifts. To this end we may consider him

2. As a man of learning.

The snare along the path of specially brilliant men, is an undue tendency to self-confidence. They trust to the inspiration of the moment; they rely upon their intuitions; they revel in the luxuriance of a versatile fancy; they expect to find their account on all occasions in the marvels of a never failing utterance.

But then there is a wealth of valuable information, which is not apprehended by the intuitions, which is not posited by the ultimate principles of belief, and which the most vivid imagination fails to picture. This information must be *obtained*, and that by the most earnest efforts of studious application.

When this information has been fully obtained, digested, and applied in any special department of human knowledge by a given man, he may be called learned in that branch. If his inquiry leads him into additional departments with equal care and exhaustiveness, he is more than a specialist ; he is a general scholar. If he essays familiar acquaintance with all knowledge, and succeeds, he is entitled to the distinction of authoritative erudition. Dr. Green was a wide student from the beginning. He reached eminence in the branches which are embraced in the profession which he espoused. He was specially distinguished in the department of philology, standing in the front rank of oriental scholars in this country. Later in life philosophic studies engaged his attention, and he made himself familiar with the entire circuit of metaphysical and psychological discussions. In the general literature of the polite tongues, he was familiarly at home. He had *somewhat* to say to his fellow men, because he had found that *somewhat* by the most painstaking inquiry and long continued study. All honor to the men of real learning, who rise to instruct the world, who lead us wisely because they know the truth, and guard

us safely by the wisdom of their opinions from the folly of the ignorant pretender, and the hurt of the crafty deceiver.

3. Dr. Green must be considered as a teacher.

He loved young men, and was deeply interested in their mental and moral growth. He acquainted himself with the special aptitudes of individual men; sought to arouse their dormant powers; quickened their ambition for rare and accurate scholarship, and led them skillfully into the rich fields of useful knowledge. He had a passion for knowledge himself. He had experienced the joys of extensive acquisition. He recognized the transforming power of liberal culture, and his soul reveled in the delight of guiding aroused youth into the depths of profound inquiry. It was no slavish task which he undertook, as from day to day he met his classes. It was the joy of a master sitting with his disciples in the quiet seclusion of the lecture room, as within a shrine, made sacred by the exalted character of the services as together they sought the very essence of truth.

His varied and widely extended learning in all the branches of knowledge connected with his profession; his firm conviction, after thorough examination, of all the truths which he held and taught; his generous, devoted affection for young men, and his tact and management in the work of teaching, secured for him eminent success as an instructor, alike in the theological seminary, and in the different colleges over which he was called to preside. He was set in the midst of great teachers, and he maintained the lustre of the line.

Into the place left vacant here by the death of his illustrious predecessor, he stepped, to take the charge made renowned by the splendid talents and exalted devotion of the great men whom he succeeded, and when death met him in the midst of his brilliant career, not one ray had faded from the shining reputation which had placed this college in the forefront of educational success.

4. But this estimate would be imperfect, if we did not consider him as a preacher.

To this great field of labor he was perpetually drawn, as by the force of a resistless magnet. His natural powers, the high integrity, spirituality, and consistency of his Christian character ; his insight into spiritual truth ; the range of his professional acquirements, and his unselfish love for men, combined to make him a great preacher. Sinful, unhappy men were his brothers ; brothers in the deepest need. The gospel which he was commissioned to preach, provided the only sufficient supply for that dreadful need. And when he heralded that precious gospel with the glow of commanding eloquence to his ruined fellow creatures, the man in his completeness might be observed.

He was not always equal in his public efforts. Such men rarely are. But when he stood in the midst of a large audience of sympathetic hearers, and had for his theme some lofty doctrine of divine revelation, it may be said without the slightest trace of exaggeration, that he belonged in the front rank of preachers. Some of you remember him.

He rises before me now, as I have described him elsewhere. "As he spoke, his person, singularly erect and commanding, seemed instinct with life in its supremest emotion; his eye, soft and mellow in repose, kindled, as he summoned his powers for some lofty effort, until it sparkled and shone and burned like a flame; now lustrous with the light of rapt affection; now gleaming with the glow of some grand imagination; now piercing like an eagle's as he rose to the height of some fiery denunciation of sin or untruthfulness.

"We never saw such an eye. It was the shining through of the fires that burned within. In its keen and vivid flashes it announced the coming thought; men sat entranced beneath its fascinations and acknowledged the supremacy of its power. The intellectual force and vivacity of his character sparkled on his face; his voice rose with the demands of his effort; his utterance became rapid, his gestures impassioned, yet the very embodiment of grace; and his whole mien assumed the commanding posture of an authorized ambassador of the Most High. We have rarely heard a man, either in the pulpit, on the platform, or at the bar, who surpassed him in moving eloquence, or who might lay a better claim to the rank of a master of the human heart. By the structure of his mind, and the delicacy of his physical constitution, he was necessitated, as it were, to those internal processes by which the very depths of his own soul were sounded until its fearful competency for suffering as well as enjoying was fully realized. As a result, he could tread

those remote and mysterious paths, which take their dark way through the profounder consciousness of the soul with a steadiness and fearlessness of step rarely equalled; and many instances might be recorded of happy relief afforded to doubt-pressed and storm-swept souls, by the keen and satisfactory analysis of their troubles in his public discourses."

"But this hasty outline would be incomplete if mention was not made of his exceeding tenderness when he would speak of the comfortable things of the gospel to the children of the covenant. His own views of the unfathomable depths of God's loving heart were the most profound and touching that the writer has ever heard presented, and no man was more successful in drawing souls under the very shadow of his wing. How wonderfully could he speak of the peace of the gospel. Beautiful is the sea after a storm, with the rays of the sun sparkling upon its dancing waves, or the calm mild beams of the moon sinking into its impenetrable depths. So is the soul after the storm of doubt and passion has passed, settling to rest in the peace of the gospel. So he was accustomed to speak. It is said that in the last year of his life his preaching was more and more permeated with this tenderness, as the horrors of civil war broke loose upon his hitherto happy people, causing them to taste the bitterness of life. There never beat a tenderer heart than his; and that thoughtful tenderness to-day brings tears to the eyes of many of his friends, who will pass by the claims of

his genius, to dwell with subdued affection upon his almost womanly tenderness.

“One of his most frequent epithets in speaking of Christ was, ‘the gentle Saviour’; and yet the fire and passion of his nature were such, that the lightning would gleam from his eye, and the thunder might be heard in his voice.” *Life of Halsey*, pp. 96-7.

The services rendered by Dr. Green to the church and the world were very great. He was a friendly and helpful advisor to the individual. He influenced powerfully large bodies of seminary and college students. The great congregations, to which he preached all over the land, were instructed, edified, and comforted by his sermons, and many souls were turned to Christ by his persuasive appeals.

The cause of education in this country, especially in its highest forms, is especially indebted to his intelligent advocacy—and society at large felt the impress of his noble character, his polished breeding, and his wide spread beneficence. Many lessons profitable to us all may be gathered from a study of Dr. Green’s character and services.

His patience and courage under the difficulties which beset his youth were admirable. His determination to excel, and that, by means of faithful diligence and laborous application, should arouse our young men to like fidelity to their increasing opportunities.

Dr. Green in his early youth determined to make the most of himself. He sought the widest culture. He coveted

the best gifts. He feared not the highest and most responsible places. Ah, exclaimed one: Was he not ambitious? Yes, I say; Certainly! Rightfully ambitious; sacredly ambitious. "It belongs to the dignity of human nature to aim at and to execute something great, and this tendency he kept on the upward movement." But not for himself did he press on, up the ascending way. He cared for no triumphs, which did not magnify his Lord and benefit mankind.

He was the most unselfish of men; the gentlest, most affectionate of friends; the humblest of christians.

He owed much to the soil from which he sprung. He repaid that much, and with large interest!



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