

KENTUCKY IN 1944

as forecast by President Patterson
at dinner given to President Barker,
Phoenix Hotel, 5 January, 1911.

'Then will Kentucky assert her true dignity; then will she know that her true wealth consists not in acres of Blue Grass, nor in fields of tobacco, nor in square miles of mineral resources, but in the developed intelligence, and high ideals of duty, and splendid morality of her citizens -- a beacon sending its beams afar and an everlasting exponent of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.'

Almost a Confession of Faith!

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JAMES KENNEDY PATTERSON

Pater Universitatis Kentuckiensis

His Career

His Achievements

His Personality

By

William Benjamin Smith

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A DAWN OVERCAST

Nitor in adversum

This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.

JAMES KENNEDY PATTERSON was born 26th March, 1833 in the parish of Gorbals, Glasgow, Scotland. His father, Andrew Patterson, was by trade a calico-printer, one of those sons of toil to whom Carlyle so reverentially deffs his hat in a famous passage. He had married Jeannette Kennedy, a woman of his own station in life, herself a member of a family of calico-printers, but apparently of finer spiritual mould and of higher intellectual yearnings, - who displayed throughout her life a character of much resolution, energy and industry, of self-assertion, poise and native dignity. It is noteworthy, though in accord with Scottish prescription, how often the name Kennedy is found in the Patterson family: James Kennedy, William Kennedy, Walter Kennedy - Patterson. Both these family names are genuine Scotch and meet us often enough in British annals. Thus, William Patterson* (1658-1719) is recognized as the chief projector of the Bank of England (1691-94), - a Freetrader before Adam Smith, and certainly a man of vision and daring in commercial-financial matters, though not always fortunate, and far from wealthy at the close of his kaleidoscopic career. Better known in the United States is the name of another banner, John Stewart Kennedy, reared in Glasgow, - and

*To whom Webster should have referred in addressing the Senate (14 March 1834): "It was William the Deliverer, and not William the Conqueror, that established the Bank of England."

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justly honored, not so much that he left \$25,000,000 out of \$60,000,000 to the public, as that he withdrew from business at the age of fifty-two and dedicated the remaining third of his life to the welfare of All. What, however, may be the blood-relationship, if any, connecting some of the various historical Pat(t)ersons and Kennedys with the worthy yeomanry of like names in Gorbals Parish, may be an interesting question, but no answer need be sought in this volume.

The Accident. James Kennedy was the eldest of five children born within eight years (the only daughter Helen, the second child, died prematurely, before completing her second year, and lies buried in Scotland), and the problem of life must have presented itself to his father, Andrew, in features of great sternness and severity. For the son, in the meantime, it had been darkened and hardened by a heavy misfortune. It was the spring of 1837, his fourth milestone was just passed, and he with his playmate, William Wood, was in gleeful chase over the unsawn logs in a lumber yard; he slipped and fell, and his left knee-pan was injured. Keen suffering ensued, and the local physician at last advised that he be taken to Glasgow for an amputation of his limb. However, 'two eminent surgeons, Burns and MacFarlane', on consultation 'recommended delay'; he underwent 'a minor surgical operation by a local physician at home, Dr. Smilie', it would seem, in the autumn of 1839; through many fluctuations the

*These single commas ' ' are used thruout to indicate quotation from the Autobiographical Notes of President Patterson.

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condition slowly improved till in two years, 'about six months before leaving Scotland' he was 'able to walk with a crutch', and 'at intervals attended school', where he learned reading, writing, and 'the rudiments of arithmetic' (1842).

Handicapped. Certainly a dull, dark, and lowering Dawn! For nearly five years the luckless laddie agonized under the humble roof of his parents, unable to join his mates in their innocent sports, fettered to a couch of pain; without education, without observation without cheer or comfort, without hope in the world. Life lay behind him, before him, around him - an arid waste; his sun had suddenly gone under a cloud that spread all over his sky. Had he been able to read and had he read Locksley Hall (published 1842), what might have been his fury and despair at such lines as these:

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair and hurl their lances in the sun;
Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books.

It is a piteous image that arises of the helpless patient. We may believe that his mother was his strength through these long years of impotent anguish. No wonder that he clung to her to the last with almost romantic attachment. One might well suppose that his outlook upon life would have been permanently clouded, that he would have become morose or melancholy, gloomy and misanthropic in after years. Such, however, was in no manner or measure the case. It is amazing with what resistless force the fountains of life bubble up in early youth. He was perhaps far less unhappy than seems possible to us now. No trace of the afflictive experiences of the boy seems to have been

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left on the mind of the man, - which may testify not indeed to the peculiar, but at least to the notable, sanity and equipoise of his nature. He accepted facts without any complaint, without any grudge against God or Nature, from whom he might have felt he had suffered such cruel and irreparable wrong. We shall see that it was a heavy handicap that he bore through life, but the question whether its total working was for good or for ill, it would be vain to moot, since it is impossible to settle.

Westward, ho! The struggle for life grew doubtless increasingly severe in the Patterson household, and at last, when the lad was nine years old, the whole family, leaving Alexandria, their home since 1835, set sail 26th April, 1842, in the good ship Perthshire, for America, the land of promise or at least of hope. The little invalid was five weeks ill, even critically, - and 'all the preparations were made for a burial at sea', - but he quite recovered before reaching port, New York, June 19th. There the financial straits would have been too severe, - for Andrew could find no employment in calico-printing, the industry in Rhode Island had been brought 'to a standstill' by 'local disturbances', which sounds much like a strike or lockout* - but family affection, always so conspicuous among the Pattersons and Kennedys, came quickly to help. A brother of Mrs. Patterson, Wm. Kennedy, who had emigrated to South Carolina in 1822 and become a prosperous planter near Camden, had

*But it was really the great year of "Dorr's Rebellion" - such was the name falsely given to the unsuccessful struggle of the "Suffragists", the great body of the people, to wrest the scantiest political functions from the exclusive possession of the "Landholders".

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instructed James Lee, his commercial correspondent in New York, to meet his sister at once upon her arrival and deliver her a draft for \$200, a goodly sum, nearly equivalent in purchasing power to \$1000 now. He had also instructed James Douglass, senior member of the cotton-brokers' firm (of Charleston, S. C.) that first employed him in 1822, but who chanced to be then in New York, to call on the new immigrants and report on return to South Carolina. This instruction proved decisive for their future, for Douglass had entered an extensive tract of land in Bartholomew Co., Indiana, at the nominal congressional prices, and had sent thither his former school- and play-mate in Scotland, John Moffatt, for its management. Naturally the Douglass pointed the family to Indiana, suggesting that they buy some land and make it their home. Alas! the poor calico-printer had not the money for even a modest purchase. Again the brother's heart of William Kennedy was prompt with assistance; he freely gave his sister the necessary money, and the family prepared to leave New York early in September.

In Quest of a Home. The trip to Indiana was at that day a far more serious matter than is now a trip to Alaska: it was made by steamboat up the Hudson to Albany, thence by the Erie Canal to Buffalo; thence by steamer across Lake Erie to Cleveland; thence by the Ohio Canal to Portsmouth, Ohio; thence by steamboat to Madison*, Indiana - a journey of full three weeks. Having accomplished it about the sixth of October, and following the suggestion of Douglass, Andrew Patterson

*Beautiful for situation, on a northward bulge of the Ohio.

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left his family in Madison, went to visit Moffatt at Bartholomew, Indiana, stayed several days, inspected the small farms offered for sale and selected one of eighty acres, fifty under cultivation, thirty heavily timbered. The house of hewn logs was large, commodious, well-finished, 'the best in the neighborhood', and unlike its peers it boasted 'a goodly brick chimney', which had cost the owner, Lawrence Bench, by the proud estimate of his wife 'ten silver dollars'. The whole farm with all its well-built out-houses cost seven dollars (the price of a good cow) per acre.* Surely enough, when Government entries were made at \$1.25 an acre, when bacon was 2¢ and butter 6¢ a pound, corn 10¢ a bushel, and a good horse \$35.** The purchasing power of the dollar has fallen to a small fraction of its former self; the farmer gets seemingly high prices for his products, and the

*The generous Bench threw into the bargain, as a pure gratuity, the following autographic document, which can hardly have failed to serve Patterson well in frequent emergencies: Recipe for broken horses take one quart of whiskey and one quarter of a pound of tobacco and put in one quart of water and boil the water and tobacco down to one half pint and gave it to him six or eight table spoon full of the ambear in the whiskey and one table spoon full of Baitsman Drops and mix them together and gave it at two doses.-L.Bench. This script, like so many others, received in much later correspondence by President Patterson, illustrates the contention of Havelock Ellis (in The Dance of Life, p. 174), that by correct spelling "We are wilfully throwing away an endless source of delight."

**Compare frontire rates on Kentucky's admission as a State into the Union (1 June 1792) Per pound: Butter 6¢, Beef 2¢, Buffalo 1½¢, Venison 1½¢, turkeys 15¢ apiece! The Governor's salary was fixed (November 1792) at \$1,000; the principal judges', each \$666 2/3; the principal State officers', each \$333 1/3!

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laborer for his time and toil; but their gain is largely illusory and resembles changing one dollar into ten dimes.

Then and Now. The calendar year begins in January, a most absurd convention, but the farmer, with a true and ancient sense, insists on beginning his year with the vernal equinox or prudently a little sooner, the first of March. The farm-price was paid in Madison about midwinter, and the vendor, Bench, came afoot, with his brother-in-law, to Madison, to receive the cash. It may interest the reader to learn that they demanded silver and would have naught to do with paper or gold. All night long they journeyed, each with gun and saddle-bags slung on his shoulder. Arrived at Madison in the morning, they went with Patterson to the bank, received the precious coins, packed them in rolls and stored them away in the bags, then made some small purchases, and at night-fall set out for home. - We have changed all that now. In modern civilized times and climes, when two men bearing bags of currency attempt to walk a few paces in broad daylight on the public streets, they are promptly met by well-informed gentlemen, gunmen, who speedily stun or kill them as seemeth best, dispossess them of their money bags, mount into a motor-car awaiting them at hand, and are quickly swallowed up in the multitude that no man can number. Little danger attaches to this method of acquisition, for the entrepreneurs can secure or have already secured the legal advice and protection of some pliant and skilful counsel, and only in perhaps one case in ten does any serious personal inconvenience result. If the method were altogether devoid of risk, it would of course lack the charm of adventure and of high enterprise.

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Back to Nature. Promptly the first of March, 1843, the Pattersons left Madison for their new-bought farm, over forty-three miles away. They were brought thirty-one miles on their way - to Queensville - by the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad, the second built west of the Alleghanies, the first being that from Lexington to Frankfort (Ky.), begun in 1830, completed in 1834, afterwards united with the Frankfort-Louisville road completed in 1856. At Queensville (the terminus then, called Six Mile) they were met by 'Bench and his brother-in-law with two large wagons'. Over wretched roads, in extremely cold weather, they traveled six or seven miles to a farmhouse where they stayed over night, and resuming the journey next morning, after six miles more of Siberian pilgrimage, about the middle of the afternoon they reached their new-found home. Imagine their joy and pride, for they had been wayfarers for nearly a year! How must the four children, and not least the crippled James, have delighted in the ample chambers of the log-built house, in the wide acres that invited to tillage with the most generous promise of harvest, in the dark waving woods with all their solemn secrets, unwhispered still to the ear of man!

A Dryad. But all fruition, however delightful, is yet saddening, and it is not strange that the loneliness of it all settled with heavier and heavier weight upon their hearts, especially upon the mother-heart that lived in the children. For six long years (1843-49) not one of her five sons saw the 'inside of a school-house' - a

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deprivation grievous for her to bear.* Schools were in fact well-nigh unknown in Indiana, save in the larger towns. Often she regretted that she had left her "Caledonia stern and wild", where even in the lowliest walks there was still soul and culture and society to be found. The noble woman, full of courage and energy as well as "endurance, prudence, foresight, skill", had gradually assumed the general direction of the farm - for the father, expert in his narrow craft, knew nothing whatever of farming and however willing was quite unequal to the demands of the new situation; - but she did not forget the things of mind: she assumed charge of her children's education, she taught them in the Shorter Catechism and the metrical version of the Psalms, and still more to read the Scriptures (The Self-Interpreting Bible, as interpreted by the Rev. John Brown), and such other wholesome literature as she had brought with her from Scotland'.

Pioneers. Thus like a vestal she kept the flame of mind-life burning in that wilderness. The neighbors were mainly mountaineers, from western North Carolina and from eastern Kentucky and Tennessee. They were hunters, 'living largely' by the chase, but their noblest prey was the deer and the wild turkey; of this latter a large specimen was sold for 25¢; - recently the sliced flesh of the degenerate tame turkey - universally despised since it has lost its freedom (DeQuincey) - was sold in our large cities at four dollars a pound! With rabbits, squirrels and quail in plenty, it was easy to maintain

*Not only was the schoolhouse distant, but the school rate (\$2 per quarter) was prohibitive.

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a low level of life with little effort; good nature abounded; the instinct of Service, of Helpfulness, was not extinguished by the rampant overgrowth of the Acquisitive Instinct; it was a pleasure to gather with generous assistance at log-rollings and house-raising, to join in the homely but hearty cheer so bountifully provided. The family feud, that sombre development of high life in the mountains, was then unknown.

II

A RENT IN THE CLOUDS

Mind in Nature. But what of the delicate child, so many years bed-ridden in Scotland? He throve in the wild and hardy new life of the field and wood. In spite of lameness he bore his part in all the activities of the farm, in planting and hoeing corn, in binding wheat and oats, in tossing hay, in tilling the garden, in felling the forest - "oft bowed the woods beneath his sturdy stroke"! His axe would bring down trees '18 inches in diameter', and cut them up into lengths fit for hauling with the log-chain, and then into pieces fit for the winter's fire. Meantime the mother's urge toward literature was not in vain. He had indeed no school-teacher to guide him, but the teacher is especially helpful to the happy few that do not need him. Such was James Kennedy Patterson. He found a library near by, that of an Englishman, Thomas Mowbray, formerly of New York, then living along with a niece and nephew 'a life of genteel leisure' on a farm of 240 acres. The eager boy was freely and gladly admitted to all its

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treasures, especially of History and Poetry, to such authors as Hume and Ferguson and Prescott and Plutarch and Pope and Byron. From seven until twelve o'clock at night, while his mother knitted and darned and mended for the family - his father was absent two whole winters, seeking health and silver at his trade in Rhode Island - he would sit up with her and read aloud from the books he borrowed. Whenever he heard of a valuable volume, he proceeded straightway to procure it. A rumor of Rollin's Ancient History had reached him; he rode five miles to get the treasure, - only to find that it had been sold to a man (Fox Draper) ten miles away; chagrined but not discouraged, he followed the fugitive and returned exultant with four of its volumes. It was now that he began severer studies, such as Arithmetic and Geography, though still avoiding English Grammar as unmanageable without a teacher. Chambers' elementary "Introduction to the Sciences", such as Geography, Geology, Physics, and Biology, he had brought with him from Scotland (used there as a text in parochial schools), and he now pored over it 'from beginning to end, again and again'. Of course, all this could never take the place of a daily or twice-daily visit to the 'movies', but it was not wholly bad as an introduction to the intellectual life and as a preparation for leadership along the paths of mind. Much of Patterson's historical information, poured out so copiously in the columns of the Courier-Journal (1871-5), dates from these early years.

The Westward Tide. Meantime history was also a-making in our own land, especially on its Southwestern border. Texas had revolted

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from Mexico and declared its independence; but distrusting its own strength, it had asked to be admitted to the northern Union. The Whigs, headed by Henry Clay, half-heartedly opposed such annexation as adding an empire to the region of slavery, but the Democrats triumphed under James K. Polk. Hence followed Annexation and the Mexican war, and the peace of Guadalupe Hidalgo (2 Feb., 1848), with its cessions of immense territories west and north of Texas, for which a puny recompense was paid to salve the wounds of Spanish pride. The youthful James was intensely interested in the territorial drama, and followed on the map the military movements as detailed in the weeklies (such as the Commercial and the Gazette of Cincinnati*), though stumbling often over the outlandish names, converting San Jacinto into San Jack-in-the-box!

Swift on the heels of peace came the rush to California, where gold had been discovered (by Marshall and Sutter**, January, 1848): Never before had adventure called so loudly to the Young American spirit. Some heard it and set sail from New York for the Golden Gate, by way of Panama, or round Cape Horn; the most streamed overland - a long and painful pilgrimage of perhaps half a year. The plains whitened with the bones of thousands. Of such (42,000 by land, 39,000 by sea, in 1849) as attained California, - a region well-nigh

*Mowbray also took the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post and the Scientific American.

**For the tragedy of his life, almost unequalled in its irony, see Blaise Cendrars' book, Sutter's Gold.

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uninhabited, with only a few religious settlements (of the Roman Catholic faith) - many were luckless and returned with nothing but experience for their pains; the fortunate few brought back their gold in considerable sums, whether they had washed it from the sands or had received it in exchange or rental for valuable "claims". The general stimulus of enterprize was felt throughout the United States, as not in a generation before. Commerce and travel poured back and forth from the gateways of the Alleghanies, across the Mississippi, to the Pacific. Everywhere the pulse of trade beat high and Hope beckoned, especially to the young, with golden promise.

If Only -- . James Kennedy Patterson was about sixteen years old. With his eager, ambitious and precocious spirit, it seems likely that but for his crutch he would have been caught in the great wave of adventure that was sweeping westward and borne on its crest - who knows whither? Of course, no one can say what might have been, since almost anything might have been. Yet it is not quite idle to suppose cases and to follow out the lines of likelihood. Probability is the guide of life, and we may be allowed to imagine what would naturally have happened, had the iron frame of young Patterson not suffered from a withered limb. The fact that as a teacher in Kentucky, where the teacher is seldom excessively paid, he managed to live well all his life, and not ungenerously, and yet amass an estate of over a quarter-million dollars, testifies incontrovertibly both to his interest in financial affairs and to his high order of 'business' ability. Had he launched upon the '49 tide he would most probably

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have been borne onward to financial success fully as distinguished as any he attained in any other field. No multimillionaire of his day nearly equaled him in vision and in intellectual endowment, nor did any perhaps surpass him in prudence, energy, or business sagacity.

One Ninth of a Man. But it was a higher niche than to be master-of-millions that awaited the humble cripple. Yet the first steps that were to lead up to it were of necessity feeble and lowly. In the winter of 1849 the father, Andrew Patterson, had gone to Madison to market his hogs, - his main and almost his sole source of income. There 'in consultation with some of his friends', it seemed best that the unfortunate lad be apprenticed for five years to the firm of Smith & Co., Merchant Tailors. Tailoring seems to be a highly honorable and remarkably ancient craft, one of the earliest, practiced even in the Garden of Eden, but to the omniverous book-worm and the wood-chopper it can hardly have held out an alluring promise. Nevertheless, he was obedient to his father's will, and doubtless with many tears he prepared to leave his home, his books, and his trees for the cramped and confinement of a tailor's apprentice. A new suit of Kentucky Jeans, the creation of a neighboring tailoress, a glazed silk cap, the gift of his father, along 'with a suit of common clothes and a suit of underwear', - with so much furniture and supplied with general directions from his father, the lad left home the 5th of February, 1849. Two Scots, James Falconer and James Finlayson, received and entertained him kindly in Madison till the terms were settled with Smith & Co.: that he should serve five years

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for his board and clothing and a small annual sum, increasing slightly from year to year, with a total of five month's instruction in school, an average of one month a year. Under this agreement he began service the Monday following his arrival.

A Sea-Change. For two hours he sat upon a tailor's table, sewing patches together, and then, wearied of the cramped posture, he asked Mr. Smith for a brief respite, which was kindly granted. As the unhappy crutchling stepped to the floor, behold! his father stood before him, and Smith (who seems not to have been half so bad a man as his name might imply) bade him spend the rest of the day with his parent. The two went away to visit Mr. Falconer and the Reverend James Brown, 'pastor of the Associate Reform Church', by birth a Scot. It seems strange that the heartsick lad never inquired why his father had come that day nor whether he had already been conferring with Falconer. He seems to have accepted it all as an angel visit, a heavenly vision that might vanish if he looked too curiously upon it. But it requires no lively fancy to reconstruct the intermediate course of events. The lad had lodged a week with Falconer and had also met the Pastor Brown; the keen-witted Scots could not fail to recognize the extraordinary intelligence of the youth (which had indeed become the common remark of such as knew him), and to perceive that it would be a blunder worse than a crime to fetter such a spirit to a tailor's bench for life. Meantime the mother must have agonized at home over her beloved son, and in some way a conference had been planned and effected. As its result, it

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was agreed to ask release from the apprenticeship (which Mr. Smith readily granted), and to enter the lad as a boarder with Mr. Brown and as a pupil of Mr. Robert French, a student of Divinity, then about to open a school in the Lower Seminary. The captive soul was thus unexpectedly freed and at once began the pursuit of Geography, Arithmetic, and English Grammar.

The Horizon Widens. This Mr. Brown, in whose house French and Patterson roomed together, had been graduated from Hanover in 1836, and was well versed in the classics as well as in Hebrew. No wonder that Patterson always revered the memory of the man at whose table and fireside a new day dawned upon him! There he encountered minds, meeting men of distinction and discussing with them the absorbing questions of the day. It was an era of chase. In America the fierce pursuit was for gold, not merely in California, but by every channel of commerce and industry. "Trade is the golden girdle of the Globe". In Europe, at least on the continent, the noblest spirits were chasing another phantom not less fair but still more elusive, the phantom of Freedom. It is not strange that Patterson has no sympathy for the high-hearted and passionate strivings of Mazzini and his peers. He speaks of the 'revolutionary frenzy in Europe'. The bête noire of the Briton is revolution. Says Burke, "With or without right, revolution will always be the last resource of the thinking and the good". Alas! who shall decide when the resource is the last, and when it is not. The Tory will always be able to plead that the time is not quite ripe and it were better for the people to suffer a little while longer! True, the American Republic originated in a Revolution

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which would have been merely a senseless Rebellion had it not been successful; true also that the Englishman has dethroned one king and decapitated another, but it was all done in such perfect order that the kings themselves could hardly take offense. With the Briton, Order is Heaven's first Law, and as for Law, "her seat is the bosom of God, and her voice is the harmony of the world." This lofty conception of Hocker, which it is impossible not to admire, needs for its balance that other more realistic definition of the purpose of the Law - accepted and proclaimed as authoritative till very recent years: "to protect the rich in their possessions and to restrain the vicious poor".*

Two Haldanes. Another important theme of this Table Talk was Jean Merle D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation in the 16th Century", which was then appearing in English translation (1846-53). The famous work was particularly interesting to the Scots in Madison, for it might in some measure boast a Scottish origin. The name of Haldane is now known and honored over the world, as borne by a deep-thoughted savant as well as publicist and thinker, the Viscount of Cloan, Lord High Chancellor from 1912 to 1915, translator of "the World as Will and Idea", and author of important philosophic constructions along the highway of Relativity. We may estimate in some

*Milder, and marking some movement of History, Lord Melbourne's definition of The whole duty of Government: "to punish crime and to preserve contracts." Too often in more recent times, Law and Government are a "gentlemen's agreement" among the rich and the strong.

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rough manner the movement of the Scottish mind in a century, by going back to another Haldane, Robert (1764-1842), and his brother, James Alexander (1768-1851), religious enthusiasts and propagandists, who, when license to preach was refused them by the Church of Scotland, - as they (like the Apostles) had neither classical nor theological training - nevertheless went boldly forth, as lay preachers, ordained of God; and in scorn of ecclesiastic censure they bore the torch of missionary zeal all over Scotland and thence to India, and back to Switzerland. They spent large sums (Robert, 70,000 from 1792 to 1810) in building "tabernacles" in cities and founding seminaries for students. In Geneva and Montauban, Robert Haldane greatly influenced the university life and fanned the dying embers of Protestantism into flame.* In spite of his very imperfect knowledge of French he inspired a number of theological students, among them D'Aubigne and the famous Guizot, Frederic Monod and H. A. Cassear Malan. It was in this remarkable record of energy and devotion that the Scotchmen, gathered around the Brown board, were justly filled with national pride.

The Eagle's Nest. The morning that had dawned so brightly on the soul of James Kennedy was destined to be clouded very soon. For

*Very amusing and also instructive is the ferocity of his attack upon the "mild and large-hearted orthodoxy" of Tholuck, Macknight, and Moses Stuart, as well as the German "Neologists", in his Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans (1835, - thought worthy of piracy, New York, 1870).

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the summer vacation he went of course to his own home, expecting to return in the fall. But that summer the cholera raged over all that region. His own family escaped, but Mr. Brown's wife died (of tuberculosis), and the Brown household was dissolved. Hearing that the Doctor was to preach at Scipio, seven miles from the Patterson home, the young student rode thither to meet him, by appointment, - rode on a filly 'that was none too gentle'. Brown had arranged to board with a prosperous farmer, Cranston Taylor, and had advised that Patterson seek shelter in Madison some weeks in advance. This he did, and found it in the home of David Moffatt, another Scot, who lived rent-free on 100 acres of land (with an extremely good orchard), the property of James Douglass. The home of this Moffatt - the father of six children, two already distinguished in their callings - was a log house perched on a bluff overlooking Madison. Unfortunately it had but one 'very indifferent' room, which served equally well for sleeping, eating, living in general, and the entertainment of guests. Moffatt could have no earthly motive in building a better home - no great undertaking at that time, - since the homestead was not his ^{to} own in perpetuity but only to use and enjoy during his life. He was not a Bolshevik and would not be so foolish as to improve what was not to be his own after ^{his} death. It was under this hospitable roof that young Patterson was admitted to bed-fellowship with David Moffatt, Jr., and the two became constant companions. It was a glad descent every morning with well-filled dinner-pails, from their eagle's nest to the School below; but for

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the lame lad it was a slow and toilsome ascent every evening on return.. Yet he was patient and contented; he doubtless remembered the penance of the tailor's table, and his memory in 1895 could paint him no 'happier winter'. In a letter of 'Nov. 10th '49', addressed to 'Mr. Wm. K. Patterson, Elizabethtown, Ind.' he says:

Dear Father I have just Returned from the Depot where I have Been for 3 successive Saturdays and find nothing there for me. I hope that the cause of the Delay has not Been occasioned by Sickness I feel very anxeious to know whetherer that is the cause I hope that you have Been well since you last wrote and that the same Beniga providense which has granted us so Long a courese of health has still been good to you and granted you a prosperous time I am well at this time and have been so since I last wrote, I hacc succeeded Remarkable well have got through my Arithmetie I am well advanced in Grammar and Bookkeeping and so with my other studies I like the place I am in very well the wether* has been very favorable and I have Done very well in getting up the hill I hope you will write me on Receipt of this and Let me know how you all are I hope and trust that this will find you all well & as I wish give me warmest Love to mother and all my Dear Brothers I Remain yours hoping that God will Be with you to guide and Bless you and that your health and all may Be Precious in his sight and that you will Be Kept by him in the path of Rectitude is the sincere prayer
of your affectionate son James Patterson'

Compare with this letter, highly characteristic of the youth, of his age and his race, the following from a 16-year old Y.M.C.A.-Camper, recently received by his mother:

"Having fine time. Won't be home till Thursday
(Signed) ".

Jacobus Zelotes. The great-hearted youth struggled "up the hill" in the fair fall weather; one wonders how he fared in the ice and snow

*No sheep is here meant; but it seems rather a bad spell of weather.

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of winter. But nothing could abate his zeal or his delight in his studies. His heart leaped with joy when Mr. Moffatt consented to receive him as a contributory guest at \$1 a week. He resorted to an abandoned outhouse, formerly part of the decaying mansion, for his 'weekly bath and change of clothing'. Under such romantic conditions it was almost a frenzy of learning that seized him. Besides his regular studies with Mr. French, he attacked Davies' Elementary Algebra and Bullion's Latin Grammar, unaided and alone, apparently concealing the fact from David, his mate, who would seem to have been pursuing both subjects with Mr. French, and who naturally felt chagrined when it was revealed. One need not approve the secretiveness, but must unstintedly admire the energy and ability that drove through Equations of First and of Second Degree in five months and committed to memory the whole of the Latin Grammar and read and re-read nine-tenths of Bullion's Latin Reader before the end of the winter term - The spark that lit up this emulous flame of energy seems to have been the early visit of his host's son, Dr. James Moffatt, who proudly recited under his father's roof the tale of his own battle with poverty - how he too had been apprenticed to a book-binder, who, less tender-hearted than Smith, had firmly rejected all proffers of release, how he had learned the tongues of the books he was binding, had later studied at Yale while tutoring the children of James Douglass, and was then Professor of Greek in Miami University.

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A KNIGHT-ERRANT OF KNOWLEDGE

A Teacher. Evidently the lame genius had heard his calling. The barriers of ignorance were falling before him like the walls of Jericho. If he could only keep on forging ahead at the quickening pace of the last five months! But his funds had failed, and March found him seeking a school to teach, that last refuge of the impoverished student - and not merely, like a Professor's chair (as it has been gently said), of the incompetent. Disappointed in his first hope, at the last moment, he immediately sought and found another school, eight miles from home, in "The Bottoms", a body of lowlands skirting both sides of Driftwood River. The good folk offered him ^{\$55} out of the common school fund for a three-months term; the wealthy Farmer Jones entertained him five days a week for \$1; a younger brother took him back and forth from home on Monday and Friday; - he walked to the river, and the ferryman Guernsey, 'the principal trustee of the school', gave him free transport across. Not strange then that he saved just \$42 from his three-months salary. Many of us have saved less from much more. - But while the lad was frugal with himself, as only a Scot could be, he was generous with others. His father's breed of hogs, like his neighbors', was very inferior, - hogs of the forest, supporting themselves through summer and autumn on 'mast', and so unduly prolonging their lives to these years before becoming fit for the table. The wealthy Jones' hogs were far finer and tamer and subject to much earlier fatty

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degeneration; accordingly James Kennedy rejoiced in his own heart by buying for \$5 'a fine sow and litter of pigs' and presenting them to his father.

A Giver. The Driftwood school money being exhausted, the enthusiastic pedagogue next organized a private "subscription" school at Brownsville (well-known for extreme poverty), - one and a half miles from home, in a school-house cabin of unhewn logs, 'with puncheon floors and rude benches'. The charge for a three-months term was \$2, but hardly 70¢ could be finally collected. The fancy of the young teacher was caught by a piece of blank cloth exposed for sale in Brownsville; he bought it and had it made into a frock coat by an intelligent tailor, Thomas, - the one Abolitionist in the county then! - and all at a total cost of \$8. Not only this, but he pitied his mother in her perpetual strivings with her clumsy and primitive cooking utensils, and having observed in the Brownsville shop 'a good cooking stove of the newest type', with all needful accessories, he bought it outright for \$17.50. Imagine the delight of his mother on returning from a visit (with her husband) to Greensburg, to find this culinary gem in full setting and ready for service! 'I have always looked back upon that as one of the greatest triumphs of my life.' Some have been pleased to regard his nature as selfish, cold, and hard; to such this incident may well be commended.

He Finds A Friend. On deducting these two items of coat and stove, the young educator found a balance of \$2 for three months! He now ventured four miles from home and taught a term of three months

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at Elizabethtown, on the Madison and Indiana Railroad, receiving \$60 from the public fund. Here he boarded most of the time with Dr. Alonzo G. Boynton, an able and cultured physician, not unacquainted with Latin, and possessed of a good medical and general library. The man and the boy read and studied together at night, and cemented a warm friendship unbroken till Boynton's death in 1873. Beautifully characteristic of Patterson is an overflowing recognition of the merits of his friends and benefactors. 'A more generous, kind-hearted man I have never known'. He was always ready with any money that his young friend needed, even though he had to borrow it himself; on graduation Patterson owed him merely on word of honor no less than \$400. A medical library has a certain fascination for the inquisitive, and that of Boynton yielded the young man no little information of a general kind.

The Look Aloft. The public well being once more dry, the indefatigable youngling opened another fountain, a subscription school at \$2 a head for another three-months term, from which he drew about \$50. It was nearly the first of April, and he began to think earnestly about a College education. Clearly the profession of itinerant teacher offered insignificant prizes. He had now taught a whole year, four terms of three months each; it had been the very hardest work, and not inspiring, and he had received not quite \$200, a sum that his board and his liberality to his parents had reduced by nearly half. It could not go on that way, with any justice to his native abilities. The College seemed to open the only door of hope. More than twenty-five years before, a certain Dr. John Finlay Crowe, leaving Shelby

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County, Kentucky, in repugnance to African slavery, had gone to Jefferson County, Ind., and there, after many ups-and-downs, had finally founded - January 1, 1827, in a log cabin, with six pupils - Hanover College (in South Hanover, a primitive village overlooking the Ohio river for 15 miles, from a bluff 600 feet high, near Madison), which deservedly won and retained a high reputation for sound scholarship and exacting standards. The Welshman, Dr. Ebenezer Thomas, of Miami University, was President and highly venerated as metaphysician and Presbyterian preacher; Crowe was Vice-President and Professor of History and Belles Lettres; L. Harrison Thompson, Professor of Mathematics, was 'one of the ablest mathematicians of his time in the west' - whatever that may mean; Minard Sturgis*, who had edited Sallust with great acceptance, presided in the classical department.

At the Door. A very respectable faculty for the time and clime. In any case it was by far the best on Patterson's horizon.** The Reverend Dan Lattimore, pastor of the church of his parents (at

* His 'connection with Hanover College was severed' the next year, 1852, - we wonder why? Going to Louisville, he succeeded brilliantly as Principal of a Classical and Mathematical School. But his Assistant, Prof. Butler, was shot to death at school by Matt Ward, whose brother Butler had chastised. Naturally excitement ran high. John J. Crittenden left his seat in the Senate, recently vacated by Clay, to come to Louisville to defend the homicide, who was acquitted, left Louisville and went to Arkansas, where he would seem to have met a violent end.

**Later, at Hanover, his eyes turned towards Yale, with its Grecian Hadley and its astronomer Olmsted: there he would 'get my diploma. It would be money well-spent, even if it cost a thousand dollars'. Doubtless, but that sum was no where in sight. If it had been, ---?

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Scipio), had long been actively interested in the 18-year old, and now secured for him the use of his own friend's, J. P. Bonta's, 'perpetual scholarship in Hanover College'. Borrowing Dr. Boynton's buggy and harness, but with their own horse, father and son drove from home, the 5th of May, 1851, to South Hanover. There he secured board with Alexander Logan at \$1.62½ (one dollar and five 'bits') a week and the next day entered the Preparatory Department, an those days a very prominent feature of the Collegiate organism. The youth entered the second preparatory year, beginning with its third and last term (6th of May, 1851). An assistant, Kritz, taught him Greek, Latin and Algebra. He maintained himself with ease in his classes, leading in Latin, though he found Greek hard at the start.

The next year, a senior 'Prep.', he roomed with Samuel Fisher, of Orange County, near French Lick Springs, in the home of Miss Gordon, the two paying \$1 per week. 'We bought our own provisions and did our own cooking', much of the 'provisions' being brought from his own home, the 'weekly expenses' being about \$1.50, apparently for the two, but exclusive of the room-rent, making a total of \$1.25 a week for each.

Knowledge for Sale. The next (his Freshman) year he boarded with Misses Matthews at \$2 a week. With its close, the summer of 1853, he found his funds exhausted by this exorbitant rate and he looked across the Ohio for fatter fields. Mounted on his father's horse he crossed the river at Milton, in Trimble County, and spent the first night in 'the county seat', at Bedford. There nothing offered, and

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he set out next morning for Henry County. Gradually the aspect of the county improved, and in this latter county he found himself nearing the border of the famous Bluegrass Land. Before dusk he reached New Castle and inquired for a school - apparently in vain. The next morning, about four miles from New Castle, on his way to Fort Royal, he met 'an eminent physician', Dr. Drane. According to the genial custom of the land, the twain stopped and greeted each other and joined in conversation. The young man at once declared he was in quest of a school. The Doctor knew of one 'in the Herndon neighborhood' (how redolent, this phrase, of the soil!), 'about two miles from New Castle'. The hunter turned on his path and rode back with the Doctor, and before noon had found two school trustees and 'opened negotiations'. It never rains but it pours, and before sunset he had heard of still another school 'in an equally good neighborhood' and with higher compensation. With the trustees of this latter he closed negotiations at the rate of \$30 for each of five months. With his engaging manner* and his wonderful faculty for making friends, he had already received from Robert Cooper an invitation to spend the night at his home, but unfortunately the family could not accommodate a boarder. The trustees found him a home with Jack McIlwain, only half a mile from the school. 'Operations' were to begin early in September, and he arranged to return with his most beloved brother, William Kennedy, that he might enter the school, and the two return to

*Aided by the sympathy his misfortune aroused?

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Hanover on completion of the term.

Emulation. The necessary certificate from the examiners, and a 'first class' one, was granted after 'thorough examination' by the Principal of the 'New Castle School'. Everything now appeared to James Kennedy in the most roseate hues. He had never met 'a better class of people'. Robert Cooper sent a son and a daughter to the school, and intimacy with the family grew. In general the 'pupils were well advanced' - 'good classes in Reading, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Algebra and Latin' - all delighted him with 'commendable progress'. Close by lived Z. F. Smith, on the farm of his mother, a member of the prominent Dupuy family, and Austin Dupuy, his uncle, sent two sons to the toilsome quest of knowledge. Smith was important not in himself, but with him, had boarded Patterson's predecessor, Paul Shipman, for many years a co-worker with the famed George D. Prentice and a 'prolific contributor' of much that was best in the Louisville Journal, till it fused with the Courier under the alchemy of "Marse Henry". Shipman was only ten years the senior of Patterson and evidently formed the staple of conversation at the board of Smith and his friends. We may imagine the effect on the mind of his youthful successor. Said Themistokles, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep".

A Playmate. Only six weeks did the teacher board with McIlwain, then he found apparently better accommodations with Mr. John Holland, on a bluff a mile from the schoolhouse. Unable to go home for luncheon, he and William 'depended upon a lunch brought by three of

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Mr. Holland's children, who were my pupils'. His tall athletic host, a former blacksmith of Bourbon County, now an uneducated but industrious and successful farmer, was 'devoted to the game of checkers' and made heavy draughts on Patterson's time. After supper he would come upstairs and divert the student with checkers until ten. Patterson would much have preferred to devote these two or three hours to study, for he was not only teaching but was keeping pace with his own college classes in Hanover in Latin, Greek, and mathematics, - surely no trifling task. But Holland needed the relaxation of checkers after the labor of the day, and Patterson good-naturedly, with beautiful and characteristic courtesy, gave him a few hours. When they parted the young man studied an hour, till eleven, then rose regularly at four (or somewhat later), took a cold tub-bath, and studied nearly three hours before breakfast. When we remember that a recent survey of 48 representative American Colleges and Universities shows the average time devoted by the student, outside of classes, to preparation for recitation to be (for males) one hour and (for females) two hours, it does not seem strange that Patterson was able to keep pace with only four hours a day, and that when he returned to Hanover in mid-February he found himself at least abreast with every class.

This was a gala winter* in the memory of Patterson. Kentucky

*Its record is preserved in a 'Diary' (with which he seems to have been sated), of no especial interest except as the faithful mirror of an eager and strenuous spirit overflowing with joy at every glimpse of opening fields of knowledge. The inflation of his soul betrays itself in occasional pardonable pomposity of language, of which he himself is not always unconscious.

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hospitality was a revelation that quite overpowered him. Saturday nights at Cooper's, with the family to church in New Castle on Sunday, and back to Holland's that evening - such was the regular round of his enjoyments! And how it pleased him when in later and lordlier though stormier years his Henry County folk claimed him proudly as their own!

The List Incident. He returned to Hanover in February, 1854, for the second term of his Sophomore year, accompanied by Mr. Cooper's son James, a most amiable youth; - he and William Patterson became Damon and Pythias from the Senior Preparatory through the college course. James Kennedy had not thought to teach the following winter (1854-5) 'until about the middle of the vacation, but had recommended the Kentucky school to an attractive acquaintance, named List, of no conspicuous ability'. 'Later in August' he went with List and William to visit the trustees and urge List's appointment for the winter term. But they did not take kindly to List and 'importuned me to return'. 'After some hesitation and with a good deal of reluctance I consented. List bore the disappointment bravely and thanked me heartily for the abortive effort I had made on his behalf'.

A true Asklepiad. James and William both returned and resumed the old round, including the nightly draughts, at Holland's and the daily studies in Latin, Greek and Mathematics. We wonder how he found the 'good deal of time' he was obliged to spend 'visiting in the neighborhood'. But in December (1854) William fell ill with 'malignant flux'. Dr. Wilson - called in after some days by James from Pleasure-

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ville four miles away on the Frankfort and Louisville Railroad - visited him daily for weeks, and removed him at the earliest to his own home for 'more frequent attention'. Here he remained several weeks, visited as often as possible by James, who took him, just able to travel, to Louisville and there placed him aboard a steamer bound for Madison, Indiana, where his parents met him and he recovered enough to take charge of a school 'some miles distant from our Indiana home'. When asked for his bill Dr. Wilson promptly answered, "Not a cent". Surely 'a generous big-hearted man'. 'Such kindness I had never before experienced from a stranger'. We wonder whether before or since he ever experienced such kindness from any one, unless perhaps his mother. Dr. Wilson seems to have followed the Golden Rule of Sophokles: "For a man to help as best he can and may, is the noblest of toils". It is a joy to meet such a character even in fiction, still more in fact, and a very notable indication it is of the impression that the brothers made, for, manifestly Dr. Wilson could not have 'made a living' by such general practice.

Again in College. On returning to Hanover (February 1854) the Kentucky teacher had finished his sophomore year. He had kept up with his classes while teaching during the preceding fall term, but could hardly have found the results quite satisfactory. To teach, to prepare for the teaching, and to keep up his college work - that was indeed a bit too much. Accordingly he now looked round for funds to support him continuously at College the next two years (Feb. 1855 to Aug. 1856), and he seems to have resolved to carry William along

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with him: 'the joint total could readily be brought within five dollars' (a week?); unless we misinterpret the phrase, this resolution was noble and sheds glory on the elder brother. His South Carolina aunt, Mrs. Mary Haile Kennedy, was ready with \$50 a year (which she had already been remitting regularly, at the suggestion of Pastor Brown), Dr. Boynton would advance the other \$200. And so it was done. William was diligent and stood well in his classes; James took an easy lead in his, besides finding much time for outside studies and for work in the Literary Society, - an ancient institution that seems to be gradually making place for the gridiron and the Dancing Club.

And a Greek. This Junior year brought him into the Beta Theta Pi fraternity, in the second year of its establishment in Hanover, one of the oldest and most distinguished fraternities in the United States, founded in Miami University, 1839.. The Greek letters were more militant then than now, they had not yet got the whip-hand of the collegiate car, and though this Iota chapter had discreetly elected two Professors, Bisho and Crowe, as members, for some time a sharp warfare was waged against it. Though for many years Patterson lost touch with his fraternity, yet he always maintained his loyalty to its principles and his affection for his brethren.*

For the rest of his undergraduate life, Hanover was his home.

*As leader of his graduating class Patterson mounted the rostrum to deliver the Valédictory, and at the bidding of the President (Dr. Jonathan Edwards) took off his Beta pin and laid it calmly on the desk. At the close of the address he pinned on the badge and returned to his seat. His mother was deeply incensed - at what?

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With Dr. W. W. Hill, editor of the Presbyterian Herald of Louisville, whom he met in the summer of 1855, he entered into pleasant relations, and some contributions from his pen appeared in that journal (1855-6).^{*} Anticipating his graduation in August, he advertised in the spring, as did also his classmate, Robert Herron, who thereby fell into correspondence with the Hon. Edward Rumsey of Greenville, Ky., a gentleman conspicuous thereafter in Patterson's life.

Another Scoul. It was some years earlier that the Greenville Presbyterian Academy had been established by the Presbytery at Muhlenberg, but it had not flourished under the Principal, Mr. Donaldson. At its May meeting in 1856, the Presbytery requested Rumsey to find another Principal and - as a highly educated Presbyterian, zealous for the Church - to supervise the school more closely the coming year, a charge that he accepted with reluctance but with resolute purpose to fulfill.** En route for Hanover, to confer with Herron, he called on Dr. Hill in Louisville, who advised him to confer with the young contributor, Patterson. This he did, and after an interview of some hours, without further inquiry, he

^{*}He had projected and even prepared a course of popular lectures on Natural Science, in which he probably overshot the mark decidedly; at least, we hear nothing more of the ambitious venture. But in some way it seems to have brought him into relations with Dr. Hill.

^{**}Very naturally and justly the highly honorable prominence of the Presbyterian in matters of education and learning is conspicuous throughout these pages.

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engaged the prospective graduate as Principal (under his own supervision) for the coming year at a salary of \$600, guaranteed 'from his private purse'. Of Herron, as of List, we hear nothing more. It is an impressive witness to the personality of Patterson, that in spite of his lameness he never failed to master every situation, whatever he wished he secured, not by any trickery or uncertain arts, but by the compelling force of his intellect and the charm of his speech.

As stated, he was the Valedictorian of his class of 12, a class large for the time and place. We smile at his modest statement, that 'Perhaps the most distinguished member of the class was R. K. Stuart, of Huntington, Tenn.,' who, over twenty years later, "was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, South".

The "Sweet-Scented Manuscript Closed". This Hanoverian period (May 1851 to August 1856) we may regard as the happiest of his life. It saw the first unfolding of hope into achievement, the full burgeoning of youth, the glad trial of his wings.

"They rode with eyes for the vision then;
They drank the sunlit air like wine".

He would have been more or less than human had not his uninterrupted success and his easy triumph over every competitor, in spite of his heavy handicap, engendered in him a serene self-consciousness and a determination to press on to the peaks of ambition. However, he tells us nothing of all this, but only that he 'formed friendships, the recollections of which have been dear to me through all the years of my life'.

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IV

FORTH AS A MAN

Underway. With that summer of 1856, the youth of Patterson had fled. He was now to enter the battle as a shieldman, no longer a targeteer. We may imagine with what sad proud tears his mother made provision for his departure for Greenville the last of August. He went to Louisville; thence he embarked at 5 P.M. for Owensboro, which he reached the next evening; there he stayed in 'the only hotel' till 4 the next morning, when he entered a 'rickety vehicle', the stage coach, which reached Greenville at 9 that night, - a longer and severer trip than now from the Rockies to the Atlantic. For 17 miles not a dwelling of man was in sight. He seems to have been the only passenger as far as Calhoun, where he was joined by an agreeable young woman, Miss Betty Mann, returning to her home in Greenville. There he stopped at the 'commodious two-story brick' home of Rumsey, which his brother-in-law, Jas. Weir*, had builded many years before'.

Runsey and the Steamboat. Edward Rumsey, a great name in Patterson's memory, was then 56 years of age. His father, Dr. Runsey, who had settled in Christian County, Kentucky, over half a century before and there practised as physician till his death, was 'the brother of Jas. Rumsey, to whom is justly ascribed the invention of

*At this point President Patterson's "Notes" lack precision. There were at least three James Weirs and two Edward Rumseys; the first in each of these sets were indeed brothers-in-law, but both were probably dead before this date (1856). The second, the Hon. James Weir Sr., son of the first, was the cousin of Patterson's friend, the Hon. Edward Rumsey, the second, and was an accomplished literateur and author, as well as homme d'affaires (b. Greenville, Ky., 16th June, 1821; d. Owensboro, Ky., 1906).

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the steamboat'. As early as '1784' (more exactly, in 1786) he exhibited on the Potomac, in the presence of notable technicians, 'a boat propelled by steam'. Unable to overcome in America certain mechanical defects revealed in his trial trip, he went to London to make 'the necessary additions and modifications'. There Robert Fulton in frequent visits became familiar with his plans and models. A cerebral hemorrhage snapped the thread of Rumsey's life: he fell while lecturing 'before a body of engineers and inventors'. Fulton exploited the information and ideas received from Rumsey with the familiar result of constructing and propelling The Clermont on the Hudson from New York to Albany in 1807, the first commercial success of a steamboat. - Such the claim made by Patterson, but not absolutely correct. The boat was not 'propelled by steam', but by a jet of water discharged under high pressure. Whether there was really any future for this method of 'jet propulsion' seems more than doubtful. However, the method of nature had been that of perseverance, of trial and error, of miss and hit; the path to success is paved solidly with the wrecks of illustrious failures. Though the claim made for Rumsey cannot be maintained, yet his place is a secure and honorable one in the long ancestral line of the modern steamer.* It is characteristic of the Britannica that it

*Seven cities contended for the honor of Homer's birth, perhaps all with equal justice, - for there weremany of him. Somewhat similarly three Kentuckians vie for honors in the invention of the steamboat: John Fitch, now buried in Bardstown, Ky., measures well with Rumsey in his claims, and Edward West of Lexington, brother of the artist, Benjamin West, was also early in the field with his own ingenious device for propelling boats through water by steam. Certainly a notable record for "backwoodsmen".

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gives Fulton only the most niggardly recognition and does not mention Rumsey at all.

Modest Worth. The nephew Edward, had learned much from his scholarly father and in a private school taught by a Mr. Barry, graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who gave him training as good perhaps as he would have received at orthodox Centre or liberal Transylvania. He never entered public life, though fully equal to its higher demands, and was idolized by his fellow-citizens for the combined sweetness, manliness, nobility, and purity of his character and life. It was a most amiable habit of President Patterson to paint his friends couleur de rose, especially the friends of his youth, but we have no evidence in the case of Rumsey that his warm colors were misplaced.

A Principal. Fortune again smiled on the young Principal, when Rumsey admitted him to his own family, though arrangements had already been made for him elsewhere - another among so many conquests of his pleasing personality. There he formed a most devoted friendship with Rumsey's nephew, Edward Rumsey Weir, 'a gentleman of rare manners, liberal education', 'one of the most companionable of men', for three years his constant visitor 'one or more evenings' a week. - "Wide is the range of words", says Homer, and their conversation circled about and about over 'Philosophy, Language, Politics, English Literature, History' ancient and moderns, but its center was the "domestic institution" of African slavery, which was fast drawing all American thought into its vortex. Is it strange that his "Notes" give no hint of either Weir's views or his own? But his letters of

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protest against the radicalism of his northern kin show that he was a Moderate, like Clay, unable to defend the institution on principle yet disposed to accept it as a fact and to neglect no apologies that lay at hand. - It was the second Monday in September, 1856, that Ramsey escorted the Principal to a school-house set upon a hill and known as 'the College'. Only five pupils that day, but before Christmas the number rose to 40, and before the close of the 'College' year to 75. Doubtless the 'Principal' - who was also the Terminal and the Total - cheerfully recalled the words of the Shuhite, "Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase". The teaching was mainly of the Three R's, English Grammar, Latin, and towards the close, of Algebra and Geometry. 'One teacher was sufficient', but hardly enough, because of 'the multiplication of classes'.

A happy Call. The evening of James Buchanan's fateful inauguration, the Principal received notice from 'one of the two hotels' that a gentleman desired an interview. To his glad surprise it proved to be his loving brother, William, who, en route - from near Carrollton, Carroll Co., where he had just closed his school - for Hanover, to resume his studies, had been overcome by desire to see James Kennedy, and so had diverged thus far from his course. The mutual affection of these brothers is one of the most lovely features in the life of Patterson. William was pleased to stay and help in teaching the higher classes, being now 'well-grounded in Greek, Latin, and Mathematics', and by this division of labor the problem of 'the multiplication of classes' was solved.

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High Cost of Success. The fame of the 'College' spread rapidly over the adjoining counties, and it was quickly accounted a leader, or even the leader, among 'classical schools west of Louisville', - The next year the attendance threatened to swell beyond the capacity of 'the buildings'. William distinguished himself in 'advanced Mathematics, Latin and Greek.' The brother taught seven hours a day, from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M., with one noon hour of rest! Doubtless they advanced the pupils rapidly, but what time or energy had they left for their own advancement? Such in America is too often the price of 'success'.

A Landowner. Thus far the Principal seems to have been a salaried official, but now "the receipts from tuition" appear unexpectedly, and swell the income greatly; the brothers at once invest in land warrants at about 80¢ per acre, the nominal value being \$1.25, that had been issued to veterans of the various American wars. With such warrants for 810 acres William proceeded to Kansas and went through all the legal formalities in obtaining deeds for such lands as he selected. With other later entries these were held for and forty years/then sold, some at twenty times the original price, or more. President Patterson tells of this with evident satisfaction. Though extremely frugal - otherwise he had not been a true Scot - he was content with very moderate returns, provided no risk was involved. Little calculation is needed to show that these land

*Under date of Dec. 23, 1856, James Kennedy writes to Andrew: 'If I don't study some, he (William) will eclipse me before long' - which seems to imply at least the practical cessation of his own studies.

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entries could hardly have netted him much more than 5%, and we may suspect that a much higher yield was at that time frequent and reasonably sure. But he seems, with true Scottish caution, never to have regarded an investment at more than 5% as safe.

Campbells and Wings. Conspicuous among the families long settled in Muhlenberg County and giving 'tone and dignity to the community' was that of Col. William Campbell, first cousin of the like-named General, commander (some say) at King's Mountain*; where 1000 Revolutionary militia defeated and captured 1200 Loyalists (7 Oct. 1780), - an insignificant battle, but regarded as decisive for the Carolina attitude, even as Saratoga for New York, and as making Yorktown possible. Col. Campbell, having received much land for his service atop King's Mountain (as Patterson thought) and elsewhere, settled first in Fayette County, then in Muhlenberg, where he reared a family of one son and four daughters. One of these married Barton M. Stone, then a Presbyterian minister of Fayette County, later

*Over which the war of words still rages. Patterson has erred in thinking the Muhlenberg William Campbell was in the famous "battle", at which his cousin Colonel William Campbell, of Washington Co., Va., was commander 'by courtesy' - and at the urgent suggestion of Col. Isaac Shelby, preeminent in the early annals of Kentucky, to whom the honor of originating and planning and in large measure of directing and accomplishing the fateful campaign is now generally conceded. Col. (or Gen.) James Williams, perhaps as the commissioned officer highest in rank among the "borderers", has been wrongly regarded by some British writers as Commander. It was essentially a Colonels' victory, the leaders of the mountaineers acting independently but in unison, and was won by Indian tactics, against which the Loyalist bayonets were impotent. The British leader, Ferguson, is very highly and doubtless deservedly praised for his valor and his earlier military services and inventions; but to the reader of to-day his conduct of this disastrous campaign looks like a long series of blunders.

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distinguished as a compeer of the famous Alexander Campbell, Reformer; another married Captain Charles F. Wing, and it was at Greenville that young Patterson met his own married fate in the persons of Miss Lucelia Wing, daughter of the latter gentleman, who was born in New Bedford, Mass., his father Barnabas Wing, being a Friend or Quaker, who 'migrated to Kentucky about 1798' - a ship-owner engaged in whaling, who suffered the loss of docks and shipping in the Revolutionary war.

Patterson tells with apparent pride of having seen a note for 39 £ 14 sh. sterling given to Wing in 1775 by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay for money he had advanced for its service. The note was presented for payment by John Wing of Chicago to the Treasurer of Massachusetts, who declined to pay unless authorized by an Act of the Legislature - and to secure that seemed hardly worth while, though in 100 years at 7% compound interest \$200 would have grown to \$200,000. That, however, would have been spelling the first syllable of patriotism with a y. The character of Captain Charles Fox Wing seems well attested by the fact that he held the office of County and Circuit Clerk in Muhlenberg, by successive appointments of the Governor, for over 50 consecutive years. We are told he fought as volunteer in John J. Crittenden's regiment* in the

*Here again President Patterson's information was pardonably inexact: John J. Crittenden did not head a regiment in that battle but was aide-de-camp to General (Gov.) Isaac Shelby. For many corrective data of these notes, the writer has to thank the ready knowledge and the equally ready kindness of that master of Kentucky history, Dr. Samuel M. Wilson.

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war of 1812, 'in the historic battle of the Thames' (5th Oct., 1813). Of Captain Wing's large family, two sons and six daughters attained very advanced age - a fact of some interest in its bearing on the much agitated question of longevity.

And Branks. Another child of Colonel William Campbell married Ephraim M. Brank, distinguished for daring at the Battle of New Orleans. Standing almost alone on a cotton bale (they say*), he aimed deliberately at one of a group of British officers and saw him fall, and his friends believe that officer was Sir Edward Pakenham. Brank

*Like so many of its kind, the legend of the cotton-bales still lingers and flourishes because edifying and ben trovato, suited to the time and place. At this point a Kentuckian long resident in New Orleans may be pardoned for inserting a word of comment.

A. Tho the cotton-bales are not mentioned by the Chief Engineer, Major A. LaCarrière Latour, in his authoritative "Memoirs", yet his subordinate Hyacinthe Lacotte shows them along the whole line in his painting of the "Battle", and they also come to the front in the similar "\$40,000 painting by Eugene Lami" (1838). Gen. Jackson wrote to President Monroe that only logs and earth were used; Latour declares "the breastwork" (or "parapet"), "twenty feet thick at the top tho hardly five feet high". "eight hundred and fifteen toises, or about a mile "long" was formed of a double row of logs, laid one over the other, leaving a space of two feet, which was filled up with earth". Nevertheless, it appears from court records, confirmed by the exporter Vincent Nolte in his "Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres" and by the Kentucky volunteer, a Transylvania student John Richard Ogilvy, later a Presbyterian minister, in his "Kentucky at New Orleans" (1838), that Jackson did 'requisition' 277 bales (for which he afterward paid 6s a pound, more than half the market price), then aboard the near-lying vessel Sumatra - of which 230 were used in building the powder magazine in the Macarte garden, and the other 47 on each end of the line and at the "half-moon battery". Here, however, they proved worthless for defence and were scattered every way in the bombardment of January 1, after which they were all retired to the rear as disabled and even spread out on the ground as bedding for the soldiers and so did not figure at all in the memorable Battle of the 8th. - The British also attempted a similar use of hogsheds of sugar, but with even worse results, as attested by "The Subaltern" Robert Gleig, Lieutenant in 85th Light Infantry, in "The British Campaign at Washington and New Orleans" (London, 1836). Both cotton and sugar rebelled; commerce would not be

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servilized to arms; rather, in recent years, arms have been servilized to commerce.

B. The romantic myth of "the tall man on the breastworks (a queer use to make of breastworks!) in linsey-woolsey, with buckskin toggins, and a broad-brimmed felt hat", "motionless as a statue", "phantom-like", "the supernatural appearance of some great spirit of Death", "reloading and discharging", "reloading and discharging" (the "motionless as a statue"!!!) with the same unflinching aim, and the same unflinching result till "the sulphurous cloud shut out the spectral hunter from our gaze" "the Kentucky rifleman contributed more to our defeat than anything else, for while he remained in our sight, our attention was drawn from our duties" - "the battle was lost" - all this "idealized" history, not as it is but as it ought to be, may be read in the "Kentucky Rifleman in Battle of New Orleans" (in the Durret Collection, Louisville, Ky.) a manuscript ascribed to a British officer ("I belonged to the staff") who seems in modesty to withhold his name. The description is certainly graphic but scarcely biographic. To a lay reader it sounds much too good to be true and recalls the Homeric imagination of Achilles clothed in the manifest terrors of the deity, shouting from the moat and scattering dismay amid the crushing ranks of the Trojans:

Yea, and the dumb-struck drivers beheld th' unwearying fire
Awfully over the head o' the great-souled scion o' Peleus

Flaming aloft, for a goddess, the gleam-eyed Pallas inflamed it. Such a notable picture would very naturally fix itself in poetic fancy and repeat itself in history (or literature). In Chapter VII of his "Memoirs" Benvenuto Cellini confesses how he confounded the besiegers of Rome, under strangely similar conditions, by shooting "with deliberate aim" the Duke of Bourbon, with an arquebuse.

C. Much less edifying, but hardly more accurate, the spleenful aspersions of the Tennessean Gen. Andrew Jackson upon the raw recruits arrived almost naked four days before, the 170 ill-armed Kentuckians on the western bank of the Mississippi. Their rout reflects not on Kentucky courage - which no man in his senses will question - but upon the military competence of Gen. Morgan and Commander Patterson, as shown in their choice of a defence-line against the expert judgment of Major Latour (see Z. F. Smith's Battle of New Orleans). Nearly one-fourth of the victorious forces on the eastern side were Kentuckians. So, then, the one and only often alleged blot on the war-'scutcheon of the Pioneer Commonwealth is simply - not there. - Of course, the glory of the "famous victory" gathers round the head of General Jackson, but in truth generalship cut rather an insignificant figure. It was the particulars, the individuals, that counted - the death-winged unerring lead of "the Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen", which leveled the ranks of the British before they could reach the breastwork. It was Major Gabriel Villere who, captured at his father's house at 11 A. M. 23 Dec. 1814, "contrived to effect his escape" and along with Denis de la Ronde brought the news (of the British landing) to Gen. Jackson at 2 P.M. and so saved the city from surprise. It was the indecisive battle that night (23 Dec.) that really thwarted the invasion.

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related that on visiting (the next Sunday) the prisoners taken in battle he found the Scots busied with 'reading their Bibles' - perhaps curious to find out why they had been defeated and captured. Ephraim Brank's son Robert G. - of much significance for Patterson's later life - studied at Centre College and Princeton and distinguished himself in Lexington and later in St. Louis in the Presbyterian pulpit. Still another daughter of Campbell married Judge Alney MacLean, who served as a Captain in the War of 1812, and as Circuit Judge, and afterwards in Congress, and gave name to McLean County, formed from part of Daviess, Muhlenberg, and Ohio Counties. It was these families, the Wings, the Branks, the MacLeans, along with the Weirs and the Rumseys, that gave distinction and charm to the society of Greenville.

Stewart College. So, then, passed three happy years of the young man's life, years of professional success and financial prosperity, but apparently not marked by any corresponding intellectual or scholastic growth. And now good fortune beckoned him higher still - to the Principalship of the Preparatory Department of the Stewart College, Clarksville, Tenn., - a 'Presbyterian institution, with a fairly good endowment and a good faculty'. It is seen that he still marches under the Presbyterian flag. The fees that had paid the brothers at Greenville amounted to \$1100 the second and \$1600 the third year - certainly a very gratifying growth, - but it was hardly reasonable to hope its rate would be maintained, though the reputation of the 'College' was deservedly high, 'as the most important school

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for males west of Louisville'. The brothers were pleased but not unduly elated, and when the offer of \$1000 a year came to the elder from Clarksville, it appealed to his Scottish sense of safety, and having gone thither and cautiously inspected at the close of the academic year 1858-9, he accepted 'with much reluctance' - for he had been captivated if not lulled by the social charm of Greenville.

Personalia. Stewart College was the foster child of the Pennsylvanian, William Stewart, - owner of extensive iron works on the Cumberland River, a scholar enjoying in elegant leisure the ample fortune he had won, - and this child, expecting to inherit much of his wealth, was in charge of the Presbytery of Nashville. Its Faculty consisted of four: the President, Dr. R. B. McMullen, a mediocrity but a church favorite; Dr. Alexander Doak, Professor of Greek and Latin, a fine classical Scholar, a lover of literature, a good teacher, a fascinating companion; Professor Forbes, who had studied Mathematics far beyond what he taught; and Dr. Haskins, a noted Professor of Chemistry; besides these, the Principal of the Preparatory and his assistant selected by himself. On going thither, James Kennedy left the Greenville 'College' in charge of his brothers, William Kennedy and Andrew McFarlane, the next eldest. His vacation he had spent mainly with his parents in Indiana, who must now have begun to regard him with reverent admiration. About August 20 he went to Greenville for a week, to say good-bye to his brothers and to Rumsey, with incidental visits to other friends. He then turned south, to Clarksville, armed with a letter of introduction from Rumsey

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to an old friend, the Hon. Gus A. Henry, a distinguished citizen, a Whig leader recently second in a race for Governor with Andrew Johnson. Henry, the son of a hemp manufacturer of Scott Co. (Ky.), had been reared in the lap of wealth, had studied law in Kentucky, but had gained his distinction at the bar, as well as a wife with additional riches, in Clarksville, a town he had represented in Congress. Like so many of Patterson's most valued friends, he had retired from public life and was enjoying elegant leisure. - So it was then, two generations ago. But what rich man thinks of doing so now? The press assures us - in amazement at the resignation of Justice Clarke, for travel and study, - that there must be some mistake, that no man better than a mere scholar or 'intellectual' would think of such a foolish waste of time. Of elegant leisure and scholastic ease and communion with "departed spirits of the mighty dead", the tale seems to have been told.* Such is the Beehive of Man.

The Pulpit Beckons. Clarksville was then 'the most important tobacco mart south of Louisville'; tobacco was the staple of its tributary region. It was here that a new world opened to the young

*Yet the nobler notion that the true life of a man consists not in the abundance of goods he possesses, not in what he has but what he is, this notion is surely not new to the world; great spirits have recognized in all ages that it is only the efflorescence of the soul that is beautiful, only its fruitage that is good. It is not only the wisdom of Age that perceives this truth. That amazing prodigy Otto Braun, the greatest single victim of the Great War, discerned it clearly in his 21st year: "Man is not valuable either for his words or for his deeds but only for one reason, for what he really and truly is". Not even from Braun could we demand absolute precision and truth. He fails to perceive, or at least to express, the focal fact that the deeper, if not the deepest, nature of Man (and the world) is Activity.

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Principal. A warm welcome awaited him at the McMullen home, from husband, wife and sister-in-law, a cultivated, intelligent family, deeply interested in Stewart College. Other good Scot Presbyterians were the bankers, D. S. Kennedy (name of happy omen) and W. P. Hume, both fervent in devotion to the College. Still another Scot was Bryce Stewart, and McKeage was from Northern Ireland, - both tobacco-planters. With the Presbyterian pastor, the Reverend Thomas DeLacey Wardlaw, educated at King's College, Belfast, well-versed in theology and trained in classics, he soon formed a very intimate connection, the two reading Latin together, each at the other's home on alternate weeks. It was then, it would seem, that Patterson formed his first close acquaintance with Juvenal. His love of the classics revived, and he found 'ample time for private study', as he and his assistant, A. C. Hurst, taught each only six hours a day! Rooms set apart for his use in the east wing of the College building he yielded to Dr. McMullen; in exchange he received lodgings and board. - The long-cherished purpose of Patterson to enter the Presbyterian ministry was very naturally quickened in such surroundings - and he studied Killins' "Ancient Church" and also the Institutio Theologiae Elencticae of Francois Turretin, with all its pseudo-geometric formalism - and but for the Civil War he would probably have been guided by Wardlaw into a Presbyterian theological school and thence into a Presbyterian pulpit.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

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V

WAR AND DEATH

Married. Very naturally Christmas brought Patterson to Greenville, where on the 27th Dec. 1859, he was married to Lucelia King, youngest daughter of the Captain. After a rather brief 'honeymoon' of one week, he turned his feet into the strait and stony path of duty, which led to Clarksville. The bride remained at her home, expecting to join him in the coming spring, - which brought him not only his bride, but soon afterward promotion to the chair of Latin and Greek, at a salary of \$1500. Along with so much good fortune, however, the disruption of the Federal Union, long foreboded and threatened, at last became a fact, and the Civil War was about to break out in fury from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and beyond. Led by South Carolina (20 Dec. 1860) six other states had seceded, and on February 4, 1861, the seven had set up a provisional Constitution and Government at Montgomery, Alabama, the day the Peace Convention (suggested by Virginia), of all the other States, assembled in Washington; Fort Sumter fell 14th April; the next day President Lincoln issued his call, which was received with wild enthusiasm, for 75,000 volunteers, and the American war-blood, descended from so many generations of adventure by land and sea, began to boil everywhere with all its ancient fervor. Of the eight border states, four were repelled into the Confederate group by the President's call of April 15: the impetuous sons of the four still hesitant - Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, - poured in eager throngs into opposite

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camps. The Southern youth, at least of the higher classes, rose up as one man at the call to arms. Clarksville was swept immediately into the warward current, Patterson, himself a British subject, and another Scot, the photographer J. N. McCormick, seem to have been the only 'Union men' in the town*, and both remained prudently silent.

War and Transylvania. Not only law but also learning is silent inter arma, and in April of 1861 Stewart College closed its doors, its classroom being almost empty; nearly all the students of proper age and strength had gone to war. Of course, the Principal could not go, even had he been so inclined, but returned with his bride to Greenville. He had found life in Tennessee very pleasant, he loved the thrifty, hospitable, church-going folk, he had imagined himself in the near future a Presbyterian divine; but the whole warp and woof of his life now took on speedily another hue and pattern. He was cast out into the world with hardly anything but an education and a wife, and with no visible means of support but a crutch. However, the mysterious ways of Wisdom were leading him directly to the final field of his earthly activity. The Reverend Robert G. Brank, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Lexington and a native of Greenville, was Mrs. Patterson's cousin; often he visited his father in Greenville, and there the Principal, hitherto always drawn

*Though earlier the count was four to one in favor of the "Union".

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powerfully towards the clergy*, had learned to know and to admire him. It was he that now came to the rescue with the suggestion that Patterson apply for the Principalship (which had become vacant in 1861) of the Transylvania High School, the attenuated ghost of Transylvania University, which had fallen alas! under ecclesiastical suspicion of liberalism and for years had ceased from collegiate or university work. In 1856 the Legislature had made a gesture to convert it into a State Normal School, but supplied funds for only one year's work, and its annual income from investment did not quite reach \$4,000! - Hence its decline and fall.

To The Blue Grass. Going with Dr. Brank to Lexington, the lame scholar at once launched a campaign for the headship of the moribund 'University', and his captivating personality was quickly successful. The Board of Trustees unanimously elected him Principal at a salary of \$1800. Returning to Greenville he chose his two brothers William and Andrew as assistants; as earlier noted, they had been successfully operating the Greenville Presbyterian Academy. This might look like nepotism and under other conditions might have been gravely reprehensible; but James Kennedy was personally responsible for the success of the school, he knew his brothers and their thorough fitness for the work, and he doubtless felt that he could 'carry on' better with them as helpers than with anyone else; for the Scot is exceedingly

*How powerfully may be felt in reading his Commencement address at the Greenville Academy (June 1860) on "What Constitutes a Scholar?", the first fruits (published) of his oratory. Like so many of his letters, it is almost a sermon; nothing but extreme dogmatic prepossession could have suggested its bizarre comparisons between Alexander von Humboldt and Hugh Miller.

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clannish. Above all, perhaps young teachers were scarce; the youth had gone to war. His choice proved fortunate enough, but it is hardly to be recommended as a precedent. The end of August found him ensconced with his wife and brothers in the old Blythe House,* - an appanage of the 'University', for many years a Presidential residence, - and September 8 the three 'began operations with about sixty students', drawn from the elite of Lexington and its vicinity.

*Named for the Rev. James Blythe, - graduated from Hampden-Sidney College, 1789, minister of the well-known Pisgah Church, Woodford Co., a founder of the land-endowed Kentucky Academy 1794, the first of twenty such, or more, chartered in the Commonwealth soon after its recognition as a State. By Legislative Act of 22 Dec., 1798, it was fused into Transylvania University with Transylvania Seminary begotten 1780, in the Legislation of Virginia, by an appropriation (originated by Col. John Todd, at the suggestion of Thos. Jefferson) of 8,000 - increased in 1783 to "not exceeding 20,000" - acres of confiscated Tory-land, to endow "a public school or Seminary of Learning ... in Kentucky county...", named 'Transylvania' the same year 1783, but not born until 1 Feb. 1785, near Danville, whence it was lured by gift of grounds and building to Lexington, 1793. - In 1795 Blythe had secured in the East an endowment for the Academy about \$10,000 from such as George Washington, John Adams, Robert Morris (each \$100) and Aaron Burr (\$40). He was a Professor in Transylvania till 1804, then President till 1817 - when he was succeeded by the Rev. Horace Holley, - again a Professor till 1832, when he became President of the College at Hanover, Indiana.

It appears that Kentucky's educational system, devised mainly by Judge Caleb Wallace avowedly for the elect, "whom nature hath endowed with genius and virtue", or as we might say now, with inherited wealth, was from the first altogether top-heavy with a brave spread of sail but with a narrow and leaky hull. For the only common schools - four in all - before Transylvania, at Harrodsburg first, then at McAfee, Boonesboro, Lexington, were so-called "old Field Schools", in rude disreputable shanties, built out in the "clearings", with puncheon floors or none at all. No wonder the craft capsized and foundered. Even Transylvania's "first Classes in 1780 were held in a two-room log cabin". The sad story of "Transylvania", of its clouded morn, its radiant noon 1818-27), and its dreary decline, is fully and piously related in the excellent "History" by Dr. Robert Peter, so long its distinguished Professor of Chemistry.

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Inter-Arma. The war-cloud had burst, and the tempest raged in fury. Kentucky was a house divided against itself, literally, father against son and brother against brother. The Southern sentiment naturally prevailed in the wealthier slave-holding class, and it was the Blue Grass region that mainly swelled the ranks of the famous Brigade of John H. Morgan. But the mountaineers of the Southern and Eastern counties rallied to the cause of the 'Union'. The State Administration flatly refused the quota demanded in the President's call for Volunteers and the Legislature was of course, divided.* On the enforced abdication of Governor Beriah Magoffin, a Provisional Government, headed by James F. Robinson, Sr., assumed the reins at Frankfort. In April, 1862, the Federal Government converted Morrison Chapel (the main Transylvania Building) into a hospital, and the 'University' School began a peripatetic career, during which, strange to say, it prospered! It was first removed to the 'old Medical College' at the Broadway-Second corner, till the close of the (academic) year. On the 1st of September, 1862, after the Federal repulse at Richmond, Ky., the Confederates, led by Kirby Smith, occupied Lexington, the Morrison Hospital became

*Yet by no means evenly: In the General Assembly, The Famous "Preamble and Resolutions", which ended long hesitation and committed Kentucky definitely and finally to the side of the Government at Washington, were reported to the House 18th Sept., 1861, adopted there by an average majority of 76 to 20, and then in the Senate by a majority of 26 to 9; promptly vetoed by Gov. Magoffin in a powerful and dignified message, they were as promptly enacted into law, "the objections of the Governor to the contrary notwithstanding", by majorities of 69 to 21 in the House and 24 to 10 in the Senate - and so the State that initiated the doctrine of States Rights and Nullification, under urgency of Jefferson, in the Resolutions of 1793, in the end cast her lot with the Federal Union.

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over-crowded, and the Blythe House was 'taken by the officers', for Hospital purposes' (Oct. 4, 1862). Whereupon the Methodists graciously offered the Principal 'their parsonage on South Mill Street'. Meanwhile the Federals under Buell had won in the eager race for Louisville (from near Bowling Green) over the Confederates under Bragg (who at the close of August had eluded Buell and marched on the Kentucky metropolis), and then following southeastward had overtaken Bragg at Perryville, where on the 8th of October the two armies joined in stubborn battle. Strangely, the 62,000 Federal raw recruits prevailed over the 56,000 trained Confederates, who retreated towards Cumberland Gap, thus ending the famous "Invasion of Kentucky". Thereat the Confederate troops that had occupied Lexington and its vicinity withdrew southeastward in the wake of Bragg. On reentering the city, the Federals found Morrison Chapel adequate as hospital, and the Pattersons returned to the Blythe House.

A Brother Gone. William and Andrew had gone (for part of the summer vacation) to the Indiana home, where they tarried during the Confederate occupation, and the school did not re-open till after the battle of Perryville had settled the war in Kentucky. An attack of apparently mild 'bilious fever' prostrated William late in November, but he seemed to recover and 'came down stairs' about Dec. 1st.; alas! prematurely, for the next day his malady revived in the most malignant typhoid form. The end came Dec. 9, before his mother, for whom Andrew had hastened, on the 8th, to Indiana, could arrive. This severe bereavement, the first that had befallen the family for nearly

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twenty-five years, left a permanent imprint on James Kennedy Patterson. William had long been the special object of his admiration and affection; to the very last the venerable man could not mention his brother's name without manifest emotion. William was equally devoted to James, in association with whom he found his most perfect happiness. 'He was a fine specimen of manhood, tall well-proportioned. His hair and beard were black as coal; his keen black eye arrested immediate attention; his delicate but finely cut features impressed one with the conviction of gentleness, firmness and manly vigor. Though his early advantages were comparatively small, he had developed into a remarkable scholar. He read Latin well, was an enthusiastic Greek student, and a good Mathematician'. - One gets the impression that the premature death of this Gael of the Gaels was a distinct loss to humanity.* There is nothing in the lives of the brothers more beautiful than their mutual devotion. "Behold how good and how pleasant

*So felt the Transylvania Trustee, as evidenced by the letters of their representatives, M. C. Johnson and George Blackburn Kinhead, 18th Dec., 1862.

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it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"*

The Father Follows. So fell the first of those fatal blows destined so often to slay the Patterson peace; the second was soon and sudden in its coming. Yielding to persuasion, in hope of assuaging her grief, the mother had consented to stay with them some weeks; but about Dec. 20 came a telegram calling her back to the side of her husband dangerously injured by a fall from a wagon. On reaching home, she found him a speechless paralytic, and he died the day before Christmas. It required brave hearts to bear up under such double smiting.

In his "Notes" President Patterson pays the just and dignified tribute of a dutiful son to the memory of his father. Andrew Patterson, born in March, 1801, was an uncommonly handsome man, six feet tall, and well-proportioned. His father, James, was a native of Renfrewshire, Scotland; his mother Ann (née Langwill) was a French

*We know William Kennedy through his correspondence, a short diary and a few verses. The latter have a deep theological tinge, along with a world-weariness at first sight unnatural, but not infrequent with high-hearted youth in the first battles of life. They do not reveal any special gift, being apparently cast in the familiar molds of the "metrical version of the Psalms". The letters and diary make a more favorable impression. They show a fine vigorous young spirit, fresh and eager for the fray of life, devoted to family, - especially to the elder brother, James, - generous, contented with little, even with not a cent in the pocket, zealous in study, especially of Greek, but not quite equal to James Kennedy in sustained energy, in tenacity and singleness of purpose, in assiduity, and unwearying will to succeed. He writes far more like a youth than does his brother, he feels generous indignation, he glows with passion; far less theological, he rarely preaches, though one long letter to Andrew is really an eloquent sermon of the most orthodox Covehanter type. Altogether a beautiful, admirable and even lovable youth, almost a Prince Charming, but not yet displaying the masterful qualities that distinguished the long life of his brother.

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ship-captain's daughter born in Campbellton, Argyllshire, some eighty miles from Glasgow. The Langwills, a well-to-do family, were apparently of Huguenot stock and were called Longuevilles on the Continent. The calicoprinter fell into ill health on the ague-smitten wilds of the west, and by the advice of Dr. Davidson of Madison, Ind., returned to his trade for six months in Rhode Island and for an equal time in Schuylkill Falls, whence he came back to his farm with health perfectly restored in 1845. In 1853 he sold his Bartholomew County farm on favorable terms and bought a farm in Jefferson County, six miles from Madison, where he lived until 1859, when he sold again and bought, this time in Hancock County, twenty miles east of Indianapolis. As appears from their correspondence, this roving disposition of the father - along with over-buoyancy and a speculative turn - did not please James Kennedy, his son. Andrew had received a fair education in the Scottish parochial schools, 'was remarkably well-informed, and held just opinions upon subjects connected with politics and religion' - but apparently without the ardent and aggressive zeal of his sons, whose letters show the liveliest concern for his faith and salvation. 'Thoroughly and scrupulously honest and honorable', he 'had a supreme regard for the truth and lived a life whose example made a marked and durable impress upon his five sons'. There are some worse things in life and character than such 'regard'; but are there any much better?

Another Brother Lost; When the Medical College building burned, 22 May, 1863, the school 'operations' were transferred by amicable

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arrangement to the basement of the Second Presbyterian Church, and was there conducted till the close of the academic year. A ready James Kennedy had urged his mother to leave Indiana and make her home with him, bringing along his youngest brother, Walter Kennedy, born in Indiana. The fourth son, Alexander, was then employed in Toronto, Canada, where he stayed - from 1862 - till the end of the war, at the urgence of his mother, against his own earnest desire to enlist in the army. Having gone to Indiana about July, James Kennedy returned with his mother in about three weeks (July 30), alas! to find his brother Andrew* seriously ill. He grew worse, the physician recognized the dreaded typhoid fever again, and August 11th the sufferer died. The blow fell with great weight on the whole family, especially on the mother, who bore it bravely but for some months felt little interest in human affairs.

Enter Bowman. The next academic year (1863-64) the wandering School was domiciled in a building near Christ Church Cathedral, and the next (1864-65) in 'the oblong one-storey building in Gratz Park', hitherto occupied by the Janitor and subsequently designated familiarly as the "Kitchen". Here 'three rooms were fitted up', for the two Pattersons, James Kennedy with Walter Kennedy (his youngest

*Of this third brother we learn little beyond that he was "most lovable" and that his health was bad. His education seems to have been an anxious and continual care both to James and William, who were stirring him up constantly to put forth all his powers, - one of the elder's letters even bursts into tropical luxuriance of exhortation. They accredit him with great ability, and under their ceaseless prodding he made commendable progress. But he was hot-headed and sometimes wrong-headed, and appears to have marked perhaps a declension from the lofty level of his elders, whose brotherly watch - care patience, and affection are tender and pathetic to a degree.

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brother), and a Robert Pattison from New Jersey. But in June (1865) came another turn of Fortune's wheel; Transylvania University - the shadow of a mighty name - with all its grounds, buildings and endowments, had been swallowed up (by Act of 22 Jan., 1865) in Kentucky University, newcome from Harrodsburg* under the witchery of the noted and notable John Bryan Bowman.**

A Fourth Bereavement. The Patterson administration of the High School had been very highly successful, eminently satisfactory to trustees and to patrons, and had grown greatly in public esteem - so

*First called Harrodstown, later Oldtown, finally Harrodsburg, now recognized (against the counterclaims of Boonesborough) as the oldest permanent settlement in Kentucky, first laid out in half-acre lots and ten-acre "outposts" by Capt. James Harrod with thirty companions 16 June, 1774, then abandoned during Gov. Lord 'Dunmore's war' (decided by the Indian rout at Point Pleasant, 10 Oct., 1774), but reoccupied finally 15 March, 1775. Two days later, at Sycamore Shoals, Wataga River, was signed the many ways illegal Treaty with Cherokee chiefs - transferring for \$50,000 in merchandise to the "Proprietors of the Colony of Transylvania" headed by Richard Henderson) a region of some 20,000,000 acres, about half of Kentucky (south of the River) with adjacent parts of Tennessee in the bend of the Cumberland River. But the ambitious enterprise came too late and fell before the bold energy of George Rogers Clarke, aided by the suspicion and hate its own greed had aroused. The sun of Private Kingdoms and Proprietary Empires was already sunk in the West - to rise again one hundred years after, in brighter and more blasting splendor. - "Col. Dan. Boone" seems to have been a trusted agent of this detested corporation, who voted him a present of 2,000 acres of land with the thanks of the Proprietors, for the signal service he had rendered to the Company".

**A name highly historic in that region. It was Col. John (?) Bowman who in the late summer of 1777 raised the siege of Logan's Fort, since 20 May invested by Indians incited by Col. Henry Hamilton of Detroit; also Capt. (afterward Major) Joseph Bowman was the bold helpmeet of G. R. Clarke, in his amazingly daring and successful expedition to Illinois, which issued in the surrender of "Henry Hamilton", Lieut. Gov. and Superintendent", at Vincennes, 24 Feb., 1779.

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much indeed that the dissolving Board of Trustees requested that the Principal be appointed Professor in the new Kentucky University, - a request with which the new Curators promptly and doubly complied, naming him Professor of Latin in the College of Arts, and of History and of Metaphysics in the College of Agriculture ('consolidated' with the University by legislative Act approved Feb. 22, 1865, immediately upon its establishment in conformity with the Morrill Act of 1862). He taught in the one College in the morning, in the other in the afternoon, besides one hour a day in Sayre Institute! 'And further Deponent saith not', - though the reader mightlike to know what hour. Undoubtedly that was unwise and absurd, but Patterson had little choice. His salary was only \$1500 and the prices were inflated, gold being at a premium of 50%. Thus he paid \$450 for house rent! practically one-third of his salary. He had to give up the Blythe House, but was kindly received for a year into the home of Mr. George Blackburn Kinkead, where he taught the young Annie one hour per day! For his desolate mother he found board elsewhere, and Walter found a school twelve miles from town. But when his mother returned from the death-bed of her son Alexander, in Rochester, N.Y., a victim (12 Nov., 1865) of 'typhoid pneumonia', the kind-hearted Mrs. Kinkead, in lively sympathy, invited the heroic woman, so sorely smitten, to make the Kinkead residence her home.

*This astonishing fatality from 'typhoid' in the vigorous Patterson family, along with the later sufferings of William, gives rise to grave and puzzling reflections.

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VI

A GOLDEN DECADE

Bloomtide. This year (1865-6) witnessed another remarkable outburst of energy in the new Professor. Not only did he teach three important subjects and one knows not how many young misses, but he waded far deeper into Sanskrit, which he had invaded boldly and without any guide the year before, and went so far as to translate the whole of *Nalopakhyaṇam*! The life of such an intense student is outwardly uneventful, and he finds little to record beyond the fact that in 'May '66, we left Mrs. Kinkead's, having found a home on West High Street', which he left the next year for a new 'brick house on East Main', which, like many other structures, was recently wrecked to make place for a garage. The following winter was signalized by a sharp 'attack of pneumonia', which prostrated him several weeks, but his health was restored through medical skill and tender nursing, which he gratefully acknowledges, as well as the sympathetic visits and messages of his students and fellow-teachers. It is noteworthy that he seems never to have forgotten an act of kindness done him; his memory was crowded with such delightful incidents and his "Notes", dictated late in life, abound in thankful recognitions.

A Sanskrit Student. It was now that he began the horse-back riding that lent him health and vigor for so many years. My own earliest recollection of the man beholds him dismounting, hitching his horse to a tree, and then toilsomely climbing up the wide steps in front of the Morrison Chapel. I wondered and pitied, but soon found

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that he was not unhappy though lame, but possessed a cheerful temper, and reveled in exhaustless stores of exact knowledge. - It was under these same trees that he would sometimes meet his smaller classes, when the weather favored. We thought it very romantic and poetic. - On complete recovery he plunged with renewed vigor into Sanskrit, which seems to have held him with peculiar fascination, and read all the Bhagavad Gita ('Song of the Blessed One', inculcating Bhakti, the doctrine of faith, - a part of Book VI of the Mahabharata). Sanskrit opened up to him a new world, such as not even the Greek had disclosed, the Greek, by which strangely enough he seems hardly to have been adequately influenced. In some mysterious way the Hellenic genius, the most splendid the earth has ever known, remained for him partly alien and only partly understood. His ear was better attuned to Latin. - "the voice of empire and of war, of law and of state". The utterly free and daring artistic and scientific spirit of the Greek may have dazzled and somewhat frightened his own soul, so profoundly British and conservative. Perhaps also his introduction to Greek found him too young and too timid for such adventurous thought; had he begun it later he might have felt it more fitted to his mind. Sanskrit found him maturer and seems to have worked in some measure a liberation of his soul. As he read the Hindu poems of so many thousand years ago, as he explored the extremely complicate structure of the oldest Aryan tongue, with its "roots of everlasting being", and discovered the approximate originals of so many mythological fancies, a broad illumination spread over his spirit, Human History rose up before him

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wide and high as the Himalayas, rent and darkened with tremendous chasms and unfathomable depths, yet pure and holy in its snow-capp'd sunlit heights.

The Call Stilled. Professor Patterson had never any thought of forsaking the faith of his fathers in its general outlines, but the narrower walls of creed were now expanded, and he 'definitely abandoned the intention, long cherished, either of entering the Presbyterian ministry. or of becoming a student of law'.⁹ As no other hint is given of this latter intention, it can hardly have been seriously entertained; but his close association with the Presbyterian clergy and the exceedingly pious key^{of} his letters show clearly that he had been heart-set on the pulpit for many years.

Little Without. It has already been remarked, how sparse are Prof. Patterson's notes concerning this era of his alertest mental activity. He was living the life of the soul, and the passing show of things disturbed only slightly his converse with the eternal. He remembers only a few paltry material details, as that he eked out his salary of \$1500 by teaching four 'private pupils'¹⁰ and so kept up

⁹This interpretation, like all the immediately foregoing conjectures, is offered merely for what it is worth, which may be very little. It seems intrinsically probable and recommended by the facts in the case, so far as known to me, and especially by the change in the tone of his letters, which appears to be unmistakable. Possibly, however, the entry into the ministry was merely postponed from year to year, till it was too late.

¹⁰ Misses L. H. Clay and M. Humphrey, Messrs. Ben. B. Warfield and C. Suydam Scott, 1867-8.

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his excellent practice of laying 'aside a margin'. Years after he gave the writer such a counsel of perfection. - In the summer of '67 he and Walter visited the Green River region, staying a week in Owensboro with his brother-in-law, Samuel U. Wing, 'at that time a prosperous merchant', where they received a delightful visit of some days from Ed. Rumsey.

Morrison Chapel. His landlord and neighbor and friend was Mr. Dewese, formerly cashier of the Northern Bank, one of the largest in the State, which branches in Paris, Covington, Louisville and Barbourville, - a considerable part of its income was ingeniously made payable in this last remote town, two or three days' journey from Lexington - to avoid 'a run on the parent bank'! - Mrs. Dewese was a niece and principal heir of Col. James Morrison, conspicuous in the Blue Grass region during the first half of the nineteenth century, famed as a patron of the old Transylvania. As Henry Clay wrote Morrison's will (1823), the latter proposed to make Clay's youngest son, John Morrison, his residuary legatee, but Clay objected, lest folk might suspect an undue influence. Col. Morrison then asked what to do with the residuary (about \$75,000), and Clay, after reflecting, answered: "Give it to Transylvania". Hence arose (and was first occupied November 14, 1833) the imposing Morrison Chapel, which with its calm Doric majesty and grace still redeems the Campus.

A Friend Passes. And now another cloud of grief overshadowed him, in the death of Edward Rumsey, 6th April, 1868, a friend for whom he can hardly find words to express his love and admiration, 'a

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sweeter and lovelier gentleman' was never 'framed in the prodigality of nature'. Much as Rumsey must have loved James Kennedy, he seems to have loved William even more and to have lavished upon him 'benevolent acts'. The elder brother appears to have felt no jealousy but rather to have rejoiced in the preference, which he himself approved; for he was infatuated with 'William'.

The Birth of Hope. Life came swiftly on the heels of death. April 12, 1863, a son was born to the Pattersons and received the name of William Andrew, in memory of the two brothers so recently deceased. This child was the especial pride and delight of his parents, and their overflowing affection was not unworthily bestowed. I myself remember him as an extremely bright, clear-cut face, gleaming with intelligence, with eyes wide open to the wonder of life. His age was hardly over six when his father assured me that already he grasped firmly Virchow's concept of the cell as the fundamental unit in a living organism. The two were inseparable companions, conversing on the most serious subjects, the father explaining carefully every new word that required explanation, and never talking down to the child. At the bedside of his three-year old he would interpret the lad's high temperature as due to the rapid multiplication of certain corpuscles in the circulation, their clogging and jostling together. The child comprehended in his childish way at once, and forecaught the explanation with the interruption: 'Yes, Father, and when they become clogged and jostle each other, the friction causes heat'. We are reminded of James Mill and his son,

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John Stuart.

Let the Child Reach Up. It is certainly true that the child's fodder should be placed higher than we commonly find it - not merely on the ground but too often in the gutter. The really excellent in literature may be made not less attractive and far more stimulating than the maudlin story or the nauseating 'funny page'. The child's book is too often an insult to his understanding and a reproach to his taste. The intelligence of children is keener than is commonly supposed and their capacity for learning is greater. Of course, they should be interested in their work, but it is a grave mistake to suppose that they have feeling and interest for only the low and the silly,* to spare them all effort and to have them do only what they like to do. Such methods must finally result in a race of intellectual invertebrates, of whom the less said the better. On the other hand, it would be hardly more wise to urge the child forward to unnatural and exhausting endeavor, to deny it the sports and amusements of the young, to sickly it over prematurely with the pale cast of thought, and to dam up the stream of life at its bubbling source. - Neither is there any ultimate gain in hot-house precocity. Sir William Rowan Hamilton was not really a greater man, amazingly great though he was, because he was full-fledged at seventeen, nor was Weierstrass less great because he was forty before he fairly

*On the contrary, the better child-mind rejects and disdains what is distinctly written 'for the child'; it delights to measure itself with its elders.

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begun. There are late blooms as well as early ripers. The matter may be important, but there is no place here for further discussion.*

Exit Home. For many years, till 1895, the pride, hope, and love of the Pattersons revolved in a widening orbit round their brilliant son. Rarely has a child been more carefully trained, especially in the niceties of language and literature, where his native acuteness was sharpened to the keenest edge. At seven he accompanied his father on a European tour and close at his side listened on the return voyage to his conversation with Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, en route to the President's chair in Johns Hopkins University. At a certain point he drew his father's head down close to his own and whispered, 'Father, I think that was bad English'. He never went to any school till he entered college (Preparatory Department), where he readily held his own. - There may be a lesson here that few among us are willing to learn. The notion of parental instruction seems antiquated and almost altogether friendless. The father is too busy with 'business', the mother with church and social activities, and both with Clubs and amusements, for the fireside life and the duties of home, - an institution that is steadily if not irresistibly waning in modern civilization.** Such is the current of life, which is

*The only other child of the Pattersons was a daughter born 10th Feb. 1870, a beautiful infant, with every promise of 'healthful and intelligent maturity', but swept away - (Aug. 9) by an early doom, 'to re-open her young life in the life Beyond'.

**To be sure it is not impossible to err in the opposite direction; but mama's darling tied to mama's apron is not a frequent sight among us today.

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cyclic in its flow; the course of 'development' may mean regress as well as progress. Indeed it is not always easy to say which is which of these two, or whether there is either. We should need some absolute standard, some invariant measuring rod. But where in the wide domain of Relativity shall we find it? Here we are brought face to face with the profound and ultimate problem of Value, or Validity, which it is the merit of recent thinking perhaps to have formulated but not to have solved.

Among His Friends. Again and again we are forced to pause and wonder at the strangely conspicuous fact in the autobiographical Notes of Dr. Patterson, at the wide chasm that yawns between the dates of 1867 and 1875. For nearly ten years his life would seem to have been practically devoid of incident. The little that he has to say concerns not so much himself as certain persons whom he learned to know in Lexington, as Mr. Benjamin Gratz, David A. Sayre, William Christy, and the descendants of Henry Clay, and especially Frank Woolfolk and Thomas Lewinski. Of all these persons he has much to tell, things interesting and worth telling but related to his own life in a rather vague and general way. The narrative throws a gentle and amiable light upon the human side of Patterson's life and character. He loved to chronicle the story of his friendships and his friends, to show what excellent and interesting persons these were, how their careers were framed in shining or historic connections, how they were lit up here and there into brilliance by deeds of nobility or daring, by words of wisdom or of epigrammatic sparkle.

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He likes to show how this man and that won his way to wealth or to political eminence or social distinction, and how well he deserved success. There is scarcely any trace of egotism in these paragraphs; the autobiographer plays an altogether modest and retiring part and seems to feel unselfish pleasure in the merits and achievements of others.

The Inner Man. But the question will not do down, why he has so little to say of himself during this period? Was it really so uneventful? Was he indeed so retired and quiescent? The answer already suggested appears to be that these years were in truth outwardly very peaceful and unhistoric - but blessed (it has been said) is the people that has no history; inwardly, however, they were the noblest and most fruitful years of his whole life, the years of his richest spiritual bloom, of the greatest expansion of his mind, the greatest exaltation of his soul. During these years the man Patterson attained his tallest stature, his fullest and fairest growth, to which the days to come might add ^{But} little internal development, though they exploited his powers in splendid external achievement. -

Golden Years. These were the years of his Professorate in Kentucky University, - after he had ceased to be a High School Principal, but before he became a College President*, - the era of his almost purely scholastic and intellectual life, his non-administrative, non-executive career, when his soul turned inward its look

*He was named President of the A. & M. College early in August, 1869, but the main duties of the President were still discharged by Regent Bowman.

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and builded more stately mansions for itself as the seasons rolled, with the successive circuits of the sun. - My own intimate acquaintance with Professor Patterson covered most of this period, from 1867 to 1874, and testifies in some measure to the extent and richness of his intellectual growth. He was busied mainly with Latin, Sanskrit, Metaphysics, and Science - surely enough for the most capacious mind! Greek he taught, and he taught it well, for a few months during the absence of Professor Neville in Europe (1868) - I forget whether it was Isocrates or Thucydides we read. His enthusiasm for Latin Prose Composition was great; we disported in Crombie's Gymnasium and struggled to pervert Macaulay and Hume into Cicero and Livy! My own interest was rather in Metaphysics, which he professed with ardor. His hero was Sir William Hamilton, whom he well-nigh worshipped. It was especially Sir William's Philosophy of the Conditioned that enthralled his admiration, for he thought to find therein some solution for the vexing Antimony of "Free Will, fixed Fate, Foreknowledge absolute"; indeed he wrote a brief defence of Presbyterian-Calvinistic Theology, which was essentially an application of the Hamiltonian Doctrine. -

Philosophy. Naturally he was grateful to the popular Parisian Eclectic, Victor Cousin, for his eloquent exposition of the Scottish philosophy, and no less to Mansel for his "Limits of Religious Thought", but he never mentioned the "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy" by John Stuart Mill, "the Saint of Rationalism", perhaps because it had only recently appeared (1865). - I do not

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know that Patterson ever taught Logic, but he had much to say of Hamilton's "Quantification of the Predicate", a doctrine the Scot appears to have appropriated without acknowledgement from George Bentham. He also admired George Boole's "Laws of Thought", the first great step from Aristotle towards modern Mathematical Logic. I had read Cousin long before coming to college, and Hegel's "Philosophy of History" in early college days, both with awe and wonder but neither in truth with much understanding; yet it seems that my impulse toward Continental philosophy must have been due in large measure to talks with Patterson, though no instance is recalled of his ever expressing any agreement or sympathy with idealistic thinking. He was, of course, a Realist, nor had he penetrated to the heart of Idealistic doctrine; but he was clear-minded and steadily broadening during those golden moons and willing to recognize the world-significance of the opposing school. He attempted no refutation of its contentions; his method was to state them and refer to the authors and works that set them forth and then leave the rest to the student, impressing one as himself an inquirer, still open to conviction. -

At that time he was dipping into German originals, though all his life unsympathetic both with the language and with the literature, and on one occasion referred with wonder and delight to the power of that tongue in forming single words to express the subtlest, profoundest, and most comprehensive thoughts. Had he not been absurdly overloaded with teaching, required to do three men's work, in three

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widely separated fields, had he not been hemmed in by immovable public opinion and prejudice, and later diverted from thought to action, he might have bequeathed the world some enduring work of extensive knowledge and penetrative inquiry. -

Philology. But Latin and Metaphysics were not his only interests. As a teacher he enchained me most of all in Philology, especially in the doctrine of Roots, and in tracing the widest relations among cognate words and tongues. Undoubtedly it was Sanskrit that inspired him to these far-ranging excursions. Grimm's Law of Sound-shifting was a favorite hobby. Day after day the earth would be disturbed in some fresh quarter, some new root would be discovered and dragged forth to light, and traced all over the Aryan forest in its finest ramifications. Not all these etymologies have stood the test of time. In particular, in dealing with the names of gods, more rigorous methods now prevail than are exemplified in Cox's Aryan Mythology, but Patterson's discourse filled the student's mind with perpetual wonder and fitted wings to his thought. Much of the teacher's knowledge was very fresh, it may be he had himself acquired it night before; all the more, perhaps, his method charmed and enthralled at least one of his pupils. An hour in his class was like cruising along some alien coast and mooring from time to time, to disembark and explore. - All this was before the day when Bertrand Russell could declare that 'Education had been one of the chief obstacles to the development of intelligence'.

A Contrast. How different, though quite as excellent in its way,

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the method of his noble compeer, John Henry Neville, Professor of Greek, who as a teacher still reigns in my memory supreme! With him there was no leisurely delightful sailing along "the shores of old romance", but a swift and direct course from port to port, "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea". Precise knowledge, definite accomplishment - such was his goal. At the first meeting of our First Preparatory class, he detained us hardly ten minutes, read over the alphabet, assigned a lesson in Kushner's Grammar (First Declension) and dismissed the class! The next day at the appointed hour, he glanced first, by chance, at me, pointed to the board and called out in weighty tones, "Kield κῆ to violence". I went at once to the blackboard and wrote down the Greek, with the full declension of the noun. Likewise the rest, each with the sentence assigned him. Then the whole was swiftly and keenly criticized, no slightest error escaped. And so on we went at breathless speed. Many could not 'keep hold' and dropped off the flying train. In June it seemed to me 'never before so much learned about anything in a single year'. The whole of the Second Preparatory was easily mastered in the following vacation, Freshman and Sophomore in the second year (including Thucydides); Plato, Aischylos and the rest gave no trouble in the third. The merit was not mine, but his, at least mainly. I was driven by the double spur of poverty and boundless ambition; others, as James Lane Allen and Champ Clark, under similar goading might have done quite as much, and William Graham perhaps still more. Such was the fierce urge of Neville's spirit, the completeness of his knowledge,

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and his masterful method, that drove his students forward almost beyond their will. He who entered such a class might well exclaim with a later seer: "I sought the peaks where blows the keenest air,
And few there be find breathing easy there".

Darwinism. To return from this digression - an almost involuntary tribute to one of the choicest spirits that have adorned Kentucky's history - Professor Patterson was also at this time deeply interested in the revolutionary scientific thought. It was the day of Darwin and Spencer, of Wallace and Huxley and Tyndall. Heckel's two-volume Generelle Morphologie had already appeared (1866), and on the European continent the issue was no longer doubtful, but in Anglo-Saxondom the contest was bitter. Agassiz, who gave the key for New England, had returned from Brazil and was clamorous to the last (1873) in his outcries against Darwin; the clergy, those excellent brakesmen on the train of thought, were tugging far and near with all their collective might. An attitude at least semi-conservative prevailed in nearly all institutions of learning. For a while Kentucky University heard the moderate but far-reaching voice of the geologist Alexander Winchell, whom the author of Mind in Nature, the naturalist, Henry James Clark, exact in research, with full and accurate knowledge, but timid and over-modest, succeeded. While free thoughts and free pens were active here and there all over the land, the general disposition was either to denounce the new theory as impious or else to scout it as ridiculous. A University professor said in my presence that it seemed to be the universal trend, to laugh it out of court.

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Evolution. Professor Patterson was too keen-witted and large-minded to dwell very long in such primitive stages (though he did speak once, in 1860, shortly after the appearance of Darwin's work, about the absurdity of Transformation of Species - but even Kant regarded the doctrine of transmutation as "a perilous fancy of reason"); he set out straightway to examine the doctrine as indifferent, prepared to accept or reject according to the evidence in the case. At the period in question he was earnestly enquiring, doubtless with strong prejudices in favor of the traditional view, but with ears still open to any new voice of truth. He esteemed such cautious works as J.J. Murphy's, such expert apologies as those of St. George Mivart, who at last yielded and went over to the revolutionary camp; he highly respected, even revered his countryman, Sir Charles Lyell, who opposed the development theory (Lamarck) till the ninth edition of his Principles of Geology (1853), when he finally changed sides.* Patterson's mind, then, was considering the evidence carefully and slowly forming its judgment. What this judgment would be there could be little doubt (see his pronouncement in 1903, p.), but it was perhaps not finally and definitely formed before the incumbence of Presidential cares and duties stayed, or diverted, the onward march of his mind. I never heard him utter a word that would commit him to the evolution-theory, nor ever a word in condemnation of that theory or in dispraise of its champions. That is saying much in honor of

*In his Antiquity of Man (1863) he marshals the proofs of the extremely long prehistoric period of human existence.

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his courage and his fair-mindedness, when we remember what were his surroundings and what his antecedents, - nor did he ever advance a syllable of argument or of protest against the avowed and reckless radicalism of his pupil.

Historian rather than Critic. Of Biblical criticism, however, whether of the Old Testament or the New, the Professor remained apparently innocent.* Never a word on the subject was heard to cross his lips. His shelves groan under the Ninth Edition of the Britannica. - but never a hint of its editor, William Robertson Smith, one of the greatest of all Scotchmen, the interpreter of continental criticism to England, or as one of his unsympathetic countrymen phrased it, "the echo of a dreary voice from Holland" (Kuenen's). Not even Patterson's mind, overburdened with a triple load, could compass the whole field in his wonderful decade (1865-74), and it was Biblical Criticism, the most rugged region of all, that he left untrod. Perhaps wisely; for the depths of his nature were already mightily moved; it might have revolted at any greater dis-

*His address before the Bible Society of Lexington and Vicinity (30 Dec. 1877), expanded into the Commencement Address at Hanover College (1911), on "Influence of the Bible upon Civilization", bears clear and convincing testimony to the correctness of this statement. The earlier discourse also witnesses very distinctly to the dominance of Sanskrit studies over his thoughts at that time (1877). Both these Addresses are full of far-assembled historic material, powerfully arrayed in defense of traditional views temperately stated and partly defensible; but on such themes as Scottish preeminence and British superiority it is regrettable that a certain straitness of vision and a note of exaggeration should sometimes vitiate much otherwise admirable disquisition. Thus, 'Measured by the influence exerted upon their fellows by the men who have graduated from Hanover College, men who have distinguished themselves at the bar, in legislation, in the healing art, in the pulpit and as missionaries of the Cross, I know of no institution, at home or abroad, which can dispute with her the palm' (!).

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turbance and have reacted in opposition.*

VII

SABBATIC MONTHS

To Paris. It was near the close of this lustrous span that Professor Patterson received one of the well-merited honors of his life, an appointment, from Governor Leslie, to represent Kentucky at the International Congress of Geographical Sciences, Paris, August 1-13, 1875. He sailed the 19th of June on the Cunarder Marathon; his strong historic sense led him to choose this 33rd anniversary of his landing in New York, and it was characteristic of the man, so strongly swayed at all times by family affection, to take with him not only Mrs. Patterson but also their seven-year old son, unwisely, as he afterwards recognized, for the lad was unequal to the travel and lay ill much of the time. On this Congress he made an elaborate

*Of Patterson's teaching of History, it is not possible to speak with clear remembrance. Historian he was indeed by birth, and had he occupied solely the chair of History, he would certainly have adorned it more brilliantly than any other in the University. But History was rarely taken quite seriously in those early days; it was treated rather as a 'minor', which the diligent student might 'bring up' almost as well out of class as in it. - Since the foregoing was written, a cultured and intelligent gentleman, once a student under Patterson, afterwards a student at Yale, assures me that his course in History was an especial delight. But the most eloquent living witness to his deep grounding and perennial interest in History is found in the long series of Editorials, mainly on Foreign affairs, a few of which he wrote first for the Louisville Ledger (1871), but the majority for the Courier-Journal - editorials that for a whole lustrium (1871-5) endowed its columns with unique and un wonted value.

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and highly intelligent report of sixteen pages, which was printed in 10,000 copies by order of the Legislature, and on the whole trip of nearly five months he has left copious notes, which can not well be reproduced in this connection. But their general character calls for comment and interpretation, as revealing with singular plainness a distinctive mark of the man himself, a mark discernible indeed everywhere in his writings and his life but hardly with such startling clearness. It is the historic, the annalistic, the individual human interest of the traveler, his complete pre-occupation with individual men, their lives, their fortunes, and their families, to the comparative exclusion of things and even of the general communal concerns of humanity at large.

Interest in Men. The ordinary traveler, especially if en route to attend a Geographical Congress, might be expected to show some lively interest in the larger aspects of a nature almost entirely new to him in ocean and shore and landscape and mountain, in hill and moor, in forest and field, in the quiet, gently flowing streams of country life and the quick heart-throbs of immense overgrown cities lifting their glittering brows to the sky while round their feet curdle the torrents of slime.

The city squats on gridiron lots,
 Grim, gaunt, and grey, and raw,
 Bathing her feet where waters meet,
 Bringing food to her maw;
 Her buildings march o'er God's clean arch,
 Toothed like a cross-cut saw.

It was the first time Patterson had ever seen the great heights and the great depths, his life being hitherto spent in the midlands of

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the sparse-habited West. One looks for some powerful reaction of his sensitive spirit to this sudden revelation of the Great World - but hardly finds it. Was it that there was nothing new, that he had already beheld the world in imagination and was familiar with it all? Possibly; yet on noticing a similar comparative indifference, throughout all his life, to the outer world, one is inclined to another explanation; that Nature and the things of nature did indeed make little appeal to his soul. His interest was in Man, not Man in general, but in this and that Personality, in what A had been and B had said and C had suffered and D had accomplished.

In Scotland. It is astonishing, the number of human figures that march through his Notes and the accuracy with which they are sketched in their deeds and their relations. Thus, on arriving in Scotland he introduces the reader to 'my mother's cousin', 'William Macfarlane' - of the island of 'Inch Caillach', of which we learn only that 'it contained an old graveyard where the Macgregors and Macfarlanes had for centuries buried their dead'. He visits 'the Burns country', but diverts attention at once to tell of his 'good fortune, years thereafter, to visit William Smith, curator of the Botanical Gardens', a Burns-enthusiast, and of an incident at the Chicago Exposition, 1893, and of Carnegie's sending 'Jean Armour Burns Brown' 'a hundred pounds', and of 'Doctor Smith's indignation at the inept phrase 'poor Burns'', 'the greatest man who ever lived on the earth since our Saviour!(1), as if 'the minister had said 'poor David'; and of Lord Milne's giving a prize at the Burns centenary

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(1859) to a poor poem of 300 lines, redeemed by the final couplet:

"Scotland will flourish while each peasant learns
The Psalms of David and the Songs of Burns".

People He Meets. And so on throughout. He makes the 'ascent of Arthur's Seat alone' and takes 'in the magnificent view from Salisbury Crag' but the rest of the long page tells of meeting on descent a coffee-planter of Ceylon, the son of 'Sir James Horne Elphinstone', M.P. and 'Junior Lord of the Treasury' - from whom he receives a letter of introduction to Sir James, with whom he afterwards visits the House of Commons and hears the debate on the "Plimson Bill for protecting seamen" (Merchants Shipping Bill). He visits Abbotsford and remarks upon the country as 'singularly beautiful, undulating fertile pasturage alternating with growing grain', a single observation of the kind, imbedded in a long series of notes about Sir Walter's 'library', and meeting 'David Coleman' 'of Fayette County', and Andrew Christie' 'brother of my old friend, Robert Christie', Presbyterian pastor in Lexington, and John Henderson who rented a farm of 100 acres near Bannockburn for \$1,000 per annum and netted a profit of \$1500 a year - certainly an interesting economic observation. .. Of course a note about Bruce's great victory of 1314, and we are at once in London (27th July), with Sir James, and 'two hours in the Speaker's Gallery'. He recalls 'very vividly the impressions made', but what was it? No hint is given! He crosses from New Haven to Dieppe, and on the car from Dieppe to Paris he falls in with two

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Armenians, a silent priest and a talkative merchant, who asks if people drink water in Kentucky!

Among the Great. Arrived in Paris he stops at the Hotel Buckingham and goes straight to the 'Business House of Hector Beausange' with a letter of introduction to the employee, Alexander Hunter (of whom we learn much), from 'my cousin James McLintock'. On Monday, 2nd Aug. 1875, the congress opens in a large room 'of the Tuileries'. Among many distinguished persons present were the Tsar's brother, Grand Duke Constantine, Ferdinand de Lesseps, of Suez fame, and F. Maury, historian of the Middle Ages and Librarian of the Tuileries, - with whom he sat and formed a 'strong attachment'. He meets many 'French Literati', attends a reception given by the courteous President McMahon and his wife, stays nearly a month in Paris (Hotel du Canada), visits several objects and places of note, and returns to England about the end of August.* Naturally he falls seasick; he also recalls a story told by his 'cousin John McLintock'.

With Lubbock. Early in September he attends the Bristol meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, where he sees many distinguished - especially John Tyndall. From London he makes many excursions to near-lying historic points, especially to the

*To be sure his correspondence shows that he was astonished at the splendor of the French capital, especially at the width and beauty of the streets, but beyond such generalities his observations hardly go. Interesting in its pathos is the form of his letters to his mother, written in large print-like hand, in tender consideration of her failing sight, - a trifle but eloquent in telling its story.

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battle-field, seven miles from Hastings (it seems on the anniversary of the famous struggle), where his historic sense is of course deeply touched. In mid-September, by invitation, he visits Sir John Lubbock at 'High Elms; his country seat in Kent', where he meets Tyndall and the historian, John Richard Green, as well as the savant William Spottiswoode (1825-83) and others - a visit he seems especially to have enjoyed. He regrets not having gone 'Sunday morning' with Tyndall and Spottiswoode to see Darwin, when he could have met Carlyle on the road! - We too must regret that he failed to see the chief of English biologists, to whom more than to any other man Britain owed her position in the van of thought. He was doubtless pleased to see Sir John's contrivances for the study of Bees and Ants - a study that marks such a long step forward in our notions of Animal Psychology, - but still more interested in the same investigator's researches into Primitive Civilization and Prehistoric Archaeology, for these deal with Man. With Lubbock he afterwards conducted a long and interesting correspondence.

Bunyan and Hampden. September 13th the center of activity was shifted from London to Bedford, - where Bunyan lay twelve years (1660-72) in jail as a 'common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles' (how strangely modern and American it sounds!), where also he wrote much of Pilgrim's Progress. Patterson withholds comment and passes on to visit 'the seat of the Duke of Bedford', with its deer park twelve miles in circuit; as well as Wentmore, county seat of Baron Rothschild, of 10,000 acres, mainly pleasure ground,

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where in the absence of the widow and daughter of the Baron, lately deceased, he was guided and feasted by the manager, Mr. Smith. There he beheld the three historic hamlets, Trivy, Wing, and Ivanhoe, forfeited by one Hampden for a blow he had given the Black Prince, then a student at Oxford, in a quarrel, as the couplet still current there recalls:

"Trivy, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
Three manors for a blow" -

Surely not too great a penance for such an insult to "the powers that be," - he should really have been hanged at least; then the saintly King Charles might not have been bearded by the insolent John Hampden. But these are not Patterson's reflections. -

Ample Possessions. Thence they went to Cheadle, a suburb of Manchester, where was the country seat of Sir James Watt, once Mayor of Manchester, where he met the head-gardener, Robert MacKellar, whose sister had been engaged to John Duncan, an excellent botanist whom he knew well in Lexington. Thence to Chatworth, 'the magnificent country seat of the Duke of Devonshire', - an estate of 35,000 acres, of course not the Duke's only one. 'This distinguished house has given many distinguished statesmen to the service of the crown'.* Leaving in Liverpool his wife and son, who (in spite of the lad's repeated distempers) had enjoyed the outing almost as much as he, Professor

*If it had only given a few to the service of the People, of Man! To some the reflection might arise: What possible right could the Duke have to such vast estates? And who gave him that right? Was it man? or was it God? Such questions are put to-day with increasing insistence by the best minds of Europe and by some in America; but they troubled comparatively few in 1875.

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Patterson returned for a few days to his kinsmen in Alexandria, and on Saturday, 16th October, all three embarked on the Cunarder, Algeria, for New York, where they arrived the 29th, after 'a very stormy passage of thirteen days'.

Man and the World. Such is the record of this European tour. - Plainly Professor Patterson's interest was almost exclusively in men, distinguished men, * that had arrived and achieved, - in Britons, for of the continentals we hear virtually nothing. It will be granted that he could scarcely have occupied his time more profitably; very few have come back from a four-months trip with such a rich store of memories, many of value. Yet the comparative absence of general interest in the Old World, as an immense natural and even social fact, seems notable. It need not astonish, however, for it characterizes the elder, the classical, we might even say the Christian** type of

*Compare the observation of a very highly cultured and intelligent lady visiting the continent in 1909: "What struck me was how sad were the faces of the women as they went to work (in the chocolate factories). I never saw a cheerful countenance".

**In his historic "Confessio Fidei", Dean Inge says on this point: "My own Church has learned something but is still lamentably behind the lay conscience. During the agitation against the cruelties practised in the plumage trade, a lady who was working for the Plumage Bill tried to enlist the sympathies of the Roman Catholics, and failed completely. The answer which she received was, 'the lower animals were made for our use, we have no duties towards them'. This is, I am sorry to say, the common view among Roman Catholics. The cruelties practised on animals in Catholic countries are one of the drawbacks to travelling in the south of Europe. The Mohammedans, I am informed, are much more humane". (Outspoken Essays, Second Series, p.57).

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mind. The ancient felt relatively little concern for anything but Man; the non-human world, except in so far as he could use it, was for him almost non-existent;* In Homer it is useful mainly as a source of similes. The Testaments, both Old and New, are well-nigh silent about all but Man and God. Says the Apostle, "Does God care for oxen?" Evidently he thinks any such care would be absurd, that God cares for man alone. The traditional view regards all things as made by God for Man's use, but there are difficulties. Did He make the fever-bearing mosquito for man's service? Did He make the Pterodactyl and the Ichthyesaurus to adorn museums or merely to supply ancestry to their collineers, and cousins to their collaterals, of to-day? Clearly the lowest as well as the highest must each exist in its own right, an end unto itself, though at the same time a means unto the Whole.

How Each to All its being gives,
One in the Other works and lives!

But this sense of the whole is comparatively modern. Wordsworth is its class^{ic} representative in English poetry, Goethe its High Priest, Spinoza its Prophet. The recent wide Uplift of the Submerged, the Union, Cooperation, Emancipation, the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and countless such phenomena, all are outputs of a new-

"If there be anywhere in Greek such overt praise and worship of Nature's beauty (as in Goethe's Die Natur), I cannot call it to mind". D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, in The Legacy of Greece, p.137. True, Anaximander wrote a book About Nature, but he was seeking to solve the Riddle of the Universe; and the interest of the greatest Naturalist, Aristotle, was mainly scientific. At this point, as at many others, the Roman was nearer to the modern than was the Greek.

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budding sense of Oneness, not merely of God but of the World.* In 1875 such a sense was active only in relatively few select European spirits and in America rarely beyond the ranks of the Thoreau-Emerson movement. It is not strange nor reprehensible that it did not show itself in Professor Patterson's first trip abroad, but the fact does throw open a window through which we may look upon his soul.

Puritan and Cavalier. Perhaps the most important single incident of the tour was this: Professor Patterson asked Mr. Green: 'Suppose the Puritans had settled in Virginia and the Carolinas, and the Cavaliers on the bleak shores of New England, would the history of the United States have been different?' Green answered that 'the inquiry was quite new to him and he had not thought of it, but he had the impression that our history would have been quite different'. The question seems well-put and important, but the answer cannot be accepted. The differences of Cavalier and Puritan were social and artificial rather than racial and natural. Their main character-determinants were the same. Had the Cavaliers really settled in New England and not returned in disgust, they too would have smuggled rum where it paid them well, but they would have abhorred slavery, for it did not pay in New England; but in the South the Puritans doubtless

*An impressive witness to the recent extraordinary development of this Sense in Edward Bertram Lloyd's "The Great Kinship: An Anthology of Humanitarian Poetry", collated from nearly seventy poets. Says Mr. Lloyd: "It would probably now be easy to find a score of humane poems about animals for every one that existed a century ago."

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would have seen new lights and would have found convincing Bible proofs and divine sanctions for African servitude. Said Pascal: "three degrees elevation of the pole reverses the whole of jurisprudence", where the gross exaggeration cannot quite conceal the truth. Not to mention the famous "Fighting Bishop", were not the most godly and orthodox of Southern Presbyterian divines at the same time the most fiery and eloquent prophets of Secession and War, to preserve and foster the "institution"? Was not Professor Patterson's brothers-in-law a prosperous planter in South Carolina? Samuel Adams, the many-named brewer in Boston, would have been Samuel Adams the fire-eating slave-owner in Charleston, and the intensely logical Scot, John C. Calhoun, would have demonstrated the indissoluble coherence of the Union to his constituents in Massachusetts.*

Personalia. In New York the Pattersons were entertained by Archibald W. Stewart, a native Scot, proprietor of the Scottish American, since the death (1860) of its founder, Mr. Findlay. Stewart's interest in the Alexanders of Kentucky gives Professor Patterson occasion for interesting discourse about these latter, how John (and earlier his brother, Robert,) had owned Woodburn Farm in Woodford County and beyond all others had improved Kentucky stock, and besides had inherited from three maiden aunts, - sisters of Sir

*It might be added that many of the most distinctive Southern spirits were not "Cavalier", but Scot, Irish, Scotch-Irish, or other such, as Patterson himself clearly recognized and even emphasized (see p.). The decisive fact is that in matters social-political-economical, the rigid Puritanism of the North showed itself pliant and plastic to the Southern breeze and sky.

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William Alexander, of the Court of Exchequer, - who themselves inherited coal mines near Airdrie, Scotland, that yielded them the neat sum of \$120,000 a year.* At request of Stewart, Patterson performed the congenial task of gathering facts concerning the Alexanders, for an article in the Scottish-American. It appears that they (along with one of the Dudley Brothers) had bought the famous stallion Lexington for \$15,000, - a purchase not without meaning for Kentucky; also that a first cousin, Thomas Hankey, had represented Portsmouth in the House of Commons and was afterwards a Governor of the Bank of England. Presumably with the income of 25,000 pounds kindly left him by his maiden aunts, Robert Alexander had bought 25,000 acres in Muhlenberg County, a tract rich in minerals, especially 'black band iron ore', from which it was hoped to manufacture iron under the direction of an imported Scotch expert, Robert Patterson. 'A rich vein of ore was opened', a new Airdrie sprang up and in 1857 had attained a mining population of 200, but no good iron was manufactured, and after absorbing two years' income inherited from the aunts, the enterprise was abandoned.

Historic Sense. Such details may have little interest, if any at all, for the general reader, but they reveal the nature of Professor Patterson, how he reveled in chronicling facts, how he hunted for them with the keen scent of a blood-hound, and marshaled them as a

*One wonders what they ever did beyond selecting their parents wisely, to deserve this income, or why the people at large should pay them such a trifle.

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shepherd his flocks. His was the instinct of the historian; in reading his "Notes" one is often reminded of Herodotus; and had he devoted his powers to history, he would almost certainly have produced some very notable work.*

McCosh and White. On his return to Lexington, 5th November, 1875, Professor Patterson found awaiting him an invitation from 'an intimate friend and one of the most elegant of Kentucky gentlemen, Judge W(illiam) B(ury) Kinhead', 'to meet at his beautiful country home' no less a personage than the venerable Scotch Presbyterian divine and favorite pupil of Sir William Hamilton, Doctor McCosh, the author of several widely-famed apologetic works, and at that time President of Princeton University (of which the Judge's son, George B., a former Transylvania pupil of Patterson's, was an alumnus). The meeting of the two Caledonians was most cordial, though Patterson had had occasion the year before to controvert the Princeton President, who at the Elmira meeting of the N. E. A. (1873) had strongly assailed

*The Report of Professor Patterson submitted to Governor McCreary under date of Dec. 10, 1875, and published in 10,000 copies in accordance with the joint resolution of 8 Feb. 1876 (approved, 12 Feb.), is notable for its powerful plea for a State University of the first rank, apparently the first plea of the kind ever made in Kentucky, at least the first to get into print. He also argues forcibly for the development of Kentucky's immense mineral resources, setting before us as a model and ideal the English county of Lancaster with its teeming factories and their towering chimneys waving aloft in every breeze the black banners of industry. The just reason, however, is not quite so evident. "but what good came of it at last?" quoth little Peterkin. The mere accumulation of wealth is not rational nor self-justifying. Unless properly distributed and made to subserve the ends of justice and the commonweal, such accumulation may become an abominable curse, a weapon of tyranny, and a fountain of misery and wrong. It is the highest function of the University to justify and sanctify national and individual wealth by widening the skirts of light, by expanding, ennobling, embellishing, and liberating the Human spirit.

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the A. & M. Colleges created under the Morrill Act of 1862: his ultra-denominationalism not unnaturally kicked at beholding the secularization of higher education; how should the Church regain its hold on the man, if once it relaxed its grip on the boy? At the request of Regent Bowman, Professor Patterson attended the Detroit meeting of the same Association in 1874 and vigorously repelled the attack of McCosh. This was the first occasion that beheld Patterson enhar-ness'd against the clergy, especially the Presbyterian, with whom his relations hitherto had been the most sympathetic and cordial. There then he fired the first gun of freedom, and it echoed through all his nature.* It was there also that he met President Andrew D. White, of Cornell, the distinguished author of the "History of the Warfare of Science and Theology in Christendom", who deeply impressed him. This Detroit meeting appears to have been charged with meaning for the mental life of Patterson, whose breast it filled with a larger and freer air than any he had breathed before.-

To Niagara. There had followed a Canada trip, first to Brantford, to visit Dr. William Cochran, a prosperous preacher, a Princeton graduate, and a native Scot, his roommate for a year in Hanover, and the object of his brother William's fierce denunciation in connection with the Greek Fraternity Squabble; but James Kennedy seems to have cherished no resentment. There he became pleasantly acquainted with George Brown, a handsome entertainer and Canadian statesman, 6 feet 2

* "I have long been satisfied that Colleges and Universities will in the future be successful in proportion as they cut themselves loose from clerical influence and denominational control". In this, the first and most significant statement of his address, Patterson struck the keynote of his opening career.

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inches tall, the head of a beautiful family - how related, if at all, to Cochran's two protégés, the Highland lads, David and Robert Brown, we do not learn. Thence to Toronto, to the open arms of Thomas Hamilton, another Caledonian, Secretary-Treasurer of the Northern Railway of Canada, whose son, Thomas Hamilton, Jr., stationed in Lexington with the 79th New York Regiment, had there been at home in Patterson's family and had written him interesting and critical letters from the Federal Camp before Petersburg. - Thence the three Pattersons 'took in the sight of Niagara Falls'. 'It made upon him (the son William) a profound impression', but the interest of the father was in his fellow Scots, the Hamiltons, 'the noblest race of men that tread the soil', Browns, and Cochrans.

VIII

A DAY OF CLOUDS AND OF THICK DARKNESS

At the Helm. With his return to Lexington, Nov. 1875, the fair holiday for Patterson was over. Classes were properly organized and working well, but the enrolment was "less". It was in fact a dark day for the A. and M. College. - In 1868 John Augustus Williams had been its President, well-fitted for the post, a brother-in-law of Regent Bowman. On his departure Professor Joseph Desha Pickett, Professor of English in the Kentucky University, had been President pro tem., - a position he could hardly have desired. In August, 1869, Professor Patterson was called to the unenviable Presidency. For a while, the machinery ran smoothly enough. The year 1869-70 may be said to have marked the zenith of the University's career.

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Strife Within. Meantime Patterson was not the only man the sails of whose mind had caught the breeze and were swelling under its steady pressure. John B. Bowman, Creator and Regent of the University, had been mingling with the wider world and had come to see and feel that the great institution he had projected in his mind could not be built upon the narrow foundations of the Reformer's faith, that the fusion with Transylvania and the Agricultural-Mechanical College introduced broader popular interests that demanded recognition and encouragement, - in a word, that the University, if it was really to be Kentucky University, must be at least in a measure desectarianized: its doors and windows thrown wide open, the paths of its thought made broad and free. This he perceived not indeed quite clearly but unmistakably; he saw men as trees walking. But the Board of Curators had seen no such vision. The majority clung close to the elder ideals of Alexander Campbell; they wanted a denominational college of the strictest sect, or none at all, and from their standpoint who could blame them? When Bowman sought to popularize and liberalize the Board by introducing certain not merely local but state-wide celebrities, as James B. Beck, Henry Bell, Madison C. Johnson, and F. K. Hunt, they were

*In a table-talk between a guest and his host, an excellent Professor in the Bible College, the guest spoke of a discussion he had heard in a class room. "Oh", said the host, "we allow the students the utmost freedom of thought, - as long as they keep in the right track". They might strike into any path they pleased, provided always it was the one path prescribed. The rein is unneeded and unfelt - while the horse follows the furrow.

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cooly received by the majority and one after another resigned.

Such was the little rift within the lute
That by and by had made the music mute.

Water and Oil. The fissure gaped wider with every year, every month, every day. Mr. Bowman lost the confidence and even the respect of his co-religionists; the bitterest animosities were engendered. The University forfeited the allegiance of the Reformers and failed to secure that of the unreformed, - an allegiance that the ability and devotion of its Faculty so well deserved. In fact, the day had not dawned for an undenominational University of Kentucky; Bowman had anticipated by a full generation the natural process of enlightenment and culture, and he who anticipates is lost.* At last, as the matriculation steadily declined, in 1874 the outraged majority called on the Legislature for an amended Charter requiring, not three-fourths (or $2/3$) as heretofore, but all the Curators to be members of the "Christian" Church; - a closer straitening could hardly be imagined. Such an amendment was of course quite out of joint with the notion of an A. and M. College supported by the State, and Bowman had no choice but to oppose it with all his might. Wisely enough he

*The Bowman 'Act of Consolidation' was approved 22nd Feb., 1865. As it required the purchase of a farm valued at \$100,000 (the minimum) for the Agricultural and Mechanical College, Mr. Bowman bought Ashland (for \$90,000) and Woodland (for \$40,000), adjoining tracts of land containing (together) 433 acres, some of the finest in the State. To pay the price, he secured subscriptions from citizens, and to meet the payments falling due before subscriptions were collected, he drew on his own private resources. An Act (approved 28th Feb. 1865) authorized the unfortunate sale of the scrip (by M. C. Johnson, for \$165,000), and another, secured by Bowman (approved 10th Feb. 1866), authorized the auditor of Public Accounts, to draw on the Treasury in favor of the Board of Curators of Kentucky University for \$20,000, to aid in putting the A. and M. College into immediate operation. Such the energy and efficiency of the Regent.

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called on the College President, who eagerly flung himself into the breach with an impressive appeal of full two hours before the Joint Committee of the Senate and the House.

Intransigence. The anti-Bowmanites were led by a doughty chief, by General W. T. Withers, a distinguished Confederate artillerist in the Civil War, 'esteemed' - as Patterson generously declared - 'a large liberal man' in all save clerical matters. In these, however, of uncompromising convictions. It was round this chieftan (whose life has been recently published) that the intransigents rallied, and with them the Faculties of both Colleges (Arts and the Bible), the independent Greek Professor alone excepted (who thereby sacrificed his standing in 'Kentucky University' proper and passed over to the purely secular Agricultural and Mechanical College). Their contention was natural and from the standpoint of their faith entirely just and right. For them, in the glow of missionary zeal, the primary and essential matter was propoganda, it was the salvation of mankind by spreading the Gospel Faith; Science and Culture were at best merely secondary considerations. The policy of Bowman would certainly submerge the College of the Bible and pervert Kentucky University into a Western Harvard, a hotbed of noxious profane knowledge and free intellectual growths. As "Christians" they were fully justified in their unyielding opposition. On the other hand and with equal justice from their purely secular and cultural point of view, the A. and M. College Professors, along with Professor Neville, aligned themselves with the Regent.

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John Bryan Bowman. The contest was close. In the Legislature the Charter Amendment failed by "a narrow margin", but it was only a Pyrrhic victory that Regent Bowman had won. His authority in the "Christian" Church was hopelessly compromised, his name had changed from a watchword into a byword, and the clouds gathered over his West. In 1878 the office of Regent, created for him in 1865, was abolished by the Board of Curators, and his educational career was ended. He lingered on in life till Sept. 29, 1892, when he fell beneath a stroke at his home in Mercer County, Ky., - a man of soaring ambition, of generous instincts, of broad enlightened outlook, of extraordinary energy, adroitness, courtliness, diplomacy, address, and skill in the management of men.

An Unkind Fate. The criminations and recriminations that marked the close of his Regency need involve no harsh judgment upon John B. Bowman. In his eager and honest pursuit of high educational aims he found himself entangled with "practical" men and may have been coerced into their lobbying ways, into the use of practical means unto practical ends. He perhaps never transgressed the "code" as it was known in the high circles that he frequented, never broke a "gentleman's agreement". Like many another favorite, he lost favor and fell, - less perhaps for any ill than for the great good that he had wrought and the far greater he had sought. It would not be strange, if in looking round upon the world he had accounted his fate undeserved.

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The Climacteric. But we have somewhat anticipated the course of events. As already indicated, the struggle between Bowman and the Board, between the secular and the ecclesiastic ideals, was long and bitter. The initial prosperity of Kentucky University had been surprising. In 1870 the matriculation had risen to 769. This number signified much more than it would signify to-day. The great majority were really students, they not only attended but they actually studied. Many came from distant parts of the country, some from the West, the most from the South (where teaching had lapsed during the war) - my own room-mate and rival, Hayden Martin Young, was from New Orleans; - they were generally poor, and keen-sensed for the seriousness of life. Their zeal in some cases seemed to overlap all bounds. Often I expostulated with two young friends who sat up regularly till two or three o'clock at night, reading their "collateral" Latin, Lucretius' De Rerum Natura. As to the extent and severity of the studies prescribed and required, let a single incident serve for illustration. In 1869 a class-mate of mine, afterwards a lawyer and honored citizen of Kentucky, on reckoning up the total number of hours and amount of study required for his graduation in 1870, concluded that it was quite too much for him, at least without danger to his health; accordingly he left the Lexington school and went to Princeton, where he was duly graduated in 1870.

The Lapse. Such was Kentucky University in the flush of its early youth. What it might have become, who can say? But the sky was overcast on Patterson's return in November 1875. The matriculation

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was steadily falling, from 769 to "little over 200" in the fall of 1877. The A. and M. College had suffered even more than 'Arts and the Bible' from the progressive marasmus. In 1870 it numbered 300; when asked by Governor McCrary for a statement to lay before the Legislature of 1877-8, President Patterson could report only 66! Apparently the sickness was even unto death, and the Governor recommended that the Legislature appoint a joint Committee to consider whether it were wiser to continue the unnatural union or to effect a divorce. With Major P. P. Johnston as chairman the committee visited and examined in 1878 and unanimously advised a final dissolution. The report was accepted, the ties between the 'College' and the 'University' were severed, the splendid* dream of Mr. Bowman melted into the air.

At Auction. As the over-towering Regent vanished from the scene, President Patterson was left sole-reigning over a depopulated district. Turning naturally to him, the joint Committee called for suggested legislation need to continue the work of the College till the General Assembly should meet next, in 1879. The College had been anchored to the University; now the cords were cut, and it was set adrift without a local habitation, yet retaining its name! For its buildings belonged to the University. To secure some shelter against the winds of winter, the bill presented and adopted (in the General Assembly) called for a modus vivendi with Kentucky University, whereby the College should retain for two years the premises then occupied, continuing its

*How splendid it was may be felt on reading his Report to the Governor, Stevenson, 28th Dec. 1868.

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same course of instruction, and that meantime a Committee (the Lieutenant Governor with one member from each Congressional District) should advertise for bids from any community that wanted to settle the vagrant College in its central town! It was felt that various ambitious County Seats such as Bowling Green, Danville, Paris, Richmond, might compete and bid high for the outcast thus put up at auction; but the first-named was an easy favorite, for already the Lieutenant Governor with McElroy (the Bowling Green of Warren County representative) had urged through the Assembly a bill authorizing that ambitious borough to further by popular vote the cause of education, - clearly to enable it to outbid its competitors.

The Half Greater than the Whole. Divining the Legislature's purpose, President Patterson assayed to make head against it. Already he had tried to bring to recognition the equity-claims of the non "Disciples" of Lexington and of Fayette County, - who had given liberally to the fund raised by Bowman, on demand of the Assembly, to buy a farm* (Ashland-Woodlands) for use of the College - by obtaining and presenting (to the Curatorial Board) a petition, representing nearly three-fifths of the total subscription, that the Board concede to such subscribers an equitable part of the purchased estate, whereon to base some claim before the Legislative Committee for retaining the College in Lexington, - especially as the title to the aforesaid purchase* had been passed (inadvertently it was said, 'By a culpable oversight on the part of Mr. Bowman', says

*See footnote, p. 92.

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Patterson) to the University instead of the the State of Kentucky! Vainly, however! For the Board, representing fairly the "Christian" Church, dismissed the petition with the just rejoinder that they would rather give twice as much to evict the College from Lexington, where under the fostering care of the whole Commonwealth, it would rival, outgrow, overshadow, and ultimately wither their own pride and hope, Kentucky University.

On the Razor's Edge. Under such conditions the Committee met at the Galt House, Louisville, 14th August, 1879, in close and doubtful disputation. It was Lexington or Bowling Green. For the former were Weir of Lexington, Murray of Hancock, and others; for the latter were Underwood (Lieutenant-Governor), McElroy, and the Speaker of the House, with others. The Louisville member, Godshaw, was absent, and the casting vote rested with D. D. Sublett, a "Christian" who personally favored Lexington, but was spurred by his brethren to give the College away.. Deeply perturbed, he paced the floor up and down, as the scale trembled in his mind. At last his personal convictions overweighed, and he cast the deciding vote for Lexington. For meanwhile neither Patterson nor the city had been idle. He had pleaded before the City Council, and it had voted \$30,000 in bonds to match the Bowling Green offer; he had pleaded before the Fiscal Court, and it voted \$20,000, as a gift of the County*; nay more, the City of Lexington had offered in addition the City Park of fifty-two acres as a site for the College. And so the tender graft, thus forcibly torn

*These bonds (\$50,000) were sold at 108½, thus netting \$54,125.

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from the main stem, for death or for a distant transplanting, had now struck root of its own in the soil of Lexington!*

As by Fire. But certainly it was a feeble and a withering plant, and the promise of its future was uncertain and slight. Already, before his European tour, President Patterson had been made chairman of a certain State-University-Organization Committee, appointed with the Regent's concurrence, consisting (besides) of Professor N. S. Shaler, the well-known Harvard savant, and poet, and genial man of letters - born in Newport, Ky., since 1872 Director of the Kentucky State Geological Survey, and deeply interested in his native State, who was acting as part-time Professor of Geology and Paleontology in the College - along with the accomplished chemist, Dr. Robert Peter, and the Secretary of State. Naturally the committee's work, the preparation of a plan for a State University, fell mainly upon the Chairman, who took his colleagues into the closest counsel. In the course of this labor he became acquainted as never before with the general subject of University Education, he saw the extreme and urgent need of it in Kentucky, with Macaulay he perceived that the right to hang implied the duty to educate, and his heart became finally enlisted in the cause that was henceforth to claim more and more of his undivided

*A wintry sod! Independent existence began with the New Year, 1880; Patterson had written the College Charter adopted by the Legislature and signed by the Governor, 4th March, 1880. - The initial plight of the State College was piteous, almost too shameful to be told! a certain income of \$9,900; a museum containing one skeleton cat, one stuffed crow, and so on, - to the possible value of \$200; a faculty of five professors, each at a salary of \$1,250, and to his peculiar honor be it said, President Patterson's salary was the same.

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attention and to draw all the current of his being into its deepening channel. The report he presented was approved by the Committee and submitted to the Governor, with whom, however, it slept the unbroken sleep of the just. The time was not ripe for such an institution as therein contemplated; the season of figs was not yet.

IX

THE LIFE EXECUTIVE

The Burden of Presidency. Thus, however, was the weight that crushed the shoulders of Bowman rolled off upon those of Patterson, which were far more elastic and reactive. There it was tossed and turned, but there it still rested for nearly half a century. In time it came to be almost a part of the President's self. His thoughts, his words, his deeds, his hopes and fears, the whole round of his experience passed out and was objectified in that burden. It was welded upon him and could not be dislodged. Even when formally lifted it was still felt as distinctly as ever, as a man feels pain in his limb long after it has been removed by amputation. He bore not only the burden of the general administration, but also in countless cases a parental responsibility was heaped upon him; fathers and mothers sent their children to the "Lexington School", often with hardly the slightest idea of what a University or a College was, expecting him to exercise a personal guardianship more watchful than their own, to oversee the sports, the studies, the expenditures, the

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associations - sometimes of young reprobates whom they themselves could not control. The letters he received were often sadly amusing, the spelling inexpressibly lawless, indicating clearly that the general educational system of Kentucky had yet to be builded from below the bottom up.*

The Life of Others. In the earlier decade his "soul was like a star that dwelt apart", in the "high realm of unforgetten song", amid the snowy altitude of the Vedas, in the pellucid air of Attica, on the serene summits of philosophy; but now his "heart the lowliest duties on herself did lay". He must not only train young men in college but also prepare them for college: not only build a structure but fell and hew and haul and shape the timbers.** Still more he had to play the politician, to smooth rough places, to remove prejudices, to allay animosities, to parry blows, sometimes even to curry favor and to solicit support for the wisest measures.*** It was a slippery

*Some of these epistles are too precious not to be republished and preserved.

**This pre-collegiate plight of many matriculates, even in much later years, is vividly and sometimes painfully reflected in the Minutes of the Board of Trustees, in the careful Reports of Committees, - which show clearly that there are public-spirited men willing to undertake and accomplish very disagreeable tasks, for the general good.

***Thus he was compelled to practise the arts of the demagogue, to court the acquaintance of the members of the Legislature, to woo their favor by soliciting a biographic sketch of each, to be published in the Lexington papers. More consonant with Presidential dignity the questionnaire that he sent to the Presidents of all State Colleges; the courteous and interesting answers, nearly all autographic, supplied him with statistics that he forged into powerful weapons offensive and defensive, for the legislative warfare then impending.

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and treacherous path that he had to travel, but there was no other that led toward the goal appointed.

Up! or Down! The heaviest cost of this new adventure was one that Patterson himself did not perhaps fully understand or appreciate, else he might have been far less contented in the pursuit: the cost of his own internal development. Henceforth there seems to have been little further growth, expansion and embellishment of his own spiritual nature, no such outburst of mental activity as we have already noted. Henceforth he was to use the already developed powers, to put them at the service of his fellow-men, to accomplish, to execute, to realize and to materialize, but no longer, at least not in any large measure, to engreaten the powers themselves, to make them bud and bloom and unfold in waxing strength and beauty, to unroll successively the highest potencies of his nature. - Now this service of one's fellows is surely a splendid and godlike task.

Noble let man be,
 Helpful and good,
 For that alone
 Distinguished him
 From all other beings
 That we can know.

And Sophocles had long before proclaimed the Golden Rule:

"For a man to be helpful as best he may and can, is the fairest of toils". The citizen should be willing to render such service, although at the price of his own internal growth, when the large interests of his fellows make the call, even as he should be ready to sacrifice his life itself. But it really is a sacrifice, though too

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rarely felt or understood as such. We congratulate the man that is called to a Presidency, and almost uniformly he congratulates himself, unwitting that his promotion will probably work the arrest of his higher and nobler nature. Sometimes indeed the truth is felt, as by a new President who wrote me, well fearing (for another President had told him) that henceforth he would "never learn a new truth, never have a new and valuable idea, never perhaps read another profound work".* Patterson, however, grew into his executive office almost insensibly; there was little pure lust of place or power or indeed reward of any kind, but rather the continual insistent call of duty, - to a life, in the main, of service to his fellows, of external self-exploitation,** absorbed in petty or unpleasant details, but issuing no less in large external achievement.

Requital. One reward that he won and highly prized was the affection and almost filial devotion of a large number of students. Certainly not everyone loved him; there are some now that dislike him strongly; it would be strange if there were not. But many look back upon him with tender gratitude and exclaim "Blessed be his dust!" A very distinguished attorney tells me that in his own student days at

*It was printed some years ago that President Wilson avowed he had not read a serious book in fifteen years, none in fact but detective stories.

**Yet the flock of bills from B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square, London, shows clearly that he maintained his interest in books, particularly of History and Biography, in a laudable and remarkable manner.

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the A. and M. College his means were almost immodestly modest; he could not purchase the necktie required in the daily drill, and the official martinet persisted in giving him demerits for its absence. At last he was on the point of dismissal under their accumulation; the case came before President Patterson, who on hearing the young man's plea, arose on his crutch, as he was wont to do for emphasis, and with flashing eye declared that no boy, while he was President, should ever be dismissed for poverty.

Progress? Such examples might be multiplied at pleasure, but we can not dwell on details; it is only the larger facts of his administration that can be passed in review. Yet an occasional diversion may be mentioned, such as fell to his lot in 1877, when he was invited to deliver the annual address to his old Literary Society, the Philaethean, in Hanover College. There on the old camp-ground he tented, as did his wife and William, with John M. Coulter, grandson of Dr. Crowe and now world-known as a botanist. Of the address to the 'Truth-lovers' no copy seems to have been preserved. He was much interested, as being now completely engrossed with Education, to note the 'progress' of Hanover College in twenty-one years. That progress was unmistakable, for it was visible and palpable; it was indeed wholly material, a progress in buildings. None other seemed notable; the work of study was not better done, the scholarship had not advanced. Such an observation might undoubtedly have been made then and may even now be made at many educational centers. Brick and

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brains, mortar and mind, are not strictly convertible terms. It is not impossible for the most imposing temples of learning to change insensibly into intellectual and spiritual mausoleums.

University and College. Though himself a builder (in a peculiarly pregnant sense) of a University, President Patterson to the very last regarded the 'small denominational college' as superior for the general liberal education of the undergraduate. There seems to be at least half justice in this judgment. In 1876 Helmholtz declared that for study of mathematics Göttingen was to be preferred to Berlin; the instruction was just as good,* and the personal contact of teacher and the taught was much closer. There may be great names as great universities, but they remain mere names for the majority of the myriad 'attendants' committed almost wholly to the uncovenanted mercies of nameless subordinates.

But why the adjective 'denominational'? As a matter of fact 'small colleges' are generally such, but need they be? There seems to be no good reason. The College is indeed the natural prolongation of the High School; it corresponds, though not in a manner to flatter our national pride, to the French Lycée, to the German Gymnasium or Realschule; and these are surely undenominational. The truth is, there is far less reason for 'denominational influence' in the College than in the University, where the student may have arrived at years of

*The mathematical tradition of Göttingen is indeed unsurpassed: Gauss, Dirichlet, Riemann, Clebsch, Schering, Enneper, Schwarz, Klein, Hilbert, Minkowski, et al!

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discretion and be able to choose his 'denomination' with some intelligence. There is naturally a wide gap between High School and University proper; the latter seems disposed to reach down, the former to reach up, till they clasp hands. This is not really a wise procedure; it is a phenomenon of growth, which need not always be highly intelligent. - If the last two years of the High School were strengthened, and fused with the first two years (also strengthened) of the College or University into an independent intermediate course somewhat diversified, to meet the demands for purely liberal education on the one hand and preparatory professional training on the other, at least some of the crudities that infest our present educational 'system' might be removed. This idea was presented in the course of a discussion at the Washington meeting of the National Educational Association (1897), but it is a favorite Anglo-American method to let things grow as they will, to trust to time, and to impose as little directive intelligence as possible upon the process of growth - in other words, to 'muddle through' (as they say in London) whether it be a World-war or a 'Creative Evolution'. The method has its advantages and attains beneficent enduring results - in the course of ages! If we could only retard the pulse of life, and all go "back to Methuselah"!

Auld Lang Syne. Personal friendship was an idea regarded by President Patterson with peculiar reverence; it was in high degree an expression of the clan-sense, which never dulled in his heart. No wonder that on his trip to Hanover he revisited many scenes of his 'younger years' and clasped hands again with fraternal Scots (and

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others), with Aberdeens and Grahams and Wilsons; 'to renew acquaintance with old friends was one of the happiest episodes of my middle life'.

X

STRESS AND STORM

The Half-Cent Tax. Into the Presidential life, the outer life, of Patterson, there had now entered a momentary lull - before the storm. The feeble A. and M. College (homed in Lexington by Act of Feb. 6, 1880), like a babe "born out of due time", was gasping for life, but it was at least alive, and its future seemed alarming. The General Assembly had levied (April 28, 1880) for its support a special tax of half a cent per \$100 of taxable property (of the whites of the State). At first sight this does not seem oppressive, especially as the assessments were not nearly equal to the market values. A man assessed at \$1,000 would pay 5 cents a year, his rich neighbor assessed at \$20,000 would pay only \$1. And what wonders of educational opportunity and advancement were secured for such trifles, which none would hesitate to spend many times in personal indulgence! The sum to be raised thereby was not large, as men now count largeness, about \$17,500 a year!* the interest on an endowment of hardly \$350,000! But the 'denominational' colleges saw in such puny proportions the possibilities of endless mischief. The fate that the Christians foresaw for their University, and sought to shun by expatriating the College from Lexington, would now surely overtake them all sooner or later, unless they took speedy and concerted action. Accordingly they forgot for the

*Compare some recent biennial appropriations in other states, running into many millions!

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moment their mutual antagonisms and rivalries and leagued themselves to strangle the danger in its birth. Such was certainly the part of worldly wisdom, and no one can blame them for not being content to be found merely innocent as doves. They framed an earnest and eloquent petition against the College (at least, as supported by the State), a petition addressed "To the People of Kentucky" and entitled "Shall the People be Taxed for Collegiate Education?" Their plea deserves to be read by every student of the History of Kentucky Culture, and accordingly at one time it was marked for reproduction in this volume.

The Petition. The reader may smile faintly at some of the alarming figures presented, - no less than at patent absurdities and contradictions - at the "costly State institution" distraining from the people as much as \$17,000 a year - when in more modern times the sheriff of a single county is said to have distrained four times as much! But at least one plea in this document seems at first sight plausible, - that the original idea of the Land Grant had undergone great expansion in the establishment of a State College with a curriculum where all the elements of liberal culture were represented. For it will always be hard to persuade the natural man that Latin, Greek and Higher Mathematics, though expressly not excluded in the Merrill Act of 2nd July, 1862, form any vital part of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts; and if it were proposed to spend any fraction of the Land Grant income in teaching such subjects, the objection in question might be hard to meet. But it is quite another matter, if the State out of its own funds (by special tax) would provide for

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such instruction whether in an A. and M. College, or in a University, or in any other institution whatever; as against such an application of State monies by the State, all talk about the limitation of the Land Grant is entirely irrelevant. Hence the petitioners felt the need of attacking the whole idea of a State College, of any State support of Higher Education, which they would see entrusted exclusively to the Church and its Colleges.

Can Europe Teach? Their pleadings would now call for no answer; they sound like a tale of

Old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago.

What is most remarkable is that the vision of the appellants seems so hopelessly blurred and narrow.* It never occurs to them that all their arguments have long ago been utterly refuted by the examples of the most advanced nations of Europe, as France and Germany, nay more, of the most prosperous and enlightened commonwealths of our own Union, as Michigan and Wisconsin, and now by a score of others. They seem to forget that people live beyond the Ohio and the Big Sandy. However, it is just this lavish disregard of outstanding facts that

*The opening of Patterson's reply to President Beatty is a weighty indictment of the clerical theory and practise of education: 'The sectarian colleges have had a monopoly of education. They allege they should have a monopoly still; 'forgetting that they live in the Nineteenth Century and not in the Fourteenth.' He draws a graphic picture of the decline and fall of Transylvania, of Kentucky's destitution of the agencies of higher culture, and of 'these long years of deadly stillness in law, in literature, in medicine, and in science'. It is in such passages that President Patterson rises to the full height of the occasion, to the clearest consciousness of his mission, and appears in every way at his very best.

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lends interest and value to this document. For the method pursued is precisely that so regularly employed to-day in conservative-reactionary discussions of such matters as Cooperation and the Public ownership of Public Utilities. The trick is to ignore persistently the experiments and experience of the Old World and even of Canada and many cities of the United States, and to argue as if concerning some new and rash, untried and unheard-of adventure, a slap in the face of the history of the world. - And if you insist on calling the foreigner to the witness stand, what can you prove thereby except that you are not 100% American?!

Ready Reply. Absurd and ludicrous as this Petition may seem to us now, it was far from seeming so in 1881. It was the great good luck of Patterson to be waiting for an interview with Henry Watterson, in the office of the Louisville Courier-Journal, late in the afternoon of Nov. 18, when one of the staff placed in his hand the proof of the Petition, which was to go out over the State in the Courier-Journal (of Nov. 19) straightway and reach the Legislators only a week before their meeting in the General Assembly (Nov.28). Such was the zeal of the Colleges, to help the Legislators make up their minds at home, before any reply or discussion was possible! Patterson was startled but not stunned by this not quite unexpected bolt. On returning to the hotel he called for writing material and forthwith framed an effective answer and had it published in the immediately following issue of the Courier-Journal (20th Nov.), so that Legislators were surprised to receive the bane and the antidote by the same mail!

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Antagonist and Protagonist. Such was the first lively skirmish. The battle was yet to come, President Ormond Beatty* of Centre College (Presbyterian), at Danville, was the Coryphaeus, and on January 15, 1882, before a joint Committee of the Senate and House he denounced the half-cent Act as "unwise, unjust, excessive, oppressive," according to the Petitioners' "hope that a matter so unfair, so impolitic, so wrong will be speedily wiped from the statute-book". When he ceased the $\frac{1}{2}$ -cent Act seemed doomed. But Patterson followed him the next Friday evening, 20th Jan'y, in a masterly address, perhaps the most distinctive that he ever delivered, wherein he comes boldly forward as the uncompromising advocate of State-supported higher secular education. Such is the main, true, and highest role played by Patterson, his chief title to immortality.

Supra Ecclesiam. In some other clime at some other time, no special honor might attach to such protagonism; but at that time and place the conditions were altogether peculiar. The sentiment of the people was but little sympathetic with higher education and was very strongly adverse to any taxation for its support; the populace was incurably sectarian, and the sects were zealously and even bitterly opposed to the State College (at least in its general cultural character); most hapless of all, the Presbyterians headed the attack,

*A justly honored name, and himself the gentlest and courtliest of scholarly Presidents. His plea for the Colleges was honestly and powerfully presented - in fact, his conclusions harmonized with his premises more perfectly than his opponent's, but his premises belonged to the past.

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and Patterson had all his life been an ardent Presbyterian, had for many years aimed at the Presbyterian ministry; his friends, his kinsmen, his ancestors, his memories, his affections - his whole emotional nature, - all were intensely Presbyterian; his life had been largely spent in Presbyterian schools and colleges - and now it was precisely Presbyterians and Presbyterian education* that he had to oppose in a war to the knife, - and the knife to the hilt! It is to his eternal honor that he did not falter nor compromise, but turned his back resolutely on all his antecedents, and with eloquence, learning, and above all with romantic valor** he defended the forlorn

*Moreover, it was and is a matter of common knowledge that the record of Presbyterianism is honorably and particularly noted for devotion and contribution to higher liberal education, the "training of a freeman" as Proclus called it (paideias eleutherou).

**Let the following passage bear witness: 'Equally unfortunate was the reference of Judge Lindsay to the early history of Transylvania University. When, in 1825, the Legislature was invited by the message of Governor Desha to consider the condition of Transylvania University, the evil plight into which it had fallen was due largely, if not exclusively, to the denominational war waged remorselessly against it by sectarian animosity and jealousy. In that warfare, the church to which I belong played no unimportant part. Had the State sustained and cheered Transylvania as she ought, and not left it a prey to ecclesiastical rancor and denominational hate, Transylvania would be to Kentucky today what Harvard is to Massachusetts, and Yale to Connecticut. It was brought into politics - how? Because assailed by the churches then, as the State College is assailed by the churches now, and because of the parsimonious support given to it by the State at the instance of clergymen, who stood by with lugubrious visage and ecclesiastical scowl. The ministers of that day prevailed. The curse of Meroz rang through the land. Transylvania was handed over to the doctors, not of physio, but of divinity, with the inevitable result that always attends clerical ministrations when applied to State institutions - decline, decadence, extinction'. - On hearing such sentences, "the church to which I belong" might well have exclaimed, "Among us, but not of us!"

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cause of Culture and of Higher Education supported by the State, a with cause/which in the history of Kentucky his name was to be henceforth indissolubly wedded.*

The Tax Unconstitutional? His victory in this joust could not be disguised, but the quiver of the Six was not yet exhausted; their strongest shaft was still unspent. The bold and consistent attack of Beatty had been made along the lines of public policy; a subtler and still more dangerous assault was now directed along purely legal lines by a quartette of distinguished jurists: Alexander P. Humphrey, Ex-Chief Justice Lindsay, Edmund F. Trabue, and Colonel Bennett H. Young, who called vehemently on the Legislature for repeal of the special tax as unconstitutional. At this point their case was exceedingly strong, and their reasoning so plausible as to deceive even the elect. The letter of the constitution was at first sight entirely

**Motives are not always - indeed, they are very seldom - unmixed, and one may fairly suspect that the wide-spread hostility to the State College was by no means purely religious or even sectarian; it might not have required a Karl Marx to detect an undercoating of economic considerations, of municipal ambition and commercial rivalry. Yet denominational zeal was genuinely and abundantly present.

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in accord with their contention*; it seems that the State was positively forbidden to use any monies raised by taxation for any other than common school education. When John G. Carlisle was sought as Senior Counsel for the State College, he declined, regarding the

*The provision in question is found in the first section of Article XI of the Constitution (of 1849-50) and reads as follows: "The capital of the fund, called and known as the 'Common School Fund', consisting of \$1,225,768.42, for which bonds have been executed by the State to the Board of Education, and \$73,500 of stock in the bank of Kentucky; also the sum of \$51,223.29, balance of interest on the school fund of the year 1848, unexpended, together with any sum which may be hereafter raised in the State, by taxation or otherwise, for purposes of education, shall be held inviolate for the purpose of sustaining a system of common schools. The interest and dividends of said funds, together with any sum which may be produced for that purpose, by taxation or otherwise, may be appropriated in aid of common schools, but for no other purpose". Altho the two Acts of 22d Dec., 1798, had (1) nominally established and endowed (each with 6,000 acres of land) twenty Academies, empowering each Board of Trustees to raise by lottery \$1,000 to meet preliminary expenses, and (2) authorized the Board of Trustees of Transylvania, as State University, to establish schools as nurseries for this University - a scheme due mainly to Judge Caleb Wallace and extravagantly lauded by his biographer - yet these 'nurseries' languished most wretchedly in the absence of all nursing; for the Constitution of 1799 had not recognized nor forecast the existence of any kind of public common school. However, in 1836, Congress had distributed \$28,000,000 (accumulated in the National Treasury, largely from the sale of public land), on certain conditions, among the States; by Act of 27 Feb. 1837, Kentucky appropriated \$1,000,000 of her portion (\$1,473,750) to Education; but on 16 Feb., 1838, - when Judge Wm. F. Bullock's Act, establishing the Common School system of Kentucky, was passed, - the amount was reduced to \$850,000 and invested in the State's "internal improvement" bonds, which (when payment of either principal or interest to the Board of Education became inconvenient through too much internal improvement) were duly burned (per Act of 10th Feb. 1845) by the Governor, - but lists were preserved and afterwards recognized and various 'reparations' made to the extent of the aggregates above named (mainly through the efforts of Dr. Robert Breckenridge, chosen Superintendent of Public Instruction, 1847). What Patterson clearly proved from the Debates in the Constitutional Convention (Dec. 1849) was this: that the Delegates had in mind this sad experience with an educational fund, which the law seemed powerless to protect, and over which accordingly they would throw the aegis of the Constitution; that they were not dreaming of Higher Education, and that "purposes of education" was merely short for "purposes of common school education".

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Constitutional provision as clear and the case of the College as hopeless. His words were: "You have no case. The Constitution plainly forbids".

Lindsay to the Rescue. His judgment was hasty, for closer study of the Constitution must raise serious doubts. One very important question will not down but baffles the inquiring student, even though a layman: If the Constitution framers, who were certainly intelligent men, really intended to outlaw State aid to Collegiate education, why did they proceed in such an artificial and round-about way? What could have been easier than to say, "The State shall impose no tax for the support of Higher Education or education beyond the Common schools"? That would have been the end of controversy, as decisive and clear as the famous chapter on Snakes in Ireland: "There are no snakes in Ireland". Instead we find sentence after sentence apparently restricting all State support to the Common schools, but why all this pother about it? Why "uplift the club of Hercules - for what? To crush an atom or to brain a gnat"? Such reflections might leave one in a quandary, but they no way disturbed the mind of the accomplished jurist, Judge Lindsay, whom the Six Colleges had judiciously chosen to lead the attack on the half-cent tax. Like Goliath, he appeared before the Legislative Committee in Frankfort, Wednesday, 25th Jan. 1882, with supreme confidence in the righteousness of his cause and with only half-concealed contempt for the puny opponent that came out against him. For the State College barrister was none other than President Patterson, who, after the refusal of

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Carlisle to lead a forlorn hope, had himself undertaken to lead it.

Patterson's Plea. Judge Lindsay's condescension to such an adversary was natural but unfortunate; woe to him that underrates his opponent! He presented the case of the Six with clearness and vigor and seemingly conclusive logic; few, if any, were prepared for the bouleversement that was to follow: Patterson was then (evening of 30th January, 1882) in the full flower of his might; the cause, the occasion, the assembly, all conspired to span his sinews to their utmost tension; he felt that the highest interests of civilization and humanity were for the moment committed to his keeping, that he was the guardian of the dignity and prosperity, the majesty and the honor of the "proud Commonwealth of Kentucky", that all her future hung upon his words. Undoubtedly, also, he enjoyed the sympathy of his audience. Though the majority might shrink from the tax and wish the Colleges well and feel overcome by the logic of the lawyer, yet they could not repress the half-conscious sense that the President stood for the Many against the Few, that he had bravely entered a most unequal contest, and that fair play called for an impartial and attentive hearing. And he for his part was not slow to take full advantage of the situation. He ascended the stage, more impressively because of his lameness, and stood there in collected might, with the glance of a Jovian eagle, "Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and tanned with race" - which he by no means denied but proudly avowed and proved by rattling off the Highland brogue with the utmost readiness, to the surprised delight of his audience. Nothing, indeed,

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could be more welcome to the Scot than this call to defend and glorify his blood, which he boasted was the noblest on earth, against the ill-timed taunts of his opponent.

The Law's Intent. The published reports are concerned solely with his argument and give little hint of this extremely adroit and effective introduction, by which he turned all the darts of Judge Lindsay's miscalculated allusions back upon the Judge himself, and caught the emotions of his hearers speedily in the net of his speech.* His argument that followed was not only exceedingly clever but was also thoroughly honest and went straight to the heart of the matter. Without explicitly raising the doubts and questions already suggested, he laid them fairly and finally by showing, from the whole history of the case, that the framers and authors of the constitutional provision under discussion could not possibly have had in mind the use attempted by the Six Colleges; that any such use was not possibly implied in the original document and was utterly alien to its spirit; that the real purpose of the passage was distinctly deducible with perfect precision from the historical setting and was entirely foreign to the contention of Judge Lindsay. The demonstration was triumphant and irresistible. The principle of interpretation (contemporaneous construction) employed by Patterson was transparently just and long recognized in classical jurisprudence. The mind of the law-maker must also be regarded, and not merely the letter of the law itself, and that mind must be collected from its original circumstances

*One Legislator told the President in after years that he wore the soles from his shoes and raised blisters on his hands, - so enthusiastic his applause.

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of the case*. Says Grotius in commentary on 1 Cor. 13:7, "General terms are to be restricted (in application) to the subject-matter under discussion" (Solent voces universales restringi ex materia subjacente).

The Triumph. So then the literal legalist was subdued by the rational historian.. The victory was a signal one, not only the most brilliant in the career of Patterson, but unequalled perhaps in the history of our University Presidents. Had it been won at Cornell or Harvard, the victor would at once have mounted into national significance, but not many gave any thought to such a puling infant as the State College of Kentucky. Yet the President's conduct of this case and its sequels may well be matched with Bentley's ** lifelong struggle in the courts, with this notable difference: That Patterson's struggles and ingenuities were all in a great communal cause, to protect the interests of the whole People, every merely

*Honor to whom honor! It redounds to the credit of President Patterson that in his Golden Jubilee Speech (Oct. 14, 1916) we find this acknowledgement: "In this emergency an opportune suggestion from J. P. Metcalfe, a former Reporter of the Court of Appeals, viz: That I should look into the debates which preceded the adoption of the Constitution, induced me to try what a layman might do". Such honesty in the indication of sources, in the avowal of mental obligations, literary and scientific, is far from common even at the present day.

**The career of this the first if not the only Englishman among the heroes of classical learning (Encycl.Brit.) is also suggested under another aspect by that of Pattersons for it illustrates vividly what has already been said (pp.100) on Administration as the Spoiler of Spirit. In accepting the Mastership of Trinity College in Cambridge, Richard Bentley virtually abdicated the Mastership of Classical philology in Europe.

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personal concern being altogether secondary, if not indeed totally absent.

The Leaguers in Court. The Legislature rejected the plea of the Six by a decisive majority, but the leaguers did not despair; they transferred their case to the Court of Appeals, hoping to have the Act adjudged unconstitutional. A lady of Louisville was induced to refuse payment of the tax, where the local judge (the Chancellor) might be expected to decide against the State; which would of course appeal and so appear in the highest court as an appellant and so with a presumption, however slight, against it. Since in such case, where all was balanced on a razor's edge, even the minims counted, the President also secured two such cases from another district, in the Circuit Court of Magoffin County, where not the State but the taxpayer would appear as appellant, - thus reversing the presumption in question. Such fighting the devil with fire does not seem illegitimate; though one must regret that such a warrior should ever be forced to use such weapons. However, President Patterson was allowed to file his contra-Lindsay argument both in the Chancellor's Court (where contrary to expectation it prevailed) and in the Appellate Court, where finally the controversy was ended (in 1890) by a decision of Judge William H. Holt, which was shaped avowedly along the lines laid down in the great legislative address of Patterson.

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XI

THE LULL

A New Start. With his signal triumph in the General Assembly (followed much later by judicial confirmation), the first and epic period of the President's administration may be said to have closed in a blaze of glory. To be sure, the 'denominations' maintained for years a guerilla contest both in and out of the Legislature, but it was more annoying than alarming. The fundamental principle of State support of Collegiate Culture had been firmly and finally established against what appeared to be hopeless odds, and Kentucky had aligned herself formally in the ranks of progress and secular civilization. Gradually, very gradually, the sectarian antagonism yielded, and still yields; the animosities it engendered abated, the old was rung out, the new rung in, and the general sentiment adjusted itself to the new order and the new idea. It remained to build on the foundation thus laid - an exceedingly slow and toilsome process, indispensable and of signal importance but with few features of inspiring or animating nature.

A Touch of Romance. Already, however, while the legislative issue was pending, there had occurred an incident well-nigh romantic. The erection of two buildings*, begun in the spring of 1881, had proceeded

*The "College" - now called "Main" as devoted to administration - and the "Old Dormitory", since 1919 converted to class-room purposes. The A. and M. College, for seventeen years tolerated as a transient, was installed in this first home of its own Feb. 13, 1883. Two days thereafter the 'dedication' was celebrated with appropriate pomp and genuine enthusiasm, the Legislature and State officials attending, and the evening banquet being enlivened by the eloquence of Henry Watterson and others.

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till near the close of the year - when a large mistake in the estimates of the architects was discovered! Funds were already exhausted; without them the construction must be suspended; it would have been suicide to apply to the Legislature or even to make known the real situation - for the Six - in - league would have proclaimed a 'scandal' and many wavering votes would certainly have been determined against the luckless College. The only recourse was to borrow the necessary money with the utmost secrecy and proceed steadily with the building. Unfortunately the banks, one and all, very properly (from their strictly 'business' point of view) refused to lend, since the very existence of the College was in the balance; if it lost in the Legislature, as seemed much the more probable issue, its power of repayment would be gone forever. In this extremity the resourceful President came forward, placed all his private property (in bonds), as collateral security, in the possession of the Northern Bank of Kentucky (Lexington), and gave the borrowed money to the College, accepting its notes unsecured. When we consider that his securities represented the hard-earned savings of nearly thirty years, and that had the College lost, according to general expectation, he would have been thrown out into the world a discredited and well-nigh penniless cripple, the courage, confidence, and magnanimity of the man seem to assume almost heroic proportions. Such an incident appears to be nearly or quite unique in the history of American Education. With the money thus obtained the building proceeded, and the debt of the College, amounting at one time to \$35,000, was by rigid economy in the course

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of three years completely discharged, the secret having been meanwhile sacredly kept within the Board,* and first disclosed to the wondering public in Patterson's Commencement Address, 2d June, 1886.

The Farmer a Foe. Having broken the denominational opposition in his heroic campaign for Liberal Education, the pioneer President was met by a new foe, for whom he was at first quite unprepared: the Farmer himself and his Grange organization. This was the opposition not of selfishness or fanaticism but of mere ignorance, which felt interest neither in liberal culture nor in scientific study nor in mechanical training (beyond blacksmithing and carpentry), but wished them all banished from an Agricultural College devoted solely to farming. For such a narrow-gauge, a one-rail-track College, the \$9,900 income from the land script seemed ample, and any other support was obstinately resisted as luring into the forbidden paths of Science and Culture, which properly belonged to the denominational schools only! It took twenty years of unremitting effort to remove this deep-rooted hostility of ignorance and prejudice. An early, admirable and particularly high-hearted argument of Patterson's in this long campaign is found in his Address before the State Grange,

*It is not out of place to observe in this connection that the Report of the Committee on the A. and M. College (1890) declares, p/6: All allegations and insinuations to the contrary notwithstanding, the facts stand patent to us that no flaw is to be found in the financial administration of the institution". Again on p.7: "The concurrent testimony to the fitness, scholarship, earnestness, integrity, assiduity, and ability of the President is direct, unequivocal and emphatic". The phrase we have italicized tells its own story.

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Dec. 11, 1883, on "The Education Required by our Farmers", which could hardly have failed to expand and illumine the better minds in his audience, but yet (one suspects) must have passed far over the heads of the majority. - The victory was painfully won, but was complete and final.

And Distance Also. Another more plausible objection was that the College was in reality a local institution, existing almost solely for Lexington and vicinity, for which the remoter districts were taxed but in which they had little interest, as the distance made attendance practically impossible. To meet this complaint, which was not without some basis of fact, an effective piece of legislation was devised and brought forward (by Ferguson in the House and DeBow in the Senate) and passed (1893), providing "That each legislative representative district - - - be entitled to select and to send to the College each year one or more properly prepared students as hereinafter provided for, free from all charges for tuition, matriculation, fuel, room-rent and dormitory fees, except board. All beneficiaries of the State who continue students for one consecutive collegiate year, or ten months, shall also be entitled to their traveling expenses in going and returning from said college". - An excellent remedy, a specific - why not thought-of sooner? Herewith the legislative struggle against the College was finally ended, and the temper of the remote districts was permanently softened.

Reconciliation. Such were some of the outstanding features of the

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Period of Conciliation, which followed that of Opposition. The general character of the President's activity all this while has been clearly and authoritatively indicated in the Report already quoted. It was a period of almost uninterrupted Service, of outward Accomplishment, and we have seen what that signifies in personal Sacrifice. Perhaps it is not quite accidental that while Patterson's Notes on the earlier years, the growth-years of his life, are so very full - he seems to have lingered so lovingly over this comparatively quiet and uneventful period as being so rich in friendships and in mental blooms, - on the contrary his Notes on these years of Service and Accomplishment are exceedingly scanty; the facts must be gathered almost entirely from other sources such as his speeches and correspondence, and the Minutes of the Board of Trustees. - Apparently in his memory these times of trial and triumph had little charm; and why not? when for long periods he had not one good night's rest (as he declares), so many and heavy the cares that weighed him down.

Nightlong slumber behoveth a king and a counsellor noway,
Whose are the weightiest cares, unto whom much folk are entrusted.

An Enlightening Visit. Still his duties did not confine him constantly to Kentucky. At the initial Washington meeting of the Association of A. and M. Colleges, called in May, 1885, by the U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture, all were agog as to establishing and organizing Experiment Stations, then in contemplation and afterwards

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realized under the Hatch Bill of 1887.* Along with three other Kentuckians, Patterson was present, and was a most interested participant. Some months later, in quest of accurate knowledge as well as of a Director,** he attended the Ann Arbor meeting of the A. A. A. S. Thence he went to Madison, Wisconsin, to learn of the organization there. He tells us nothing of the impression he received, though in one speech he would stir up Kentucky to emulate the shining example of Wisconsin. Yet we can hardly believe the secret impression was not profound and lasting. He found there one of the most progressive and prosperous Universities, in one of the most progressive and prosperous States, of the Union; a state not nearly so favored by nature as that of his adoption, but where all the conditions of life were far more rigorous, reminding him faintly of his own Scotland; a State not peopled, like the Southern Appalachians, West North Carolina, and East Tennessee, with the 'best blood of the most imperial of races', Scot and Anglo-Saxon, but largely with highly mixed and inferior(?) bloods, German, Polish, Swedish, Norwegian, and what not - and yet strangely enough disporting itself in the van of political, material and cultural

*Which provided an endowment of \$25,000, yearly, for Experiment Stations, and which Patterson assisted importantly in its passage in the closing hours of the session. Summoned to Washington by telegram from the Committee of the above named Association, and along with Representative W. H. Wadsworth of Maysville, Kentucky, he called on Speaker Carlisle with request that he recognize Hatch first when the House met. The Speaker heeded his fellow statesmen, recognized Hatch, and the Bill, in peril of being lost in the press, was passed in fifteen minutes.

**His choice fell upon M. A. Scovill, graduate of the University of Illinois, then at the University of Kansas. - At Patterson's suggestion he devoted his first paper (on the Relative Value of Foods) to Corn-fodder, which pleased the farmer. Dr. Scovill was identified with the Experiment Station till his premature death, in 1911.

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progress! Would his own Commonwealth ever mount such pinnacles of prosperity? The question must have forced itself upon him, but it seems never to have shaken his central and basic tenet of the ircontestable superiority of the 'imperial races' - a tenet almost as hard to abandon as it would have been to change the color of his eyes.*

The Laws Incident. Some time before the divorce of 1878, Patterson had received a remarkable letter from a distinguished Presbyterian divine, Dr. Samuel Spahr Laws, President of the University of Missouri, offering him the chair of Greek - if he were only a Baptist! It was the policy there to keep the University non-sectarian by making it pan-sectarian; Latin was Presbyterian; Mathematic, "Christian"; the time had come for Greek to be Baptist (it actually became so in the person of Professor A. F. Fleet, as English became Methodist in that of the fine-cultured Professor E. A. Allen). The flattering offer seemed to touch the just religious and racial pride of Patterson, who replied 'saying my ancestors for ten generations had been Presbyterians and that I would not go back on

*"If the English-speaking stock be the dominant race and hold in its hands the destinies of the world; first in science, in art, in religion and all the elements of material and moral progress; if the United States be the predominant factor in the imperial stock, and if the flower of the race be found in Kentucky and Tennessee, in Western Virginia and Western North Carolina, what opportunities and responsibilities rest with you! It will be yours, if true to the instincts and traditions of the race, to lead in all that educates, purifies and ennobles men and women, in all that makes them the flower and the efflorescence of humanity. You have everything to encourage and inspire, and in this upward and forward movement for the regeneration of America, let Kentucky lead the other states of the Union and let the State University lead Kentucky. "So Patterson in his Farewell to the Presidency, 5th January 1911. Notice the word "art"! He is possessed by the idea of Anglo-American Race-Supremacy.

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the principles for which the Covenanters*, some of whose blood was in my veins, had given their lives during the Persecution* in Scotland, for the best chair in Christendom*. Had not his own father proudly borne in procession in 1832 the very flag that his remote ancestor had flaunted at Bothwell Bridge in 1745, where the Covenanters fell in heaps under the sword of the brutal Britons hissed on by the bastard Monmouth? - Dr. Laws was not offended but by return mail offered him unconditionally the headship of the Normal College, which was declined with thanks. -

Its Meaning. This amusing incident throws the clearest light on the deepest nature of President Patterson. "The principles of the Covenanters" were sacred with him - it is not said for any special truth or virtue in themselves, - but because they were traditional and sealed with blood. Loyalty appears as the controlling motive, a loyalty to history and to race, which accepted the Kirk as a subject accepts his king or a child its father. What Highlander ever thought of asking, "Is Charlie really worthy to rule me"? - To a philosopher or to a world-poet such a motive may not seem quite adequate, but it is far from being unworthy. In fact, it has been the inspiration of

*They have been charged with being excellent haters, but surely they had intense provocation, for confessedly they were persecuted "with savage hatred and great brutality" and "great barbarity". The history of Presbyterianism, of the Scottish Kirk, which is largely the history of aristocratic liberty and institutions within the Church, is not only highly honorable and important, but is also thrilling and romantic and glorified by a shining cloud of witnesses to their uncompromising faith. It is only as the New-World nurture of this Old-World stem that the character of President Patterson can be properly appreciated or even understood.

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many of the noblest songs, as well as the noblest deeds, that adorn the annals of mankind. It is the very essence of Patriotism. It is the fundamental note of the Psalms and the Prophets and indeed of all Hebrew life. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning --- let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy". - Such was the spirit high and holy, if not truth-worshipping or cosmopolitan, that possessed him from first to last.

In St. Louis. But the story of the University of Missouri is not yet ended. On the 27th of March, 1890, shortly after the abdication of Dr. Laws, President Patterson was called by telegram to St. Louis, into conference with a committee concerning the Presidency of the State University. He started at once, reaching Louisville in the evening, just after it had been struck by a tornado; he noticed the narrow path of ruin but understood nothing of its cause until seeing the newspaper account the next morning. 'Nothing came of' the St. Louis conference. Further his knowledge of the facts does not seem to extend; but the present writer, at that time a teacher in the Missouri University, happens to be authoritatively and authentically informed, so as to add: Every member of the Committee was profoundly impressed with President Patterson, captivated by his conversation, charmed by his personality, astonished at the extent and accuracy of his information; every one thought him fully equal to the office in question; one of them declared he could imagine no higher delight than to listen to Patterson's discourse; but no one would.

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assume the responsibility, under such troublous and difficult conditions as then obtained, of nominating an ageing "cripple" as President of the University of Missouri. Accordingly, the conference came to naught. Once more his withered limb proved itself the architect of his fortune.*

XII

EUROPE REVISITED

To the Old World Again. It was now fifteen years since Patterson's first European trip 'had only whetted my appetite for foreign travel'. The summer sky seemed blue and fair in 1890, and with his wife and son he turned his face towards the East - for a season of six months - prolonged to fifteen. Unfortunately the clouds began to gather almost immediately after his departure (28th June, 1890, on the Anchor Line, Furnesia), and this great feast of the soul - for such he had hoped it would be, overflowing with nectar and ambrosia for which he had been famishing for years - proved to be one of the bitterest disappointments of his life. On his first visit (1875) he had indeed hoped to return 'in a year or two' 'bringing you (his brother Walter) with me and remain as long as I will in any place' - evidently for purposes of spiritual growth, of observation and study. The fifteen years of fight for the College, for secular Culture and

*Like the heroic Jack Dowling of Minnesota, Dr. Patterson would never acknowledge any handicap, and it was surely remarkable how far the strength of his soul made good the weakness of his knee. Nevertheless, in spite of the highest-hearted autosuggestion, the handicap remained - "and thereby hangs a tale".

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Education in Kentucky, that followed, had crowned him with victory and honor, but had left his higher nature parched and dry. With unspeakable eagerness he now hastened to the well-heads of the soul, and first of all to his 'ain countrie', the Scotland of which he could hardly speak without tears.

The Cloud in the West. Scarcely, however, had he landed on his native shores when messages by post and cable began to crowd upon him, all urging his immediate return. The State was agonizing in the birth-pangs of a new Constitution! Old things were passing away, behold all things were becoming new! And it seemed as if the College might pass away with the rest! The enemies of State aid to Culture and Education had seen their opportunity and renewed the attacks that seemed to have subsided. It appears strange that the canny Scot had not foreseen as much. Had he just postponed his tour another year! What an immense difference it might have made in his life! For surely, more than at ordinary seasons, the champion of Culture would be in demand at the framing of the New Constitution* (in Convention already appointed in 1889 for September 8, 1890). It attests the intensity of his thirst for the draught divine, that for once his judgment was clouded and misguided. Neither could he be persuaded to return, though he was certainly needed. In July he cabled, 'Can not leave yet'. In September (25) a cablegram from his brother bade him return at once. - He cables, 'will return if Board requires'. From London

*His place was well-taken by his surviving brother, Professor Walter Kennedy Patterson, whose fidelity, industry, and ability at this strenuous and dubious season all alike demand unstinted recognition.

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the next day he cables, 'if Buckner, Johnston, Beckner can not prevent disaster, I cannot'. The crisis seems to have passed, but only to return in a few weeks, and again he cables: 'Can not return', but this time 'because son's condition too dangerous to travel'. And this dismal story, particularly of repeated illness, drags on to the end.

At Culloden. Nevertheless, at intervals, and especially during the closing months of 1890 and January of 1891, he found much delight in renewing the friendships of 'auld lang syne', in visiting scenes of historic interest, the fountains of patriotic emotions, in his "Caledonia stern and wild", and particularly in reviving in his mind the days of Ancient Rome. William kept pace with him at first, and each caught fire from the fervor of the other. They received a genuine Scot welcome from their kinsmen on landing at Greenock, spent several weeks at Alexandria, the old family home, visited Oban, J. S. Blackie's highland favorite, thence by the Caledonian Canal through 'magnificent scenery' to Inverness, the ancient seat of the Camerons of Lochiel, - a name charged with poetic wonders. There, in pure Celtic atmosphere, they drove at once to the fatal field of Culloden where

Proud Cumberland prancing insulted the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms were trod to the plain.

A pyramid seven or eight feet high marks the spot, and stones engraved with names of clans tell where they fought and died. Evidently the President was deeply moved; he speaks of the proscription of the clan-heads by their English cousins, of the rewards offered for them 'dead or alive', of the "atrocities" that earned for Cumberland and Hawley

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the title of "Butchers".* The names and dates are astonishing. Surely we must be reading a newspaper report of Teuton doings in Northern France. But no! This was only a family quarrel among the British, in 1745.

Great numbers, possibly 200,000 or 300,000, in their proud patriotism and fierce hatred** of the barbarous House of Brunswick (whose "fair-haired young daughters" another Scot, Macauley, celebrates), fled to America and revenged themselves on the English in the Revolutionary War, whose issue is ascribed by Patterson not to Puritans nor to Cavaliers nor to any others but the exiled clansmen, the faithful adherents of the House of Stuart, made famous by the fates of Charles and James. Such is his favorite contention, which is not without elements of historic truth. - He visited the very ancient barony of the Colquhouns (our American Calhouns) and recalls their long-lived feud with the MacGregors, which was quenched in blood at their meeting in the Vale of the Glen. We wonder what they were fighting over. "But what they killed each other for, I could not well make out". Certainly, for no good reason at all. It was patriotism, the clan-feeling, that drove them to hew each other to pieces

"I tell thee, Colloiden's dread echoes shall ring

With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king".

Campbell would hardly have introduced this detail without the sanction of tradition. The Duke of Cumberland himself inspired the merciless fury of Hawley's Dragoons by urging them before the battle to remember that the Highlanders had circulated a document that demanded "no quarter" for the Lowland foe; but no other person but the keen-eyed Luke has ever been able to see the document.

**The man (Mark Twain) was moved by hate - the immemorial passion of the Puritan! - says H. L. Mencken, not indeed a safe authority but sometimes partly correct. (See footnotes, p/117).

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in mutual hate - for "what? A dream alone".

Agag. From Edinburgh the Pattersons visited the battlefield of Donne Hill (Dunbar), where Leslie and his Covenanters were crushed by Cromwell (1650). Their skillful commander, superior to Cromwell in strategy, knew well that his own position was impregnable; but the Gospel ministers of the Committee of Estates, in his army, knew still better and would not rest until he abandoned it and went down to "hew Agag in pieces before the Lord"; and Agag - Cromwell remarked with prescience, if not propriety: "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands".

An Industrial Experiment. Designated by Governor Buckner as Delegate to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, President Patterson proceeded to Leeds, where it convened in August, under the Presidency of the chief of British Engineers, Sir John Hawkshaw. Here he met Sir Henry Roscoe, one of whose favorite pupils was Albert E. Menke, sometime Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the A. and M. College, whose 'chemical intuition' Patterson particularly admired. From Leeds the Pattersons visited Saltaire, the model town of North England, named from the founder, Titus Salt (discoverer of the "secret of the manufacture of alpaca cloth") and the river Aire, - as it proved to be a most interesting and successful experiment in cooperation. His operators were virtually taken into partnership with him. A committee was appointed to examine the books at the end of each year. After taking out a sum sufficient to cover the interest upon the money invested, the buildings erected, the

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machinery, repairs, insurance, the wear and tear of the plant, the remainder was divided among the employees in proportion to the earnings of each'. He tells us much more about this 'successful solution of the vexatious question of the relation of capital and labor', in a tone of pleased and pleasing sympathy. No other passage in his notes can be read with more satisfaction.*

On the Strand. Southward bound, they visited various places of historic or other interest, and on Bosworth Field the young William was almost frenzied with enthusiasm in recalling passages from the much-debated tragedy of Richard III. In London** the kindness of Mr. B. F. Stevens - the well-known Book-merchant, with whose firm Patterson was in close relations for half a century - had provided them 'convenient quarters'. Thence they sailed (Oct. 16) to Antwerp, and visited the Belgian Capital, and William's fancy again took fire

*The name Saltaire preserves the names of the founder and the river Aire. Somewhat similarly, the name of the town Pullman, near Chicago, is said to have been formed of the first syllable of Pull - man and the last syllable of Alt - man, the ingenious gentleman who worked out the scheme of organization (1880), on commission of the founder, George M. Pullman.

**Here a pleasant surprise appeared in the person of Edward Ellershaw, a State College graduate of 1888. Recognizing them (as they walked on the Strand) from an omnibus-top, he dismounted and hailed them 'with enthusiastic affection'. He was a young Englishman of Somersetshire, whom Wanderlust, disguised as interest in agriculture, had lured to Canada in 1885, thence to the Blue Grass and the 'College', thence back to London, where as student in Middle Temple he had just won two prizes of 100 guineas each in Constitutional and International Law. This was a great joy to Patterson, whose interest was the liveliest in the success of his students - and success befell them in the amplest measure. Ellershaw distinguished himself in the Boer War and went down with Kitchener in the Hampshire (June 5, 1916).

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on the field of Waterloo, as he recited the well-remembered lines of Byron, so generously praised by Sir Walter Scott. Not even an enemy could have grudged the hopeful youth these moments of deep delight - so long and keen the agony, so brief the span of life, that awaited him.

Through the Depths. From Brussels their way led to Paris (Nov. 2), where Alexander Hunter and the avocat Rene Mauzaize and other friends made two weeks of sight-seeing delightful. Thence by way of Dijon, the quaint, their course was directed to Italy. "And they with singing cheered the way", all in the highest glee, and the Mt. Cenis tunnel resounded with 'Bonnie Dundee' and other Favorite Songs of Scotland. Morning found them in Piedmont and Turin, thence to Genoa, where Patterson was interested mainly in ethnographic observations, and thence to Pisa and Florence, where the world of wonders opened full upon them, where the light of the Rebirth of Humanity still lingers in beauty like a polar dawn, after the circuit of six hundred suns.

The Malady. But the songs in the Tunnel were almost the last that the Three should ever sing with the full rapture of heart-felt joy. For soon after arrival in Florence the son, William, the just pride and hope of his parents, was seized by an obstinate malady, which through nearly five years was to baffle the skill of European and American physicians by its persistent recurrence, and finally "bore him where we cannot see" (the 3rd of June, 1895). The youth had not been quite well in Lexington (where he was graduated, 1889), but hitherto (saving slight attacks in Paris and elsewhere) had seemed to

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blossom in health since sailing from New York. From this time on till his return to America he swung like a pendulum between hope and fear, never at any time perfectly well, passing through seasons of exquisite torture into times of comparative and almost absolute comfort and promise, now on the crest, now in the trough, while increasing care and anxiety consumed the hearts of his parents. Naturally his mother suffered most, for long stretches almost bound to his bedside, and her physical as well as mental plight was wretched.

A Mingled Cup. But the father's distress and alarm, as revealed in his letters, though varying and remittent, were often extreme. It can hardly be that his mind was ever after at rest. Never was the sky quite clear again; always a dark cloud hung on its hem. As days, weeks, and months went by in the slow oscillation of his son's disorder - that son in whom his very heart had seemed to be transplanted, - as he began to realize that the high hopes on which he had been feeding for over twenty years were turning to ashes on his lips, that his child could never be really well again, but must at best drag out not so much a vigorous and joyous life as a feeble and painful existence, his heart must have sunk within him, a numbing sense of the emptiness of all must have come upon him. Yet he bore himself with conspicuous courage. "Calvinism", says the melancholy Dean (Inge) "is simply baptized Stoicism"; but in Patterson the Stoicism was not simply baptized but also softened into pathetic tenderness for his son. Whenever William's condition would permit, his father was abroad, as in Rome, exploring the tossed ruins of a world, or viewing miles on miles of paintings, or inspecting the many-halled

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laboratories of Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna, or visiting battle-fields and crying out to himself, "Stop, for thy tread is on an empire's dust".

The Lemnian. Meanwhile he found time to write a number of well-considered articles for the press at home, on a variety of subjects, articles displaying great alacrity of style, range and exactness of knowledge, keenness of historic sense, and in general justness of observation. If one should find any fault at all it would be that his interests and sympathies are notably with the notabilities of history, with the Few* rather than with the Many, with Kings and princes and captains, the great, the rich, the wise, the strong, with inflexible laws and immovable constitutions and fixed ordinations of society, rather than with the toiling millions, the striving masses - always uplifting their bowed heads only to be smitten back into the dust, the groaning Enceladus of Humanity whom the Aetna burden of tradition and prescription and precedent holds down in ignorance, poverty and shame. He tells of Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, but no word of Garibaldi or even Mazzini. Yet there are some passages in his essays and speeches which show that his ears were not really stopped to the "lamentation and the ancient tale of wrong". In any case, we are filled with wonder at the unrelaxing, untiring energy of the lame Artificer, who still toils at the forge of composition, while bearing at once the burden of the 'College' - for he is continually discussing

*Until within recent years, of such has been History itself - "the commemoration of the Few by the Few for the Few."

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it in countless letters - and the still heavier load of grief and disappointment for his invalid son. We are reminded of the melancholy lines of Platen:

All calmness and all joylessness,
From East to West I go;
Unutterable frost succeeds
Unutterable woe.

In Central Europe. The foregoing remarks do not apply with full force to the stay in Italy after leaving Florence. Following his recovery from the attack in that city, William was apparently well, and with his young kinsman, Findlay McClintock, he delighted in the wonders of Rome, Naples, Venice, and even Vienna. In spite of his necessary uneasiness, the President was overpowered by the procession of history that marched continually before him, and he accounted the month in Rome one of the most memorable of his life. But the tour seems to have been without noteworthy incident* till their arrival in Leipzig (the last of January, 1891) where of course they took early opportunity (Feb. 3) to view the field of Völkerschlacht, of the great Napoleonic overthrow (Oct. 16-19, 1813). In the midst of these sublime recollections (as Renan would say), his malady seized upon William again, and

*One observation, however, of particular importance was provoked by his stay in Dresden. 'In Saxony and some of the smaller states adjacent is to be found the purest Teutonic element in Germany. The casual observer could not fail to discover marks of difference between the inhabitants of Central Germany and the Prussian Junker. The former is an industrious, kindhearted and unselfish man; the latter is haughty, overbearing, arrogant, claiming the right to rule and ambitious for rule - as he can upon all who come within the sphere of his activities.'

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for nearly three weeks stretched him on his bed. The physician recognized appendicitis ("perityphlitis") immediately, but his boldness of treatment was not equal to his diagnostic skill. He shrank from appendectomy, as did nearly all European physicians at the time.*

On the Spree. At length, on the 23rd of Feb., the sufferer seemed able to be moved to Berlin, but the next day he was prostrated again; and again the physician (Dr. Braemer) seemed to understand the disease thoroughly but hesitated to operate; he was very attentive, however, - daily in his visits for two or three weeks, and 'very moderate in his charges'. This moderation must have been very noteworthy, to receive such notice - and it was in the heart of Junkerdom. The stay in Berlin - prolonged till near mid-April - brought the Pattersons little but anxiety and distress. The President was twice summoned to Police Headquarters, where he ran successfully a gauntlet of questions rather irritating to his conscious innocence, which may perhaps explain in some measure his severe judgment upon the "Junker", but fail to suggest the methods of A. Mitchell Palmer. Patterson notes with interest that the police authorities were far more impressed with the sealed commission of Governor Buckner than with the unsealed letter of Secretary James G. Blaine (possibly they recalled

*Though such operations in the period of quiescence had been recommended in 1887 by Sir Fred. Treves, who won his baronetcy by operating on Edward VII for "perityphlitis" (24 June, 1902). - This pure Greek term, along with others, has retired before the hybrid "appendicitis" since the notable memoir (1886) of Dr. Reginald Fitz of Boston.

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the famous exhortation of the Secretary, "Burn this letter!").

To Alpland. From Berlin to Munich, the pleasantest residence city in Europe, - but William's illness again interfered and blocked their movements. Thence to Constance, famous for its beautiful lake and its Holy Council (1414-18) which in spite of his "Imperial Safe-Conduct" condemned the "pale thin man", John Hus, and burned him at the stake (July 5, 1415) for "false heretical and revolutionary doctrines", as well as his pupil Jerome of Prague* (30 May, 1416) who had hastened to his master's defence - a right valiant Council, set to restore the unity of the faith and to "make the punishment fit the crime".

At the Cradle of the Kirk. Thence to Lucerne and then to Geneva, which seemed to Patterson the most attractive city on the Continent, the most desirable for permanent residence. Here indeed he must have felt at home as nowhere else, for here had Jean Calvin taught and molded his pupil John Knox. Few things overwhelmed Patterson with such awe as the broad shadow of Calvin that still seemed to fall and rest on Geneva. He visited Calvin's church, he sat in Calvin's chair;

*Where the President found 'little to interest us', except places of reminiscence connected with John Hus and Jerome of Prague, 'both of whom antedated the period of Luther'. This treatment of Hus seems rather unsympathetic when we remember his immortal words: "Seek the truth, hear the truth, learn the truth, speak the truth, hold to the truth, defend the truth even to death". A noble climax, a genuine Jacob's ladder! Hus was in fact many centuries ahead of his age; many buds of his thought are now only beginning to burst into bloom. The rebirth of the Czechs, a remarkable people with a remarkable language, reminds us of the ancient Phoenix. See the recent work of Jaroslav Cisar and F. Pokorny on The Czechoslovak Republic (T. Fisher Unwin).

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involuntarily he 'recalled the expression of James Anthony Froude: "St. Paul stamped his image, on St. Augustine, Augustine on Calvin, Calvin on Knox, and Knox upon Scotland and Scotland upon universal Protestantism", which I believe to be literally true'. The subtle and covert implication of the free-thinking and romantic historian, that the whole long-drawn religious movement of nearly two thousand years was man-made throughout, in its origin, its prolongation, and its consummation, seems to have escaped the detection of President Patterson.

Cities Compared. The stay in Geneva was further signalized by a delightful drive over the city, and the three turned their faces towards Paris, where they arrived the evening of May the 1st. William was again ill enroute, having fainted in Lyons the day before. A stay of nearly two weeks in Paris, of weary waiting upon the convalescence of the youth, and again they land in London (14th May). Here the patient was again violently attacked by his pitiless persecutor, and again the best medical advice obtainable dissuaded strongly from an operation. One authority who said decidedly "No!" was the distinguished Dr. Sutton, who 'assisted Sir William Gull in his investigation of Bright's Disease' and like many other Assistants did most of the work. The long stay in London was another period of impatient expectation. A very cordial invitation to Oxford from Dr. F. A. Freeman (who has succeeded Dr. Stubbs as Professor of Modern History on the latter's ascension to the Bishopric of Oxford) could alas! not

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be accepted. But Patterson's letters at this period are not valueless, for they contain some interesting appreciations of the principal cities. He says: 'London looks unattractive after Berlin and Paris, but surpasses all in the throng of travel, traffic and business'. Paris looked lovelier than ever in May 'but has not the same attraction as on the first and second visit' - perhaps the 'psychologic moment', his unhappiness about William, determined this judgment. Berlin he praises as 'a great city, with a high average of beauty, much higher than any capital I have seen. There are much finer streets in Paris, but there are also much more repulsive ones'. But this was in 1891, twenty-three years before the Great Deformation!

Home Again. On Saturday, June 6, came the long postponed journey to Glasgow; and again the patient relapsed. The contemplated sailing on the 25th had to be deferred, and not until August did the unfortunate travelers reach American shores. Here the invalid revived quickly and flourished in fairly good health, interrupted only by 'mild attacks', till the crisis of 1895.

XIII

THE SMOULDERING PINE

Settled. On resuming his official harness, the President found that the University affairs had been well administered through a critical period by the Vice-President, John R. Shackelford, Professor of English,* an able but modest, unassuming man, whose name deserves

*Whence it might appear that even gentle Professors are not always incapable of 'executive' functions.

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mention in this volume. The Convention had ended its labors and enshrined in the new Constitution, beyond the caprice of Legislatures, a recognition of the muchdebated half-cent tax, and thus, along with the favoring decision of Judge Holt in the Court of Appeals, had set a double seal upon the life-work of Patterson. But for the next General Assembly (1891-92), distinguished by the membership of many able men, it was no light matter to adjust the statutes to the new Constitution. The important regulation concerning County appointees to the 'State Collège' (as it was temporarily labeled) has already been mentioned. These were in large measure years of fruition, peaceful and pleasant for the President.

Reminiscence. In 1892 he attended the New Orleans meeting of the Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations (there seems no way to shorten the name!) - his 'first visit south of Clarksville, Tennessee.' There he met the Tulane President, William Preston Johnston, son of the Confederate chieftain, Albert Sidney Johnston, whose mortal wound at Shiloh (2 p.m. 6th April, 1862) not only stayed but turned the tide of Southern triumph and saved the name of General Grant to history. This meeting recalled to Patterson a pleasing incident. It seems that another member of this conspicuous family, Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston, Editor of the Frankfort Yeoman, was in 1880 a candidate for the Presidency of the reorganized A. and M. College! Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, the far-famed orator, had been suggested by Patterson as a member of the Board of Trustees, but declined upon the ground that he would not vote for Johnston and

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preferred not to offend his own friend, the New Orleans kinsman. Naturally the heart of Patterson warmed towards the Pylian of Kentucky and the incident is valuable as shedding light on the ideas, methods and motives that prevail on the highest planes of social and official activity.

The Sword Falls. The calm days of 1893-4 seem to have left few traces in Patterson's memory. But in 1895 the 30-year 6% bonds of 1865 matured and strangely enough were not reissued till 1898! Thus there developed in the College budget each year a disagreeable debit of \$9,900! In 1898 the State awoke and generously 'made good' the deficit, and the overflow of \$28,000 was directed by Patterson to the Natural Science Building. All these matters he managed with unwavering fidelity and devotion; surely, however, not with enthusiasm but with the heaviest of hearts. For already (June 3, 1895), the woe of all woes had fallen upon him, in the death of his son. Since the return from Europe the recurrent malady had assumed a milder form, and the parents had doubtless hoped passionately that it would prove 'self-limited' and gradually withdraw and leave the youth in peace. But no! In April, 1895, a severe attack confined him to the house and even to his bed. Still in mid-April the consulting physicians regarded an operation as contra-indicated, but in spite of all their skill he sank steadily until the last of May, when surgical interference appeared to offer the only hope. On the first of June the operation was performed by Drs. McMurtry of Louisville and Barrow of Lexington, too late, alas! - for the young man died the second day after. He had

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been teaching in the College, where he was a general favorite, full of kindness and gracious qualities, of rare accomplishments in belles lettres and kindred studies, a youth of lively intelligence, of clear mental vision, of enthusiastic artistic temperament, reminding us more of his uncle William Kennedy than of his own father.

A Father's Grief. The death of an only son has always been regarded as the saddest of all bereavements that can befall a father. Not that the son is worthier than the daughter or dearer to the father's heart, but our society has ordained that the name be transmitted through the son, and with this name the father descends in a figure to posterity. But the loss of this only child, this new nurture of an ancient stem, his only hope for all the ages to come, was stunning, appalling, overwhelming - in peculiar and excessive measure to President Patterson, and for two reasons: because of his intense and overmastering clan-feeling (or family-affection), and because of the utter extinction of his lineage, which it signified: All of his brethren were already gone save one - no hope of any family-continuance was left him, none whatever. For one to whom such hope was by far the most cherished of all earthly possessions, its sudden and complete obliteration must have been heart-crushing and desolating in the last degree. The blow fell like a bolt from heaven, with blasting might.

Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shattered trunk.

Such was President Patterson the rest of his life. We read of men,

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whether in America or in Europe, who behold perhaps an only son smitten with death on the battle-field and nevertheless go on calmly directing the furious strife, unmoved and serene as the Angel of destruction that "Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm". . . All honors to such heroic and patriotic spirits! But let us remember that such is the warrior's trade, that they are upborne by the elation and enthusiasm of combat, that like Homer's heroes they remember the rapture of battle. In fine, it is not foolishly claimed that Patterson's grief was the greatest that ever befell a father, only and justly that it ranked high in its class. In any case, we must bear it always in mind, if we would understand the last period of his life, through which he walked in joyless calm, amid the slowly gathering gloom.

Reaction? When such a weight of woe falls upon the plant called man, how will he react? How adjust himself? That depends. Patterson was too old to shake it lightly off, and too strong to bow crushed and humbled to the dust. Some natures less intellectual, less firmly poised, more emotional and selfish, might have fled from the world, renounced the flesh, and become recluses in their own homes or in a religious order. But Patterson's soul stood like "the smouldering pine", "black from the stroke", "a sad shattered trunk", but still it stood, unshakably strong. Sorrow is not merely saddening; though it may sweeten, it far more embitters, it makes harsh or even sour. We are prone to applaud whenever someone who has exhausted lust to lust's satiety may give to heaven his wrinkles and gray hairs;

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but we take far too little account of the extreme moral trials that grief and pain and severe outward conditions may entail upon even noble natures. Very unjustly the rich expect the poor to triumph easily over temptations which they themselves could never know. Many a one might be amiable and generous and even virtuous on ten thousand a month; it is no high art. So in the heyday of budding hope and joy, "Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm", the qualities that delight and charm may perhaps run rampant in glee without meaning much for the deeper and more enduring elements of character. But we may learn much from how a man bears a monumental and permanent grief, from the reaction of his soul to the adverse conditions around it.

Readjustment. What then was the recoil of President Patterson? He could not indeed exclaim defiantly with Henley:

In the fell clutch of Circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of Chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Such had not been his experience. But he had suffered even more. He had beheld the death of hope; the full outpouring stream of his love and pride had suddenly sunken trackless in the sand. It would not seem unnatural but almost inevitable for his affective impulses to be in some measure turned back upon themselves, as a hand put forth into the empty dark is withdrawn. And it may be that such was partially the case, that he became more self-centered, or even more self-regarding than before. I do not know; but even if such were the fact, it

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should provoke no severe judgment. However, the only recognizable traces of any such reaction, if there was any such at all, indicate only a very pardonable and almost amiable readjustment of emotions. As he can no longer hope to live in his son, he now seeks to live in every other possible way. He makes the University his heir; he builds a mausoleum; he thinks of a bronze statue of himself to be placed on the Campus and to defy the tooth of time; he begins a long series of autobiographical notes; he desires a memorial volume to enshrine his name for years to come; he would found a College of Diplomacy to endure while the present constitution of society obtains.

Longing for Life. Surely it is not possible to misunderstand all these consistent tokens, to mistake the point upon which all these indications converge. It is the Instinct of Life, the longing for posterity, the yearning to endure, the desire to descend in some form or guise through the ages. It would be a very shallow interpretation to call this mere Egotism. The most catholic and Christian longing for Immortality might be so called with greater justice. There is in it undoubtedly a deep tinge of Individualism and perhaps a lack of the complementary shade of Universalism, of World-love (as Francis Younghusband calls it); but Patterson was (not an Anglo-Saxon but) a Briton, a Kelt. He could not be true to his own blood without being strongly individualistic, whereas he was not only true, he was distinctly typical. "And something of the Shorter-Catechist". Had his outlook, upon Life been broader and less sharply focussed, had his feeling for Humanity been less national, racial, and even tribal,

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had it veered only a little more towards what some might call shadowy Ideals and vague abstractions, he might have been, not perhaps a better nor an abler nor a usefuler man, but more lovable to many, more diffuse in his benevolence and beneficence, more sympathetic with the most, less antipathetic to a few.

The New Poise. As already stated, it is necessary to bear all this in mind if we would judge the waning of his life aright. During his later years undoubtedly he fell for a while out of touch with some of his fellowmen; him whom his earlier letters and history exhibit frembling with the joys of amity and renewed acquaintance and hugging his friends close to his heart, whose general bearing with his fellows it has been hard to criticize at any point, we shall later find disgruntled with some and in uncompromising strife with others. But he was perhaps never consciously wrong, or unjust or ungenerous, never consciously false to man or to God or to his Ideals. If he erred, it was under the urgency of strong impulses that were racial and unconscious rather than conscious and personal, and because he was looking too straight ahead to see widely round. But enough of this digression.

Day-Dreams. The Patterson letters of this summer (1895) testify to his inconsolable grief and desolation of spirit, but there is little unmanly repining, or vain regret, or self-reproach over some imaginary delinquency. On the whole he bears himself nobly upright, unbending, without disguising but without exaggerating the immensity of his affliction. His day-dreams bring back his son continually,

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not always in his last agony but nearly always in some context of recent experience. In Chicago under date of 21st July, 1895, he writes: 'I had position, I had competence, I had a son second to none within my knowledge. He has left me. What are the rest worth? My life ends, if not in failure, in utter disappointment'. And herewith he strikes the keynote. It was the vast vacuity left behind him by William that he went on striving to fill up, striving almost unconsciously, but by the law of his being, which drove him on as resistlessly as it drives on the whole world of life to prolong itself into the future by love and union. Again he writes ^{that} his sorrow cleaves to him and he will not get rid of it, for that would be disloyalty to the dearest thing on earth. 'I was unconsciously leaning on him, more and more living in his life' - again we hear the keynote. 'My dear boy is gone, gone from me forever, till I meet him in the eternal world.'

The Mother Departs. In the hope of finding some diversion from the thoughts of their calamity, President Patterson went with his wife to the Denver meeting of the A.A.C. & E.S. (1895). What seemed to please him most on this long trip was the visit of Dr. Darby's son, his former pupil in Transylvania, who, learning of his presence in Denver, came all the way from Cripple Creek to see him! Only a very grateful and highly appreciative pupil would have done this. He was also deeply touched by the Association's resolution of sympathy. But concerning the years of 1895-7 his memory was almost a blank. In the latter year his mother passed away at

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the ripe age of ninety-one. Upon the many virtues, the fidelity, diligence, industry, piety and managerial ability of this excellent woman, who had lived in his house for thirty-four years, President Patterson dwells with the pathetic delight of a loving son, plainly, however, without one extravagant adjective, without the faintest discernible note of exaggeration. The day of enthusiasm was gone.

XIV

GROWTH AND GROWLS

Fin de Siècle. The years around 1900 were marked by great expansion of the A. and M. College - departments moulting into schools and Professors into Deans, with a multiplying throng of Associates, Adjuncts, and Assistants. Of course, an extension of material accommodations was necessitated many new buildings had to be erected, and new funds supplied, and new appeals made to the Legislature. It was under the administration of Governor Beckham. No wonder that the grief-stricken father, now approaching the Psalmist's limit of seventy, was unwilling to pitch his tent in the lobby and push on the proper legislation to passage. He entrusted this uninviting task to the efficient hands of his only surviving brother, Walter Kennedy Patterson. The spirit of the younger son had always chimed well with the elder's, and their judgments rarely, though sometimes, clashed.

Friction. But along with so many other new developments, at this time there sprang up certain discords and contentions in the College

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administration that grew more and more regrettable as the years went on. The presidential policies did not always command the hearty support of the Executive Committee, which was sometimes divided in its councils. For example, it seemed almost impossible to agree on the site of the building now known as Patterson Hall. A competitive site, 'the Graham property' was offered at a much lower and inviting figure (\$4,000), while legal difficulties concerning the title to the present site, 'the Pepper property', proved very embarrassing. Such indeed exist nearly everywhere in abundance, and he who seeks shall find. Few measures are proposed for the public good that are not balked or hindered at first by some legal obstacles in protection of some private interest. "Laws and Statutes, said Europe's sagest head, "are passed on by inheritance like an everlasting disease; reason turns into nonsense, blessing into curse. Woe unto thee, that thou art a grandchild!" In still further complication of the Pepper tangle, an item of \$1200, taxes for street improvements, was still unpaid. The Patterson brothers carried their point with the Board of Trustees, first by buying the site themselves, paying the price (\$10,500), and then transferring the grounds to the College under a 'guaranteed title' (as Patterson's legal lingo puts it); then they assumed the tax obligation themselves, in the fond hope that the city would forego its claim. But when President Patterson applied to the City Council for release from payment of the tax, a vigilant member of the Executive Committee was on hand with prompt notification that he

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would bar such release with an injunction. So then the younger Patterson paid all the tax unbarred by the statute of limitations, generously relieving his brother. Appropriately, the building erected on the site was named Patterson Hall.

Development. For a number of years it had been the cherished hope and aim of the President to have the name changed from College to University. Again and again in his semi-annual Reports to the Trustees he had urged the propriety of this change, and with great insistence. However, it was not merely enough to win over the Board; public sentiment must be aroused and captivated, the good will of the General Assembly secured. It was a long and tedious campaign of education and persuasion; the details would not now be either interesting or instructive. Enough that it was effective. By Act of the Legislature (16th March, 1908), the Charter was amended and the expanded institution received the name of State* University of Kentucky. Imagine the exultation of Patterson, the patient Odysseus of education!

Name and Nature. Hereupon, however, the Argus-eyed Law leaped again into the ring. The Attorney General, harking back apparently to the elder view that the vital essence of any being was shut up in its name, now held that the change of the name from College to University involved a change of identity, a genuine transubstantiation, that the College had ceased to be, and therewith the far-famed half-cent tax had lapsed into non-existence and was not collectible!

*By later amendment (1916) this superfluous 'State' was omitted.

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Against this ruling the President protested successfully in an argument of transparent clearness and convincing power, exhibiting vividly the distinction between College and University, also showing that the Lexington institution had passed the chrysalis stage of College and was then sprouting its University wings, - and all by sheer, normal growth untransubstantiated.

Growing Pains. Strangely, however, this sturdy, "airy prosperous growth" was accompanied by multiplying dissections and exacerbated feelings, some of which are this day hard to understand. As a child I heard so much about 'growing pains' as almost to believe that a really rapid healthy growth was well-nigh unendurable because of its agony. Such was nearly the case with the College-University in the years around the turn of the century. Every knife seemed sharpened, and there was a chip on every shoulder. On the death of William at commencement season, out of respect, the Board of Trustees adjourned to the middle of the month, while the students and faculty by common consent dispensed with all Commencement exercises beyond the mere giving of diplomas. The President was sharply criticized for accepting this latter token of sympathy, - he should not have allowed the students to sacrifice their gaiety to their sympathy! As if the student of to-day were a monkish recluse in crying need of diversion! And suppose the President had declined their proffered condolence and ordered the regular exercises to proceed; how some would have denounced him as unfeeling, more brutish than Brutus, himself!

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A Wise Maxim. These unfortunate dissensions that darkened the penultimate state of President Patterson's life are not easy to define in their origin, and the accounts and views are so diverse that the more we learn the less we seem to know. In administration of the University he may have appeared arbitrary. One may suspect he had grown weary of self-vindication, of forever wearing the shield of defence. Like Diomed of old, he felt galled by the strap and longed to lay it aside. Hence he adopted the maxim to consider well before deciding on a course, but having decided to pursue it inflexibly to the end and without any apology; for he who once begins to defend himself, to apologize, is lost, since there will always be complaints and hence no end of apologies. Herein undoubtedly there is worldly wisdom; but it is the maxim of an irresponsible ruler, or, in Greek phraseology, a tyrant (however benevolent), and he who follows it, no matter how wise or how good he be, may expect to save much worry, but also to lose much love. That Patterson adopted it seems in part* at least a token and expression of the world-weariness that weighed upon him in later years.

The Tight Purse. Again, the Faculty felt that he did not uniformly abet them in their just desires for increased salaries, and they were doubtless in a certain measure right. The President's

*Not wholly, however. The clan-feeling issues on the one hand is Loyalty, on the other in Authority. Patterson was thoroughly loyal; at the same time he not only recognized but asserted Authority; he sympathized deeply with the Monarchical Principle. He speaks of "the three female sovereigns who made Britain illustrious in arts, in science, and in arms". Such an expression would hardly occur to any but a Royalist in the roots of his nature.

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own salary had always been exceedingly small, almost ridiculously disproportioned to the services expected and rendered; yet he had never complained, he had found it sufficient, he had even amassed what was almost a fortune; besides, he was a Scot, and a penny looked to him as large as a pound; above all he was heart-set on enlarging and improving the College into a University, by every possible means, and hence unwilling to divert its meager income and heap it up needlessly on the teaching staff. His Reports are constantly exhorting the Board to the most rigid economy; but, however painful, the parsimony was evenly distributed all round, like the pressure of the air.* How necessary it was, must be evident from the fact that the College was nearly always deeply in debt, sometimes as much as \$100,000. But the starveling Faculty could not be expected to appreciate all this nor to take his point of view. To them it seemed that the Administration could "always find money to do what it wanted to do"! Looking round upon the multiplying masses of brick and mortar, they naturally exclaimed: "We ask for bread, and they give us a stone". Hence there resulted an increasing estrangement between the Faculty and the President.

College - and Station. Another spot and source of continual irritation was the relation of the Experiment Station to the College proper, and the proper application of its increasing funds. The

*Though, in a transport of indignation, the President Emeritus might boast to the Board (5th April, 1912): 'Every acre of ground and every brick in every building were my creation', to his honor be it said that he never reckoned his own services in dollars and cents as worth three, four, five, six or eight times those of his ablest associates in the University.

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Agricultural Department at Washington had ruled that no part of the Hatch payments could be used in payment for instruction, whereas the Agricultural College naturally looked with hungry eyes at the ample resources of its younger sister, Patterson, who had been very active in securing enactment of the Hatch measure, very seriously questioned the correctness of this ruling, although disposed to observe it, and quite openly inclined toward a 'liberal construction' of the Act of Congress. It was only human nature in the Directors of the Stations to insist upon independence and self-government, so that a strong tendency made itself felt in many such Stations toward a practical severance from the Agricultural Colleges, a tendency which the College Presidents felt in duty bound to oppose. Hence friction without end.

Vertical? or Horizontal? Still another and far more fundamental matter regarded the proper nature and direction of development, whether extensive or intensive, whether by the establishment of new Colleges, as of Law, Medicine, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Commerce, and what-not, or rather by the promotion of Research, by strengthening, refining, and every way bettering the educative and enlightening agencies already at work. The President held firmly to the latter idea, he defended it on various occasions, and particularly in his most important Report, after the change of name. Therein he seemed to run counter to the spirit of the age, but his reasons seem to be unassailable. The excessive spread of the American University and the general trend toward premature specialization are shining marks for the most unfavorable

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criticism. At this point his Report of June, 1908, may be heartily commended to the reader of to-day.

Lines of Growth. By a singular irony of fate, the Board had already, at a special meeting in April, entered upon the expansive course so forcibly deprecated by Patterson, when it established the College of Law and elected one of its own members as Dean, while negotiations were hanging fire with the Louisville Medical College. In further evidence of the same irony stands the fact that the President himself in this same Report calls for the establishment of a School of Commerce and a School of Journalism, each on a scale of exceeding thoroughness and comprehension! His reasoning is excellent, his conceptions the most enlightened; but Judge Barker was right in referring such grandiose schemes to the future - though at least a beginning might be made by re-grouping certain courses already given in the University. Whether their full realization would belong to extensive or intensive development, it is not here the place to inquire, but it should be observed that both these plans lay very near to the Patterson heart, for both were outbursts of his dominating Empire-sense, his feeling of the mission of the Anglo-American to rule, to direct, and indeed to own the earth. The Schools he had in mind were in fact unconsciously intended as agents of the holy propaganda of the Anglo-Keltic race-lordship and World-Dominion, to which his whole fortune is finally dedicated by the 13th section of his last Will and Testament, which provides for the founding and endowment of the William Andrew Patterson College to prepare young men for the diplomatic and

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consular service of the United States', and 'provide special training for those who may seek employment in extending upon rational and scientific lines the commercial relations of America'. By such international Trade and Diplomacy, he would help the English-speakers to govern the globe. The racial nature and the national feeling of Patterson ran true to form even to the very end.

A Multiple Official. The Trustees were not content to ordain a Dean of the new-born College of Law; in almost the same breath they made him "Comptroller", with all the powers and functions that imagination might assemble under that mysterious rubric. For instance, he "shall be charged with the general oversight of the morals of the students"; he must also visit and oversee the classrooms, lecture-rooms, and laboratories and pass judgment upon the work and the methods and the efficiency of the Professors! It requires many words to state the endless duties (such as no man on earth could perform) of this concentrated official, who is apparently responsible to the Board alone. It is not strange that in his next Report (Dec. 1908) Patterson speaks of the office of Comptroller in rather acid terms and calls for delimitation of the spheres of influence of President, Comptroller, and Business Agent, not to mention Director; - in fact, the Administrative solo had become a trio, if not a quartet, and it would require much practice to secure perfect harmony. But it does seem strange that none of this was foreseen, at least by Patterson, in the creation of the "Comptroller".

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The Cadet Bloc. Yet another stone of stumbling in the last decade of Patterson's Administration was the Military feature of the instruction. No attempt can here be made to unravel this tangled skein. Enough that the drill with accompaniments, which one might have hoped would produce order, discipline, and good behavior among the students, had no such demonstrable effect, if not the contrary. Complaints of disorder, insubordination, disregard of regulations, were not infrequent; the teachers even set the bad example of absenting themselves from Chapel exercises, in spite of repeated warnings from the President and the Board, who seemed nonplussed in the presence of such perversity. Against this pervasive insurgence the most strenuous and persistent efforts were of small avail.

Unfortunate Incidents. A number of incidents distinguished this era, such as that of the Commandant, of the Reporter, of Halloween, of "the disappearance" of W. E. Smith - whose later reappearance was rather less spectacular - and these stories were widely and eagerly scattered all over the Union with a high degree of reportorial skill but with a rather low degree of judicial exactness. Such excited representations did the College scant good and were hardly meant to help it, but it seems amazing how little harm they accomplished. The attendance does not seem to have been sensibly affected. Perhaps the public had heard such tales before, even about Cornell and other Universities and had learned to discount them

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properly.* Meantime the President and the Board seem to have borne themselves with calmness and moderation, though it was certainly hard sailing over a choppy sea, and the voyage was exceeding long.

Cherchez la Femme. Yet another apple of discord remains to mention. The controversy over the admission of women to the University bore the bitterest fruit with the least visible relation to any merits of the case. A playful, only half-earnest remark of an eloquent orator was caught and taken au grand sérieux and resented deeply by family pride and affection, feelings in themselves altogether worthy and laudable, but subject to morbid exaggerations, to hyperæsthesia. Such super-sensitiveness may develop strange results and entangle even the passionless student in perplexities. The position of the President was at first apparently that of an

*It is not easy with the present writer's inadequate knowledge of the general situation to devise any explanation of the anomy that characterized this era. The Law of 1893, while popularizing the College, had undoubtedly brought an influx of much "pioneer blood", of raw and rough material, more attractive in its possibilities than in its actualities. President Patterson referred the irregularities to the 'Dormitory' system and was unwearied in his protests against this latter; but the Board seemed not to accept his diagnosis, though the Dormitory is certainly too often a focus of disorder and unseemly procedure. Perhaps it was a 'wave', a phase of College life, a kind of epidemic that had to run its course and pass away leaving the community, let us hope, if not immune at least less exposed to such attacks in the future. In any case, the local animus, as reflected in the press, whether just or unjust, can hardly have contributed much towards bettering conditions. This local temper towards the College had not hitherto been always the kindest. In a recent public address a distinguished alumnus (of the late 'eighties') testifies that "the students were intimidated when they appeared on the streets in their college uniform". This reminds us of "Town and Gown" in Verdant Green and might indicate a reversion to primitive type, but hardly a survival of the fittest.

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innocent bystander, which is perilous enough when

"Both ways missiles amain keep falling and felling the people". He was drawn into the wrangle much against his own will - for there was no promise of any possible gain to him, no matter what the outcome - and solely by his sense of duty to the University as its President. Once in it, he bore himself bravely, though extremely reluctant to sacrifice life-long attachments and convert the honey of friendship into the gall of hatred. Into the merits and demerits of the strife it would be vain and foolish to enter. Little is exactly determinable at this distance, and still less that might, could, would, or should interest the reader. Those misunderstandings and animosities are quieted now; let them sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

If by Reason of Strength. - But there may have been even still deeper reasons for the cloudiness that overhung this decade of President Patterson's life. He was growing old, not in spirit but in years. In 1898 he had attained the limit that American judgment sets as an average to useful activity. The greybeard may indeed be tolerated a little longer, if he behaves right well, but only under close watch and growing suspicion. He need not expose any signs of waning vigor, to justify this critical attitude of the general mind. The presumption is already against him. It is vain to refer to the hosts of examples of men that have done much of their best work in the latter years of a long life, sometimes far beyond the Psalmist's more generous limit. It is so much easier to quote Osler (unintelligently) and to follow a general rule blindly than to judge each case on its

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own merits. There seems to be inherent in our 'civilization' a tendency to substitute mechanism for thought,* some rule-of-thumb for cautious inquiry. We have little time to think, we must act. So the public were drifting perchance to the opinion that the time was up, that Patterson was lingering superfluous on the stage, that he should make way for a younger man, - and this on general principles, regardless of the special evidence in the case, - for his powers had put forth no token of decay.**

Nestor Untamed. Of course, this sentiment of the public, gathering like a cloud on the sky, could not escape such a keen observer as Patterson, and of course he resented it. He detected no justification for it in his own consciousness; like Nestor of old he felt still untamed by years and still able to lead forth his forces to battle. In championing the candidacy of an ageing friend he marshals an imposing array of such Nestors, but we feel in scanning it that all the while he may be half-unconsciously defending himself against hints, comments, reflections, and observations that kept

*Some psychologists, as Ribot and Varendonek, think they discover a similar trend in all mental "evolution".

**In proof may be cited that Report of June, 1908, the ablest he ever made; how open his mind was at that time to the light of new truth may be clearly seen in the following sentence: 'Even in the domain of theology, discoveries made in sciences apparently so remote as ethnology, philology, anthropology, archaeology, are from year to year profoundly modifying pre-existing beliefs' - perhaps the boldest utterances he ever addressed to the Board of Trustees: for to 'modify' a belief is to set aside in favor of something more or less similar.

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straying from various quarters toward him.. Nothing more natural than for all this to arouse him to self-assertion and to the resolution to hold the fort to the last. Many a high spirit has proudly refused to withdraw under fire, and such was emphatically the temper of the Highlander - "With his back to the field and his feet to the foe". So would Lochiel prefer to lie, and nothing less was worthy of his far-wandered compatriot.

At Bay. Accordingly, during all those long years of covert criticism and open opposition President Patterson maintained himself and his policies and his control with dogged determination and with apparently never a thought of yielding an inch or of resignation.* Undoubtedly his conscience was clear and self-justifying at every stage of the game. The steady growth and many-sided development of the University argued strongly that no grave error had marred its administration,** though the heroic period was past and there was no great opportunity for the display of creative wisdom. Such an institution tends to automatism. It is borne along with a certain gathered momentum and of itself will describe its predestined path year by year without much special deflecting or directing from without.

*Once he resigned from the Building Committee, but was persuaded to withdraw his resignation.

***The loss of the Normal School in 1908 was indeed a heavy blow to the University (and to the State) involving more than the loss of 300 students; but it was perhaps a necessary concession to human nature, because of the hardness of hearts, and not by any means a fault of Patterson's.

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Nature and the West. Meantime the President maintained fully his wider contact with the world around. In 1900 the College and Experiment Station Association transferred its meeting to San Francisco, and the President with his wife and brother attended. It was a season of unbroken enjoyment. The wide West unrolled its beauty, its majesty, and above all its immensity before him, and no other revelation of Nature seems to have impressed him so deeply. We wonder, why this livelier sense, so much livelier than heretofore? In many individuals, as well as in the race, the feeling for nature deepens and intensifies with advancing years. We are sometimes disappointed at the indifference with which the young, even the highly intelligent, regard the wonders of the external world. The life-tide is too full and strong for the quiet contemplation necessary to the perfect appreciation of the panorama around us. To this general consideration should be added another more special, that the absorbing human interest of the President was perhaps on the wane, and the great voice of the Universe was now rising above the cries of the struggles of men, and even of his own hopes and fears, ambitions and expectations. His heart was sore wounded, almost unto death. It was Nature, not Man, that poured upon it a soothing and healing balm.* "Nature never did forsake the heart that loved her". A similar thought is

*It was the day before his 87th birthday, when Earth was awaking from her winter-sleep, that, on returning from a short walk, as he entered his Library he murmured, half to himself: 'I do not know that life ever seemed so attractive to me as it does now'. The Nature-sense is liveliest in the Spring.

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the burden of the exquisite first scene of the second part of Faust.

For more than a week, solely at the State's expense, the visiting scholars fared from point to point of interest in the State, and at last the President turned toward the North, to Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, and thence East by the Great Northern Railway of Canada; then leaving the Canadian Pacific at Moosejaw, they returned to Kentucky through the Twin Minnesota Cities and Chicago, - completing a month full of happiness such as he at least had hardly hitherto known.

"Education and Empire". At the Atlantic City meeting of the same Association (1902) he was called to the Presidency. At the following Washington meeting (1903) his address on "Education and Empire" received the most flattering recognition, and address unexcelled in the history of such meetings. If it were reproduced in this volume, the reader would be struck with the exceeding wide range of thought, of intellectual and educational interest, and with the general sanity of view and clearness of outlook. The crater glances from the most recondite researches in the granular theory of the ether to the most practical demands of industrial and vocational training; they are woven together in the wide web of his thought, harmoniously as the colors in a Corot landscape. One point of his insistence is noteworthy and highly characteristic; he dwells on the importance of History, especially of Anglo-Saxon history; he would make the splendid tale of the trials and triumphs of the English race, particularly in its struggle for Freedom and Constitutionalism, a

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permanent part of the consciousness of every American. He intentionally varies the proud formula of D'Israeli on return from Berlin, 1878: "Libertas et Imperium". Liberty, he thinks, we already have; what we need is Education, to secure the Empire. Some one might ask, Why Empire? Why not Education and Freedom? Is it quite so sure that we really have this latter? There is much in recent history that suggests the gravest doubts.

Great Race? or Great Races? But the notion of Empire is deeply entangled with another idea of Patterson's, which he cherished with religious reverence: the world-wide mission of the Anglo-Saxon as the Ruler of the earth. Ethnologists tell us much that is highly interesting and much that is true about the Great Race, meaning the Teutonic or Germanic (of which the Anglo-Saxon is the only offshoot that Patterson seems to recognize). Undoubtedly a great race, very great indeed; but the great race? That is not so sure. Madison Grant would indeed prove that the Greek gods were 'fair-haired' or 'yellow-haired' because Homer calls some of them 'rich-haired' (eukom-)! Possibly no other race has been so set upon political-commercial-industrial dominion as the Anglo-Saxon, but in spite of H. S. Chamberlain and his authorities the facts are that Soul-Dominion is not the especial privilege of the Teuton, that other races make contributions to Culture and to Humanity quite comparable with any that the Anglo-Saxon has made or is likely to make. As an illustration of the potentialities of other strains, one might take President Patterson himself. We may not say how his blood was blended

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of Piet, Scot and Briton, but certainly it was not deeply tinged with Angles: he came from the West of Scotland, not the East, and he would have been the last to deny that the attractive picture he draws of his noble brother William (p.) is as little as possible like the Anglo-Saxons, the bright-haired children of the snow and foam. Then, sad relief, from the bleak shore that hears
 The German ocean roar, deep-booming, strong,
 And yellow-haired, the blue-eyed Saxon came.

But the question of Race and Empire raises problems much too wide and too deep for discussion in this connection.*

Enlightening Science. The largely attended Washington meeting was marked not only by Patterson's presidential address, but, also by his almost equally interesting "Retrospect of Fifty Years", in which he sketched the movement of history (a theme he always handled with skill and delight), especially in its relation to the development of

*Although President Patterson was thus an avowed Racialist and Nationalist, it should be said to his credit that he bridled his patriotism with sanity and never allowed it to bear him beyond both the bounds and the reach of reason, - unlike Rudyard Kipling in his otherwise noble poem Recessional, particularly in the refrain:

Judge of the nations, spare us yet!
 Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

Manifestly the bard means not "Lest" but "Though we forget"! yet his own extravagant Great-Britainism (or his readers'?) would not allow him to make such an admission, and accordingly he flouts truth and common sense, and falls into the unspeakable and impious absurdity of warning God to "spare us", on pain of being forgotten by us! unless He "spare us"! Whereas the whole teaching, not only of the Old Testament but also of History in general, is that it is precisely when He "spares us" that we do forget. "Jeshurun waxed fat - and kicked." It is not sparing but punishing that makes us remember. - When this perfectly obvious correction was first published in the Critic of New York, the Editor was overwhelmed with letters of violent protest!

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State education under the stimulus of the Morrill legislation. This luminous "Retrospect" is most remarkable for its explicit declaration of Patterson's attitude towards the theory of Development of Evolution, particularly as set forth in the works of Darwin and his congeners. He declares: 'By the new impulse given to biological study and biological research stimulated by the far-reaching investigations of Darwin and Wallace and Huxley and Spencer, the theory of evolution has been placed upon a firm foundation and has become a practical working leverage for advanced movement in every direction'. 'When from the present vantage ground we look back we can scarcely understand how profoundly the attitudes of thought and of speculation, of accepted theory and well-reasoned scientific conclusions have adjusted themselves to the new interpretation of nature and of life. Theology no longer dreads but welcomes the hypothesis of Darwin and of his fellow-workers.* Moral speculation accepts it as the key of rational interpretation, and every branch of natural science finds it a firm pedestal upon which to stand'. This clear-cut deliverance was made in 1903, while Patterson was at

*Such is the view of the Christian Evolutionist, Ernest E. Unwin, eloquently set forth in his recent Religion and Biology. Hear also the Dean of St. Paul's, W. R. Inge, in his Cutspoken Essays (Second Series), p.56: "The discoveries which are still rightly associated with the name of Charles Darwin have proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, that the so-called lower animals are literally our distant cousins". In his Commencement Address, Kentucky University, 11th June, 1871, President Patterson had disowned Darwinism, but in a liberal spirit and with high praise of Darwin and his peers. Day unto day utters speech, night unto night showeth knowledge - and a full generation had completed his conversion.

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the full height of his powers. Much water has flowed under the bridge since then; biogenetics has undergone great development and transformation; many of the earlier forms of the evolution theory have perished by supersession, being transcended by higher forms - a fate that awaits all thought and knowledge; what better could be desired? But President Patterson had never any occasion to retract his saying.

XV

"CONDITIONS OF RETIREMENT"

A Calm. This decade of hard sailing brought little peace to the President but much prosperity to the University. He enjoyed the hearty sympathy and support of Governors Beckham and Willson, and through legislative liberality about ten buildings rose upon the University (or College) grounds, while the Experiment Station Farm expanded to 201 acres - certainly a plain answer to those that complained of his ageing. And now, strangely enough, he found himself once more successful all round; the Board and Executive Committee staunch and one-minded at this side and the murmurs outside hushed if not forgot. What did it all mean? Perhaps an involuntary admiration for the greybeard Nestor, whom nothing could daunt, nothing circumvent, nothing overcome. Perhaps also they felt that Time was their resistless ally; what they could not bring to pass, the days would surely, silently, if not speedily, accomplish. Be that as it may, an era of good feeling now seemed to set in. The President, so long tossed on turbulent waters, noticed the stilling of the waves

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and felt the favoring breeze and determined to stir for port. It was now the fortieth year of his Presidency of the many-named institution, the climacteric of his high career, and its completion was on all hands enthusiastically celebrated. Every interest appointed its speaker, and their addresses, along with an "Appreciation", were published in a handsome volume. More than all else, perhaps, he valued a letter from Andrew Carnegie, 'the greatest Scotchman and Philanthropist of modern times'. Carnegie had already two years before urged him earnestly to apply for a benefaction from the Carnegie "Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching"; and later the President of the Foundation, Dr. Henry J. Pritchett, had insistently renewed the suggestion. Patterson yielded to their urgency and in June, 1909, he was notified of the (Carnegie) Trustees' resolution enrolling him as beneficiary at any time he should retire.

Retirement. Accordingly, at the June meeting of the Board in Lexington, he announced his determination 'to retire at an early date', and asked 'for a Committee to consider conditions of retirement and to select a competent man to succeed me'. 'The Board heard with surprise and manifest regret', but appointed the Committee: Messrs. Patterson, Barker, Clay, Stoll and Terrell; the President sketched in very emphatic terms what type of man should succeed him.* The "Conditions of Retirement" (unfortunate phrase that smacks too

*At one point he almost seems to be describing unconsciously himself; "a man of high moral character, with a reverent attitude toward things sacred and divine, not necessarily a churchman, but in sympathy with the religious beliefs and aspirations of Christinity".

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much of war and surrender!) were reported (Louisville, 30 June, 1909) by the Committee through its Chairman, Judge Barker, were adopted without any dissent, and became effective 15th January, 1910, on which day President Patterson tendered Governor Willson (as ex-officio president of the Board of Trustees) his formal resignation.* There seems to have been a feeling that breakers were ahead, for the Governor urged him to withhold the resignation; he, however, 'thought it had gone too far to stop' - language that implies he already regretted the course taken. Indeed, he certainly

*A few days later he appeared before the Legislature in eloquent pleading for continued and augmented support of the University - a powerful passionate appeal, and his last. Very characteristic - for he was never naturalized but remained a Scot to the end - he turned the Legislator's gaze not back to Bunker's Hill or Concord, where

"Once th' embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world",

but much rather and further to 'Bannockburn' where 'six (he means five) hundred and ninety-six years ago..... a blow was struck for human freedom, the echoes of which, through all the succeeding generations, have resounded throughout the world'. Robert Bruce, a typical Scot laird, after giving a "tardy adhesion" to the national cause and taking a the kingly crown at Scone (27 March, 1306), did bravely and ably wage the war and decisively overthrow the weakest Plantagenet, Edward II, and his false pretensions, at Bannockburn, 24 June, 1314. What was won on that bloody field was political or national independence, the Scot right to a Scot king, - which was much at that time. But 600 years have shown that such political liberty is by no means all; without economic freedom it is mainly mockery. Nearly forty years before (in the Louisville Ledger, May 18, 1871), in a learned discussion of Habeas Corpus, 'the bulwark of freedom' and of the part played by Scottish royalty exclusively in 'its violation', the President had expressed himself - unguardedly perhaps - somewhat differently; 'The whole period of the Stuart dynasty, from the accession of James I till 1679, was a struggle over this fundamental principle of the English Constitution - a principle that descended from "Ethelbert, Alfred and Ina", through the laws of Edward the Confessor, the charter of Henry I, the Magna Carta of King John - but which the successors of the Bruce forfeited crown and even life rather than recognize.'

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came to recognize afterward that 'the cardinal mistake I made during my connection with the University was that I did not accede to his request, viz: retain the Presidency and ask the Board to give me an assistant'. - The event would seem to justify fully this great regret of the President's life.

The "Conditions". The "Conditions of Retirement" were reported by the Committee, which seems to have done little beyond reporting. These "conditions" exist in the remarkable chirography of the President, they plainly reflect his whole mind on the subject, they were his own deliberate and carefully pondered creation.

Conditions of Retirement

(reported and adopted 14th Dec. 1909)

First: To pay to President Patterson for and during the remainder of his natural life, sixty (60) per cent of the present salary which he now receives, which sixty (60) per cent amounts to Three Thousand (\$3,000.00) Dollars per year; that this sum be payable in equal monthly installments.

Second: That President Patterson be designated as President Emeritus of the University and shall continue a member of the Faculty.

Third: That he be permitted and allowed to sit with the Board of Trustees in its annual and semi-annual sessions, and that he be permitted to participate in the deliberations of the Board, but without a vote.

Fourth: That he be recognized as an adviser and auxiliary to the Vice-President of the University until a new President is selected.

Fifth: That he be given the privilege of representing the University

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at meetings of the National Associations, Kentucky Teachers Associations, District Associations, County Associations and High Schools of the Commonwealth and that when he does so represent the University all of his expenses to be paid, but this privilege of representing the University shall not be exclusive, and he shall not take precedence in such representation over the New President when he is elected, should he be present at such Association.

Sixth: That the University rent to President Patterson the house and premises which he now occupies for and during the remainder of his life for an annual rental of Two Hundred and Forty (\$240.00) Dollars per year.*

R. C. Stoll, Secretary.

*The conditions as proposed by President Patterson to the Board, June 2, 1909, read thus: 'When the time comes for offering my resignation I desire to have the following suggestions considered:

1. That the retiring President be allowed still to maintain a semi-official connection with the University through the honorary title of President Emeritus, or some kindred designation.
2. That this carry with it the privilege of sitting with the Board of Trustees in their annual and semi-annual sessions and participating in their deliberations.
3. The privilege of sitting with the Faculty and participating in their deliberations.
4. Recognition as adviser and auxiliary to the Vice-President and later to the incoming President, until he becomes familiar with the routine of business.
5. The privilege of representing the University at meetings of the National Association, Kentucky Teachers Association, District Associations, and County Associations and High Schools of the Commonwealth. (That such 'representation' did violence to the constitution of the National Association of State Universities, which provided that such 'representation' shall be "through the President or Chief Executive of the institution", seems not to have occurred to the writer!)
6. Generally, any service which might be of benefit to the University, but that these services be recognized as voluntarily given, and that I be relieved concurrently therewith from personal obligation and responsibilities.

I may add that I should like the privilege of continued residence on the University grounds.'

N.B. The 60 per cent proviso is wanting. To whom its insertion is due must be conjectured.

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Contradiction. The first and nearest-lying remark upon these "Conditions of Retirement" is that in the main they require there should be no retirement. The President continues in service, he retains distinct and highly dignified duties, he represents the University on the most important occasions and in the most exalted manner; he receives sixty per cent of the full Presidential salary as compensation and in recognition of these services. His hand remains on the helm, for he sits like "Zeus the Adviser" in the Councils of the Board, where his persuasive voice had long been all-controlling, and with the evident purpose of still directing its deliberations - without a vote, it is true, but his vote had been seldom, if ever, decisive, - it was his presence and his counsel that swayed the decisions, and wherever he sat was the head of the table.

Their Scope. It is clear, then, that the "Conditions of Retirement" amounted nearly to annulment of the Retirement itself. In the resultant form of the University administration we are reminded vaguely of the Dual form of Government, which has been so popular throughout history, of the Two Kings of Sparta, the two Consuls and two Emperors of Rome, the two Chambers in Republics - as our own Upper and Lower House, - of Calhoun's plan for Two Presidents and even the two parents of a child. Evidently, under certain circumstances the scheme might work as a system of checks and balances. But it seemed without precedent in the history of the American University and so stood in need of special vindication. Accordingly

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we must inquire what were the motives and considerations that lay back of these "Conditions". The most obvious explanation would be that the President was moved by the love of authority and power. He had long guided almost autocratically the fortunes of the University, which he not unnaturally and not unjustly regarded as in large measure his own creation; he was wearied by the weight of the sceptre he had wielded for over forty years, but his hands would feel painfully empty without it; he would roll off the burden of responsibility, while at the same time presiding in a very real and effective fashion over the University's career in the immediate future. That such conditions moved the President seems certain; but it would do him grave injustice to accentuate the lust of dominion and rule. Not that he was free from it, not that he was a Sulla or a Charles V., to resign the reins out of contempt or disgust; but that he was not mainly determined by a self-regarding impulse.

Mixed Motives. For in that case he need not have retired at all, he might readily have secured an assistant from a complaisant Board. No, the President was naturally and pardonably reluctant to surrender the high place he had held for forty years, but his chief concern was the good of the University, which had taken but not filled the place of William in his heart. He felt that it still needed his paternal care, it was not quite able to stand alone, it might easily stumble and fall. He knew that he could still serve it effectively both in the Councils of the Board and in public before

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the learned world,* and he was unfeignedly eager to render it service, primarily for its own good and only in secondary measure for any distinction or power such service could bring him.

The Ideal Successor. His essential unselfishness is clearly seen in his extreme eagerness to get the very ablest successor that the whole Union could afford. He sought far and near, and the standard of excellence he proposed was exceeding high. Not only executive and administrative ability, but extraordinary intellectual endowments with corresponding scholastic attainments, seemed to him indispensable. He corresponded with the principal educational authorities in the land. From one choice he seems to have been dissuaded by Dr. Pritchett (whom the Board had asked to help them select a new President), who feared that such "scientific and philosophic genius" might not consist with the practical talent required. And so the search went on. All this implies sincerity in Patterson's concern for the University. He was not seeking some fairly good man, whom he might hope to control, in comparison with whose personality his own would shine out with added lustre - as a self-seeker would have done, - but he earnestly sought an intellectual and educational leader not to be dwarfed by any comparison with his predecessor, a man that would

*The Investigating Committee in their careful, thorough, and conscientious Report (June, 1917) found this "Condition" in direct conflict with the constitution of the National Association of State Universities, which specifies that such representation shall be "through the President or Chief Executive of the Institution". This Report is unreserved in its condemnation of the "Conditions", at least, in their actual working.

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not take his cue even from the masterful Emeritus himself.

A Protest. No doubt there was a certain inconsistency here, but that was not strange, for Patterson was not troubled with consistency, that special virtue of little minds. Such a giant as he sought would scarcely be content with a second fiddle; he would hardly be patient with the supervision implied in the "Conditions", especially not with the critical presence of his famous forerunner. Dr. Pritchett clearly perceived the anomaly and protested in courteous manner, but without avail: the President felt that he could not safely trust the young University wholly to stranger hands, he was "desiring, unconsciously no doubt, still to guide its policies" (Report of the Investigating Committee, p. 19, - a document that does honor to its authors). That his apprehensions were by no means altogether unfounded, was illustrated by the course of subsequent events.

Unwisdom. We must then admit the controlling honesty, sincerity, integrity of the President's motives in retaining so many insignia of Presidential authority, while certainly not claiming for him any self-forgetfulness more than human. However, the wisdom of the course chosen can not for a moment be conceded. The objections of Dr. Pritchett were well-grounded, as were others - a fact that Patterson himself could not, long fail to perceive. From the start it was impossible to fulfil such Yea-and-Nay "Conditions".

The Pension. When now we pass to the financial clause, the case

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appears in a light that is hardly more favorable. It was certainly true that the continuing services of the President, as prescribed in the "Conditions", were honorable and valuable enough, but none the less they were such as the wont of America does not recognize with financial rewards. Posta laudatur et aiget. The Trustees themselves received no pay for their consultations, deliberations, and general management; it may take weeks or months to prepare an address before a scientific, philosophic, or educational assemblage, - and the speaker may not expect to receive even his traveling expenses! The Board might justly claim that the sixty per cent salary was a gratuity, was practically a pension to the retiring President. But pensions were hardly a part of the fiscal policy of the University, and the President was already enrolled as a beneficiary of the Carnegie Foundation to the amount of \$3,000 a year, so that his income after retirement was considerably larger than before, - a state of case at least anomalous. Besides, the regulations of the Foundation prescribe that a beneficiary - Professor, though he may do many things to eke out his "allowance", "shall not be on the payroll of any University". Perhaps this does not apply to such superior dignitaries as Presidents, and the right is generally conceded to Founders to do as they will with their own. But still the spirit of the notable benefaction seems violated in the double pension. Besides, the Patterson estate was reckoned rightly or wrongly at a quarter million, so that any question of need was excluded.

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Work and Wage. On the other hand, it could be urged that the President had all along been content with a salary quite pitiful in comparison with his immense deserts; that he had profited the State by many thousands, hundred thousands, even millions, that the State was merely rendering him some inconsiderable acknowledgment of the benefits received. All of which is very true, but is not relevant. The question of Work and Wage is a puzzling one; what ratio exists between the two is not determinable, but it is certainly not unity. A Railroad President may receive \$100,000 a year, but none can say he was worth just so much to the Railroad. Perhaps he was worth a million more, yet he might have done fully as well on \$10,000. In Europe such a President might have done even better on \$3,000 a year. A surgeon may 'interfere' and save the life of a multi-millionaire and so render him a service worth at least 999 millions; but he would not think of charging at most more than a few thousands. Nay more! A switchman or brakeman or other humble employee may stop a train - by the utmost exertion at the risk of his own life - before it reaches a crumbling bridge, and so may save the lives of hundreds and render a service not expressible even in millions; but no one thinks of giving him any large reward - he is lucky to get a medal or some insignificant gratuity.

De Chacun Selon Son Pouvoir. But you say, 'the employee was merely doing his duty' and so was to be reckoned among the "unprofitable servants". Verily! but so was the surgeon, the Railroad President, or any other, merely doing his duty, which calls for every

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man's best in the functions of his post, in the service of his fellows. However invaluable, then, the achievements of Patterson as President, they could ground no just claim for exceptional recognition by a pension, although it may have been highly proper for the State to pension every President and every Professor on such retirement from its service. So then the sixty-percent provision must appear, not in itself improper, but unjustified by the University practice and unwarranted by the circumstances of the case.

Nevertheless, it was not unnatural for Patterson, in view of his long and splendid career, at a wage much lower than generally paid, to seek some recognition in the nature of a pension, and it was undoubtedly soothing to his dignity and his sense, of worth to have it paid not as a pension or 'allowance' but for continued voluntary functioning for the University in the exalted position of President Emeritus. Still there remains the apparently irreconcilable contradiction between a beneficiary, a President retired, and a President Emeritus paid for regular continued service. - Even though he should find nothing absolutely inexplicable in this complicated situation, the reader will perhaps incline to judge that it was a hard bargain that was closed with the Board in the "Conditions of Retirement". Once closed, however, he will say that it should have been strictly fulfilled.

Unworkable. And yet the issue showed what should have been foreseen, that the fulfilment was practically ^{almost} impossible! Such is the close logical texture of events. As in a mathematical

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investigation a single slight error will vitiate the whole and lead to endless discrepancies and contradictions, so in a work-a-day life a single false step may result in countless misunderstandings and conduct to misfortune or to tragedy even.

Unconscious Rivalry. One further question may still bewilder the reader. He may ask, Why should a man of independent means, of extensive possessions, whose every rational desire was already fully met, who was firmly grounded on the Carnegie Foundation against any possible turn of fortune, why should he want his sixty per-cent salary as President Emeritus? Since he was without legal heirs and had long since determined to make the University his legatee, why should he want to take \$3,000 a year from the University merely to give it back, without ever spending a cent? It certainly seems strange, but a satisfactory answer may be found in the Patterson nature and in the circumstances of the case. He wished to make a bequest to the University, a bequest of some dignity and bulk, an imposing magnificent bequest.* He hoped to live ten or more years, so that the total sum received, and put at interest, might mount up towards \$40,000 or even \$50,000. He planned to invest this for forty or fifty years till it seven-folded, or eight-

*His fancy had in truth been awed by the great Scottish Founder, Andrew Carnegie, whom he regarded as the Prince of Philanthropists and almost as the Chief of Men.

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folded, or ten-folded itself.* So the sum rose up before him as \$300,000, perhaps \$500,000; and that meant three or four or five University Chairs, filled by scholars of renown; it meant broad beams of light flashing all over the land, it meant great good to the Commonwealth, - and it meant enduring honor to the Patterson name. "Such be the tale they will tell; be mine the renown everlasting."

Altru-egoism. Some one may complain that, after all, this was selfishness and self-glorification. Perhaps; even in the noblest men and deeds, motives are seldom altogether unmixed. It cannot be claimed for Patterson that he ever overcame the love of fame, that last infirmity of noble minds. But the world would be much pleasanter to live in, a place of comparative happiness and peace, if only such self-seeking prevailed more widely in the thoughts and deeds of men. The question has been aptly and impressively put: "Is Selfishness, (For time a sin) spun to eternity, Celestial prudence?" The Catechism has given an answer: "What is the chief end of man?" - "To glorify God and to enjoy Him forever".** None the

*This looking so far into the future has been sharply and frequently criticized, but apparently on very shallow and insufficient grounds. It is in fact a wise arrangement - on one very natural but nevertheless uncertain supposition, namely, that the present constitution of society is to remain essentially intact for a very long period, at least a hundred years. But who knows what may happen in three or four generations? Possibly the diplomat may fold his tent, like the Arab, and international commercial relations may assume forms entirely unlike any that are known at present.

**Compare the hymn: "Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a Thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee". -
Very naturally; who would not?

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less, it does not seem quite enough to extend this selfishness indefinitely in the time-dimension only. A deeper philosophy would widen the notion of Self in all dimensions and directions, to include the Universe of Spirit, to develop a World-sense* such as already puts forth its tender buds in the presentiments of poets, like Wordsworth and Meredith, and above all of Goethe, - a sense in which Egoism and Altruism are caught up and reconciled in one.

XVI

THE CLOUDED WEST

The Gathering Cloud. So much for the "Conditions" in their origin. After they had been formally reported and unanimously adopted, it was not strange that the President should treasure them as a part of himself and regard any proposal to rescind them not only as a breach of a contract but as an indignity leveled at his face. And what the reaction against such unworthy treatment? There is such a thing as "patient, deep disdain", which is said to characterize the East, - but hardly the West of Scotland. It is extremely to be regretted, as the most serious mistake of his life, that the Emeritus failed to recall the words of Achilles

*Of course the development of such a sense, as of all higher intellectual and moral senses, is a matter not of years but of centuries or milleniums. Perhaps it is not out of place to observe that a certain essay, in which this subject is propounded and briefly treated, was sent to President Patterson (1913) and was acknowledged by him in words of uncommonly high appreciation and approval.

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addressed to Agamemnon -

Never shall my hands battle with thee on account of a guerdon,
Neither with thee nor another, that takes back what he hath given.

He, however, was too accustomed to triumph, to accomplish his will in the face of strong opposition, and so he readily and almost unthoughtedly accepted the gage of battle, in a struggle where no unclouded eye could foresee aught but repulse and humiliation.

First Repulse. But we must not anticipate. One high mark of successful administration the President had not yet attained: the establishment of the University on the Carnegie Foundation. Three necessary Kentucky conditions he had already fulfilled: The Board had applied, the Governor had endorsed, the General Assembly had approved. These external credentials he took to New York about January 20th, 1910, and laid before Dr. Pritchett, who was rather concerned, however, about the internal fitness of things, about the spirit, temper, ideals, and educational competence of the incoming Administration, and was especially disturbed by a rumor that Judge Barker would be chosen to head the University; and accordingly he said of the three credentials: "We will hold these for future consideration".

The New Leaders: This repulse must have mortified Patterson deeply. He saw the University that he had guided forty years through the wilderness thus unceremoniously halted on the border of Canaan! He returned and resolved to do his best to save it and gain its admission within the pale. The situation was one of the utmost delicacy

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and difficulty. He and Judge Barker were the warmest personal friends, and we have many times seen what friendship meant for the Highlander. 'There was no man in Kentucky of whom I had a higher opinion or whom I loved more'. We have no reason to doubt these words. But a clever lawyer, an able jurist, a skillful politician, a lovable man is not always a scholar, a thinker, an intellectual leader, conversant with higher educational problems and fitted to guide the fortunes of a struggling State University. In their judgment of the situation the two men, Pritchett and Patterson, were perfectly agreed. It was only with extreme reluctance that the latter could bring himself to oppose the candidacy of the Judge, but the issue was sharply joined: he must either obey the dictates of conscience and public duty or yield to the impulse of private friendship. To his honor be it said, he did not hesitate, but opposed the ambition of his best-loved friend with all his might. In vain! The conclusion was already foregone, and in spite of the vehement protest of Patterson, the Judge was duly elected February 3, 1910, only the President and Mr. Cassius M. Clay dissenting, - the latter voting for an impossible choice.

Anticipating. To an outsider this official action must appear as mysterious as a similar one in Texas a few years ago, where, after seeking far and wide for months for a President, the Board without any hesitancy elected one of its own members. This reminds one of the barnyard cock that found a particularly luscious morsel and loudly invoked all his harem to come and behold the wonder, and

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proclaimed, "Let the fairest take it", and then calmly devoured it himself. In both cases the thoughts of the Board may seem unfaithful, but they are not wholly incomprehensible nor unreasonable. Such Boards have comparatively little to do with a President as a scholar, a thinker, a captain of intellect, a guide of spiritual and educational progress. They deal with him almost solely in his capacity as Foreman, as boss of the job, as financial agent, as business manager, and it is not strange they should rate him according to his administrative or executive abilities. That they esteem these latter as incomparably higher and more important than the former, is shown both by the far higher salaries that they pay and by the far higher deference they show him. The business men that form such Boards may well regard the President as one of themselves, as their equal, with whom they may associate freely; but with the Professor they have little in common and little to do; he is too often treated with a kindness that suggests condescension.

I am Benjamin Jowett,
 Great Master of Balliol College!
 Whatever is knowledge, I know it,
 And what I don't know is not knowledge.

The clever skit was fitting enough for the 'master' of half a century ago, but would scarcely suit the President of to-day. In electing one of themselves - whose political plans had miscarried - with sole reference to his notable non-scholastic qualifications, the Board were not really striking into a new path but merely running ahead on the old, anticipating by a few decades the natural course

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of events. In A.D. 2000 the American College-and University-President may well have shed his academic and scholastic feathers entirely, he may have developed into a financial manager pur sang, and the Faculty may have found a voice in the selection of its own members, may have recovered some features of self-government and even some semblance of self-respect.

A Cadmean Victory. After electing Judge Barker over Dr. Patterson's emphatic protest, the Board proceeded with an act of gracious courtesy, by appointing Patterson and Stoll as Committee of notification; this latter the Judge for undiscovered reasons delayed till the Board meeting in June, 1910, when he accepted, and Patterson formally pledged his support to the new Administration, but the Judge did not enter upon the duties of his office till the expiry of his term as Chief Justice of the State, January 1, 1911. Meantime Patterson had been regularly appointed Trustee by the Governor, and as such had been named Chairman of the Committee to select a Head of the Department of Philosophy. Also he delivered the Commencement Address at the University of Vermont where he received the degree of LL.D. in June, 1910, and returned after three weeks' absence - to find that the President elect, but not actual, along with another Trustee (neither a member of the Faculty-choosing Committee) had already found the right person to head the Department of Philosophy - the capable manager of a private school in Louisville, but without any degree from any College or University. With a singular lack of gallantry, the President Emeritus succeeded

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in blocking the lady's candidacy for the chair of Philosophy, and also for that of History and Sociology, but she received a double appointment: as Associate Professor of English and as Dean of Women.

A Dream Reversed. Thus had Patterson been compelled by common sense and his sense of duty to throw himself twice across the path of his beloved friend Judge Barker. About the same time Dr. Pritchett, in his report (for 1910) as President of the Carnegie Foundation, condemned the action of the Board in outspoken and unequivocal terms. None of these things contributed to the happiness of the new President. Indeed, they soon became annoying in the extreme. Patterson had doubtless supposed the Trustees would elect a successor of his own choosing and after his own heart, with whom he fondly imagined a kind of Damon-and-Pythias or father-and-son relation. In all the councils of the Board, which might not always be harmonious, it would certainly be a beautiful thing for the New to have always at hand the sage advice and (the) staunch support of the Old. So, we may be sure, the fancy of Patterson had pictured the matter in 1909, - and perhaps also of Judge Barker; for the two were living in cordial amity. But the dream had changed into its exact opposite: There sat the Ancient in the pose of the keenest of critics, chilling with the icy breath of his calculating intelligence every warm-hearted proposal of his

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successor!*

A Hopeless Tangle. So at least it seemed to President Barker, and it was not unnatural that he found the situation unendurable and resolved to change it. Accordingly, he soon discovered that he had erred in his own construction of the law, that in adopting his own report on "Conditions of Retirement" the Board had ventured ultra vires, that it had no right to grant the allowance of sixty per cent, and in his first report (June, 1911) he recommended rescission. This report was referred to a Committee headed by Mr. Edelen, a lawyer of Frankfort, a man, it would seem, of sterling character, of broad and clear intellectual vision, and to the very last a sincere friend and admirer of Patterson. The Committee's report approved of all the new President's recommendations, except the one just mentioned, and it was adopted without any dissent. But the estrangement between the Judge and the Emeritus had been

*How desperate the situation became, appears vividly in the fact that on April 12, 1912, at a Special Meeting of the Board of Trustees, after a motion (Barker) that "the 'Conditions' be set aside and held as naught", a Committee (Mr. Clay the chairman) appointed to consult with the two Presidents, reported after luncheon that "both agreed to this": "That President Patterson is to have his pension and to retain his residence on the grounds at \$20.00 per month, but on the other hand President Patterson is to give up all his official connection with the University, he is to resign his trusteeship by the first of June, he is to resign his position on the faculty, he is to resign his position on the library committee, and his office in the library and all connection with the library; that he is to pledge himself not to publicly criticize the present administration, that he is to be absolutely neutral, and indeed to assist them" - a Report unanimously adopted. Similarly, under like date, the Executive Committee. But on 5th Aug. 1912, at a Board Meeting, "A statement was then read by President Patterson, in which he refused to comply with the terms of the agreement made by him with the Board in April, 1912, and stating his reasons for refusing".

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widened into hopeless hostility.

College Presidents Again. The new President was not disheartened by this rebuff. That summer (1911) he addressed circular letters to the county superintendents charged (under Act of 1893, prescribing competitive examinations) with making county appointments, instructing them (it was said) in effect to override the law and appoint whom they would. Such bold measures threatened to popularize the University greatly. Competing law colleges began to gasp for breath. The College Presidents once more appealed to the Legislature for help, and also to Attorney General Garnett, who rendered an opinion against the legality of the former Chief Justice's action. But the latter declared he would not heed the Attorney General's pronouncement, whereupon the Colleges turned to the Law and employed Judge O'Rear, to obtain an Injunction forbidding the University to pay traveling expenses of students! All seemed ready for the tourney but Judge O'Rear sagaciously conferred with President Barker, who agreed to comply with the Law, however irrational; and the gathering war-cloud melted.

Check. It was now the latter's turn to appeal to Frankfort. Patterson had strenuously opposed the new instructions, and it was natural that Judge Barker should assume that he was in collusion with the College Presidents, for which, however, there does not appear any scintilla of proof. Accordingly, he carried his case - against the sixty per-cent item of his earlier Report on Conditions - from the Board to the Joint Executive Committee (of Senate and House),

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and asked it to report to the Assembly a resolution condemning the action of the Board. Instead, the Committee passed a resolution directing the Board to inquire into the question of legality of the Conditions; this resolution was reported but was never adopted; the House received it and ordered it to be filed, the Senate took no action at all; the Report still remains in a state of torpor.

Rescission. However, the President (Barker) took pity on its impotent condition and called on the Board to act in accordance, as if the Assembly had adopted the Report (though the meagre Minutes do not confirm this statement). The Board met but did not act; it adjourned the matter to its regular meeting (5th Aug., 1912). There the Emeritus, who had meanwhile discovered the true situation at Frankfort, delivered a long argument in protest against the new Presidential temper and the inequity of the rescission proposed. But the Board voted (with only two "noes" to rescind "the whole of said Report of Resolution" (the "Conditions"), not (it was explained) as convinced against the legality of the 'allowance', but rather to bring the matter into court, where alone it could be settled, - an explanation that does not explain.* It seems hard to suppress the suspicion that the well-meaning and good-natured Board saw clearly that the position of the new President had become unbearable, and

*On voting, each of five (ayes) assigned the same "reason": "He thought it the best control (course?) to take to bring about a settlement of this trouble, which would injure the University if allowed to continue". Patterson's account(above) differs slightly from the Minutes.

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also felt that loyalty called on them to sustain him in a fight that must be 'fought to a finish'.

Alumni Petition. On the other hand, the attitude of the Emeritus was quite as understandable. He regarded the rescission as a "shameful repudiation" of a most righteous contract, to gratify the very man that had "framed" (or, rather, reported) it; all his self-feeling was inflamed; he smarted under the "insult", and he turned his face to the Law for 'reparation', if not avengement. His attorney advised a suit, but meantime the Alumni had been aroused, and under the lead of Sandefer of New York and Brock of Denver more than three hundred Alumni protested in petitions to the Board for a rescission of the rescission and a full restoration of the "Conditions". These petitions met the fate of many such which it is unsafe to grant and ungracious to deny. They were referred to a Committee; and this met informally and only once and after a year desired more time. After another year of inaction the Committee was weary and asked to be discharged. Another Committee (of two) was named, but one of these fell ill and was appointed United States Senator, so that after another two years without any meeting this second Committee was also discharged! Since then the petitions have rested undisturbed even to this day, and so - some still further skirmishing with the Attorney General being disregarded - the ill-advised and ill-fated War of the "Conditions" was ended.

Restored to the Board. Plainly, then, the President's 'Retirement' had proved singularly ineffective. It had brought neither the

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enjoyment nor the comfort that might have been reasonably hoped for his later days. His peace was fatally marred by the unfortunate struggle already detailed, his serenity was clouded by the bitter animosities engendered, and at the same time his strong effective nature was left hungry and desolate. After the untimely death of his son, his Highland heart bound all the cords of feeling round the University that completely overshadowed every other interest in his life and became his foster and only child. And now under an alien and almost unfriendly administration, he felt that child estranged! No wonder that his father-heart was anguished, that he looked out through the windows of his home with all a parent's yearning for a wayward wandering child. This forlorn situation reached a pathetic climax in 1919, when his appointment as member of the Board of Trustees expired - and was not renewed by Gov. McCreary. The June meetings of the Board he had attended, except when in Europe, with unbroken regularity for over fifty years, but now he was no longer competent to join in the annual summer session! His distress, which was piteous to see, was relieved by the Legislature of 1919-20, which ordained that he should be an ex-officio member of the Board during his life, a courtesy that he accepted with gratitude and delight.

XVII

THE LEVEL RAYS

Into Clearer Air. Meantime, however, the Emeritus had not been

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idle. The question of a National University (raised by General Washington himself in his first and also in his last message) had agitated the State University Presidents at their meeting in 1913. The concensus of opinion favored the idea, and the distinguished Dr. Edmund James, of Illinois, was made chairman of a Committee, to urge the notion upon Congress. About midwinter he wrote, pleading illness in his family and beseeching the Kentuckian Patterson to supply his place and address the House Committee on Education as advocate of a National Foundation. - This seems to have been one of the highest recognitions that Dr. Patterson ever received, for James undoubtedly intended the cause of the Nation's University to be presented with the utmost persuasion and ability possible. The Address was delivered in Washington late in February, 1914, and fully vindicated the wisdom of the Illinois President. From Washington Dr. Patterson went to New York and thence to Pittsburgh, accepting various invitations to make addresses, and at the latter place there occurred what he regarded as a very notable incident. An autograph letter from the world-known Founder introduced him to Dr. Holland, sometime Presbyterian minister, but then Curator of the Museum of the Carnegie Institution. Patterson was naturally curious to know why Holland had abandoned theology for paleontology, but was too natively courteous to ask. Was it because of some radical shift in belief from religion towards Science?

Time to Spare. In one of the rooms stood a reconstructed Colorado Saurian, 84 feet long and 14 feet high! In reply to Patterson's

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question as to its estimated age, the Curator said "About fourteen millions of years". Instantly the President: 'Dr. Holland, don't you think the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis affords sufficient time to cover this period?' The Doctor said, "Undoubtedly". In comparison with the public pronouncement of 1903 (or even of 1908), already quoted, the leading question seems puzzling and provokes a query as to what the President had been doing of later years. Inasmuch as the sun, moon and stars had not been created in the first verse, as the dry land had not appeared, nor any vegetation till the third day, nor any lights in the firmament till the fourth, nor any sea-animals till the fifth, nor any land-animals till the sixth, the ready response of Dr. Holland suggests the minister rather than the man of science. The President then quoted from William Herbert Carruth's verses, "A fire mist and a planet", etc., to the supreme delight and awe of the Curator, and with a few notes concerning this latter's career, the autobiographer closes the account of 'one of the most pleasant episodes of my whole life'. The incident is not without significance and, along with other evidence belonging to this same unhappy period, may be taken to indicate that in his latest years the heart of the Emeritus returned in some measure to the faith of his fathers.

"'Tis the sunset of life giveth mystical lore".

Worth Citing. But it may be well to pause at this point a moment longer. Though it has been often printed, the whole poem should be reproduced in this connection.

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Each in his own Tongue

I

A fire-mist and a planet -
 A crystal and a cell -
 A jelly-fish and a saurian,
 The caves where the cave-men dwell;
 Then a sense of law and beauty,
 And a face turned from the clod,
 Some call it Evolution,
 And others call it God.

II

A haze on the fair horizon,
 The infinite, tender sky,
 The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
 And the wild geese sailing high, -
 And all over upland and lowland
 The charm of the golden-rod,
 Some of us call it Autumn,
 And others call it God.

III

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
 When the moon is new and thin,
 Into our hearts high yearnings
 Come welling and surging in, -
 Come from the mystic ocean, -
 Whose rim no foot has trod, -
 Some of us call it Longing,
 And others call it God.

IV

A picket frozen on duty, -
 A mother starved for her brood, -
 Socrates drinking the hemlock, -
 And Jesus on the rood;
 And millions who, humble and nameless,
 The straight hard pathway plod -
 Some call it Consecration,
 And others call it God.

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All-in-All. As the reader perceives at once, it is all pure Pantheism, without the faintest hint of anything distinctly Christian. As such it seems strange that it should have fascinated such a sturdy Trinitarian as Patterson, who indeed regretted that its author was a Unitarian clergyman, - even as some have regretted the Unitarian authorship of "Nearer, My God, to Thee", and have amended it accordingly. The fact appears to be, - and it is no discredit to the Highlander - that in the last 50 or 60 years of his life his mind never attained any moment of dogmatic peace. The strong deep undercurrents of Reason, of Science and Philosophy though not yet of Criticism, strove hard and incessantly to bear the ship far out to sea, but the cords of loyalty, of clan-feeling, of companionship, of racial pride, of his whole emotional nature, still held it, mightily tossed, yet tightly anchored to the granite bases of ancestral faith. A pathetic plight, with which many might sympathize but few would quarrel.

The Old Issue. The verses in question are much more pleasing in form than enlightening in thought. It is the old unescapable problem of Mind or Matter, of Idealism or Realism, that still confronts us, and Carruth does not help us to any solution. The "tender sky"! But is the sky "tender" in itself, or do we make it so? Similarly throughout: the poet is discovering all manner of beauties and virtues in the outer world and naming them God, but he does not hint that the ultimate root and spring of all is in himself, in the Spirit of Man, which is eternally unfolding itself and

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symbolizing itself in its own creation, the Universe of Time and Space. The "high yearnings" do not "come welling and surging in"; they rise welling and surging up and out from the unconscious fathomless depths of Soul, they burst and toss aloft in the foam of Consciousness, in the fleeting but splendid Image and Vision of the sensible World. - Profounder and truer than Carruth's lines, yet not profound nor true enough, are those of James Stephens, in "The Hill of Vision":

Everything that I can spy
Thro the circle of mine eye,
Everything that I can see
Has been woven out of me.

I have sown the stars; I threw
Clouds of morn and noon and eve
In the deeps and steep of blue;
And each thing that I perceive -

Sun and seas and mountain high -
Is made and moulded by mine eye:
Closing it I do but find
Darkness and a little wind.

The Dusk at Hand. Like the slope sun of his own Highland home, the sun of President Patterson sank slanting in the West and lingered long on the rim of the sky: it was not until the 17th day of his 88th year that it touched the horizon; after that the dark crept slowly on. A paralytic stroke left him lame on one side, where hitherto had lain his strength. At last, on the 15th of August, 1922, the veteran hero of more than Thirty Years' War for Education in Kentucky closed his eyes on the world of sense and passed away into peaceful slumber.

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The tale of those long evening hours could be told by only one person on earth, by his faithful and affectionate Secretary and friend, Miss Mabel Hunt Pollitt, whose competence and devotion were alike complete, and it is she has told it, briefly withal, but with such sympathy as would make any comment or repetition by an outsider seem impertinent. Enough that every vernal equinox brought him not, only the showers and flowers of the reborn year, but also a host of messages, good wishes and congratulations on his birthday, from admiring and loving friends, a shining cloud of witnesses to the great services he had rendered the Public as well as to the staunch and sterling qualities of his head and his heart. Finis coronat opus. Such in his life and such in his death was James Kennedy Patterson, the Father of the University of Kentucky.

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SUMMARY

Exceeding wise, fairspoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

In the foregoing pages the more public facts of President Patterson's life have been set forth as fully as the nature and extent of the information at hand seemed to warrant, along with whatever comments, interpretations, and obiter dicta even, appeared to the writer to be appropriate. The reader is in position to form his own judgment, unaided and unhindered, and will certainly do so, if he thinks it worth while, yet it may not be improper to summarize briefly the impression which this study has made upon the writer's own mind.

Success. The Career of James Kennedy Patterson was notable and signally crowned with success. In glancing over the long array of his years it seems hard not to recall the lines of Tennyson about the 'divinely gifted' man.

Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green,
.....
Who burst his fate's invidious bar,
.....
And mounted on from high to higher.

To hobble on to fame, unwearied, from the potato patch and the tailor's bench, storing away a world of knowledge by the dim candlelight while his mother knitted and darned, to wrestle with penury from schoolhouse to schoolhouse, to win a belated way through College by double work of study and teaching - like Nehemiah's builders with

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trowel in one hand and weapon in the other, - and all the while at every turn to lend loving and effective help to the folks at home, all of whom both old and young he always bore as a precious burden on his heart; - to follow unerringly the path of preferment and at the same time to explore with a clear, penetrating and comprehensive gaze the fields of learning and literature by which it led; to "grasp the skirts of happy chance", to stand forth by sudden transformation as the "pillar of a people's hope", as the chosen champion of Culture, of untrammelled Higher Education of the People, by the People, for the People, wheeling the whole course not only of his own life and faith but of the Commonwealth's progress through a full right angle; to steer on this new course unwavering and undaunted for a generation, through fog and storm and rocks and shoals and breakers, into prosperous seas toward a happy haven, and at last to shine for a moment in the spot-light of Washington, in the halls of the National Legislature, as protagonist of Culture on the stage of the Nation, - such was the fate that kept spinning and brightening from the tearful pillow of the Highland cripple. Omitting the painful and unnecessary incident of the "Conditions", we find one long series of hard-won victories, saddened at every turn by bereavements especially bitter. It is not easy to speak of such a life in terms of proper restraint, a life so prosaic in almost all its details and yet overcast with such a glamour of romance.

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A Path-Breaker. Honors come and honors go; they are not always deserved or full of meaning; but Achievements remain, and they speak for themselves. The chief achievement of President Patterson was and is the University of Kentucky - or, more strictly, it is the favoring attitude of the Commonwealth towards Higher Education and Culture, - and this is to be estimated not so much from without as from within, in terms of its own intrinsic difficulty.* It is one thing to lay a thousand miles of railroad track across a smooth and fertile plain; it is another to bore a few miles of tunnel under a mountain or to swing a bridge through the air over a roaring torrent. In Higher State Education the people of Kentucky must remember Patterson always, somewhat as they remember Boone, as a bold, skilful, prudent, and successful Pioneer.

Scholarship. As a scholar President Patterson was distinguished not so much by the depth or solidity or exactness as by the extraordinary range of his acquisitions and the keen relish with which he fed upon every form of exact knowledge. The evidences abound in the preceding pages and need no further citation.

*When Martha Stephenson, of Harrodsburg, set forth Briefly in a public address (3d June, 1903) the "History of Education in Kentucky", the statistics were deemed almost incredible, the more than confirmed by subsequent investigation. The speaker exposed not merely the body of deplorable facts, but also their origin in the primitive sharp cleavage in society between Upper and Lower, Patrician and Plebeian, reminding us of early and Republican Rome. Education seemed well enough perhaps for the Owners but a vain thing for the Earners, whom it merely made discontented and turned away from seeking their real reward, which is in Heaven! This plausible theory is not yet quite unknown among us.

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We may wonder what impression it made on the Presidents at Washington in 1902, to catch a glimpse of the Mechanics of Reynolds, whose notions of 'dilatancy' and 'granules' and of matter as intergranular vacuum so far transcend even high-cultured conceptions. It was extraordinary that he felt such intelligent interest in such speculations. But while his interest was catholic, his taste was far from indiscriminate. In literature he loved the best, and he held daily converse with the sceptered spirits of the classics in various tongues. One of his latest readings was the Organon, and one, Antigone. He may seem to have neglected some supreme masters, but it was only in preference for others almost or quite as high. Neither did he scorn the humbler and homelier ranks of authorship; and his literary appreciation was not only wide but generous.

Literary Ability. In his own writings, what most surprises is the instant finality, the almost perfect finish, of what seems to be the first draught. Apparently he corrected and polished scarcely at all, not even where correction was most needed; there is no hammering, no forging, the voice of the anvil is not heard; it all comes forth finally shaped from the mould of his mind. Such is the method of the journalist, and Dr. Patterson esteemed his own articles in the Courier-Journal as the best products of his intellect. Had he devoted himself entirely to such work, he might have won fame among the first editorialists of his day. However, my own feeling is that his columns might have failed in their popular appeal. At its best, his style was suited rather for a Scottish quarterly or

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Monthly than for an American Daily. The glow of his mind was too steady; his readers preferred sparkle and epigrammatic flash. To be sure his style was not rigid and might have been changed; but would it have been for the better?

The Mould. When now we come to the Character of the man, to the scheme and structure of his spiritual nature, what strikes us first and last and most of all is that he was preeminently typical. The tendencies and powers of his race reveal themselves in him with fullness and clearness.* He illustrates vividly the Philosophy of Completion, or Realization, as set forth of late, by Keyserling. The potentialities of the Scottish frame and cast of spirit bloom forth in his life with the utmost profusion. It is a great and admirable nature - by far the chief on earth, thought Patterson, - and he clung to his type not, only unconsciously - like every one else, - but consciously also and with almost pathetic fidelity. Like Lochiel's heroes, that were "true to the last of their blood and their breath", he was true to his country and true to his heath; he loved it intensely, its firths and fiords, its hills and vales, its pines and its thistles, its lairds and its peasants, its castles and its cottages, its songs, and tales and books, and the whole volume of its history. Most of all, at least for many years, he revered its Kirk and its Creed and the heroic record of its Ministry,

*The austerer features of this racial nature, so conspicuous in President Patterson, were apparently a maternal rather than a paternal inheritance, and throughout all his formative period it was the mother that moulded and stamped the man.

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and this loyal reverence, much rather than any intellectual assent, remained to the last the nerve and the core of his religious faith.

The Tribal Soul. Moreover, his clan-feeling, extended to all Scotchmen, was especially strong. The predominance of Scottish names in his 'Notes' is startling. His family affection burned with a steady glow to the very last. His friendships were warm and many, and his judgments of his friends were often over-generous to a degree. He was a Scot of the Scots, realizing that high nature in his own life in remarkable measure. - For the Scottish race he claimed all that he could - which was certainly much - but he could not claim that it was 'Imperial', world-conquering, world-dominating; with all the more vehemence he made this claim (with a certain amount of justice) for the Anglo-Saxon, with which he (as a western Scot) was politically identified, with which he felt himself nationally united, but to which he did not racially belong, - in his blood and his soul. - It is precisely this ultra-typical quality of the Patterson mind that makes it so transparent and easy to comprehend - and not at all any lack of depth. We all understand - or think we understand - the great type-facts and processes of Nature, which we call her Laws, because they are elements of our experience upon which we can all agree, as alike for us all. So, too, when we look into the deep race-soul of President Patterson, we see its motives, impulses, and principles - clear as shining fish in the still waters of a mountain-lake.

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Nemesis. It is plain that this high-wrought raciality and almost equally high-wrought nationality, while giving a very high tension to the Patterson nature and to many of its finest, most beautiful and most admirable traits, could not fail to introduce a certain hardness and coldness and straitness, a certain prenatal constriction of sympathy and range of emotion. Such is Nemesis. Everyone must bear the defects even of his noblest qualities. As he himself has said, 'Burns had his Faults; who has not?' But of his own defects he never attained any clear knowledge; they were too deeply interwoven in the centuries old texture of his nature. - No one can know the conscience of another, not even the psychoanalyst with his most sensitive scales and most delicate tests. But my own opinion is that the Patterson conscience was notably clear. He summed the actions of the day each night before he slept, and he did not consciously wrong his fellow at any time. His faults seem to have been racial rather than individual. The over-canniness of the Scot sometimes betrayed him. The intense tribe-instinct focussed his feelings too sharply at times, not so much on himself as on his name and his race.

The Life-Urge. Close akin and even involved therewith was his Instinct-to-Live, an instinct exceedingly strong. It bore him up in life under burdens of grief that might have sunk another helpless to the ground. It dictated much of his Will and may have exposed him to much unfriendly remark. But it was not unworthy either in

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its nature or its origin. It may be that in the ages to come the problems of Man will be cleared up, in some manner, by the development of an Instinct-of-Death; but we cannot anticipate the milleniums, and at present the hope of humanity is found in the Instinct-to-Live and to make Life happy and whole and hale; and to this result the subject of this memoir contributed freely and largely, according to his opportunity and in the full measure of his might.

The Life-urge floods the ether-ocean
From smallest, greatest star out-pour'd,
And all the wide world's wild commotion
Is endless rest in God the Lord.

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NOTE ON CORRESPONDENCE

From youth to age, James Kennedy Patterson was notable as a correspondent. His earlier letters in particular are very remarkable, not especially for their literary quality, not for descriptions of places, nor for transcriptions of impressions made by nature upon his soul, not for discussions of literary or philosophic or even political matters, though these last are sometimes very earnestly and intelligently treated, - not for sprightliness of diction or liveliness of fancy, but for the intense earnestness of their moral and religious tone, for the always vigilant and often almost painfully anxious family affection that they disclose. They are in fact open windows through which we may glimpse the soul of the young teacher and student looking always longingly towards the parental hearth. Where'er he roamed, his untraveled heart still returned to the humble home 'in the orchard', to the simple delights of the fireside, to his childish sports and graver employments, to the household joys of the table and of converse with his 'dear brothers and sister'. Tears fill his eyes at the sight of his beloved William, who elsewhere tells how he bubbled over, wild with glee, at their meeting. Such pathetic passages, frequent enough, are the least self-conscious and most pleasing and convincing self-revelations that the great educator has left behind him. But there is still a deeper and a dominant undertone in these letters. It is that of his creed, of his religious faith, for he "cherished much the weight dark

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Calvin on his spirit laid". Over all hangs a heavy and majestic and awful cloud, the doctrine of Geneva, that life is a sad and most uncertain pilgrimage, that we are all children of Divine Wrath and a few of Divine Mercy, which will sustain and protect and preserve us (if we be faithful, and if God so will) through all earthly trials unto the everlasting Triumph of Heaven. We can not question the sublimity of this Faith, its sternness, its severity, its solemnity. It towers majestic, immovable, as the bare bald peaks of the Rockies. It is the child of proud, noble, self-contained, isolated spirits, whom it upholds in pride, nobility, self-containment and isolation. This faith of the hills, of the mountains, enshrouds and uplifts the soul of Patterson. He must preach it in his letters; he exhorts his brothers continually, nay more, he exhorts his father and mother, he instructs them in his tremendous creed. This startles us at first, and we ask, Can this be perfect sincerity in a youth in his early twenties? But there is no good reason to doubt his conscious integrity. The faith in question belongs properly to certain icy pinnacles of our nature, and in all honesty it strives and must strive to bring all our being into accord and under its sway. In this endeavor it can not perfectly succeed, there must result a certain discord, a certain war in our members, a theme for song and tragedy and Confessions and psycho-analysis without end. The necessary outcome is a certain element, not of conscious, but of unconscious, inconsistency, such as keen impartial observers, like

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Gilbert Murray, recognize as particularly characteristic of the Briton.* It is not indeed the tribute that vice pays to virtue, - far from it, - but rather the homage of the Actual to the Ideal, the far-off Unattainable. The Eternal Womanly, says Goethe, draws us up and on; hence the unconscious disguise of Good Manners and the prevalent attitude of the Masculine towards the Feminine. At rare moments this unappeasable Conflict shows itself even in Patterson's correspondence, as when he declares to Andrew (23 D.1856): "I want to make money and enjoy it. I think I will never be either stingy to others or penurious to myself when I get it. I will pile up money for no profligate scamp to spend. If I have any children I will teach them to make it and that will be enough".** But this tone is quite exceptional. In his golden decade (1865-75), as the walls of his earlier world began to expand, the outlook of Patterson upon Life and Man grew clearer and broader, and his ultra-Augustinian tone was hushed or greatly modulated; but the jar never quite lost the savor of the heady Genevan wine with which through nearly half a century it was filled.

*Perhaps especially of the Covenanter and the Puritan. Indeed, E.H. Vislak, in his recent penetrating study Milton Agnostes, has found in this inner, often subconscious, conflict the one key to the understanding of the greatest of all Puritans.

**In this same letter he says of William, 'If I don't study some, he will eclipse me before long', but rather with pride than jealousy.