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ANDREW CHARLES BARCLAY:

1839-1919

BY LOUIS F. BENSON, D.D.

Andrew Charles Barclay, the son of Andrew C. and Myra Kennedy Barclay, was born at Philadelphia, November 24, 1839.

The family home was at the northeast corner of Twelfth and Arch Streets, on the lot now occupied by the building of the People's Trust Company. A block and a half below, on Arch Street, between Tenth and Eleventh, stood the beautiful Georgian building erected in 1823 for the Fifth Presbyterian Church, and purchased by the Arch Street Presbyterian Church at its organization in 1850. Mr. Barclay's father was a pew-holder in the Arch Street Church, and in it the son grew up to manhood under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Charles Wadsworth. Mr. Barclay (the son) married into one of the most prominent families of "The Tenth Presbyterian Church on Walnut Street, corner of Twelfth," in 1867, and become a member of its congregation, and soon a communicant. The church was then at the height of its prestige and usefulness under the pastorate of Dr. Henry A. Boardman. And Mr. Barclay took an active part in its fellowship and ministries, which he maintained with unvarying loyalty under its succeeding pastors, until changes in the neighborhood of the church brought about its dissolution.

A HISTORIC NINETEENTH CENTURY CHARACTER

BY WILLIAM P. WHITE, D.D.

Among the portraits upon the walls of The Presbyterian Historical Society, in the Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, to the left as one enters, is a face that at once arrests the attention of the observer, by the brightness of the eyes and the white flowing hair and beard which surrounds it. It is that of Rev. Thomas Poage Hunt, or as familiarly known, far and wide, in his life, and in the courts of the Church, as "Father Hunt."

A brief sketch of him may not be without interest to those who visit the historical rooms and look upon the portrait but are unfamiliar with his personality and history.

It was the privilege of the writer to know him intimately the latter years of his life, to visit him often in his home, to have him as a frequent guest in his household, to conduct him on long journeys, to hear him preach and lecture, and to observe the active part taken by him in the courts of the Church.

His quickness of step, and shortness of stature, owing to a bodily deformity, the result of an attack of whooping cough in his youth, followed by spinal and hip disease, attracted at once the attention of strangers and caused instant recognition by acquaintances and friends.

He was a native of Virginia. His earliest ancestor in this country was an Episcopalian Minister who came from England with Captain John Smith and was the first minister to the Jamestown colony. He is described by the historian Bancroft as "The sincere Hunt who by his defence of Captain John Smith prevented him from being excluded from the Jamestown colony." The great grandfather of the subject of our sketch, James Hunt, was one of the first three Presbyterians of that colony. "They stood up manfully for the faith at the risk of imprisonment, confiscation and death." They were members of the established Episcopal Church and had no intention of leaving it. But they were dissatisfied with

the habits and preaching of the priests, and spent the Lord's day at each other's houses, reading the prayer book and such religious works as they could obtain. Numbers joined with them in these services until the priest's services were almost deserted. He had them arrested for *nonconformity*. They were carried to Williamsburg, then the capital of Virginia. There they met with a Scotch merchant who loaned them the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church. They had never seen the book before, and occupied the whole night in reading it. When arraigned the next day before the Governor and the Council they presented the book as containing their faith. The Governor, who was a Scotchman, was disposed to dismiss them, but councillors were determined to fine and punish them in the stocks. While they were contending on the subject, a violent thunder storm burst over the town and shook to its foundations the building in which they were deliberating. All present were awed by its violence. When the storm had subsided the prisoners were ordered to return home and behave themselves. They returned praising God.

The grandfather of the subject of our sketch, the Rev. James Hunt, was at his death in 1793 pastor of Cabin John Church, Montgomery County, Maryland. The son of this pastor, William P. Hunt, the father of our Mr. Hunt, was a graduate of Princeton College, and a tutor there for a time. He studied law and was the preceptor of William Wirt, the distinguished attorney general of the United States, and candidate of the anti-Masons for President. It was his intention to exchange the practice of the law for the ministry, but he died ere his intention could be carried into effect. His widow married Dr. Moses Hoge, one of Virginia's most distinguished Presbyterian ministers and under his influence, instruction and care, Thomas P. Hunt grew to manhood. "Eternity will not be too long," he later wrote, "for me to thank God for such a second father as I found in Dr. Hoge." He studied in Hampden Sidney College, of which Dr. Hoge was president, and later in Union Theological Seminary, where Dr. Hoge was a professor.

Mr. Hunt's first labors in the ministry were as a licentiate

supply to the church of the distinguished Dr. Benjamin H. Rice in Petersburg, Va. Later he labored in Brunswick County, where he was ordained. Later he had pastorates in Raleigh, Fayetteville, and Wilmington, North Carolina.

Two early impressions of his ministry influenced the course of his life. One was the wrong of human slavery, in regard to which many of his contemporaries in North Carolina and Virginia were of one mind. It led him to free his slaves at much pecuniary loss and send them to Liberia.

Another was the sin of intemperance and the traffic in ardent spirits. He was among the first to call the attention of the church to the evil. Indulgence in strong drink was very common in the South at that time, among women as well as men. It prevailed among church members in their homes and on public occasions, and not all ministers were immune. Respectable members of society, as also of the Church, engaged in the manufacture and sale of liquors. The moderate use of them was looked upon as innocent, harmless, and even beneficial. And because of this there was a growing demoralization of society; the influence of the Church was being rendered null and void, and some of the brightest of her young men were descending into drunkards' graves.

Mr. Hunt, remembering the recommendation of Dr. Rice of the Seminary to his theological students, to embrace every opportunity of preaching against intemperance, sought early in his ministry to follow his advice. With another minister an agreement was made to drink not more than one glass a day, to refuse to drink at public places, and not to *ask* any one to drink in their houses.

It was not long before he entered into the organized work of temperance, and soon gained a reputation for powers and attainments and doings that were a surprise to himself and his friends. Besides preaching he did much lecturing. Not without strong opposition a temperance society was organized in Raleigh and later a state temperance society for North Carolina was formed, and he was engaged as agent and lecturer.

There were many who were opposed to such societies, believing that the Church was the organization to which was

committed the task of rescuing men from wrong doing. The efforts of lecturer and society were bent at first towards the prevention of immoderate drinking but were soon directed to the advocacy of total abstinence.

To Mr. Hunt belonged the credit of organizing the first "teetotal band" in America. It was called the "Cold Water Army," at first consisting in large part of children. For it its organizer wrote a pledge, which later in life he said "was produced after much greater labor than that of the mountain which brought forth a mouse." It was the following:

" I do not think
I'll ever drink whiskey or gin,
Brandy or rum, or anything
That will make drunk come."

Under this doggerel verse the children in large numbers were educated in total abstinence principles and it was a great joy to its author many years later to meet men and women in different parts of the country who in childhood had enlisted in "the cold water army" and signed the above pledge.

In many places Mr. Hunt met with much opposition and interruption in his lecturing tours and was often threatened with violence; but his courage and fertility of resources and aptness in repartee gave him a great advantage over his opponents. He has told of an occasion where the liquor men were determined to mob him and he was advised by friends to leave, but he said he knew if he commenced running he would have to keep it up. So he concluded to do his lecturing and take the consequences. After getting his supper he went to the groggery where the mob was collected. He walked in boldly. He ridiculed them as cowards, afraid to give fair play to a stranger and a cripple; told them if he could find a man among them, who would hold his coat without stealing his pocketbook, he could whip any of them who would fight without assistance. He soon found friends who offered to back him and see fair play, and a party was formed to defend and aid him. One offered to take his place, but he thanked him, saying he could do all the fighting of them one at a time and alone. A champion presented himself and asked if he was

ready. He told him that he had agreed to fight those who came single-handed and unassisted; that he had not agreed to fight him and whiskey both. He told him to get rid of his whiskey and then he would not have much trouble with him. This raised a laugh at his expense and he sneaked off and no one took his place. The mob seemed pleased that he had ventured among them. They hugged him around his shoulders and invited him to their homes to lecture.

On another occasion it was determined to "knot" the lecturer. He was standing on a bale of cotton and saw a crowd approaching headed by a man who had a light wood knot (pine) in one hand and a bottle in the other. "Get down from there or I will knock you down," cried the man. "My good fellow," said Mr. Hunt, "are you a good hand at throwing? I am capital at dodging, and if you throw and miss me, everybody will laugh at you." The man's hand seemed paralyzed. He dropped the knot and walked away amidst shouts of laughter.

Mr. Hunt was accustomed to say he "never saw a wicked man who was willing to be laughed at or who could stand it," and that he would "sooner undertake to disperse a mob, if he could get its ear, by ridicule than by bayonet."

On one occasion he was interrupted by an evidently conceited man, who constantly made remarks that he thought would be insulting. At last he said: "You are nothing but a pickpocket." "Well, my friend," said Mr. Hunt, "if you have no more money in your pocket than you have brains in your head, I should make but little by picking yours."

To one in his audience who said to him during a pause in his lecture: "You look like an old dog," he replied: "Perhaps I do and I will tell you a secret. When you grow older, you will look like an old dog too. At present you look very much like a puppy."

As a temperance lecturer he came to be known very widely through the South, and the cause of temperance was greatly stimulated through his efforts.

In 1833 Mr. Hunt was chosen a commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which was to meet

that year in Philadelphia, as it had in a large number of previous years. He was also chosen by the temperance societies a delegate to the first Temperance Convention to be held at the same time in Philadelphia.

The latter held its first session in Independence Hall and the remaining ones in the Fifth Presbyterian Church, Arch Street above Tenth. It was composed of eminent representatives and its discussions excited much interest, especially those preceding the adoption of the resolution, "that in the opinion of the Convention the traffic in ardent spirits as a drink, and the use of them as such, are morally wrong and ought to be abandoned throughout the world."

The convention held a public meeting in Musical Fund Hall. The chief manager of it was the afterwards very noted Abolitionist Gerrit Smith. The speakers, notified beforehand, were prominent northern men, as it was uncertain whether any delegates from the South would be in attendance. It having been learned that there were some present, it was concluded to extend the time of the meeting so as to hear from them. They were to have ten minutes each, and Mr. Hunt was the last to be called on. He was left without an address, since previous speakers had used what he had in mind. He had never before appeared before such a fashionable and intellectual looking audience. It appeared wearied by the length of the addresses. He felt sensitive of his uncouth appearance, especially after hearing a respectable looking gentleman say to another, "I wonder what the Committee means by putting *that thing* up." So in desperation he determined to pitch in, slash about, and risk the consequence. It was his first bow to a northern audience. He told them first who he was and where he came from; that he was from the home of patriots and presidents and would take the opportunity of telling them of one of the latter and his family, which might be of service to the temperance cause. He then related the humorous story of the half-witted brother of Thomas Jefferson and his dog, and of his plan to outwit the squirrels, which destroyed the Virginia corn, always beginning with the outside rows, by raising corn without any outside rows.

His audience was captured and rendered hilarious by the humorous incidents related, and when he proposed to retire cried, "Go on, go on." Other amusing stories were told with their forcible applications and the audience held for nearly an entire hour. The address gave him such a reputation that invitations to speak were received from many quarters.

While lecturing in the Second Presbyterian Church, corner of Third and Arch, word was sent to him that the cellar of the church was rented to a liquor seller. This caused him to reflect severely upon the church, with the result that a number of church cellars in the city were soon freed of like occupants.

Seeing that he was to lecture frequently in the city he sought out evidences of what liquor was doing. He visited a large distillery and through his knowledge of the theory of distillation managed to interest the owner and draw him out. He told him how many bushels of grain he used and how many gallons he made from the bushel and his profits from the same. He took him to a three-story brick building filled from basement to garret with hogs, ten in a pen with scarcely room to lie down. They presented a sad and gloomy aspect. They might be contented, he thought, but certainly did not have good health. He learned that many of them died; that it took a hog of excellent constitution to stand the first few months, but after that they fattened mightily. Asked how he could stand the loss of so many hogs, the distiller said: "Oh, I do not lose them. I am not fool enough to run the risk. I only board them for so much a month. If they die the owners stand the loss." Asked what were done with the dead hogs, he said that their skins were sold to the tanners and their bodies to the soap boilers.

At his next lecture Mr. Hunt told of the wonderful sights he had seen—asylums for the blind and deaf and dumb and aged, palaces for the bankers, refuges for the insane, splendid hotels and boarding houses; adding that probably the same could be seen in other cities, but he ventured to say that Philadelphia could beat the world in one thing: he had seen in it a three-story brick "Pigs' Boarding House," with "all the appliances and attendants a pig could demand." He gave a

full account of it and showed how liquor sellers were growing rich by means however exorbitant or unhealthy. Many visited the distillery to verify the statement of the lecturer. It was said that some time afterward at a wedding at a distiller's house some wicked wags rushed a large hog into the hall, causing much confusion and not a very desirable feeling. The blame was wrongly credited to the temperance lecturer, for he would not have countenanced it, although he did remark when he heard of it "that it was not entirely out of place to have the 'gintleman' boarder, out of whom they paid the 'rint,' as Pat would say, at the merry making."

While remaining in Philadelphia as a temperance lecturer he obtained the promise of hundreds to try the pledge of total abstinence for at least six weeks. Those adhering longer organized the old Northern Liberties Temperance Society, which proved one of the most efficient temperance societies in the country.

Returning to North Carolina he spent a few years in revival as well as in temperance work and in the effort to establish an educational institution—Donaldson Academy, near Fayetteville. To raise funds for the latter he was sent to New York City, where his unusual appearance as well as methods of presenting his subject from pulpit and platform gained for him large audiences and considerable financial rewards. In the later thirties he removed north, influenced by invitations to lecture on temperance, his salary being guaranteed by certain wealthy men. For two or three years he resided in New York and Philadelphia and during the time visited all the cities and larger towns in New England, the Middle States, and Ohio. Up to 1850 he had visited twenty states and delivered upwards of 10,000 sermons and lectures. His methods for attracting an audience, his scathing descriptions of the nefarious arts of the liquor traffic, and his skill in refuting the arguments of those advocating it, gave him a constantly increased reputation as a temperance lecturer. He became widely known as "the Apostle of Temperance." No temperance leader of the period was more popular.

In the course of his labors he visited the Wyoming Valley

in Pennsylvania and was so charmed with its scenery and realized to such an extent its wonderful future that he resolved to make it his home. He therefore purchased a farm and removed his family thither in 1838. He continued to reside there until his death and became identified with every moral and religious enterprise and every movement having as its aim the welfare of the region. He occupied the pulpits of churches, spoke in public halls, addressed outdoor meetings and faced tumultuous and angry crowds with a courage that knew no fear. The face and form of "Father Hunt" or "Pappy Hunt," as the common people called him, was recognized everywhere.

The outbreak of the Civil War found him, although a native of the South, firmly allied in sympathy and effort with the cause of the North. He became a chaplain at the very beginning of the contest, although more than sixty years of age. With the expiration of the three months' service he joined the Seventh Pennsylvania Reserves and was in all the battles of the peninsular campaign. After a few months' furlough on account of illness, during which he pleaded publicly for the Union cause, he joined the 178th Pennsylvania Regiment at Yorktown. Later he was attached to the Second Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery and served until the close of the war. Many instances are recorded of his bravery in the fulfillment of duty, of his devotion to the welfare of soldiers, and of faithfulness in rebuking sin as exhibited either in officers or in privates. Drunkenness and profanity were decreased through his influence.

Wrote the Colonel under whom he last served, A. A. Gibson, on the occasion of his death:

"His religious sentiments did truly generate his fervid patriotism, and conversely, his country's cause offered a new field of opportunity which sanctified his ministry. His haunts were alike the barracks, the hospital, and the trenches. Men shoveled with more alacrity when he was about, they consociated more fraternally in their quarters, and he was a visible relief to the languid sufferer on the sick-bed. He 'could be all things to all men,' jocund or serious as occasion prescribed. Every anecdote was made subservient to the purpose as a Biblical text. His example of willing devotion enhanced by the veneration of years was a

potent aid to his instilling powers. Youth lent freshness to age and duty kept constant watch of the fleeting hours. . . . His pulpit was improvised of anything he could stand upon and the place was anywhere of convenient assemblage. He preached in the open air with his hat on, as often as under the shelter of a roof and always in the appropriate manner and practical direction to do the most good. I do not recall an instance of his being unable to attend to his duty and he was always doing something—perhaps the most when he appeared to be doing the least.”

He continued after the war to supply pulpits and to lecture on temperance in different parts of the country.

Earlier, in connection with his other labors he was a financial collection agent for the Metropolitan Church of Washington, D. C., and for Lafayette College, Pa. In his efforts for the latter he wrote: “It was the hardest work I was ever engaged in. Never was there a people so near the almshouse as were the Presbyterian folks of Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, if half of what I heard was true.”

It was while Mr. Hunt was engaged in collecting funds for Lafayette College that the writer of this sketch, as a boy of ten or twelve, heard him lecture on temperance in a country town of Eastern Pennsylvania. His illustrative anecdotes were very amusing and their application most forcible. Twenty years passed without our having again seen or heard him. Neither did we know where he lived. It fell to our lot the summer of 1870 to supply for some Sundays the First Church of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. At the close of our first sermon there came hobbling to meet me, as I descended the pulpit steps, a little white-haired deformed man whom I instantly recognized as the temperance lecturer of my boyhood days. He told me his residence and the hours of his meals and assured me of a welcome at any time at his home and table.

There soon began an intimacy and a conjunction in a variety of labors ending only with his death.

We were co-commissioners to the General Assembly which met in St. Louis in 1874 and I was privileged to be his escort thither.

Previous to starting he received a letter from an aged couple in St. Louis stating that they had seen among the names of

commissioners that of Thomas P. Hunt and they wondered if it was "the dear old Father Hunt" they had formerly known; that if it was they would be pleased to entertain him, but if not it might not be agreeable. He read me his answer as follows: "My name is Thomas P. Hunt; I am in my 80th year; I am the father of four daughters; my wife calls me 'dear.' " As that fulfilled the description, he was informed that he would be entertained by his former acquaintances.

He was one of the oldest members of the Assembly and was frequently heard from in its proceedings, but never at great length.

In the election of a moderator he rose to a question of privilege and said that he felt responsible to God for every vote cast for an officer of the Assembly; that he knew that the corrupt politicians of the country were conspiring with the liquor dealers and were sworn to overthrow the civil and religious liberties of this country, and with this knowledge he could not consent to vote for any man who could feel or teach that liquor as a beverage could be used to promote the glory of the Lord Jesus, who came to destroy the work of the devil and darkness, of which this liquor drinking was a part. His remarks were thought to be a hit at the retiring moderator, who in the public press had been represented as opposed to total abstinence.

When a motion was made to omit all titles of commissioners from the records he asked to be permitted to make a statement that might be precious to the young men of the Assembly. He said: "When I was a youth my mother took me to the home of the celebrated Dr. James Waddell, the father of Mrs. Archibald Alexander. I was playing carelessly on the floor. The doctor spoke to me and I did not heed him. He spoke a second time. My mother said, 'My son, Dr. Waddell spoke to you.' He raised those sightless eyes of his and clasped his hands and with a solemnity and earnestness I shall never forget said: 'My son, tell your mother that titles and dignities ill become worms of the dust.' I have never forgotten it and have always loathed the idea of D.D. and other titles being packed on the ambassadors of the Lord Jesus Christ

by secular colleges that have no more knowledge of divinity than a dog has of Hebrew."

Prof. John W. Mears, writing for the New York Evangelist of the discussion on the Consolidation of the Boards of the Church, said: "The most remarkable speech of the day was that of the venerable Thomas P. Hunt, the well-known octogenarian of northeastern Pennsylvania. His bowed form, his keen eye, his quizzical expression, his white beard and his sharp tones commanded attention before he opened his lips. But his address, with its many hits and unsparing criticism and morsels of quaint experience and often apt and eccentric comparisons riveted the house and often convulsed it with uncontrollable laughter."

Following the affecting proceedings resulting in the restoration of union and amity with the brethren of the Declaration and Testimony, and while good feeling was running high, Mr. Hunt held up his crooked cane in the sight of the Assembly and said that he "cut it in the 'Last Ditch' at the close of the war," that "on it was inscribed 'Laus Deo, April, 1865'"; that at this time he could say *Laus Deo* in the accomplishment of what they had been praying for, and "so let there be no clapping of hands, but prayer."

By invitation of the Moderator he led the Assembly in prayer.

Near the close of the Assembly he offered a resolution, which, if accepted, he said, would make him "die content," and he expressed his satisfaction and delight in having done two things: "written 'The Bible Baptist' at the request of the Synod of North Carolina and secured the passage of this resolution." It was as follows: "Resolved, That this Assembly warn the Churches under its care against the spirit of worldly conformity now prevailing, and remind the Church Sessions that all known departures from the Word of God, in all the pleasures and duties of private, social and civic life of their members, are under their supervision."

In May of the year following the General Assembly, 1885, Father Hunt and the writer were designated by the Presbytery of Lackawanna as delegates to the National Temperance

Convention in Chicago. We journeyed together thither through Canada and returned via the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad through Indiana, Ohio, and West Virginia. Although the journey was a long one and he was in his 81st year, he showed little weariness. He had been a traveler most of his life and had often endured great inconveniences and lack of comforts. His observations, his humor, his wide acquaintance and knowledge made him an enjoyable companion. He had lately given much attention to the study of prophecy and delighted to dwell upon it. Seeing me on one occasion apparently in a doze he remarked: "Well, my discourses sometimes put my audiences to sleep and I don't see why they should not have the same effect upon you."

He was not called upon by the convention managers for an address. The program had been carefully arranged and the speakers, mostly younger men, so judiciously selected, as to avoid unnecessary friction. Vice-President Henry Wilson was one of them. During a pause in the proceedings on the second day Mr. Hunt said to me, "I must have a word." Uninvited he took the platform. There had been much said in gratification and praise of the advance in temperance sentiment and the prominence given to it by public men. In his brief address Father Hunt referred mainly to the work as carried on some thirty years earlier and to a convention of which Millard Fillmore, afterwards President of the United States, was secretary. Turning to those on the platform, including Hon. Wm. E. Dodge and other notables, he said that he did not wish to depreciate the present advancement of the cause, and the interest shown in it, but he did want these boys, who had been born with gold and silver spoons in their mouths, to remember that their dads made the spoons.

In October of the following year, 1876, Father Hunt, with his characteristic fidelity in attendance upon the courts of the Church, went to Philadelphia to the meeting of Synod. He was present at the opening session, and the next day attended the unveiling of the Witherspoon statue in Fairmount Park. The fatigue and exposure were too much for him, and, although he preached the next Sunday evening in Tabor

Church on Temperance, from First Tim. 4: 4, his health and strength gradually declined and he died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. E. B. Twaddell, in Philadelphia, December 5, 1876. His funeral at his home of many years in Wilkes-Barre was attended by many of his former co-presbyters, who knew him so well and had for him such profound veneration. Those long associated with him in labors, the Reverend Doctors Cornelius R. Lane, N. G. Parke, H. H. Welles, F. B. Hodge, S. C. Logan, and W. H. Swift, had part in the services. Other ministers, intimate with him, W. J. Day, W. P. White, Richard Webster, W. S. Stites, J. B. Fisher and Andrew Brydie, bore the remains to their resting place in Holtenback Cemetery.

He was the last lineal descendant of his family bearing the name of Hunt. A daughter, Mrs. Anna Hunt Welles, of Wilkes-Barre, survives him, as also two grandsons, Thomas P. Hunt Twaddell, M.D., of Philadelphia, and Prof. Albert Hunt Welles, of Scranton, Pa. A granddaughter, Elizabeth Welles Gregory, deceased, was the wife of the late Rev. Caspar R. Gregory, pastor of the Memorial Church of Wilkes-Barre.

In a letter to the *New York Evangelist*, soon after Mr. Hunt's death, Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler wrote: "I cannot conclude this cold water epistle without a word of loving tribute to that brave old hero of temperance, the late Thomas P. Hunt, of Wyoming, Pa. When Father Hunt went up to his reward, he took a true man's life along with him. His uncouth form and rich voice have been familiar to the American people for half a century. He was the boldest utterer of truth I ever heard, unless it was Charles G. Finney. . . . We shall not soon see his like for fearless fidelity to God's truth."