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Nazareth Home, the orphanage of the Reformed Church, at Crescent, Rowan County, has received a bequest of \$1,000 from Mrs. Margaret Hood, who died recently at Frederick, Md.



James Wilson, paternal grandfather of Woodrow Wilson.

CHAPTER I.
Background and Boyhood.

It was four years more than a century ago that a restless youth of twenty, to whose ears had come amazing stories of the opportunities to be found in a new land, forsook the home of his Scotch-Irish fathers in County Down and sailed forth toward the paths of the western stars. Perhaps he had heard of the fame of a Scotsman of his own name and without doubt his own kin, who, having migrated to America one generation before, had become one of the founders of the new nation, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a member of its constitutional convention and a justice of its first supreme court. At all events, it was on a ship bound for the city of Justice James Wilson that young James Wilson sailed.

The later emigrant may have been destined to no such eminence as was the earlier, yet young James, too, found his opportunity in the new country—found it in a little shop full of the smell of printer's ink and mysterious with the apparatus of the preservative art—the shop at 15 Franklin court, formerly the home of Benjamin Franklin, whither issued to the enlightenment of the good people of Philadelphia William Duane's daily paper, the Aurora.

By the time that he had reached the city, he was a young man of twenty, a printer's apprentice, and he had made a public profession of his faith in the First Presbyterian church of his native town. Now he took his way to the Western Theological seminary at Allegheny, Pa., remained a year and a half, and returned to his home at Princeton seminary. He went home and was licensed to preach, although not yet ordained. He taught for two years in the Steubenville male academy.

To the fact that there was another Steubenville academy is due the necessity of telling this story. There was another, not for males, and to it there came among other girls of the Ohio valley a damsel from Chillicothe, the pretty town which was Ohio's first capital. Janet Woodrow was her name, though most people called her Jessie, and she was the daughter of a great and famous Presbyterian minister of the day. One afternoon, the lessons at Dr. Woodrow's school being over, Janet Woodrow took a walk. Passing by the Wilson house she spied through the pickets of the garden fence the young theologian raking in a pair of old gloves. On the 7th day of June, 1810, Joseph H. Wilson and Janet Woodrow were legally joined in marriage by Thomas Woodrow, minister of the Gospel.

We have another immigration to observe. The Woodrows are an ancient family originally out of England, who trace their Scotch history back 300 years. Among them flourished many learned scholars and men of substance with a Presbyterian martyr or two. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Woodrow, born at Paisley in 1733, a graduate of Glasgow university, crossed the Tweed to become minister of the Independent Congregation at Carlisle, England. After having served there sixteen years and begotten eight children he felt the call to become a missionary in the new world.

Two weeks after his marriage with Jessie Woodrow, Joseph Ruggles Wilson was ordained by the presbytery of Ohio. It was several years, however, before he undertook a pastorate of any consequence, serving for a year as "professor extraordinary" of rhetoric in Jefferson college and for four years as professor of chemistry and natural sciences in Hampden-Sydney college, Virginia. In the meantime supplying small neighboring churches. The Rev. Mr. Wilson had married the father of the two daughters, Marjorie and Annie Josephine, before he was called as pastor to Staunton, Va., in 1855. Staunton where he remained for two years, was a town of 5,000 population, beautifully situated in the famous valley of the Shenandoah.

WOODROW WILSON

The Story of His Life From the Cradle to the White House

By WILLIAM BAYARD HALE
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was for a term a member of the Ohio state legislature. During his absence at Columbus his wife, with the aid of the sons, edited the paper and boarded the hands.

Judge Wilson died in Pittsburgh during a cholera epidemic in 1837. He had ten children, seven boys and three girls. The daughters married well, and the sons all attained considerable distinction.

Judge Wilson's youngest son was Joseph Ruggles, through whom runs the special current of this story.

Joseph was born at Steubenville on Feb. 28, 1822. He got his first schooling in his father's shop. Like most of other sons, he learned the printer's trade. Not one of them but could do the day of his death "stick type" with any journeyman.

Joseph from the start was marked for the scholar of the family. There was a good academy at Steubenville, and he attended it. At eighteen he went to Jefferson college, a Presbyterian institution at Canonsburg, Pa., where he was graduated in 1844 as valedictorian. He engaged in teaching for a year, taking charge of an academy at Mercer, Pa. But the call was clear for a higher life work. Before he had left home for college he had made a public profession of his faith in the First Presbyterian church of his native town. Now he took his way to the Western Theological seminary at Allegheny, Pa., remained a year and a half, and returned to his home at Princeton seminary. He went home and was licensed to preach, although not yet ordained. He taught for two years in the Steubenville male academy.

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CHAPTER II.
Boyhood in Georgia.

In the spring of 1838, Thomas Woodrow Wilson being then two years old, the family moved to Augusta, Ga., where the father was to preach of the Presbyterian church for the next four years.

With his entrance upon the Augusta pastorate, the Rev. Mr. Wilson became one of the most noted ministers of the south. Thoroughly equipped in the theology of his denomination, a multiplier of great power and a personality of extraordinary force, he early reached and long maintained a position of much influence. When the war came on he embraced with all the strength of his character the southern side. At the division of the Presbyterian church into northern and southern branches he invited the first general assembly of the latter to meet in his church and became its permanent clerk.

In 1855 Dr. Wilson was styled "stated clerk" of the southern Presbyterian general assembly. During his absence he was such until 1859 when, after being then seventy-seven years old and having kept the southern Presbyterian records for nearly forty years. He was moderator of the assembly in 1870. He died at Princeton, N. J., in his eighty-first year.

Mr. Wilson had been a professor of rhetoric, and he always remained one, taking very seriously and practicing with a sense of its sanctity the art of words. He read his sermons, every one of which was marked by high literary finish; although in no sense unduly ornate. Before he was called to the pulpit, Mr. Wilson used to speak with contempt of the florid style of oratory, and even early in life his son was trained to consciousness of the absurdity of high-flown rhetoric.

Tommy Wilson's earliest recollection is of his father's study. On a certain day in November, 1830, the little boy, playing on the gate before his father's house, saw two men meet on the sidewalk and heard one of them cry, "Lincoln is elected, and there'll be war!" The terrified little buster carried her limp body into the house with a conscience torn as it probably never has been since. "I saw a man killed," it wasn't an accident, I killed her. Young bones are supple, and the little girl had happily steeled to injury.

Mr. Bones' house stood next to the United States arsenal, which after the close of the war was occupied by the army. One day Tommy and Mary were never free of going to the guard house, to look at the soldiers and talk with them. One day, however, Jesse's mother explained to her that those friends of theirs were Yankees and had fought against the south. "It was a terrible war," she said, "and they often discussed the feasibility of converting the Yankees into Presbyterians, all good people being Presbyterians and all wicked ones Yankees."

Tom Wilson, for one reason or another, was not taught his letters until the past year, when his mother, who may have been strenuously taught in her young years in England and who used in later life to speak feelingly of the folly of having to learn Latin in one's sixth year, had ideas of her own about teaching the young intelligentsia. It may have been his father, who was a man of very great positiveness and originality of opinion, was averse to having his son get his first glimpses into the world of knowledge otherwise than through himself. But, however it came, Tommy's alphabet until he was nine years old. There was a great deal of reading aloud in the family, not only his father and mother, but his two sisters, frequently reading him choice extracts from standard books. Sir Walter Scott and Dickens were made familiar to the young boy. He is a member still the pleasure which his father showed in "Pickwick," reading the installments aloud, with Mrs. Wilson as the special audience, though even at the early age of eight he remembers that he appreciated much of the humor of the young author.

The lad attended the best schools Augusta offered. Public schools were either nonexistent or so poor as to be worthless, so the boy was put at an institution kept by Professor Joseph T. Derry, with a habitation over the post office. Later, Professor Derry moved his school to a building on the river bank next to some cotton warehouses. Here the boys made the warehouses their playground, exploring and playing their hide and seek among the cotton bales.

Joseph Tucker Lamar, now an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, was a pupil of Professor Derry at about the same time. Joe Lamar was the son of another minister in the city, the Rev. James H. Lamar, pastor of the Christian church, who lived in a house on McIntosh street, next to the Wilsons.

On Mondays the father would almost without exception take his son out with him on some excursion in the city or neighborhood country. On a Monday the two would visit the machine shops. Tom would be shown furnaces, boilers, machinery, taught to follow the release of power from the coal to the completion of its work in a finished product of steel or cast iron.

He remembers to this day the impression made upon him by the rattle of the mill, the roar of furnaces or the darting up of sheets of flame. He remembers great forces presided over by sooty-facedimps. In his memory is a continual round of visits of invention in which the sight of visible things and stable processes was the text of running lectures on the principles of nature, chemistry, physics and of the organization of human society. The boy learned what he would have had great difficulty in learning from books alone.

On other occasions, the little girl had to enact the part of various kinds of games. Once she was supposed to be a sequel in the "Top o' the mornin'" and a marksmen was her cousin that she was hit by an arrow and came tumbling to the ground at his feet. The terrified little buster carried her limp body into the house with a conscience torn as it probably never has been since. "I saw a man killed," it wasn't an accident, I killed her. Young bones are supple, and the little girl had happily steeled to injury.

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rule, a very social animal and a great talker in congenial company. When the fellows repaired to his room they would generally find him curled up on the bed with a book in his hand, reading. He joined one of the literary societies, the "Eumenean."

Once a year, in February, a holiday was given to every student on which he was to plant a tree, so whether Wilson did it to get the holiday or because he wanted to do something useful, he planted an elm on the campus at Davidson, and it stands there strong and upright today.

Early in the year a small incident in class fastened upon him a nickname. The rhetoric class being engaged upon that well known part of Trenchard's "Cato's Letters," Wilson, which sets forth in history the character of the Vanities in the opening chapter in "Cato's Letters," how good Saxons beats take Norman names when they come to the table, the professor asked Woodrow, "What is cat's paw?" when he answered at length and in a hasty reply, "Mutton!" Wilson was "Monsieur Mutton" for the rest of the year.

Indeed, he did not finish the year, for he fell ill just before the examinations came on and was taken to his home, at Wilmington, N. C., to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in which city Dr. Wilson had just been called.

Woodrow remained in his father's house at Wilmington throughout the year 1874-5. It had been determined that he should not return to Davidson, but should go to Princeton, and he spent the year tutoring in Greek and a few other studies.

In truth, there was a good deal of play done that year too. The boy had grown too fast and was hardly fit for the rigid schedule of college life. So he took it easy. Wilmington was an old historic place. It was a seaport; for the first time Woodrow saw a ship and caught the smell of the sea. Talk was still full of the adventures of the blockade runners of the war lately ended. Wilmington being in a favorable port of the desperate men and swift ships that then made so many gallant chapters of sea history. What imaginative youth from the interior but would have haunted the docks and made an occasional trip down to the wharves, to return with the pilot of an outgoing ship.

For the first time here, too, the young man began to take part in the social life which is so important an element of existence in the north. He was really too young for the associations into which he was now thrown. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson immediately achieving devoted popularity, the paragon swiftly becoming a social rendezvous of the city. It was a city of gentlemen of good company and women who would have been esteemed brilliant the world over.

It was a chief very different from the raw youth of Davidson who one day in September, 1875, took the "Washington and Weldon" train for the north to enter Princeton college.

CHAPTER IV.
A Student at Princeton.

WHEN Woodrow Wilson got on the train at the little station in Princeton early in September, 1875, he was a young man of 194 new-born, a young man with a charming old town of maps, elms and catalpas, among which stood the college buildings, dating, one of them, back to 1764.

The place, full of traditions of the Revolutionary war, had been a favorite resort of southern students up to 1861. The fire was the battered front of Old Nassau hall, and the second had done more substantial if less picturesque damage in withdrawing from the institution a large part of its southern patronage. The south could ill afford to send its young men far away to college now. This year, indeed, there came twenty men from the southern states. It is remembered that some of these youths needed reconstruction.

Wilson is remembered in no such way. He was known as a Democrat of stout opinions from the day he first opened his college career. He was a real democrat, for he had no recollection of his own class. A classmate remembers, however, that on one occasion when a group of fellows were talking of the misfortunes that follow in the wake of war, Wilson, who was in the group, cried out, "You know nothing whatever about it!" and with face as white as a sheet of paper abruptly left the company.

All testimony goes to indicate that Tom Wilson immediately took his place as a leader in the class. He appeared as a young fellow of great maturity of character, blended with unusual freshness of interest in all things pertaining to college life. He had the manners of a young aristocrat. His speech was cultured. He soon won the reputation of already wide reading and sound judgment. There is abundant evidence that he was from the start a marked figure among the men who now constitute the "famous class of '75." There have been more famous Princeton graduates than these, but there has never been a class so high an average of ability. Robert Bridges, one of the editors of Scribner's Magazine, the Hon. Dr. A. S. Halsey, secretary of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions; Charles A. Talbot, M. C.; Mahlon Pitney, justice of the supreme court of the United States; Robert H. McCarter, ex-attorney general of New Jersey; Edward W. Shelton, president of the United States Trust company; Colonel Edwin A. Stevens of New Jersey and Judge Robert R. Henderson of Maryland are only typical members of a class of unusual mental capacity. Among such men Wilson from the start ranked high.

Not as a student perhaps. He was never a bright participant in an amusing, engaging face, pleasant manners and was very generally liked. They agreed that he was not very much interested in games, which then consisted of baseball and shunty. However, he played baseball for awhile on the college nine and had the pleasure of beating the captain's say, "Wilson, you would make a dandy player if you were not so d—." "I was a great walker and at times seemed to like to be alone, walking the country about apparently wrapped in thought. 1912 he was as a

between girls. "I believe I'll break my engagement to Chetty. He can't really love me."

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